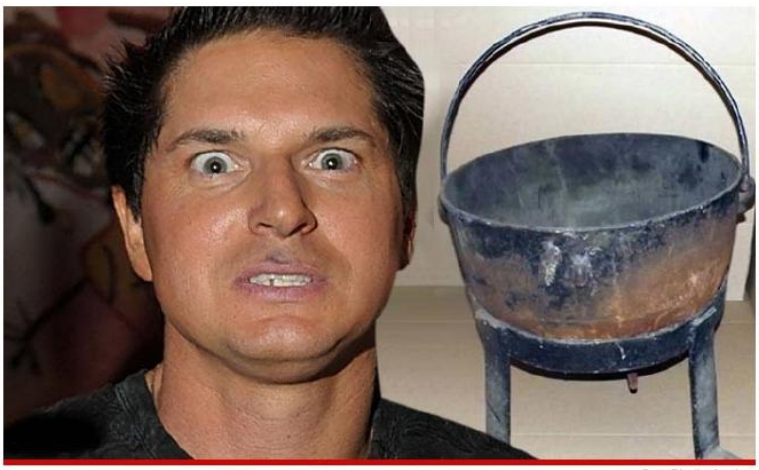
'Ghost Adventures' Zak Bagans -- Snatches Pot the Real 'Psycho' Used to Collect Body Parts

tmz.com

EXCLUSIVE



Ghost Adventures Zak Bagans Cauldron

"Ghost Adventures" star **Zak Bagans** just scored a disgusting and evil souvenir used by the real life killer who became the inspiration for "Psycho" and a bunch of other Hollywood serial killers.

Ed Gein was a Wisconsin man who infamously mutilated his victim's body parts in the 1950s, and fashioned their skin into tiny masks, gloves, and furniture. If it sounds familiar -- Leatherface from **"The Texas Chainsaw Massacre"** ... Buffalo Bill from **"The Silence of the Lambs"** and Norman Bates were all based on Gein.

So, Bagans just dropped $2,800 at auction to take possession of the 25 gallon cauldron Gein used to discard his victims' entrails when he gutted them. The thing had been sitting in a Wisconsin woman's home -- used as a flower pot -- ever since Gein's 1984 death in prison.

0303-SUB-Ed-Gein-zak-bagans-death-cauldron-02

When she died ... her son (wisely) believed the cauldron was cursed, and wanted it gone ... so now it's Bagans' headache.

Zak, who collects haunted and cursed objects, tells us it's going on display at his home, because he thinks it will "make a nice conversation piece for guests."

/ Copyright 2014 Evemote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

'Ghost' captured on CCTV at former Nazi concentration camp

mirror.co.uk

A 'ghost' has been captured on CCTV in a 400-year-old Czech castle that was once used as a Nazi concentration camp.

It has been blamed for the mysterious disappearance of objects from a closed exhibition, as the building is now used as a museum for local history.

In this video, a shadowy figure appears to move in front of the camera when all rooms were locked and closed.

It is also reported that no cleaners were in the room at the time.

The 17th century castle in the Czech town of Ostrov was captured by the Nazis in 1939 and turned into a concentration camp for Czech resistance fighters and opponents to the regime.

CEN

Mysterious: A shadowy figure appears on camera

CCTV footage was reviewed after objects allegedly started to vanish, and the strange figure was seen on the 12th and 14th of last month.

The story was published in local media after the matter was reported to police.

The camera is in the exhibition room where treasures belonging to the former castle owners - the Schlick family - are stocked.

Franz Joseph Heinrich Graf Schlik zu Bassano und Weisskirchen was born in 1789 in Prague and was the former owner of the castle.

His family was a Czech-German noble family and his father Count Joseph Heinrich Schlick was an Austrian imperial ambassador to the Danish kingdom and in the German state of Hessen.

Castle: The 400-year-old building was once used as Nazi death camp

Franz Heinrich served in the Austrian army, and later he became a general in the army fighting against Napoleon, playing a major role in Aspern in 1809 when Napoleon was beaten for the first time.

The count lost his right eye in 1813 in the battle of the nations in the German city of Leipzig when he fought against Napoleon’s soldiers.

CEN

He ended his army career in 1859.

He died in the Austrian capital Vienna in 1862 in age of 72.

The castle's guide Jana Dvorakova told Czech TV Nova: "I would never go there alone, not now.

Ostrov: The town as it looks today

"I must admit I never had a good feeling about the place and now I am afraid."

CEN

Paranormal investigator Hana Mackeova, who was called to look into the matter, said: "I felt some negative zones in some rooms.

"Something is definitely wrong there.

"I was very weak, felt sick and I had to leave."

Local council employee Zuzana Zelezna, one of those who have offices in the castle, said: "The ghost removes objects at night.

CEN

Owner: Franz Joseph Heirich Graf Schlik who lived in the castle

"We know that nobody cleans the rooms affected."

"According to family legends Franz Joseph Heinrich Schlik carried a silver box always with him, even at battles.

"The silver box was a case for important documents and coins.

"The legend says that he has been guarding his silver box even after his death."

The Count is reported to have been a popular figure during his lifetime, introducing educational reforms and developing both local agriculture and the economy.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

'I do' 66 times around world, and now in Maori - Life & Style - NZ Herald News

nzherald.co.nz

10:25 AM Sunday Jan 11, 2015

Alex Pelling, 34, and Lisa Gant, 32 at Auckland's Unitec marae. Photo / Michael Craig

A serial bride and groom who have "wed" 66 times are planning wedding number 67 in New Zealand.

Alex Pelling, 34, and Lisa Gant, 32, pictured above at Auckland's Unitec marae, will say "I do" in a traditional Maori ceremony this month.

The pair have exchanged vows around the world since leaving their Yorkshire home in July 2011.

The unregistered ceremonies have taken place in Mexico and Valencia, Spain, as well as on horseback in Canada, in front of Martha Stewart in New York, in a castle on the River Danube and in a temple in Ecuador.

Final details of their Kiwi "wedding" are not yet known but it is likely to take place on a South Island marae.

The only services confirmed are those of Queenstown photographer Emily Adamson, who has been following the couple since their journey began, Pelling said.

Wedding days raise the blood pressure of many but not Pelling and Gant.

"We always keep it as close to tradition as possible and learn on the go. We're totally open-minded. It's been incredible, the perfect way to meet people," Pelling said.

The lack of minute organisation of guests and venues also reduced the pressure, Gant said.

"There's no aunties or uncles, nobody's telling us what to do. It's always just about learning the culture. It's never dull."

There's no hint of nuptial fatigue either. Their last wedding in Pakistan, organised in three days by local teens, brought Gant to tears.

Gant and Pelling in Pakistan. Photo / O Shoot Photography

The aisle was obscured by marigold petals and a sari was held over her head. "It was emotionally overwhelming. I'm starting to cry now just remembering it," Gant said.

Alex Pelling, 34, and Lisa Gant, 32 at Auckland's Unitec marae. Photo / Michael Craig

Their global wedding party will end in India in a year.

Once the final "I do" is uttered they'll pick their favourite "wedding" venue and return with family and friends for the real thing. Although they've been "married" 66 times none have been official.

They have a world of memories, but little else after selling their home and business to fund their travels.

If anyone wants to help with Alex and Lisa's Kiwi wedding they can email alex@2people1life.com ***or go to*** 2people1life.com

---

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

10 Civilizations That Disappeared Under Mysterious Circumstances io9.com

6
Annalee Newitz
Filed to: Daily 10
7/23/12 2:00pm

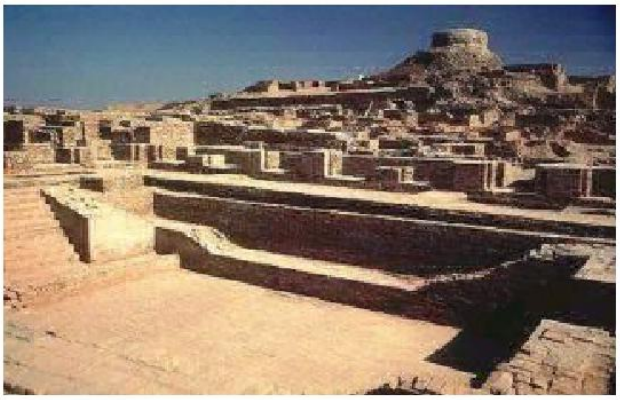
For almost as long as we've had civilization, we've lost it. There are records going back hundreds of years of explorers discovering huge temples encrusted with jungle, or giant pits full of treasure that were once grand palaces. Why did people abandon these once-thriving cities, agricultural centers, and trade routes? Often, the answer is unknown. Here are ten great civilizations whose demise remains a mystery.

1. The Maya

The Maya are perhaps the classic example of a civilization that was completely lost, its great monuments, cities and roads swallowed up by the central American jungles, and its peoples scattered to small villages. Though the languages and traditions of the Maya still survive up to the present day, the civilization's peak was during the first millennium AD, when their greatest architectural feats and massive agricultural projects covered a vast region in the Yucatán — today, an area stretching from Mexico to Guatemala and Belize. One of the largest Mesoamerican civilizations, the Maya made extensive use of writing, math, an elaborate calendar, and sophisticated engineering to build their pyramids and terraced farms. Though it's often said that the Maya civilization began a mysterious decline in roughly the year 900, a great deal of evidence points to climate change in the Yucatán combined with internecine warfare, which resulted in famine and abandonment of the city centers.

2. Indus Valley Civilization

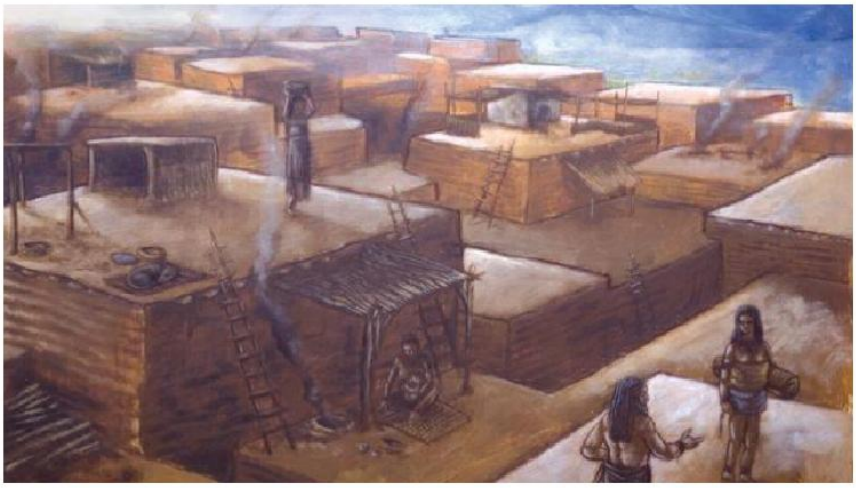
One of the great civilizations of the ancient world is called simply the Indus or Harappan civilization. Thousands of years ago, it may have boasted up to 5 million people, almost 10 percent of the world's population, spread over a region that encompassed parts of today's India, Pakistan, Iran and Afghanistan. But its grand walkways (with sophisticated roadside



drainage), metallurgy shops, and massive, multistory, brick hives of houses were abandoned over 3,000 years ago. It's likely that this ancient civilization, like the Maya, suffered from gradual changes in rainfall patterns that made it difficult for its peoples to raise enough food for their massive population.

3. Easter Island

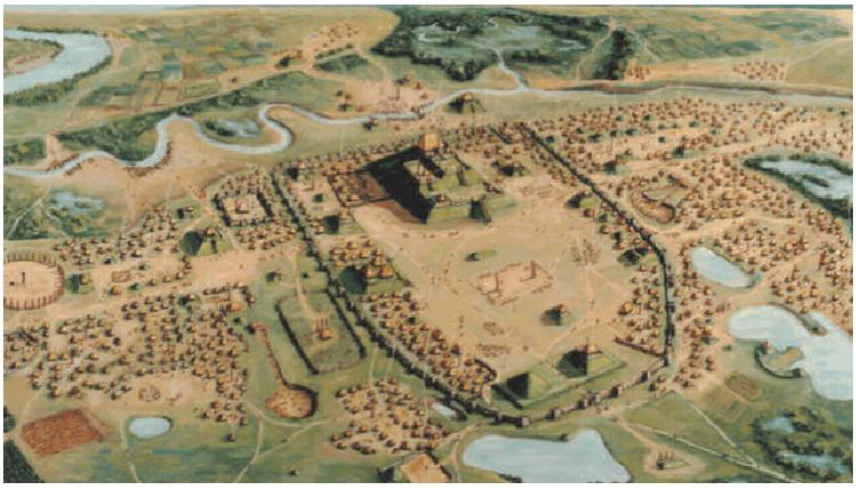
The people of Eastern Island represent another classic "lost" civilization, famed in part for its enigmatic, enormous stone statues of human heads (called Moai) lined up along the island's coastline. How did this thriving Polynesian civilization disappear after centuries of monument-building and navigating hundreds of miles of ocean waters to go from island to island? Jared Diamond sums up what many scientists now believe in his book *Collapse*, which is that the Easter Islanders were incredibly sophisticated, but their methods weren't sustainable. During the time they settled Easter Island, possibly between 700-1200 AD, they used up all the island's trees and agricultural resources, and then had to move on.



4. Catalhöyük

Often called the world's oldest city, Catalhöyük was part of a large city-building and agricultural civilization thriving between 9,000-7,000 years ago in what is today south-central Turkey. What's interesting about Catalhöyük is its structure, which is quite unlike most other cities since. It contained no roads as we know them, and was instead built sort of like a hive, with houses built next to each other and entered through holes in the roofs. It's believed that people farmed everything from wheat to almonds outside the city

walls, and got to their homes via ladders and sidewalks that traversed their roofs. Often, these people decorated the entrances to their homes with bull skulls, and buried the bones of their honored dead beneath the packed dirt of their floors. The civilization was pre-Iron Age and pre-literate, but they nevertheless left behind ample evidence of a sophisticated society, full of art and and public ritual, that was possibly 10,000 strong at many points in its 2,000 year existence. Why did people eventually abandon the city? It is unknown.



5. Cahokia

Long before Europeans made it to North America, the so-called Mississippians had build a great city surrounded by huge earthen pyramids and a Stonehenge-like structure made of wood to track the movements of the stars. Called Cahokia today, you can still see its remains in Illinois. At its height between 600-1400 AD, the city sprawled across 6 square miles, and contained almost a hundred earthen mounds as well as an enormous grand plaza at its center. Its population might have been as much as 40,000 people, some of whom would have lived in outlying villages. The people of this great city, the biggest so far north in Mesoamerica, were brilliant artists, architects, and farmers, creating incredible art with shells, copper, and stone. They even diverted a branch of the local Mississippi and Illinois rivers to suit their needs for irrigation. It's not entirely certain what led people to abandon the city starting in the 1200s, but some archaeologists say the city had always had problems with disease and famine (it had no sanitary system to speak of), and that people left for greener (and healthier) pastures elsewhere on the Mississippi River.

Photograph by Vincent J. Musi

6. Göbekli Tepe

One of the most mysterious human structures ever discovered, Göbekli Tepe was probably built in 10,000 BCE, and is located in today's southern Turkey. A series of nested, circular walls and steles, or monoliths, carved evocatively with animals, the place probably served as a temple for nomadic tribes in the area. It was not a permanent residence, though it's possible a few priests lived there all year. It is the first permanent human-built structure that we have ever found, and probably represented the pinnacle of the local Mesopotamian civilization of its era. What were people worshiping there? When did they come? Were they there to do something other than worship? We may never know, but archaeologists are working hard to find out.

7. Angkor

Most people have heard of the magnificent temple Angkor Wat in Cambodia. But it was only one small part of a massive urban civilization during the Khmer Empire called Angkor. The city flourished during the late middle ages, from 1000-1200 AD, and may have supported up to a million people. There are a lot of good reasons why Angkor may have fallen, ranging from war to natural disaster. Now most of it lies beneath the jungle. A marvel of architecture and Hindu culture, the city is mysterious mostly because we still aren't certain how many people lived there. Given all the roads and canals connecting its many regions, some archaeologists believe it may have been the biggest urban site in the world at its height.

8. The Turquoise Mountain

Though not every crumbling monument represents a lost civilization, some of them do. Such is the case with the Minaret of Jam, a gorgeous architectural feat built in the 1100s as part of a city in Afghanistan, where archaeological remains suggest that it was a cosmopolitan area where many religions, including Jews, Christians, and Muslims, lived together harmoniously for hundreds of years. It's possible that the incredible minaret was part of the lost medieval capital of Afghanistan, called Turquoise Mountain.

9. Niya

Now a desolate spot in the Taklamakan Desert of Xinjiang province in China, 1600 years ago Niya was a thriving city in an oasis along the famous Silk Road. For the past two centuries, archaeologists have uncovered countless treasures in the dusty, shattered remains of what was once a graceful town full of wooden houses and temples. In a sense, Niya is a relic of the lost civilization of the early Silk Road, a trade route that linked China with Central Asia, Africa, and Europe. Many groups traveled the Silk Road, from wealthy merchants and religious pilgrims to scholars and scientists, exchanging ideas and creating a complex, enlightened culture everywhere the 4,000 mile Silk Road passed. The route underwent many

changes, but its importance as a trade route waned as the Mongol Empire collapsed in the 1300s. Traders afterwards preferred sea routes for trade with China.

10. Nabta Playa

From 7000 and 6500 BCE, an incredible urban community arose in what is today the Egyptian Sahara. The people who lived there domesticated cattle, farmed, created elaborate ceramics, and left behind stone circles that offer evidence that their civilization included astronomers as well.Archaeologists believe the peoples of Nabta Playa were likely the precursor civilization for the great Nile cities that arose in Egypt thousands of years later. Though the Nabta civilization is today located in an arid region, it arose at a time when monsoon patterns had shifted, filling the playa with a lake and making it possible for a large culture to bloom.

13 Superstitions That Still Scare the Bejesus Out of Us

Mitch Horowitz Become a fan Editor-in-chief, Tarcher/Penguin, author of Occult America & One Simple Idea: How Positive Thinking Reshaped Modern Life

huffingtonpost.com

Posted: 02/10/2015 9:30 am EST Updated: 02/10/2015 9:59 am EST

This week marks the arrival of the first Friday the 13th of 2015. For many of us, even the mention of this "unlucky day" brings a quiver of anxiety. We say it's hoo-hah, but a little voice in us whispers, "what if?..."

Superstitions retain surprising power today. Next time you're in a hotel, gaze at the elevator buttons: Chances are you'll find no *13th* floor. Some surgeons won't operate on days they associate with bad luck. And weddings? From carrying the bride over the threshold to donning a bridesmaid's dress, nearly every nuptial rite is rooted in age-old superstition.

Superstitions are more than persistent irrationality. They connect us to our ancient ancestors and traditions. Here are history's 13 most enduring superstitions. Their origins may surprise you.

1. Breaking a Mirror

The ancient Romans believed that human life renewed itself in 7-year cycles (mirroring the cycles of the moon). Because a reflection was considered someone's "magical likeness" - or *soul* - it followed that if the reflected image got shattered, so did the next *7 years* of a person's health. Mirrors inspire a wide range of superstitions. Victorian parents feared exposing infants to mirrors, believing that a mirror could trap their reflection and stunt their growth. Or, worse still, kill them by imprisoning their innocent souls. Even today, traditional Jewish families cover mirrors after the death of a loved one so as not to risk the departed soul wandering into the reflection, and getting lost on its way to eternity.

2. Knock on Wood

Knocking on wood for good luck is one of history's most enduring superstitions. It comes from thousands of years of mythology, folklore, and religious belief that trees were sacred. Ancient people, from Chaldea to Sumatra to the British Isles, believed that trees housed gods and nature spirits, who controlled the seasons. People would seek favors by lay hands on the trunk of a sacred tree. Yet many cultures also believed that *evil* spirits lurked in wood - and when "knocked on" a malevolent spirit or mischievous fairy could be shaken out like a bug on a blanket. Another source of wood as a symbol of spiritual power comes from the Cross of Jesus. Many Christians today will rub a wooden cross to offer penance or seek protection.

3. Walking Under a Ladder

Everyone knows that walking under a ladder is supposed to bring bad luck. The Ancient Egyptians believed that a ladder perched against a wall created a *sacred triangle* - and to walk beneath it disrupted its spiritual energies. Early Christians avoided the underside of ladders due to depictions of a ladder propped against the Holy Cross; some believed the devil

lurked at the bottom. In ancient Asian societies, prisoners were hanged from the top steps of a ladder - and onlookers were forbidden to pass beneath for fear of encountering the victim's ghost. In France, convicts were forced to walk beneath the ladder leading to the gallows - the doomed man's final *unlucky* act.

4. Spilling Salt

For thousands of years, salt has been an object of magic and superstition. In the ancient world salt was a preservative, for food *and for mummification*, giving it a connection to immortality. In the European Middle Ages, village dwellers left a line of salt outside their doors believing that witches would be compelled to count every grain before entering. Of course, the ultimate bad luck is to *spill your salt*. Leonardo Da Vinci's painting of the Last Supper shows Judas knocking over the salt - a harbinger of his betrayal. To uncross yourself from spilling the salt you must toss a pinch over your left shoulder, blinding the demon waiting behind you.

5. Sneezing

It's rare to encounter someone who *won't* follow up a sneeze with a quick *God-Bless-You!* This practice, or something similar, is found around the world, from African Zulus to Florida Seminoles. The Romans used to say: "Jupiter Preserve You!" In early Christianity, people would follow their sneeze with the sign of the cross. But what could be so dire about a simple sneeze that it requires a holy blessing? Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans believed that the soul lived in the form of our breath. And a sneeze could expel the soul from the body. Throughout the plague years in Europe sneezing was a grave omen, hence the expression "nothing to sneeze all" when referring to a serious matter. All this wariness around sneezing foresaw what modern medicine would eventually prove: that the innocent sneeze spreads communicable diseases.

6. Opening an Umbrella Indoors

Dozens of superstitions surround the ordinary umbrella - both indoors and out. As with many modern conveniences, the umbrella was once a rare luxury owned by royalty, from Persia to Ancient China. They didn't use it to block the rain but as protection from the sun's rays - which some believed contained invasive spirits. Many people still shudder at opening an umbrella indoors - some believe that "bad juju" is expelled when an umbrella springs open inside a room. But this taboo has a more *practical* origin. The first rain umbrellas were very large and tightly sprung. To release such a contraption indoors could cause *very real* bad luck: Think of all the Victorian lamps, vases, and baubles that met a sudden end thanks to the reckless opening of a high-tension umbrella.

7. Horseshoes

The luckiest of all good-luck charms is the horseshoe. The ancient Greeks invented the horseshoe not only to protect the feet of their horses but also to honor them as holy animals. To the Greeks, the horseshoe's design was sacred: the U-shape was associated with the crescent moon, historically seen as a symbol of fertility, new beginnings, and good fortune.

The crescent shape held such mystical significance that cultures spanning the Egyptians, Babylonians, Hindus, and Celts incorporated it into architecture, statues, depictions of gods - and began agricultural festivals on the appearance of a new crescent moon. Hanging a horseshoe outside one's home dates to the plague years in Europe, when it was believed to ward off illness. The practice stuck and "golden" horseshoes appear on homes and businesses around the world.

8. Jumping the Broom

Today, the African-American expression "jumping the broom" means getting married - but it comes from an old custom that the newlyweds literally *jump over a broom* to prove that one of them is not an evil double. In folklore found in both the European Middle Ages and traditional African cultures, vampires and wicked spirits were considered to possess obsessive-compulsive traits. Hence, a malevolent spirit would have to stop to count all the broom's bristles, exposing a sinister entity that attempted to disguise itself as the bride or groom. Even after the wedding, couples must be careful. In the West, the new husband carries his wife over the threshold, which the Romans believed was crawling with evil spirits, which his act of chivalry helps her avoid. And what about that bridesmaid's dress you just spent a bundle on? It too goes back to Roman days, where bridesmaids were supposed to distract evil spirits from the wife-to-be.

9. Rabbit's Foot

The "lucky" rabbit's foot is a must-have for every superstitious gambler or risk taker. Ancient people from the Aztecs to the Chinese ascribed magical properties to the rabbit, seeing it as a symbol of cunning and survival. German and Scottish folklore placed special emphasis on the rabbit's relative, the hare, which was considered capable of placing an "evil eye" on people (probably because it is one of the few animals born with its eyes open). The antidote? *Obtaining the animal's hind foot.* Carrying a rabbit's foot got popularized in the 19th century through the African-American magical tradition called *hoodoo.* Many actors, a famously superstitious lot, kept a rabbit's foot in their make up box. Rabbit's feet were once used to apply makeup - but lingered as a performer's good-luck charm.

10. Wrong Side of the Bed

We've all woken up on the "wrong side of the bed." Yet in the world of folklore and superstition, there really *is* a *right* and *wrong* way to get up in the morning. Traditionally, climbing out of bed on the *left* side has bad consequences. This stems from the Ancient Egyptian belief that "left side" belongs to the forces of death and destruction. Some modern hotel and casino designers even arrange guest rooms with the *left* side of the bed facing the wall, helping you rise on the side of luck. A European custom requires exiting your bed on the *same side* as you entered it, or else the cosmic circle of sleep will be disturbed, until the following night when the cycle can resume as normal.

11. Wearing Black While Mourning

The loss of a loved one creates sadness and confusion, which are a devil's playground for

superstition. Many ancient cultures, from China to Persia, considered death contagious. People who were around the recently dead were supposed to be avoided. In Rome mourners wore *black* so others would know to stay away from them. Some believe that you should actually *give away* your colored clothes while mourning for a quick passage of sorrows. But be sure *not* to wear your mourning clothes beyond two years - or you risk a new tragedy. Another European custom holds that you should never accept a gift during your loss, or you'll soon find yourself grieving again. And if you wear mourning gloves be sure they are made of *cotton* - or your whole household could go to the grave.

12. Black Cats

Our love affair with cats began in ancient Egypt. Egyptians considered cats sacred to the gods - and, on a more practical level, as the perfect solution to keeping rats and mice out of grain supplies. Yet our relations to felines took a different turn during the European witch craze. Between the 11th and 14th centuries, Europe's population exploded - with cats no exception: The animals were overrunning the continent and were widely seen as pests. In England, elderly or single women - the prime target of witch trials - were seen as caretakers of cats. So the legend arose that felines are the companions, or "familiars," of witches. What about the *black cat*? Another English tradition holds that Satan was thrown out of heaven into a *blackberry bush*, giving us malevolent associations with the color black - and the notion that black cats are an embodiment of the devil, a belief that also surrounds black dogs.

13. The Number 13

Was Apollo 13 cursed by its flight number? Should you avoid the 13th floor of a building? Do you need to watch your step on Friday the 13th? Fear of the number 13 is one of humanity's most enduring superstitions. Perhaps the earliest known origin of this superstition comes from ancient India, where it was considered unlucky for 13 people to sit together. In Nordic mythology, the evil Loki is the 13th guest at a banquet of gods - which ends in argument and violence. The most famous origin involves Judas Iscariot, the so-called traitor apostle, who was the *13th man* at the Last Supper. Jesus was crucified on *Good Friday*, which got linked to the number *13* for a day of unholy luck. Friday the 13th also marked the mass execution of the medieval Knights Templar. Following tensions with the Vatican, the Christian knights were all but wiped out beginning on *Friday, October 13th, 1307*. So deep is our fear of 13 that even today many hotels are designed *without a 13th floor*.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

150 Reports Of UFOs, Ghosts, Witches, And Other Paranormal Activity Haunt West Midlands, England

inquisitr.com

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 23, 2015

The West Midlands area, deep in the heart of England, has thousands of years of haunting history, mystery, and paranormal happenings. Judging by the many calls to police by West Midlands' residents making paranormal reports of ghosts, witches, and UFOs, that West Midlands' haunting history and mystery seems to continue.

In just the past five years, the West Midlands Police have responded to over 150 calls from frightened residents claiming ghosts, witches, and UFOs are in their midst, reports the *Daily Mail*.

While many of these calls have left police stumped, with no ghosts, witches or UFOs to confront, pursue, or arrest, at least one report of a witch *did* lead to an arrest. Whether it was the witch who was arrested or the reporting party wasn't made clear, however.

But the police in West Midlands do take resident reports of ghosts, witches, and UFOs very seriously, often offering advice and explanations regarding any paranormal activity when possible.

At the same time, bogus reports of ghosts, UFOs, witches, zombies, or anything claiming to be a paranormal encounter are taken equally serious.

"While the figures can seem amusing, behind some of these 'supernatural' calls may be a deeply troubled individual or a person wasting valuable police time, which would be better spent preventing real crimes," said a West Midlands police spokesman. "West Midlands Police always take action against those found to be knowingly making false and malicious calls to the emergency services."

While 911 is the emergency number to call in the U.S., in West Midlands and elsewhere in England, it's 999, and 999 has been used surprisingly frequently by terrified West Midland residents calling police regarding the paranormal.

Forty of those 999 calls were to report ghosts, with UFO calls numbering about 30. But it's the witches that seem to be the most unnerving for the people of West Midlands, with nearly 80 calls coming in to either report a witch or someone dabbling in witchcraft. The majority of

these witch reports were deemed credible, or at least legitimate, with only eight turning out to be hoaxes.

The Birmingham Mail, caught up with local ghost expert, Nick Duffy, leader of paranormal group West Midlands Ghost, to get his thoughts on the high number of ghost, UFO, and witch reports received by police in West Midlands.

According to Duffy, the relatively high 150 ghost, witch, and UFO sightings are a recent phenomenon driven by an increased interest in the paranormal.

> "When we started in 1989 we were the only (ghost hunting group) in the Midlands. Six years ago there were 70. I stopped counting after that. If you call a paranormal group, they will not come out of your house without something happening – and that is the real problem. These figures are also a by-product of (the television program) 'Most Haunted' and all the American rubbish."

Duffy also isn't surprised people call the police during or after a paranormal experience. While the number of reports seems to have increased, calling the police is nothing new.

"For people who experience things like poltergeist activity, the police have always been a go-to source," he added.

So if you're ever in West Moreland, keep your eyes to the sky for UFOs and witches, and don't be surprised if a ghost or zombie creeps up on you in the night.

[Image by Mark Wilson, Getty Images, and the *Telegraph*]

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

19-year-old girl wakes up during brain surgery, asks doctors 'How's it going?'

foxnews.com

Published January 02, 2015
FoxNews.com

Iga Jasica, 19, of southwest Poland, woke up during a procedure to have a cancerous growth removed from her brain, The Daily Mirror reported. (Photo courtesy CEN)

A teenage girl in Poland woke up during brain surgery and asked her doctors how the operation was going, The Daily Mirror reported.

Iga Jasica, 19, had been undergoing the procedure to have a cancerous growth removed from her brain. Doctors say she woke up halfway through the surgery when the anesthetic wore off. Her brain was exposed, but surgeons say the southwest Polish girl's health was not in jeopardy.

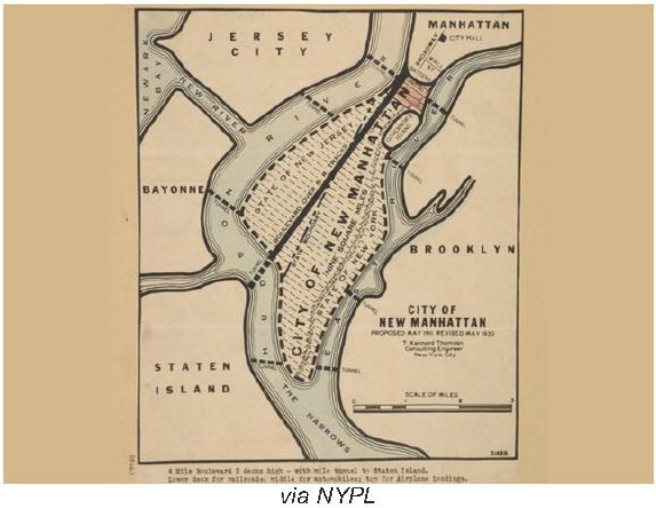
"Despite coming round, she didn't feel anything and was never in danger," neurosurgeon Dawid Larysz told The Daily Mirror. He added that Jasica wouldn't have been able to see or feel anything. Jasica doesn't remember waking up during the surgery.

Doctors are investigating whether the anesthetic may have been improperly administered. Other experts told The Daily Mirror that the operation itself could have triggered her waking up despite the anesthetic.

While chatting with doctors during the procedure, Jasica reportedly brought up cats. After the surgery, she reflected on the experience.

"I missed Christmas because of this operation, but it is the best present I could have had, as I am now feeling great," Jasica told The Daily Mirror when the procedure was complete.

This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten, or redistributed. ©2014 FOX News Network, LLC. All rights reserved. All market data delayed 20 minutes. Privacy - Terms - FAQ



via NYPL

This map outlines a plan we've looked back at before—the 1911 plan, which was brought back to life in the 1930s, had the Hudson River getting drained and paved over. This would have connected Manhattan to New Jersey, creating 10-square-miles of land, and relieved traffic congestion with subterranean tubes and tunnels.

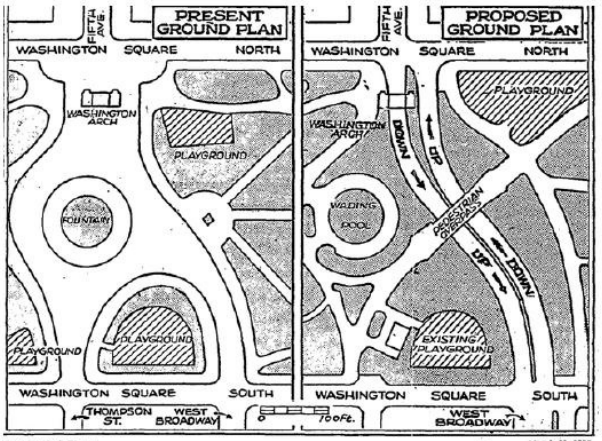
This map shows that the plan would have also absorbed Governors Island, and the NYPL believes Ellis and Liberty Islands, too. They point out today that "in a boastful or optimistic flourish, the red sections by Battery Park represent lots that had already been sold. The black stripe running down the center is a three-tiered transportation artery: train tracks on the bottom, lanes for cars in the middle, and an airplane landing strip on the top."

A few more crazy plans that never happened can be found here. And you can check out many many many more maps at the NYPL's Digital Collections page—recently they digitally released 20,000 maps from their collection!

Jen Carlson in Arts & Entertainment on May 1, 2014 2:21 pm

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

New York City's history is filled with crazy plans that have never panned out—below, we visit four of them.



The New York Times March 11, 1955
BEFORE AND AFTER: Washington Square as it is now and as it will be if the city adopts new plan to extend Fifth Avenue through the park as a depressed roadway.

nythighwaywashsq.jpg

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK HIGHWAY: Just as he originally wanted to build the BQE *through* Brooklyn Heights, Robert Moses also wanted to bring a highway through Washington Square Park... all in the name of "urban renewal." Ephemeral NY just revisited the plan, which was proposed in a few different ways through the mid-1950s, but was eventually beaten down by the little guy (in this case, the great Jane Jacobs).

The plan—which seems unbelievable—was to bisect the park "with a 48-foot-wide highway connecting Fifth Avenue to West Broadway—which would be widened and illustriously renamed Fifth Avenue South." There would be a 36-foot pedestrian bridge for people to cross the park, and as you can see from the above map: the four lane highway would have run under the arch. [via Ephemeral NY]

This map vividly tells the story of the plan to dam the Hudson river and rebuild New York, ending the isolation of Manhattan Island. Water which now finds an outlet through Hudson river would be diverted via widened Harlem river to the East river and then into outer harbor. What is now Manhattan Island would be grafted to New Jersey.

14hudsonriverfill.jpg

PAVE THE HUDSON In the 1930s, a plan to pave over the Hudson River was proposed. The $1 billion project would have involved plugging up the Hudson at both ends of Manhattan and diverting the water into the Harlem River, "so that it might flow out into the East River and down to the Atlantic Ocean." The drained portion would be filled, connecting the Island of Manhattan with... New Jersey!

This would have created about 10-square-miles of land, where thousands of buildings would have gone up, and roadways created to relieve traffic congestion. On top of that, subterranean tubes and tunnels were to be constructed, and underground levels would also "serve as a great military defense against gas attack in case of war, for in it would be room for practically the entire population of the city."

DRAIN THE EAST RIVER: In 1924, Popular Science ran an article about New York's traffic problem, which at the time was reportedly causing the city to lose over $1M a day. One proposed solution was to drain the East River and convert it into a 5-mile system accommodating roadways and the subway, while also providing parking spaces in garages and housing city centers. The idea was that of the deputy police commissioner of traffic at the time, John Harriss. If it had been carried out, there would have been a dam put up near the

eastriver14.jpg

Williamsburg Bridge, as well as at Hell Gate... and an "imposing City Hall" would be placed midway through the thoroughfare.

domenyc.jpeg

PUT

MANHATTAN UNDER A DOME: What if we were a poorly received CBS drama? In the 1960s and 70s, the idea of a domed city stepped out of the science fiction spotlight and seemed like it may become a reality. One of the first real life concepts came about in 1960, when engineer Buckminster Fuller proposed a two mile "geodesic dome spanning Midtown Manhattan that would regulate weather and reduce air pollution." He planned the project with architect Shoji Sadao, and it would have covered the island from the East River to the Hudson River, from 21st Street to 64th Street.

The plan was for the giant dome to reduce cooling costs in summer and heating costs in the winter. Buildings would not be heated and cooled separately, instead the entire dome would be kept at a moderate temperature level. Presumably, in-dome apartments would have higher rents! Fuller believed the dome would eventually happen once he nailed down what materials to use, and said funding would be offset by the savings to the city—he wrote, “the cost of snow removal in New York City would pay for the dome in 10 years."

In 2008, when The Whitney revisited his designs, and *The New Yorker* did as well, Elizabeth Kolbert wrote, “By staging the retrospective, the Whitney raises—or, really, one should say, re-raises—the question of Fuller’s relevance. Was he an important cultural figure because he produced inventions of practical value or because he didn’t?" You can find more of the ol' Buckminster's designs right here, and don't forget to check out the floating cities he started to design after the dome era faded.

Jen Carlson in Arts & Entertainment on Apr 15, 2014 1:45 pm

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

-- Maori welcome Airmen to New Zealand

Handshakes, cheek-to-cheeks, brofists, and hand waves are what we see as usual actions when greeting someone. But don't you know there are more besides these? Know more about the unusual greetings around the world. Do you want to try doing these?

1. New Zealand

In New Zealand, they have a traditional Maori greeting called *hongi*. Hongi involves the rubbing or touching of noses when two people meet. This act is referred to as the "ha" or the "breath of life" which is considered to have come from the gods.

Photo Source : Lauren Mishoe

2. Tibet

Photo Source : Faisal Khan

Tibetans say welcome by sticking out their tongues. This tradition has been practiced since the 9th century during the time of Lang Darma, a Tibetan king known to have a black tongue. The people were scared that he'll be reincarnated, so they start sticking out their tongues when meeting someone to prove that they aren't evil. This greeting is often accompanied by placing their palms down in front of their chest.

3. Tuvalu

In Tuvalu, their traditional welcome involves pressing one's face to the other person's cheek and then taking a deep sniff.

4. Mongolia

Photo Source : Mashable

The Mongols present a *hada,* which is a strip of silk or cotton, when an acquaintance or an unfamiliar guest visits their home. The guest should grasp the strip gently with both hands while doing a slight bow.

5. Philippines

In the Philippines, it's important that the young ones greet the elderly people by holding the elder's right hand, leaning forward, and making sure that the knuckles will reach and press the greeter's forehead while saying "*Mano po*."

Photo Source : Seth Garben

6. Greenland

The traditional greeting practiced by the Inuits, or Eskimos, in Greenland is called *kunik*. This is done by pressing one's nose and upper lip against another's skin, then breathing on them.

Photo Source : Josiah Villegas

COPYRIGHT © 2014 WHEN ON EARTH. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Back to top

Photo Source : Floyd Davidson

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

6 ways to make an emergency candle with household objects

Megan Treacy (@mtreacy) Living / Green Home January 13, 2015 treehugger.com

The problem with power outages is that we don't always know when they're coming. Even with proper warning of an incoming storm, we can find ourselves unprepared if the power goes out. Now that we're in the season of icy, winter storms, it's good to know what you can do to make some light if you can't locate a flashlight or candle or if you need extra sources of heat on a cold night. Many of the following could also be helpful on a camping trip.

Below are six ideas for emergency candles that use common household items, along with videos that show you how to make them. It's very likely that you have at least one of these things in your house right now, if not all of them.

These candles rely on two simple components: a wick and a fat or wax to place it in. A glass or metal base or container is also ideal for supporting a candle and keeping you safe.

For homemade wicks, you can use tightly rolled up newspaper, toilet paper, paper towels, twine or any cotton fabric like strips from an old t-shirt, though with a couple of these, the item itself acts as a wick. Make sure you also always have matches or a lighter on hand.

Orange

One emergency candle hack that you may have seen before is using an orange and a little cooking oil like canola or olive oil. Slicing the orange to remove just the top part of the peel and the center pith makes an instant candle that just needs a little oil poured in. You'll get a longer-burning candle if you use a larger orange, but clementines are easier to peel and work just as well, though the burning time will be shorter.

Butter

There couldn't be a simpler candle. Cut off a rectangle of butter, insert a wick, light it and you're done. Make sure to place the butter on a glass or metal surface and you should get about one hour of light per tablespoon.

Tuna can

If you're out of fresh oranges or butter, check your pantry for a can of tuna, salmon, anchovies or any fish packed in oil. As DaveHax shows you above, poke a hole in the top of the can with a screwdriver and insert a wick, making sure to spread the oil up through the top, then light and enjoy.

Crayon

They may not be the first thing to come to mind, but a crayon is a self-contained candle: all you have to do is light it. The paper wrapper acts as a wick and the wax keeps the flame going. Make sure to melt the bottom of the crayon lightly so that it will stick to a metal surface light an Altoids tin or a glass plate for safety.

More than one crayon can be wrapped together with foil to make a larger candle or an effective fire starter.

Cheese wax

Cheese wax may be a nuisance when you're trying to slice some cheese to eat, but in addition to keeping cheese fresh, it is also a great material for making an emergency candle. Any waxed cheese will do if slice the wax off and mold it into a cylinder shape and then insert a wick. The more wax you have, the bigger and longer-lasting the candle, but even the little Baby Bel cheeses are great for this purpose. Slice open a few of them and make many small candles or one larger one.

Again, make sure you have a flame-resistant base to hold your candle.

Cooking oil

If you find yourself without any of the above, you can fashion an emergency candle out of any type of cooking oil -- fresh or used -- and a flame-resistant container. Small glass cups or jars like mason or jam jars will work as will aluminum cans and even a cup made out of aluminum foil. If you don't have a lid to thread the wick through, a paper clip can be used to hold the wick in place.

Bonus

These other items will also work as emergency candles. All you have to do is insert a wick in the middle: lip balm tins, shoe polish or vegetable shortening like Crisco.

COPYRIGHT © 2015 MNN HOLDING COMPANY, LLC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

94-year-old vet can't file tax return because IRS says he's dead foxnews.com

Siegfried Meinstein, 94, is reportedly trying to prove to the IRS that he is still alive. (COURTNEY HERGESHEIMER/COLUMBUS DISPATCH)

There is a 94-year-old World War II vet in Ohio who just wants to pay his taxes but can't because the IRS says he's dead.

Siegfried Meinstein has been unable to convince the IRS he is alive, living in an assisted living facility near Columbus, Ohio. The IRS has told the nonagenarian it can't process his tax return because their records indicate he is deceased.

"It isn't really a problem in my daily life," Meinstein told the Columbus Dispatch Friday. "Everybody accepts my money."

The issue with IRS has also prompted some good natured ribbing from his son.

"If they keep insisting, what is it you say?" Ron Meinstein told his father who broke his hip in a swimming pool accident but is otherwise in good health. "Eventually, they'll be right."

The newspaper reports that the old-timer's troubles began in April when he filed his tax return online through his accountant. The IRS rejected the return and the reason given was because the filer was dead according to the Social Security Administration.

A few days later, Meinstein and his son went to the Social Security office in Columbus and were told that their records did not list the elder Meinstein as deceased. The office gave the Meinsteins a letter to send to the IRS. They did only to have the IRS kick it back to Social Security.

There was some back-and-forth and then Meinstein and his son visited the local IRS office where they were informed that the problem would be resolved.

Instead, the senior citizen received a letter from the IRS that said, "We are unable to process your tax return. Our records indicate that the person identified as the primary taxpayer…was deceased prior the tax year show on the tax form."

The Dispatch said the IRS sent Meinstein the same letter in September and in November.

The same letter arrived a third time at the end of the year despite the intercession of the Taxpayer Advocate Service to on Meinstein's behalf.

The newspaper spoke to an IRS spokeswoman who could only say that the IRS regularly gets its information from Social Security and that the best chance for a resolution to the problem was through the advocate service.

Meantime, the IRS has just sent Meinstein another letter. This one wanted to know why he had prepaid $14,000 in taxes for 2014.

The letter also wanted to inform him that the IRS had lost his tax return.

This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten, or redistributed. ©2015 FOX News Network, LLC. All rights reserved. All market data delayed 20 minutes. Privacy - Terms - FAQ

9/11 rubble haunted by female ghost: Book

nypost.com

By Gary Buiso

March 15, 2015 | 8:47am

An excavator sifts through mounds of debris from the World Trade Center attacks at the Fresh Kills landfill in Staten Island in 2002. Photo: AP Photo: AP

Modal Trigger

She was there to protect and serve.

A number of workers at the Fresh Kills landfill in Staten Island who were sifting the rubble from the 9/11 attacks reported seeing a female ghost holding a tray of sandwiches, a new book - reveals.

"I thought she was trying to help us, being first responders," said retired NYPD Lt. Frank Marra, author of "From Landfill to Hallowed Ground."

Piles of ID cards were found in the remains of the World Trade Center at the Fresh Kills landfill. Photo: Getty Images

The spectre was African-American, dressed in white, in the style of a Red Cross worker during World War II, Marra recalled.

Marra said he saw her a few times, always from more than 50 yards away. And each time, as he strained to make sense of what he was seeing — the ghostly lady vanished.

"But you could clearly see it was a person," he said.

Now retired and living in Millstone, NJ, Marra, 48, said he initially buried the memory of the spirit.

But he remembered in 2013, when he was conducting interviews for the book.

A retired crime-scene detective asked him, "You ever hear the stories about the old Red Cross worker trying to serve sandwiches and coffee out by the sifters?"

Modal Trigger

"It hit me like a ton of bricks — I had put that dormant. And it just reminded me that I remembered seeing her," Marra said.

A dirt covered shoe was pulled out of the landfill in 2001. Photo: AP

Other cops also witnessed this apparition and other strange things, including shadows and “large black masses,” claimed Marra, who was the supervisor of the World Trade Center vehicle impound section of the landfill and is the son of a high-ranking NYPD chief.

A psychic medium has since explained to him he might have seen a spirit called a “soul collector” — guiding people to the afterlife, Marra said.

Parts and fragments of bodies found in the wreckage helped identify 1,600 people — but the remains of 1,000 victims were never found, he noted.

Marra wondered aloud: “How many had their ashes and remains uprooted and brought to this place? Why isn’t their presence believable?”

New York City Fire Department vehicles, destroyed in the World Trade Center collapse, were piled up at the landfill. Photo: AP

Modal Trigger

© 2015 NYP Holdings, Inc. All Rights Reserved
TERMS OF USE | PRIVACY | YOUR AD CHOICES

Copyright 2015 NYP Holdings. All rights reserved.

A Cow Head Will Not Erupt From Your Body If You Get A Smallpox Vaccine

January 07, 2015 npr.org

H. Humphrey/Henry Barton Jacobs Collection, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption H. Humphrey/Henry Barton Jacobs Collection, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU This did not really happen. Cows' heads did not emerge from the bodies of people newly inoculated against smallpox. But fear of the vaccine was so widespread that it prompted British satirist James Gillray to create this spoof in 1802. H. Humphrey/Henry Barton Jacobs Collection, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU

This did not really happen. Cows' heads did not emerge from the bodies of people newly inoculated against smallpox. But fear of the vaccine was so widespread that it prompted British satirist James Gillray to create this spoof in 1802.

It all started with milkmaids.

Edward Jenner, an 18th-century English country doctor, noticed that they seemed to be immune to smallpox.

Henry Barton Jacobs Collection, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption Henry Barton Jacobs Collection, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU An illustration of cowpox pustules from the first edition of Edward Jenner's "An Inquiry into the Cause and Effects of the Variolae Vaccinae." Henry Barton Jacobs Collection, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU

i

An illustration of cowpox pustules from the first edition of Edward Jenner's "An Inquiry into the Cause and Effects of the Variolae Vaccinae."

And that was a time when smallpox was a truly terrifying disease. Each year, it killed hundreds of thousands of Europeans. It made people terribly sick. Its oozing blisters scarred many of its victims for life. And there was no cure.

A new exhibit at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, open until March 1, traces the history of a disease that as late as the 1960s was still killing millions every year. Christine Ruggere is the curator of the historical collection at the Hopkins School of Medicine. Walking among the glass display cases of smallpox artifacts on the second floor of the Welch Library at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, she says that at the turn of the 19th century, diseases were still very mysterious. And it wasn't clear how they spread.

Then Jenner had his eureka moment about milkmaids.

"In English literature and poetry milkmaids are referred to for their creamy complexion, as pretty as a milkmaid," Ruggere says. "One of the reason they had such nice complexion was they didn't get smallpox."

Jenner guessed that by being exposed to a bovine form of the disease, cowpox, milkmaids were protected from the much more lethal smallpox. So he set out to test his theory.

In the center of this wooden frame are clippings of the hair of the cow named "Blossom," the source of the cowpox used by Dr. Edward Jenner in his work on the smallpox vaccine.

In the center of this wooden frame are clippings of the hair of the cow named "Blossom," the source of the cowpox used by Dr. Edward Jenner in his work on the smallpox vaccine.

Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU, Henry Barton Jacobs Collection

"Now his experiments are not what we would do today," says Ruggere. "He took cowpox [and] gave it to a small boy. The boy got a good case of cowpox and was healed. Then he took smallpox and injected it into the same child."

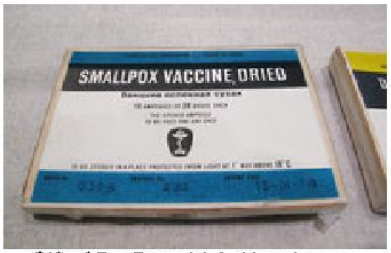
The 8-year-old never developed smallpox. Jenner had just come up with the world's first vaccine.

His idea was widely ridiculed at the time. A cartoon from 1802, on display at this exhibit, lampoons Jenner. It shows a crazed scene in which cows' heads erupt from the bodies of people being inoculated against smallpox.

So as scary as smallpox may have been, people were also terrified of this new idea of inoculation. And religious leaders said it was immoral to stop a disease that God has created.

"Even today there are those who feel we should not be intruding on God's will," says Dr. D.A. Henderson. In 1966 the epidemiologist went to Geneva to head up a World Health Organization campaign to eradicate smallpox entirely.

"At the beginning of the program, there were an estimated 10 million cases and 2 million deaths," he says. "The disease was present in 31 countries."



Gift of Dr. Donald A. Henderson, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU hide caption i toggle caption i toggle caption Gift of Dr. Donald A. Henderson, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU Freeze-dried smallpox vaccine produced in the

i

Freeze-dried smallpox vaccine produced in the Soviet Union for the WHO campaign. Each vial contains 100 doses, which could remain stable at least 30 days at 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. That was critical if the vaccines were to be used in the tropics.

The eradication campaign tracked smallpox cases, then vaccinated everyone in a geographic circle around the patient. Smallpox only travels from person to person.

"If you could snip the chain, you'd stop the spread," Henderson

Soviet Union for the WHO campaign. Each vial contains 100 doses, which could remain stable at least 30 days at 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. That was critical if the vaccines were to be used in the tropics. Gift of Dr. Donald A. Henderson, Institute of the History of Medicine, JHU

says.

By the mid-1970s Ethiopia was one of the last smallpox holdouts. It was also in the midst of a bloody Marxist revolution. Getting around was so difficult that the vaccinators had to use helicopters.

"Even with the helicopters we had some troubles," Henderson recalls. "One was blown up with a hand grenade because people thought it was the Italians coming back to occupy Ethiopia. Another time they captured a helicopter and asked for ransom."

Eventually the vaccinators got their helicopter back. The last case of smallpox ever recorded was on Oct. 26, 1977, in neighboring Somalia.

Keep Or Kill Last Lab Stocks Of Smallpox? Time To Decide, Says WHO

"It's the only disease of man which we have succeeded in eradicating," Henderson says.

In A Lab Store Room, An Unsettling Surprise: Lost Vials Of Smallpox

Tracking down the final smallpox cases was the hardest part of the eradication campaign. In what could be useful advice in the final push to eliminate polio, Henderson says the key was to get local leaders to embrace the cause. Ultimately, wiping out smallpox, he says, involved drinking a lot of tea.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

This article has been archived from the now-defunct Creation Myths site (http://www.amherst.k12.wi.us/USERWEBS/faculty/faculty/gorddebr/myths.htm) for educational purposes. Contents are the sole property of the authors. Please visit our Article Archive Index for further information. If you are the author of this article and would like to make changes to it, or if you are the author of another article you would like us to add to our archives, please contact us.

Cree flood myth

Wisagatcak the Trickster built a dam across a stream in an attempt to capture the Great Beaver as it left its lodge. He waited all day until finally, at dusk, the huge creature swam toward him. Now, the Great Beaver possesses powerful magic and, as Wisagatcak prepared to spear it, created a spell that caused a muskrat to bite Wisagatcak in the behind, making him miss the target. Though spared, the Great Beaver was angry and wanted revenge.

The next morning Wisagatcak was dumfounded. After being bitten, he had dismantled his dam, but the water level had not gone down even though the stream was now flowing freely through the spot where the dam had been. Even more strange-the water level continued to rise higher and higher. The Great Beaver had worked powerful magic indeed; the entire world was flooding. For two weeks, the Great Beaver and the little beavers kept busy making all the waters of earth to rise until not one spot of dry land could be found. In great haste, Wisagatcak built a raft of logs and took many animals aboard with him.

The water continued to rise for yet another two weeks. At the end of the two weeks, the muskrat left the raft to search for land, but even the muskrat, who is accustomed to living between earth and water drowned. Then a raven left the raft. He flew around the entire world, but found no land, only water. Then Wisagatcak made his own magic with the help of a wolf on his raft.

During the next two weeks on the raft, moss grew all over its surface. The wolf ran around and around on the raft, causing the moss to become magically expanding earth, until the raft was a vast land mass. However, to this very day, water springs up through holes in the ground -cracks in that original raft.

Sponsored links:

Learn more about:

Cree mythology

Cree First Nation

More stories to read:

Native American nature legends
Native American culture heroes
Legends about tobacco
Legends about grasshoppers

Legends about sharing

Back to the Cree Indian page

Back to Ancient Indian myths page

Native website Southwest Native American artists Micmac dance

American Indian tattoos

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Note that "Mudjikiwis" simply means "eldest son" in Cree, so at different points in the story it refers to the oldest of the ten human brothers or to the oldest Thunderer boy. We've put this up on our own website because the version that exists on many other websites is truncated, stopping when the fifth brother opens the door. Here is the complete story as recorded in Stith Thompson's 1929 collection Tales of the North American Indians.

Once upon a time the Indians were camping. They had ten lodges. There were ten of them; and the eldest brother, Mudjikiwis, was sitting in the doorway.

It was winter, and all the Indians had their side-bags on; and every day they went off and hunted in the direction which they faced as they sat. Mudjikiwis always took the lead, and the others followed.

Once when he came home to his camp, he saw smoke just as he crossed the last hill. When he approached the lodge, he saw a pile of wood neatly stacked by the door. He himself had always cooked the dinner; and when he saw it ready, he was very glad. "There is surely a girl here!" he thought. "There must be some one who has done this."

He had many brothers younger than himself. "Maybe some one is trying to marry them, or some girl wants me!"

When he arrived at the lodge, he saw a girl's pigeon-toed tracks, and he was delighted. "It is a girl!" he cried, and he rushed in to see her, but there was no one there. The fire was just started, the meat cooked and ready, and water had been drawn. Some one had just finished work when he came. There were even ten pairs of moccasins hanging up. "Now, at last, there is some one to sew for us! Surely one of us will get married!" he thought, and he also thought that he would be the fortunate one. He did not touch anything, but left everything as he had found it for his brothers to see.

After a while the brother next to him in age came in. He looked up and saw all the moccasins, and he too was very glad. Then Mudjikiwis said, "I do not know which of us is going to be married. A girl has just left here, but I cannot tell who she is, and there are ten of us. One of us is loved by some one!"

They soon were joined by the third, and then by the fourth brother, and the fire was out by that time. The youngest brother was the most handsome one of the family. "If one of us should marry, Mudjikiwis, we shall have to hunt hard and not let our sister-in-law hunger or be

in need," he said. "I shall be very glad if we have a sister-in-law. Don't let her chop wood; she cannot attend to all of us. We just want her to cook and mend our clothes."

At night they were all crying, "He, he, he!" until dark came, because they were so glad. "I cannot attend to all my brothers, and I do not need to do so any more!" cried Mudjikiwis.

The next day nine went off, and left the youngest brother on guard to see the girl. Mudjikiwis came back first, and found that the tenth boy had not been taken. "Oh, well! leave our ninth brother next time, "he said "Then we will try it once more with our eighth brother."

Three of them then kept house in succession, but the woman did not come. They then left the fifth one, and said, "If no one comes, make dinner for us yourself." Soon after they had left, some one came along making a noise like a rattle, for she had bells on her leggings.

"Oh, she shall not know me!" said the youth. "I shall be a bit of eagle-down," and he flew up between the canvas and the poles of the lodge. Presently the girl entered. She had very long hair, and was very pretty. She took the axe and went out to cut wood, and soon brought in four armfuls. Then she made the fire, took down the kettles, and prepared dinner. When she had done so she melted some snow, took another armful of wood, and started another fire.

After she had finished she called to the youth to come down from his hiding- place. "Maybe you think I don't know you are up there," she said. So he came down and took a seat with her by the fire.

When Mudjikiwis came home, he saw another big pile of wood. When he came near, he cried, "He, he, he!" to show that he was well pleased. "I could not attend to the needs of my brothers," he shouted, "I could not cook for them, and I could not provide my relatives with moccasins!" He entered the door and bent down, for Mudjikiwis had on a fisher-skin head-band with an eagle-quill thrust in behind. As he came in, he saw a pretty girl sitting there. When he sat down, he said, "Hai, hai, hai! The girl is sitting like her mother."

He pulled off his shoes and threw them to his youngest brother, and received a fine pair of moccasins from his sister-in-law. He was delighted, and cried, "Hai, hai, hai!" Soon all the other brothers came back, all nine of them, and each received new moccasins.

Mudjikiwis said, "I have already advised you. Do not let our sister-in-law chop wood or do any hard work. Hunt well, and do not let her be hungry." Morning came, and Mudjikiwis was already half in love with his sister-in-law. He started out, pretending that he was going to hunt, but he only went over a hill and stopped there. Then he wrapped his blanket around himself. It was winter, and he took some mud from under the snow and rubbed it over his forehead and on his hat-band. He had his ball-headed club with him, which had two eyes that winked constantly. Soon he saw his sister-in-law, who came out to chop wood.

He went to speak to her, but the girl had disappeared. Soon she came back. There was one pile of wood here, and one there. Mudjikiwis stopped at the one to the west. He had his bow, his arrows, and his club with him. He held his club on the left arm, and his bow and arrow on the right arm, folded his arms across his breast, and was smiling at her when she came up.

"O my brother-in-law! I don't want to do that," she cried.

Then Mudjikiwis was angry because she scorned him. He took an arrow and shot her in the leg, and fled off to hunt. That night he returned late, last of all. As he came close to the lodge, he called out, "Yoha, yoha! what is wrong with you? You have done some kind of mischief. Why is there no wood for our sister-in-law?" He went in. "What is wrong with our sister-in-law, that she is not home?" he demanded. His brother then said, "Why are you so late? You used to be the first one here."

Mudjikiwis would not speak in reply. The married brother came in last. The young brother was tired of waiting, and asked each, "You did not see your sister-in-law, did you?" The others replied, "Mudjikiwis came very late. He never did so before."

"I shall track my wife," said the husband. So he set off in pursuit of her. He tracked her, and found that she had brought one load of wood. Her second trail ended at a little lodge of willows that she had made, and where she was. She cried to him, "Do not come here! Your brother Mudjikiwis has shot me. I told him I did not want to receive him, and then he shot me down. Do not come here. You will see me on the fourth night. If you want to give me food, put it outside the door and go away, and I shall get it."

Her husband went home, as she commanded. After that the youth would bring her food, after hunting, every night. "It is well. Even though our brother shot my wife, I shall forgive him, if I can only see her after four nights," he said. The third night he could hardly stay away, he wanted to see her so badly. The fourth day at dawn he went to the lodge; and as he drew near, she cried, "Do not come!" but he went in, anyway, and saw her there. "I told you not to come, but you could not restrain yourself. When your brothers could not attend to themselves, I wished to help them," she cried. So he went home satisfied, since he had seen her.

They breakfasted, and he started out again with food for her. She had gone out, for he found her tracks, little steps, dabbled with blood. Then he went back home, and said to his brothers, "My brothers, I am going to go after my wife."

He dressed, and followed her footprints. Sometimes he ran, and at sunset he wanted to camp. So he killed a rabbit; and as he came out of the brush, he saw a lodge. "He, my grandchild!" called a voice, "You are thinking of following your wife. She passed here at dawn. Come in and sit down! Here is where she sat before you." He entered, and found an old woman, who told him to sit in the same place where his wife had sat.

He gave her the rabbit he had shot, as he was really hungry. "Oh, my grandchild must be very hungry!" she cried, " so I shall cook for him," said the old crone. Her kettle was no larger than a thimble. She put in one morsel of meat and one little berry. The youth thought that was a very small allowance, when he was really hungry.

"O my grandchild!" the old woman said aloud in answer to his thoughts, "no one has ever eaten all my kettle holds. You are wrong if you think you won't get enough of this."

But he still thought so, and did not believe her. After the food was cooked, she said, "Eat, nosis!" and gave him a spoon. He took out the piece of meat and the berry; but when he had eaten it, the kettle was still full. He did this many times over. When he had finished, he had not eaten it all, yet he had enough. Then the grandmother told him that he had married one of ten sisters.

"They are not real people," she said, "they are from way up in the skies. They have ten brothers. There are three more of your grandmothers on the road where you are going. Each will tell you to go back, as I advised you; but if you insist, I will give you two bones to help you climb over the mountains."

Now, this old woman was really a moose, and not a human grandmother at all. "If you get into difficulties, you must cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' and use these two front shin-bones of the moose that I gave you." He slept there, and in the morning she gave him breakfast from the same kettle. When he was through she said, "Do not walk fast. Even if you rest on the way, you will reach your next grandmother in the evening. If you walk as fast as you can, you will get there at night."

He followed the trail as fast as he could, for he did not believe his grandmother. In the evening he killed a rabbit; and when he came out of the brush, there stood another lonely lodge, as before.

"O my grandchild! there is room in here for you to come in," cried a voice. "Your wife passed here early yesterday morning." Yet he had traveled two days. "She came in here!"

The old woman cooked for him in the same way as his other grandmother had done. Again he did not believe in her kettle, for he had already forgotten about his first grandmother. This grandmother was older than the first one whom he had left, and who was the youngest of the four grandmothers he was to meet. They were all sisters. "Why did you not believe my sister when she told you to go slowly? When you go fast, you make the trail longer. Hau, nosis! it is a difficult country where you are going," she cried. She gave him a squirrel-skin, saying, "Use this, nosis, whenever you are in difficulties. 'Where is my grandmother?' you shall say. This is what makes everything easy. You will cry, and you will throw it away. You will not leave me till the morning."

So very early next day he started off. He went very slowly; and in a few minutes it was night, and he killed another rabbit. When he came out of the brush, he saw another lodge, a little nearer than the others, and less ragged.

The old woman said to him, "Your wife passed here the same morning that she left up there"; and this grandmother made supper for him, as the others had done. This time the food was corn. "Nosis, your last grandmother, who is my sister, will give you good advice. Your wife has had a child already. Go very slowly, and you will reach there at night; it is not far from here. It is a very difficult country where you are going. Maybe you will not be able to get there."

She gave him a stuffed frog and some glue. "Whenever the mountains are too steep for you

to climb, cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' put glue on your hands, and climb, and you will stick to the rocks. When you reach your next grandmother, she will advise you well. Your child is a little boy."

In the morning he had breakfast, and continued on the trail. He went on slowly, and it was soon night, and he killed another rabbit. When he reached the next lodge, nearer than all the rest, his grandmother said, "They have been saying you would be here after your wife; she passed here four days ago at dawn."

The youth entered the tent, and found that this grandmother was a fine young girl in appearance. She said, "Tomorrow at noon your wife is going to be married, and the young men will all sit in a circle and pass your child around. The man upon whom he urinates will be known as his father, and she will marry him." The old woman took off her belt, rolled it up nicely, and gave it to him. "This is the last one that you will use," she said, "When you are in trouble, cry out, 'Where is my grandmother?' and throw the belt out, and it will stick up there, so you can climb up to the top. Before noon you will reach a perpendicular precipice like a wall. Your wife is not of our people. She is one of the Thunderers."

That night the youth camped there. In the morning he had food. "If you manage to climb the mountain somehow," his grandmother said to him before he started, "you will cross the hill and see a steep slope, and there you will find a nest. There is one egg in it. That is a Thunderer's nest. As you come down, you will strike the last difficult place. There is a large log across a river. The river is very deep, and the log revolves constantly. There you will find a big camp, headed by your father-in-law, who owns everything there. There is one old woman just on this side. She is one of us sisters; she is the second oldest of us. You will see bones strewn about when you get there. Many young men go there when they are looking for their wives, and their bones you will see lying about. The Thunderer destroys everything. Some have been cut in halves when they tried to get over the cut-knife mountain."

When the youth came to the mountain, he took first the two bones, and cried, "O grandmother! where are you?" and as he cried, she called from far off, "He, nosis, do not get into trouble!" He drove the bones into the mountain and climbed up hand over hand, driving them in as he climbed. The bones pierced the rock. When he looked back, he saw that he was far up. He continued until the bones began to grow short, and at last he had to stop. Then he took out the squirrel-hide, called upon his grandmother for help, and threw the skin ahead. He went up in the air following it. All at once he stopped, and his nails wore out on the rock as he slipped back. Then he took the glue out of its bundle.

He cried for his grandmother, and heard her answer. She had told him that he would find a hollow at one place, and there he rested on a ledge when his glue gave out. Then he called for his next grandmother, heard her answer, and cast out his belt, unrolling it. Then he climbed up the sharp summit. He felt of the edge, which was very sharp indeed. Then he became apiece of eagle-down. "The eagle-down loved me once. I shall be it, and blow over the ledge," he cried.

When he got across, he saw the Thunderer's nest and the two Thunderers and their egg. He found a trail from there on, until he came to the rolling log that lay across the deep river. Then

he became down again, and blew across; and though many others had been drowned there, he crossed alive. He went on, and at last saw a small, low lodge with a little stone beside it. His last grandmother had told him to enter, as this was the abode of one of her sisters. So he went in.

"Ha, ha, ha, nosis!" she cried, "They said a long time ago that you were following your wife. She is to be married right now."--"Yes," he said. The marriage was to be in a lodge. He went there, peeped in, and a man saw him, who said, "Are you coming in? Our chief says he will pass the child about and he on whose breast it urinates shall marry its mother."

So he went in. The girl saw him, and told her mother. "Oh, that is the one I married."

When he arrived there, Mudjikiwis (not the youth's brother, but another one, a Thunderer) was there too. They took the child, and one man passed it. Mudjikiwis, the Thunderer, held some water in his mouth. He seized the child, crying, "Come here, nosis!" and spat the water over himself; but, when he tried to claim the child, all the others laughed, as they had seen his trick. When the child's real father took it up, it urinated on him. Then all went out. The chief said, "Do not let my son-in-law walk about, because he is really tired. He shall not walk for ten days."

His father-in-law would go off all day. Hanging in the lodge the youth saw his brother's arrow, with which his wife had been shot. The father-in-law would burn sweet-grass for the arrow at the rare intervals when he came back, for he would be off for days at a time. On the fifth night the youth felt rested, and could walk a little. Then he asked his wife, "Why does your father smoke that arrow?" and she answered, "Oh, we never see those things up here. It is from below, and he thinks highly of it; therefore he does so."

On the sixth night he was able to walk around in the brush; and he came to a spring, where he found, on the surface of the water, a rusty stain with which he: painted his face. He returned, and, as he was entering, his father-in-law cried, "Oh, that is why I want a son-in-law that is a human being! Where did he kill that bear? He is covered with blood. Go and dress it," he ordered. The youth was frightened, as he had not seen any bear at all. "You people that live below," his wife said, "call them Giant Panthers. Show your brothers-in-law where it is." The youth took his brother-in-law to the spring. "Here is where I found the Panther," he said.

The ten Thunderers came up and struck the spring, and killed something there. After that the youth looked for springs all the time, and it came to pass that he found a number. One day he asked his wife, "Why does your father go away for whole days at a time?" and his wife said, "There is a large lake up here, and he hunts for fish there. He kills one every day, seldom two. He is the only one that can kill them."

The next morning the youth went to the lake, and found his father-in-law sitting by the shore fishing. The old man had a peculiar spear, which was forked at the end. The youth took it, and put barbs on it, so that the old man was able to catch a number of fish quickly. Then they went home. When they arrived, his father-in-law said, "My son-in-law has taken many of them. I myself can only kill one, and sometimes two."

So he told all the people to go and get fish and eat them freely. On the following day, the young man, according to his mother-in-law's wish, took his wife to fish. They took many fish, and carried them home. The father-in-law knew, before they returned, that they had caught many.

The old man had a dream. When he saw how the youth prepared the spear which his daughter had given him, he said, referring to his dream, "My dream was wrong, I thought the youngest of the ten liked me the best. I made the spear in the way I saw it, not as this one has shown me. It is due to my dream that it is wrong. Your nine brothers are having a hard time. Now, my sons, your sisters are going away soon to be married."

For nine nights the youth saw a dim light at a distance. The father-in-law said to him, " Do not go there, for a powerful being lives there." The tenth night, however, the youth disobeyed this injunction. When he reached there, he saw a tall tree, and a huge porcupine that was burrowing at the foot of the tree. The porcupine struck the tree, and tried to kill it by shooting its quills into it. After the porcupine had shot off all its quills, the youth knocked it on the head, took two long quills from the tree, and carried them home.

Even before he got there, his father-in-law knew what had happened. They were delighted, for they said that the porcupine would kill the Thunderers when they tried to attack it. The father-in-law went out, and called to his sons to go and dress the porcupine that the youth had killed. The latter gave the two quills to his wife, though his father-in-law wanted them. The father-in-law said, "My children, this porcupine killed all our friends when they went to war against it. My sons-in-law below are miserable and lonely."

The eldest of the daughters, who was called Mudjikiskwe'wic, was delighted at the news. "You will marry the oldest one, Mudjikiwis," she was told. They were all to be married in order, the eldest girl to the eldest brother, the youngest to the youngest one. The old man said, "Mudjikiskwe'wic shall take her brother-in-law with her when she goes down to the earth." The young women went down. Sh-swsh! went Mudjikiskwe'wic (the girl) with her dress.

They reached the steep place, and the married woman said to her husband that they would fly around. " If you do not catch me when I fly past, you will be killed here." The women went off a little ways, and a heavy thunderstorm arose, big black clouds and lightning, yet he saw Mudjikiskwe'wic in it. She was green, and so was the sun; and as they passed she shouted once, then again a little nearer, and again close by.

Then he jumped off and caught her by the back. He closed his eyes as he did so, and did not open them until the Thunderer wife said, "Now let go!" Then he found himself at home. He left the girls behind, and went to the lodge and opened the door a little.

As soon as he was inside, he said, "My brothers, I am here!" They were lying in the ashes around the fire. "The Canada jays always make me angry when they say that," they retorted, and they threw a handful of ashes towards the door. "My brothers, I am coming!" he said again. "Ah! that is what the Crows say to make us angry," retorted the rest, and they threw ashes towards the door. "My brothers, I am coming!" he declared. "Ah! that is what the Chickadees say to make us angry," cried they, and threw ashes once more. Then for the

fourth time, he cried, "My brothers, get up!" Then Mudjikiwis cried, "Look up! See who it is! They never say that four times!"

They looked up and their eyes were swollen from weeping on account of their brother. They were covered with ashes. When they opened their eyes, they saw their fifth brother restored. "Arise, wash your faces, and fix camp!" said he. "I have brought sisters-in-law with me."

Mudjikiwis was glad to hear this, and he and the others began to decorate themselves. They took white earth from crawfish-holes, and painted their faces with it. Mudjikiwis seized his winking war-club, and they made the lodge larger by spreading the poles. Then the fifth brother called the sisters-in-law, and they all came in. The fifth son told Mudjikiskwe'wic that the youngest of the sisters should come in first, she herself last, although it would have been proper for the eldest brother to receive his wife first. "Do not come in till I call you, saying, 'Now, come! my brothers are tired waiting.'" Mudjikiskwe'wic promised to obey.

Mudjikiwis sat with his head in his hands, and peeped at each girl. He saw them sit by his brothers, until every one but he was furnished with a wife. Then there was a pause. Mudjikiwis began to weep, and he sniffed audibly. At last the fifth brother had pity on him, and called the girl in. She came in with a swishing sound of rustling clothing. Then Mudjikiwis was very glad.

"What shall we feed them on?" said one. "Let me see!" said Mudjikiwis, and he took his winking club and went out, and clubbed a bear right there. "O wife! we shall have a meal of bear-meat!" he cried. Mudjikiskwe'wic replied, "Oh, you are hunting my younger brother!"--"Oh, I did not mean to kill my brother-in-law," retorted the other.

And they are married today, and live where the sun does not shine.

Sponsored links:

More stories to read:

Native American nature legends
Thunder spirits
Legends about marriage

Learn more about:

Cree mythology
Cree language

The Cree Indians

Buy some American Indian books

Indian Art Indian Words Ioway Language Ataniel fiction

Tribal Tattoos

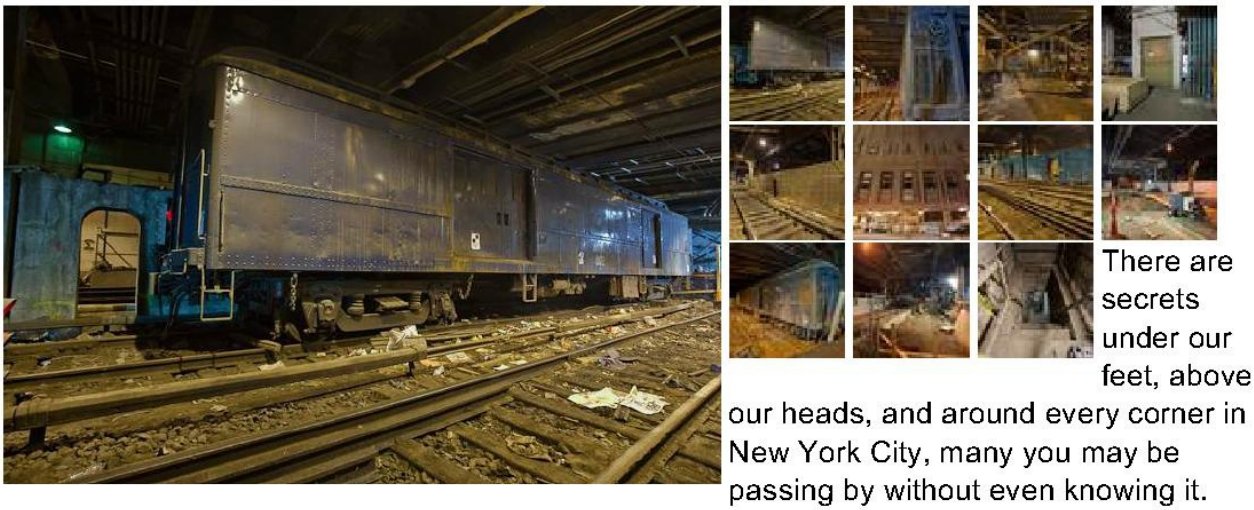
Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

A Look Inside Track 61, The Secret Train Platform Under The Waldorf-Astoria

gothamist.com



There are secrets under our feet, above our heads, and around every corner in New York City, many you may be passing by without even knowing it. Some of these special nooks are easier to access than others, and one time capsule that remains just out of reach is Track 61, which, at one end, is found behind a locked door on 49th Street.

This is the secret train platform that Franklin D. Roosevelt and other VIPs used to enter the Waldorf-Astoria (it was first used by General Pershing in 1938). It has been out of service for decades, but back in 2011 we visited the underground space, which still houses the tracks, the train car, and even the private elevator. In September of 1929, the NY Times reported on the new hotel's private railway siding underneath their building.

> "Guests with private rail cars may have them routed directly to the hotel instead of to the Pennsylvania Station or the Grand Central Terminal, and may leave their cars at a special elevator which will take them directly to their suites or to the lobby. The arrangement is made possible because of the fact that the New York Central tracks pass directly beneath the block, which has been obtained by the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria Corporation from the New York Central Railroad on a sixty-three-year leasehold, the lease being in reality only for the "air rights" on the site."

According to *Grand Central: How a Train Station Transformed America*, FDR, who most famously used the secret entrance, did so "in part to hide his disability from the public." Everything was made so large that, according to the MTA's Dan Brucker, it could fit FDR's armor-plated Pierce Arrow car, which would drive off the train, onto the platform, and straight into the elevator.

Brucker has said that FDR's car would exit on 49th Street and head to the hotel garage, but on other occasions has said FDR's "limousine would be lifted up and then backed out into the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria." At least one visit is confirmed by Secret Service logs, and took place on October 21st, 1944, "when the president had a full day of campaigning in a 51-mile, four-borough motorcade. His day was capped by a speech at the Waldorf... at 10:05,

according to the logs, he was to take the hotel's elevator 'and proceed via New York Central elevators to the New York Central Railway siding, located in the basement of the hotel, where his car will have been spotted.'" Here's an old History Channel report on the track:

How can YOU see it? An MTA spokesperson told us today that there are no tours, and "nothing has changed in 50 years. Except more dust." You can, however, spot it out the window of certain MetroNorth trains leaving the station—just look right as you depart.

In 2011, Brucker told us the train car would remain there, and so it has (so far). No parties though, like the one Andy Warhol threw on the tracks in 1965.

in on Feb 20, 2015 12:45 pm

© 2003-2015 Gothamist LLC. All rights reserved. Terms of Use & Privacy Policy.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

A man discovered 179 yrs old in India! He left hope to die

3 months ago new, Social

A man discovered 179 yrs old in India, "Death has forgotten me" || My grand children are dead there for yrs. Somehow forgot me death " Mahashta Mûrasi is an Indian who claims to be born in 1835.

According to indian officials, the man was born at home in the city of Bangalore on January 6th 1835, and is recorded to have lived in Vârânasî since 1903. He worked as a cobbler in the city until 1957, when he retired at the already venerable age of 122.
"I have been alive so long, that my great grand-children have been dead for years" explains Mr Mûrasi.
"Somehow death forgot about me… And now there's hardly any hope left. Look at the statistics, nobody dies past 150, even less at 170. At that point, I guess I'm immortal or something. I might as well enjoy it!"
The man's birth certificate and identity cards all seem to confirm his version, but unfortunately no medical examination can confirm his saying for now. The last doctor Mister Mûrasi visited died in 1971, so there is little information available about his previous medical files.

All Rights Reserved by Pakistani Showbiz Buzz Industry | Latest News © 2014 - 2015 Powered By WordPress24x7

Hidden 25 Years Behind an Apartment Wall, A Spectacular Synagogue Mural Is Rediscovered

atlasobscura.com

Tucked away in an apartment building in the city of Burlington, Vermont is an extraordinary wall painting known as the Lost Shul Mural. The mural, which adorns the apse of a former synagogue--“shul” means synagogue--was hidden behind a wall for 25 years. It is the only known remaining example of pre-Holocaust Jewish synagogue folk art in the United States, and one of the best-preserved surviving examples in the world.

The Lost Shul Mural today (Photo by Amanda Levinson).

The story of the mural begins in 1889, when a group of Jewish Lithuanian immigrants built a wooden synagogue in Burlington they called Chai Adam. In 1910, the congregation hired a Lithuanian Jewish artist named Ben Zion Black to paint a mural in the style of religious Jewish art then popular in sanctuaries across Eastern Europe. The mural depicts the curtains of a tent, pulled back to reveal bright rays of divine sunlight shining down on an ornate crown - the scroll beneath it reveals it is the “crown of the Torah.” The crown hovers above the tablets bearing the Ten Commandments. These tablets, in turn, are flanked by two lions, symbols of the Jewish people. For the original congregants of Chai Adam, the mural provided not only spiritual comfort; It was also an important cultural link between the old world of Lithuania and their adopted homeland.

It was the only religious mural that Black, who was also a mandolin player, actor, Yiddish poet and playwright, would paint. A secular Jew, he went on to own a commercial sign company, “Signs of the Better Kind,” for 50 years, and wrote poetry for Yiddish newspapers.

The Chai Adam Synagogue in 1910 (Photo from Lost Shul Mural Committee).

In 1939, Chai Adam merged with another congregation and closed its doors. The building was sold several times and was used at one time as a warehouse, exposing the mural to dust and smoke. In 1986, the building was converted into

article-image

apartments. Members of Burlington's small Jewish community had the foresight to hide the mural behind a false wall, in the hopes it could be recovered and relocated at some future date.

In 2012, a small band of community volunteers, led by Aaron Goldberg, a local lawyer and descendent of Burlington's earliest Jewish Lithuanian families, opened the false wall to check on the mural's condition. The further deterioration of the mural persuaded the group that the time had come to embark on the costly and laborious process of working with architects, conservators and museum experts to safely relocate the mural. Following an ambitious fundraising campaign has raised $325,000 to prepare and stabilize the mural, it is ready to be moved to a local synagogue, where it will be completely restored and puton view to the general public beginning in May 2015. The relocation and restoration are expected to cost an additional $300,000.

Close up of the mural's lions (Photo by Amanda Levinson).

Jews started as a nomadic people and aren't always thought of as one the world's great material cultures. The "Lost Shul Mural"-- its name now freighted with the melancholy of post-Holocaust diaspora--invites us to learn about cultural survival not only through the stories we hear from families, the ever-growing bookshelf of Holocaust histories, or through religious observance (which is declining in the United States), but also through the architecture and objects that embody Jewish history and Jewish values.

Says Dr. Samuel Gruber, President of the International Survey of Jewish Monuments, "The Burlington mural is a treasure. It is vivid and evocative. The colorful mural is by itself a unique work of synagogue art, but it also embodies a larger and mostly lost Jewish tradition of religious decorative painting." For contemporary viewers, the Chai Adam mural is a vibrant and rare example of a once-prevalent folk art tradition that was destroyed, along with thousands of synagogues and millions of lives, during the Holocaust. It is also a potent symbol of the endurance of a people.

Lost Shul Mural (Photo by Amanda Levinson).

article-image

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

peashooter85
January 14th 2015, 6:00:57 pm

A War Over Bananas —- The Banana Wars of the 1920's and 30's

Before the Spanish American War the United States was a very isolationist nation. Generally, the government and the military did not get involved overseas unless the nation was directly involved. Then, quite suddenly American interests began to expand across the globe with the capture of Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and the annexation of Hawaii. Suddenly then, America became an imperial colonial power, with whole armies stationed overseas and American corporations spreading out to foreign nations. It was the beginning of the time when the US would get involved in international affairs.

By the turn of the century, the United States came to dominate the banana industry, which was

primarily centered in Central America. The top dog of the banana business was United Fruit Company (now Chiquita Brands International), which also traded in Central American goods such as coffee, tobacco, and sugar. There were other American competitors in Central America, such as Standard Fruit Company (now Dole Foods), and Cuyamel Fruit Company. The fruit companies became so powerful, they influenced and even controlled their host nations laws, government, and elections. Many government services were run by the fruit companies, whole controlled the national railroads, postal services, radio services, electric services, and telegraph/telephone services. Essentially, the countries of Central America were controlled and run by the fruit companies (and other American companies) who made a fortune in bananas, hence they were often termed the "Banana Republics".

The fruit companies tended to install conservative politicians in office who supported policies beneficial to the companies. However these politicians tended to be highly unpopular with the people living in those countries. Around the time of World War I, the 1920's, up to the early 1930's a series of rebellions and revolutions broke out in Central America, typically liberal revolutions with the purpose of overthrowing conservative (and often oppressive) fruit company controlled governments or pro-America governments. For the American economy, the financial stakes were very high as a disruption of American business in Central America could lead to high losses for those businesses, high losses for stock and bond holders, high losses for banks, and high losses for subsidiary industries that worked with the fruit companies. Not to mention, in this age of imperialism, it seemed vital that the United States maintain Latin America as a strong sphere of influence, especially since a destabilized Central America could pose a threat to US control over the Panama Canal. Finally, it would not be a leap of imagination to assume that the fruit companies had many US politicians in their pockets.

In 1904 President Theodore Roosevelt issued the Roosevelt Corollary, the doctrine that the US had the right to intervene in Caribbean and Central American countries in order to maintain economic stability, especially in nations who owed the US money. Such a policy was totally revolutionary. During the Spanish American War and Philippine War, the justification for foreign intervention was that it was America's destiny to civilize "backward" nations and spread American style democracy and Christianity around the world —- the so called "White Man's Burden". Now, the US had no grand moral idealistic pretenses, this was all about protecting America's cash flow.

Thus in the early 19th century up to 1934, a series of military interventions and occupations would occur to put down on control the various revolutions in Central America, with the goal of protecting US business interests. In 1912, US Marines invaded and occupied Nicaragua. The occupation would last until 1933, would lead to the deaths 125 US Marines, and an untold hundreds of thousands of Nicaraguans. Between 1903 and 1925 hundreds of US troops conducted operations to fight Honduran rebels who threatened the business interests of the United Fruit Company. Finally, while bananas were not involved, the Dominican Republic and Haiti were both occupied in 1915 and 1916 to protect American business interests in the region, and to end German political and military influence in the region as well.

At the time the use of military and political intervention to protect American business interests was something that had rarely ever been done before. The Banana Wars would make such a policy normal routine. From overthrowing the Prime Minister of Iran in 1953 to protect oil interests to supporting tinpot dictators for cheap consumer items, it's all good business.

West Wales road is named the nation's most haunted by paranormal investigators

walesonline.co.uk

Is the A4067 between Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Wales most haunted road?

Is the A4067 between Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Wales most haunted road?

Paranormal investigators believe a country road in Pembrokeshire may be one of Wales' most haunted.

The Paranormal Chronicles website, headed up by investigator Gavin Davies, has received three reports this month from motorists claiming to have seen a ghost running across a well used A4076 which connects Milford Haven to Haverfordwest.

"The road, which runs through Johnston has been a hive of strange encounters that now contends Clay Lane as the most haunted road in Pembrokeshire," said Mr Davies.

The locations of the two sightings...

Is the A4067 between Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Wales most haunted road?

Is the A4067 between Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Wales most haunted road?

The first report of strange activity came from two ladies who were travelling towards Haverfordwest on February 5 at approximately 7.30pm.

The driver said they were heading towards Dredgemans Hill when a dark shadow ran in front of the car.

"The lady described the figure as a shadowy, human shape with long arms and legs," said Mr Davies.

"She said that it was so sudden and she was so shocked that she slammed on the brakes thinking she was going to run over a person. But then she said the shadowy shape vanished.

"She believes that the figure had not made it to the other side of the road and was a 'blink and miss it' experience."

Similar experience four days later

Mr Davies said four days later two women were travelling to work in Haverfordwest from Milford when they had a similar experience.

"This time this was outside of Steynton, Milford haven, just after 6am. Both ladies wish to remain anonymous due to their profession, claim that after the traffic lights and past a well known pub in the area that they saw a tall shadowy figure on the right hand side of the road as you travel to

Haverfordwest.

“They said it is not uncommon to see people on the side of the road as there are many workers up at that time of day waiting for lifts and they took no further notice other than how tall the figure was. As they continued their drive they claim the tall figure 'darted' across the road at astonishing speed and disappeared into the road.

RELATED: Is this Wales' most haunted building? The eerie theatre where staff are scared to be left alone

"The driver 'slammed on her breaks' expecting to have hit someone or something. The passenger left the car and there was no evidence of an accident or of a person or animal on the road or near the car.

“Their colleague casually told them that it was a common occurrence and a well known paranormal hot spot and others had seen a strange figure at that spot.

"The women have informed us that since the event they have not witnessed any further activity but are very mindful on their morning journey that there is something not quite right with that part of the road."

Haunting, eerie and utterly mesmerising: 48 pictures of Wales' abandoned buildings:

Luke Mayhew was driving the area on the evening of Wednesday, February 11, when he had his own experience on the same part of the road as seen by the morning workers.

He said: “I'm 100% certain I saw what I believe was a ghost or apparition driving home from Milford on the Steynton road I saw it run right in front of me from one side of the road to another I had to slam on my breaks!

"All the years I lived in Milford and I have never seen anything until last night!! I saw it as clear as day!"

Mr Davies said the road has witnessed some terrible and tragic accidents over the years. “Local drivers are witnessing chilling and disturbing hauntings replayed in the darkness.

“Perhaps it is merely reflections of light or a hoax played out by a daring and suicidal prankster. It has certainly a very spooky story and has really captured the imagination in the county of Pembrokeshire. It's an paranormal epidemic.”

Mr Davies has asked that anyone who experiences their own paranormal experience should contact paranormalchronicles@aol.com

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

ACT leader: not a hologram

stuff.co.nz

ACT MP David Seymour.

Politicians are often accused of being see-through. But ACT leader David Seymour insists he is not a hologram.

The Epsom MP and parliamentary under-secretary was moved to deny the suggestion after an unusual Official Information Act request to Prime Minister John Key's office.

The author, known only as Zoe, asked: "Can you prove that David Seymour, ACT MP for Epsom and friend of the National Party, is a real person and not in fact a hologram created by you, whose functions include agreeing with everything you say and being the butt of all jokes for a while?"

Seymour says Key's staff contacted him on Tuesday afternoon about the request. "You'd think if you were going to create a person from scratch, you would've done a bit better."

However, he added: "I'm not sure he has prime ministerial responsibility for my physical make-up.

Seymour has offered to prove he is flesh and blood - for a charge. He'll donate any proceeds to saving Auckland's threatened kauri tree. "I'm thinking about offering proof. The thing about a hologram is you can't touch it. I might invite people to test for themselves - $5 a feel. People can touch me on the shoulder."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

AirAsia QZ8501 conspiracy theories: what happened to the plane?

Some online theorists believe AirAsia crash was predicted last year, others say plane was shot down

See related:

MH370 conspiracy theories: what happened to the missing plane?

Flight MH17: Conspiracy theories emerge over fate of downed plane

AirAsia flight QZ8501: search team 'may have found black boxes'

As Indonesian search teams resume their hunt in the Java Sea for the black box flight recorders from AirAsia flight QZ8501, conspiracy theories about what may have caused the passenger plane to crash have begun surfacing on the internet.

Here are some of the more interesting and unusual explanations that have emerged so far:

The crash was predicted

A post last December on the online Chinese message board Tian YA by a user nicknamed Landlord has become the subject of intense interest among some internet users, who believe that it predicts the crash of the QZ8501.

On 15 December, Landlord wrote: "A sinister group that hijacked the Malaysia Airlines MH370 and shot down the MH17, has left the world's sixth-largest airline in a state of collapse. Now, the group has targeted AirAsia... Given the power and viciousness of this group, I would suggest that all Chinese passengers keep away from AirAsia. Do not become a victim of another MH370."

Some conspiracy theorists suggest that Landlord could be a member of the Chinese intelligence agency. Others say he may have been somehow involved in the incident.

QZ8501 was shot down

Alexandra Bruce, writing for conspiracy site Forbidden Knowledge TV is unconvinced by the

suggestion that the QZ8501 simply crashed. She believes that the images of the wreckage suggest that the plane "was hit by a surface-to-air missile".

Others on the site agree. One commenter below her post suggests that if you believe that the truth has not been told about the two disasters involving Malaysia Airlines in 2014 then there is no way that the AirAsia incident can be regarded as an accident.

Remote control was used

According to IlluminatiWatcher, external controls may have brought the plane down. Both the MH370 and the QZ8501 were "fly-by-wires" planes, IlluminatiWatcher says, meaning "they have an electronic flight control system that can override the manual controls of the pilot... This means that flight controls can be programmed and/or perhaps controlled remotely."

It is therefore credible that both planes were taken down by a "nefarious group". IlluminatiWatcher points, unsurprisingly, to the Illuminati. Or perhaps terrorists.

The QZ8501 is still missing

Beforeitsnews.com suggests that the wreckage that has been discovered in the Java Sea is not that of the QZ8501. The site points out that the colours of the submerged wreckage are inconsistent with AirAsia's red and white paint scheme.

Professional explanations

For a more qualified perspective, discussions on the various professional pilot forums can often be helpful. The professional pilots rumour network offers a range of plausible theories, mostly centred around the poor weather conditions over the Java Sea at the time the plane went missing. ·

For further concise, balanced comment and analysis on the week's news, try The Week magazine. Subscribe today and get 6 issues completely free.

© Copyright The Week Ltd which is a subsidiary of Dennis Publishing Limited. The Week incorporates The First Post . The Week ™ and The First Post ™ are trademarks of Felix Dennis.

Saturday 28 March 2015

Albino badger left for dead after love rivals 'chewed his testicles' (but don't worry, he's all-white)

RSPCA staff in Somerset are caring for all-white 'Romeo' badger Alberto after a gang of jealous normal-coloured male badgers attacked him

A rare albino badger is recovering after being attacked by another badger
A rare albino badger is recovering after being attacked by another badger
Photo: Wessex News *Photo: Wessex News*

An all-white albino badger is recovering after jealous rivals chewed his testicles and left him for dead in a toilet.

The gang of normal-coloured male badgers feared "Romeo" Alberto would catch the eye of all the females with his sleek stripeless coat.

They set on him and left him with gaping bite marks on his neck and around his groin, hoping to put an end to his hopes of scoring with the ladies.

On Thursday Alberto was being nursed at the RSPCA's West Hatch wildlife hospital in Taunton, Somerset.

Alberto was found, badly beaten up, in an outdoor toilet in Beaminster, Dorset (Apex)

Staff said he was found, badly beaten up, in an outdoor toilet in Beaminster, Dorset, and taken to the hospital for treatment.

He is recovering from his wounds and is expected to be returned to the wild once he is back to full strength - and ready to rush back into action with the females.

RSPCA wildlife centre supervisor Paul Oaten said "Albino badgers are fairly rare so to have one admitted to the centre only happens once in a blue moon.

"This poor badger came in to us with territorial bite wounds on his neck and rump, but other than that he is in good condition.

"He has been seen by the vet and had the wounds cleaned up and will be undergoing a course of antibiotics.

"We see a lot of badgers with these kind of injuries throughout February and March as it is when they are most territorial.

"With the females having given birth in February, they are ready to mate again straight away so males are competing for females."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Local Officials Are Forcing An Ohio Homeowner To Remove His 'Zombie Nativity' Scene

12.23.14 uproxx.com

Fox19

Jasen Dixon, a resident of Deer Park, Ohio feels that he is being unfairly targeted by town officials who are demanding that he remove his festive holiday display, which involves a sizable nativity scene in his front yard made up entirely of zombies with a little zombie Jesus as the cherry on the top of rotting, flesh eating cake. FREEDOM OF RELIGION, BITCHES.

Or not, according to Fox News:

> According to documents obtained by Fox 19, Sycamore Township, which is outside Cincinnati, does not allow structures to be located in the front or the side yard to occupy more than 35 percent of the area. Also, the primary structure must be 3 feet from the street, and 6 feet from the house.
>
> Dixon, who manages 13 Rooms of Doom, says this is his second violation since the exhibit was put up. He indicated that his First Amendment right is being infringed upon due to the religious element.
>
> "I've lived here for 15 years and I've never had a violation of any kind," Dixon said. "It's a holiday decoration. I know if it was a real pretty Nativity scene they wouldn't be saying anything.

Please, this is such bullcrap. Like how is his nativity scene going to really hurt anyone by not being more than X amount of feet from his house and the road? Unless of course somehow the zombies become animated by the power of Christmas Magic and start eating carolers. Um, which would be AMAZING. I guess my definition of "Christmas Magic" isn't the same as everyone's.

Speaking of "magical" — here's Dixon's nativity scene lit up and on full display:

2015 UPROXX Media

Ancient Library of Alexandria - Historic Mysteries

January 11, 2010

historicmysteries.com

Ancient library of Alexandria

The progress of mankind's knowledge has always been consistently growing, except for one event that brought our understanding of science, mathematics, philosophy, medicine and arts back hundreds of years. This was when the great Library of Alexandria, the ancient world's first university, staffed by the most brilliant minds, vanished into oblivion with all of it's priceless riches.

The creation of this library was credited to Ptolemy II Philadelphus, son of Alexander the Great, who founded Alexandria in 332 BCE.

The Library's foundation was believed to have been set at or near the museum, absorbing Aristotle's personal library into its structure in the third century BC. The size of this library is unknown. It may have even consisted of multiple buildings rather than just one structure. It is consensus of the archaeological community that the great library of Alexandria was at least two structures. The first being the Royal Library at the museum and the second known as the daughter library at Serapeum.

What we do know is that the Library of Alexandria contained a massive amount of scrolls (ancient books). Some estimates place the amount of scrolls contained in the library between 500,000 and 700,000. By comparison, Trajan, the largest library in Rome only contained approximately 20,000 scrolls. In addition to the wealth of information stored there, some of the greatest minds in history made this library their home. Famous figures such as Euclid, Eratosthenes, Archimedes and Galen were once part of the staff of 30-50 scholars who resided at the library.

For over 600 years, the Library was the center of learning and the great repository of mankind's knowledge of the world we will live in. But it wasn't to last and as time slowly slipped forward its fate and remains have long been forgotten.

Many suspects have been named in contributing to the destruction of the library. The multiple assaults by Rome on the city, Muslim invaders, religious leaders, as well as natural disasters such as earthquakes and tsunamis. In fact, the sea level has risen 6.6 feet since the great library of Alexandria was founded. But the mystery remains as to what really caused the end to such a treasure of knowledge. And if this library was as large as described in ancient texts, why can't we find any remains?

References: Lost Histories, Wikipedia Library of Alexandria, Library of Alexandria

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Ancient petroglyphs in the Russian North covered with a glass dome | Russia Beyond The Headlines

15 September - 15 January rbth.co.uk

Ancient petroglyphs in the Russian North covered with a glass dome

January 6, 2015 Yelena Bozhkova, special to RBTH
A unique project is nearing completion on the island of Kamenny on Lake Kanozero in the northwest corner of Russia. A glass dome 10 meters high and 20 meters in diameter is being built to cover ancient rock engravings there.

Ancient petroglyphs in the Russian North covered with a glass dome

The glass dome on the island of Kamenny in northwest Russia will cover most of the petroglyphs and ancient carvings that have been at risk of significant erosion. They can now only be seen by organized tours and scientists. In the meantime archaeologists will continue searching for the answer to the main riddle posed by the rock engravings: Why did our prehistoric ancestors create them?

Theory confirmed

The Kanozero petroglyphs in Murmansk Region were discovered relatively recently. In the summer of 1997, researchers from a local museum found carvings on the rocks on the island of Kamenny. The ancient artists depicted animals, birds, fish, household items, religious symbols and scenes from life such as a love triangle, a hunt and a family. The scientists have also discovered several even more enigmatic sketches including a bird of prey with five-talon feet, a large figure of a sorcerer and a flying crane.

The paradox of the situation is that scientists had been visiting the island since the 1960s, yet none of them were aware that it was a major prehistoric site. Researchers simply thought that the carvings were contemporary, made by tourists visiting the island.

Source: Petroglyphs of Kanozero, Museum

“It took a certain courage to declare that these engravings were ancient,” recalls Vadim Likhachev, one of the first scientists to study the Kanozero petroglyphs. “We took it upon ourselves to substantiate that theory. A radiocarbon analysis of a nearby fire site showed that the carvings were made no later than 3,000-4,000 B.C.”

Saving unique carvings

There is one more reason why it took so long to discover the carvings: most of them were covered with moss and turf. Once it was removed, scientists discovered an additional 100

carvings. However, in just 15 years, these unique petroglyphs that had been preserved by nature for thousands of years were pushed to the brink of obliteration. Each spring, ice melting from the surface of the rocks was gradually erasing the images.

The situation was further exacerbated by tourists wearing running shoes. Even a tiny stone stuck in the sole of a sneaker could damage the carvings. The engravings were carved on soft rocks. It is easy to make carvings on them, but it is equally simple to erase them, too. Some visitors to the site tried to leave their imprint by adding their signatures and pictures to the petroglyphs.

Source: Petroglyphs of Kanozero, Museum

In 2012, the site was visited by Dmitry Medvedev, the president of Russia at the time. He was so impressed by the ancient carvings that he promised to allocate 15 million rubles of his own money towards their preservation. The dome to protect the petroglyphs was built in fall 2014. It consists of a metal frame and polycarbonate, the same material that roofs for swimming pools and greenhouses are made of.

Scenes from everyday life or rituals?

“It was very hard work,” says Vladimir Perevalov, director of the Kanozero Petroglyphs Museum. “The island is surrounded by water and it was impossible to get a crane there as the rocky shores are seven meters high. The builders had to get heavy metal frames and glass all the way up there.”

The dome may have to be further reinforced in the summer. According to Perevalov, there is a risk that it may cave in with time as lichen may spread underneath it. For the time being, experts are monitoring how the dome will survive the winter.

The ancient petroglyphs can now be seen by appointment only. Tourists come to Kanozero despite the fact that most of the carvings are not available for viewing and can be seen only in restricted lighting.

Walking in the Footsteps of the Ancient Karelians

Walking in the Footsteps of the Ancient Karelians

The scientists have not yet been able to ascertain why the prehistoric inhabitants of the North made these rock carvings. Earlier they thought they were a depiction of scenes from everyday life. However, recently another theory has been gaining currency: that the petroglyphs had a spiritual character.

“The carvings may depict the rituals of prehistoric people,” says Likhachev. “The locations where there are many engravings may have been ancient open-air shrines.”

The petroglyphs may have been used to communicate with the spirits of ancestors or in healing rituals. Archeologists are now collecting data to try and recreate what may have been an ancient religious system.

© 2007-2014 Russia Beyond The Headlines

Angry Gardener Digs Up Lawn In A Frustrated Rage And Discovers Something Mind-Blowing

inquisitr.com

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 27, 2015

A gardening enthusiast who spent more than 30 years trying to grow a healthy lawn, become so frustrated at never being able to attain a decent covering of grass he dug his whole lawn up and couldn't quite believe what the source of his decades long woe actually was.

Jim Clark's garden is the size of three tennis courts, which is big but not unmanageable, and because the 62-year-old Brit from Bedlington, Northumberland, is something of a green-fingered warrior he has always relished the challenge of growing and cultivating a picturesque garden.

For 33 years, Jim reaped and sowed, preened and potted, cut and trimmed and mowed and sprinkled, but try as he might, he just couldn't his lawn to look anything other than scraggly.

For Jim, the lush firmness, healthy lustre, and seductive neatness of the golf greens were but an elusive dream. As the bike shop owner explained to *Yahoo! News*, his green ambitions were always thwarted in the end by grass that ended up brown and dry no matter how much love he lavished upon it.

> "I've been trying everything to get the grass to grow in that area for three decades – putting down turf, new seed, fertiliser, leaving the hose pipe running for three hours to soak the grass – but it's always been brown and dry."

And then one day, Jim decided enough was enough. There had to be something beneath the earth that was preventing him from having the lawn of his dreams. Keen to tackle his problem head on, the angry gardener and father of two picked up his shovel and went to war.

> "I just decided I was going to tackle it. I thought I would find all sorts of rubble underneath the grass. I'd dug down when I came across some clay so I thought I'd dig that up too. I kept digging down, and about 13-14 inches I was still going. I didn't really know what to think, it was strange. Then all of a sudden, the spade hit something."

And to Jim's eventual shock, the 'something' his spade had stuck and which had robbed him of a lawn with bragging rights all these long years, was a World War II air raid shelter.

The heavy duty concrete bunker designed to withstand heavy Nazi bombing, had been built by the house's previous occupant, an eccentric called William Hall.

Old William was head surveyor at Bedlington Urban District Council, and until an MP stepped in to stop it, he even had plans to build two graves for himself and his wife in what is now Jim's garden.

As for Jim he was just relieved that it wan't his own inadequacies as a gardener which was preventing him for cultivating the perfect lawn, but an underground air raid shelter.

> "When the spade hit something and I heard a metal sound. It was the cast iron roof of the shelter. To be honest it just about broke my hand, the force of it. That was when the penny dropped.
>
> "I'm just glad to get to the bottom of it after all this time. My wife came out and I'd unearthed this air raid shelter. She couldn't believe it, she thinks I'm crazy. It's fully intact, and it was built by the people who lived here before us.
>
> "The roof and everything is there. The entrance is blocked up and we've broken in from the top. It's not every day you uncover something like this from the Second World War."

The three decades of misery and frustration which stemmed from having a scraggly lawn have all but disappeared for Jim who remains spellbound by the quality workmanship which went into the creation of the air raid shelter.

> "The shelter is made with top quality building materials. The brick is first class, a really super job."

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

It Looks Just Like A Rock, But It Has A Secret Door. Inside? I Never Suspected

Talent · January 10

sfglobe.com

Antoine, A False Rock Shelter, Is Nestled In The Alps
January 6, 2015
The Swiss have a complex regard for the Alps. The giant mountain range inspires both awe and fear, and not surprisingly is the landscape for many Swiss traditions. "Switzerland has a strong tradition of observing the Alps, living with them, hiding inside them."

At first glance, it looks indistinguishable from other rocks on the mountain side.

Antoine

But get close enough, and you might notice a door and a window.

Antoine

Once you step inside, you'll find yourself in a tiny shelter.

Antoine

Nestled in the alps, the utilitarian design includes a small heater.

"The awe and the anxiety that [The Alps] appeals is reflected in the writings of Charles-Ferdinand Ramuz, one of the most important Swiss writers. His novels, Derborence, describes the massive rock fall that covered the pastures of the valley of Lizerne in 1714. Antoine, the main

Antoine

Antoine

character, survives seven weeks under the rocks before he manages to reach his village, and life."

This is the shelter before the false rock exterior was added.

Made of concrete, the exterior was carefully crafted to look nearly indistinguishable from the natural mountain facade.

Can you tell which is the false rock?

Antoine

Antoine

Antoine

Name: Apci'Inic
Tribal affiliation: Innu, Cree, Ojibwa, Potawatomi, Ottawa
Alternate spellings: Apa'iins, Pai'iins, Pa'iins, Pahiins, Pa'is, Apiscinis, Apisciyenis, Apische'nes, Apichcinini'nss, Apcinic, Apci'ni'c, Apciiniic, Apci'nic, Apcinis, Apcilniic, Apci'lniic, Apci'lnis, Apci'lnic, Apisiiyiis, Apisi'iiyuw, Pish-see-neesh. The Algonquian plural forms of their name are Apa'iinsag/Apisciyinisak/Apiscinisak/Apischiiyinisak and Apishi'lnuts/Apishi'ilnuts.
Pronunciation: Differs greatly depending on language and dialect. Apci'Inic is pronounced up-shee-luh-neesh in Montagnais Innu, and Apa'iins is pronounced uh-puh-eens in Ojibwa.
Also known as: Bagwajinini
Type: Native American little people, nature spirits

Related figures in other tribes: Paisa (Miami), Pukwudgie (Wampanoag), Mikumwess (Micmac), Mannegishi (Cree)

Apci'Inic are magical little people of the wilderness in Innu and other Northern Algonquian folklore, similar to European gnomes or fairies. They are said to be about two feet tall, and their names literally mean "little ones" or "little people." In the Innu tribe, Apci'Inic are described as powerful sorcerers who can turn invisible. Although they are not generally hostile to humans, they are capricious nature spirits who can wreak havoc if they are treated disrespectfully. If they are in a good mood, they may return lost items, help people who have become lost in the bush, or bring warnings to medicine people. If they are in a bad mood, they may steal things, commit acts of sabotage, or even kidnap children.

In Anishinabe and Cree, the names Apa'iins/Pahiins/Apischenes are also sometimes used to refer to small water sprites also known as Mannegishi or Memegwesi, or to tiny, insect-like fairies also known as **Wiings**. Furthermore, the same creatures called "Apa'iins" in some Ojibway communities are known as "Bagwajinini" ("people of the forest") in others. These confusions arise because names such as Apa'iins literally mean simply "small people," a description that can sensibly be applied to several different types of mythological beings. In fact, some of these names are also used to refer to an ordinary person of small size. "Pa'is" is a common man's nickname in Potawatomi, similar to "Shorty."

Apci'Inic Stories

- **The Deetkatoo:**
  Traditional tales about little people from 14 different Native American tribes.
- **Wolverine Creates The World:**
  Collection of Innu legends and folktales from Labrador, including some about apcinic.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Rich anthology of Native stories, songs, and oral history from the Ojibwe, Cree, and other Algonquian tribes.

The Mishomis Book: Voice of the Ojibway:
Excellent book by a Native author exploring Ojibway legends and traditions.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

It's Like the Legend
Chippewa Indian legends
Innu stories
Ojibwe language
Cree language
Ojibwe words
Cree words
Canadian First Nations
Eastern Woodland language
Algonquian languages

Back to Indian mythology figures

Back to American Indian stories and legends

Native genealogy websites Cherokee trail Mukluks Animals totem

American Indian jewelry rings

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Apollonius of Tyana Similarities to Jesus - Historic Mysteries

March 4, 2012 historicmysteries.com

Apollonius of Tyana is said to have been a neo-Pythagorean philosopher, miracle worker, teacher and traveler. Some compare him to Jesus Christ. Others say he was the inspiration for the story of Jesus Christ. Others still say that Apollonius of Tyana was dropped in favor of Jesus Christ when the Christians decided who to believe was the true son of God. Like Jesus Christ, the story of Apollonius of Tyana's life is in question. The story is real enough and quite old, but what about the man and his miracles?

The precise birth date of Apollonius of Tyana is unknown. The birth date of Jesus Christ is also unknown, but sometimes asserted and speculated upon. However, it is generally thought that the two lived around the same time. The most common estimates for his birth put it around 15 CE and his death around 100 CE, though some quote his lifespan as "more than 100 years," which would make those dates inaccurate. Another kink in the estimate is that some say he was older than Jesus Christ. The above dates would make him slightly younger than the commonly cited date of Jesus Christ's birth. Since there are no contemporary sources for either of their births, there is no way of knowing which, if any, of these estimates are correct. We can say that if Apollonius of Tyana lived, he did so in the first century. If Jesus also lived, he did so in the same century as Apollonius of Tyana.

Apollonius of Tyana similarities to Jesus Christ is undeniable. They both are said to have ascended to Heaven. There are stories of both performing miracles. They were both spiritual teachers. However, they did not have identical beliefs. Jesus taught his followers that God answers prayers. Apollonius of Tyana believed in a god who was pure intellect and taught his followers that the only way to converse with God was through intellect. He taught that prayers and sacrifice were useless and that God really did not want to converse with men. In this way, they would have been in competition with each other if they preached in the same areas. Some say that they were and that they did.

Apollonius of Tyana's name stems from where he was born — Tyana in Cappadocia. That is in modern-day Turkey. It is said that he also traveled to Greece and Syria. Jesus did travel in the Middle East. There are also claims that he went to India during the years of his life for which the Bible does not account. Therefore, there is a chance that the two did cross paths and compete with one another for followers. However, the similarities could also be explained by crossover stories. Furthermore, there is absolutely no mention of Apollonius of Tyana in the stories of Jesus and there is no mention of Jesus in the stories of Apollonius. Apart from speculation, there is no reason to believe the two ever met, if they existed.

When it comes to the miracles of Apollonius of Tyana, the veracity of those claims falls to personal beliefs. It is said that he saw a vision of the death of Emperor Domitian as it occurred. He reportedly cleansed a boy of demons or a demon. Some stories of his demise, which is also quite a mystery, say that he disappeared while on trial for "magic" and ascended into Heaven. These stories cannot be proven. If Apollonius were found to have not existed, it would be easy to say these miracles did not happen. Otherwise, it is a personal choice to

believe them or not to believe them.

The most pressing question, which is that of his existence, is actually the least complicated mystery concerning Apollonius of Tyana. The most extensive and earliest lengthy biography on the man is a work by Philostratus written in 225 CE. That does nothing to prove his existence. There is no way to say whether the sources Philostratus cites truly existed or whether he was making it up. He certainly never met the man. Nonetheless, there are numerous letters and pieces of work by Apollonius of Tyana that exist to this day. In this way, Apollonius is more provable than Jesus Christ. Many of the proposed documents are likely to be frauds. However, at least one in particular — an excerpt of his "On Sacrifices" — is regarded as genuine, as in a piece written by Apollonius of Tyana himself. It is by no means absolutely certain that Apollonius lived. Nonetheless, it is easier to entertain than stories of other miracle workers that appeared hundreds of years after their deaths and who left behind no contemporary writings.

Sources

Lendering, John, Apollonius of Tyana, retrieved 3/3/12, livius.org/ap-ark/apollonius
Ancient Miracle Stories, retrieved 3/3/12, darkwing.uoregon.edu/ndfalk/courses/jesus/miracles.htm

---

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Cemeteries nature styled

" *Here under your feet are buried many dreams, many struggles many beings that memory does not delete hearts but nature if hidden from the eyes of the world .* "

So far the tour of the cemeteries of the world has given us true works of art that man has designed investing large amounts of money and time, as a remembrance of those who have gone before and that were once important in our lives, however There are other cemeteries where nature, with its impetus, created without money and time fractions hardly get time to react.

One of them is the municipality that in the beginning was called **San Lorenzo** but at the end its existence was known as **Armero** , which just 90 years after its foundation, on November 13, 1985, played his final when the sand crater Nevado del Ruiz Volcano showed his anger at 11:30 pm and thus, took everything in its path before leaving only an immense tomb where those who survived knew that there were families but without absolute certainty in that place; were only a few minutes but it was enough for what was moments before a very prosperous town became a giant burial.

Crater prior arenas avalanche

In this natural cemetery where walk not know if someone lies beneath your feet. The names we find the graves, mostly, are buildings that mark the site where they existed before and graves with residents epitaph but because the mud never returned them.

In the tomb that share approximately 25,000 beings are not all the sculptures in memory we usually find in all graveyards have hitherto seen.

The memory of them is carved in memory of a people who had to witness how the power of the great mother earth one day decided to introduce a different landscape and in its immense thrust showed us the agony of many of its inhabitants. Characters like **Omaira Sánchez** , she whom the whole world saw death as the culmination of this absurd story.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

According to legend, it is possible that there fourth **Wise Man** who never came to know **Jesus** . His story is found in some ancient texts that show the long road traveled.

In relation to this alleged story is told that there was a place in antiquity, the **ziggurat** of **Borsippa** , with its high walls and seven floors, it was the meeting point of the four kings and initiating joint journey. Thither came **Artabán** with a protective diamond island of Meroe, a piece of jasper Cyprus, and brilliant ruby of Sirtes as triple offering the Child Jesus, when he stumbled on his way an old dying and terminally bandits interrupted King his journey, his wounds and offered the diamond old as capital to continue the journey. Borsippa reached her traveling companions had left.

Artabán then embarked on a journey that, wherever he went, people sought his help, and he, consistent with his noble heart, helped without stopping to think that the gift of precious stones loaded, gradually reduced hopelessly. In his walk, Artaban wondered: What could I do if people begged for help? How could deny help to those who needed it?

So the years passed and his long task of finding Jesus helped everyone who requested it.

Thirty-three years after the tired old **Artabán** finally reached where rumors had taken him in his long search for Jesus. People gathered around Mount Calvary for crucifixion of a man who, they said, was the Messiah sent by God to save the souls of men.**Artabán** had no doubt in his heart, this man was who had been looking for all those years.

With a ruby in his bag and prepared to deliver the gem despite anything **Artabán** directed his steps toward that mountain, yet right in front of him appeared a woman who was dragged away to be sold into slavery to pay off debts his father. Artabán freed in return for the last stone was left of his treasure. Basto

Sad and disconsolate, our Fourth Wise Man sat beside the porch of an old house. At that time, the earth shook sharply and hit a huge stone head Artabán. The quake that announced the death of **Jesus on the Cross**

Dying and with his last strength, the fourth king implored forgiveness for failing to fulfill its

mission to worship the Messiah. At that time, Jesus' voice was heard loudly: I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you healed me, I was taken prisoner and was freed.

Artaban, exhausted, asked: When I did these things? And just when they died, the voice of Jesus said: All you did for others, you did for me, but today you will be with me in the kingdom of heaven.

Contacto Paranormal US © 2013. All Rights Reserved. Powered by TIN

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Atlantis' Legendary Metal Found in Shipwreck : DNews

discovery.com

Atlantis' Legendary Metal Found in Shipwreck

Jan 6, 2015 06:00 PM ET // by Rossella Lorenzi

Gleaming cast metal called orichalcum, which was said by Ancient Greeks to be found in Atlantis, has been recovered from a ship that sunk 2,600 years ago off the coast of Sicily.

The lumps of metal were arriving to Gela in southern Sicily, possibly coming from Greece or Asia Minor. The ship that was carrying them was likely caught in a storm and sunk just when it was about to enter the port.

"The wreck dates to the first half of the sixth century," Sebastiano Tusa, Sicily's superintendent of the Sea Office, told Discovery News. "It was found about 1,000 feet from Gela's coast at a depth of 10 feet."

He noted that the 39 ingots found on the sandy sea floor represent a unique finding.

"Nothing similar has ever been found," Tusa said. "We knew orichalcum from ancient texts and a few ornamental objects."

Indeed orichalcum has long been considered a mysterious metal, its composition and origin widely debated.

According to the ancient Greeks, it was invented by Cadmus, a Greek-Phoenician mythological character. The fourth century B.C. Greek philosopher Plato made orichalcum a legendary metal when he mentioned it in the Critias dialogue.

Describing Atlantis as flashing "with the red light of orichalcum," he wrote that the metal, second only in value to gold, was mined in the mythical island and was used to cover Poseidon's temple interior walls, columns and floors.

Today most scholars agree orichalcum is a brass-like alloy, which was made in antiquity by cementation. This process was achieved with the reaction of zinc ore, charcoal and copper metal in a crucible.

Analyzed with X-ray fluorescence by Dario Panetta, of TQ - Tecnologies for Quality, the 39 ingots turned to be an alloy made with 75-80 percent copper, 15-20 percent zinc and small percentages of nickel, lead and iron.

"The finding confirms that about a century after its foundation in 689 B.C., Gela grew to become a wealthy city with artisan workshops specialized in the production of prized artifacts," Tusa said.

The 39 ingots recovered from the wreck were indeed destined to these workshops and were used in high quality decorations.

According to Enrico Mattievich, a retired professor of physics who taught at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro (UFRJ), the ingots are not properly made from orichalcum.

"It appears they are lumps of latone metal, an alloy of copper, zinc and lead," he told Discovery News.

Mattievich, who has led a number of studies in physics applied to mineralogy, paleontology and archaeology, is one of the scholars who disagree on the brass-like nature of orichalcum.

While other scholars equated the mysterious metal to amber and to other copper based alloys, Mattievich believes orichalcum has its roots in the Peruvian Andes and in the Chavín civilization that developed there from 1200 B.C. to 200 B.C.

According to the scholar, who claimed in his book "Journey to the Mythological Inferno" that the ancient Greeks had discovered America, a metallic alloy "with fire-like reflections" similar to Plato's description was found in a set of metallic jaguars of Chavin style, which turned to be made of 9 percent copper, 76 percent gold and 15 percent silver.

Whatever the origins and nature of orichalcum, Tusa's team plans to excavate the shipwreck and bring to light the entire cargo.

"It will provide us with precious information on Sicily's most ancient economic history," Tusa said.

Name: Ayas
Tribal affiliation: Cree, Ojibwe, Algonquin, Innu
Alternate spellings: Âyâs, Ayâs, Aayaash, Ayaash, Aayaase, Ayash, Ayashe, Iyash, Iyas, Ayasi, Ayas'e, Ayas'i, Ayasa, Ayassi, Aioswé
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: usually eye-yahss, eye-yahsh, or ah-yah-shay

Type: Hero, Transformer

Ayas is an epic hero of the Cree tribe and the neighboring Ojibwe, Innu, and Algonquin communities. Some folklorists have connected Ayas with the Cree culture hero Wisakedjak, but our Cree volunteers are adamant that they are two completely different heroes. Ayas is essentially the main character of a single heroic epic, beginning with his betrayal by family members and ending with the world fire. The details of Ayas' story vary from one community to another, but he always ends up abandoned on a deserted island by either his father or stepfather through no fault of his own. (Usually Ayas was either being punished for protecting his mother from abuse, or else the older man's second wife had falsely accused Ayas of rape and her husband believed her.) Old Lady Fox becomes his mentor and with her help, Ayas has a series of adventures in which he kills or defeats strange monsters, then returns them to life as good people or animals. In the end Ayas finds his family again, rescues his mother, and kills the others by fire (including the second wife's baby, who he then resurrects as a duck.) The fire then consumes the world, which is also reborn better than it was before. Ayas ends his saga by turning his mother into a woodpecker and himself into a crow (or in some versions, a tamarack tree or toad.) Ayas is not a trickster character and his adventures are not humorous in nature.

There is some confusion surrounding Ayas' name. In some stories both the hero and his father have the same name. In others it is the father who is named Ayas, and the hero is called Son of Ayas. In other tellings the son alone is called Ayas, and his father or stepfather has a different name like Waymishose.

Note that the story of Ayas is a heroic saga intended for an adult audience, not a children's learning story. It resembles the Epic of Gilgamesh more than Aesop's fables-- the legend of Ayas discusses the origin of sexuality and contains mature content. If you're looking for children's legends, a good source is this Anishinabe website and a good book to share is this Cree picture book.

Ayas Stories

- **Saga of Iyash:**
  Retelling of the Aayaash legends in Oji-Cree with English translation.
- **The Legend of Ayas:**

Audio file of a James Bay Cree storyteller narrating the story of Ayas.

- **Son of Aioswé:**
  Another Cree version of the Ayashe story.
- **Ayas'e and the Bats:**
  Anishinabe legend about Ayashe turning cannibal women into harmless bats.
- **Aayaase:**
  Brief Wikipedia article about the Anishinabe hero Aayaase.

Sponsored Links

- **Cree Legends and Narratives from the West Coast of James Bay:**
  Comprehensive book of Swampy Cree and Moose Cree stories, including the complete epic of Ayas.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Cree and other Algonquian tribes.

Additional Resources

I Dream of Yesterday and Tomorrow
Cree myths
Ojibwe myths
Cree language
Ojibwe language
Canadian Indian languages
Eastern Woodland languages
Algonquian language family

Back to Native American Mythic Heroes
Back to Native American Myths and Legends

Learn more about the Cree people.

American Indian houses Native American family tree Northern Cheyennes Totems

Native American names

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Mystery fairy circles defy explanation

Presented by Jane Palmer

bbc.com

Mystery fairy circles defy explanation

The Namibia desert is decorated by one of nature's greatest enigmas, a huge pattern of thousands of mysterious circles

Viewed from the skies, the Namibian desert looks like the surface of a wild and desolate planet. There are no obvious plants, and thousands of tiny craters dot the red barren earth. But zoom in a little closer and a different picture emerges: patches of green appear, along with the occasional tree, and, eventually, perfect rings of tall, sometimes lush, grass come into focus, each one enclosing a plate of bare-hollowed out earth.

These grass-ringed patches are the fairy circles of Namibia. For centuries they've entranced the local bushmen, the Himba. One oral myth says the circles are the footprints of the gods; another that a dragon living beneath the earth's crust breathes fiery bubbles which, when they hit the surface, burn the vegetation into the near-perfect circles.

But the circles haven't just confused the Himba. Despite decades of investigation, and a multitude of theories, scientists still haven't come up with a definitive explanation for their existence. To this day, the circles remain one of nature's greatest mysteries.

A thousand unblinking eyes

Perhaps the fairy circles wouldn't have been able to guard their secrets so successfully if they hadn't been so concentrated in a region referred to as "The land God made in anger." The circles occur in millions in a band where the arid grasslands transition to desert, a 1,800km-long strip extending southward from Angola to the Northwestern Cape province of South Africa. Most of them, however, flank the red sands of the Namib desert, a remote and harsh environment.

View image of The circles appear to be regularly spaced (credit: Stephan Getzin)

Scattered across the landscape, never overlapping, the circles gaze silently up at the sun like a thousand unblinking eyes, oblivious to the harshness of their surroundings. A tall ring of grass surrounds the barren centres, which can measure between two and 20 metres in diameter. The lush periphery of each dish stands at knee height, dwarfing the scrubby grasses between the circles, seemingly standing guard to protect them from incoming vegetation.

> There is a tremendous sense of excitement that there is something really interesting going on

"There are a few key things that any science theory has to explain about fairy circles," says

Michael Cramer, a plant physiologist at the University of Cape Town, South Africa. “Why are they circular and barren and why are they regularly spaced from each other?”

But since the 1970s, when researchers first started investigating the phenomenon, no single theory has yet managed to do that. At least not to the satisfaction of the scientific community.

But this failure is not for want of trying, or desire.

“There is a tremendous sense of excitement that there is something really interesting going on and we want to know what that is,” says Professor Don Cowan, director of the Centre for Microbial Ecology and Genomics at the University of Pretoria, South Africa. “It is a desire to understand the system. What is going there? What is happening?”

Fairies run rings around scientists

“They are really neat places, these little clean patches,” says Walter Tschinkel, a biologist at Florida State University. “They are like little satellite dishes.” When Tschinkel, the biologist from Florida, first saw the fairy circles on a visit to the NamibRand Nature Reserve in southwestern Namibia, he knew right away what was causing them. "I looked at them and thought ‘this has to be termites,’" Tschinkel says. “It is the sort of things termites do.”

Tschinkel dug for termites in one or two circles and returned in 2007 to investigate, and hopefully prove, his hypothesis. “It took us about three days to establish, without a doubt, that termites were absolutely nothing to do with this,” Tschinkel says.

Tschinkel’s theory proved to be just one of the many to hit the Namibian dust. Scientists have ruled out poisoning from toxic indigenous plants, milk bushes that produce toxic latex, and also contamination from radioactive materials. They have also rejected the idea that the ostriches created the circles by bathing in the dust.

View image of Ostriches were once thought to create the fairy circles (credit: Frank Vassen CCby2.0)

Some theories are still holding strong though, and Cowan jokes that each scientist sees the solution in terms of their own particular area of expertise: the insect biologists think the circles are created by ants or termites, the plant physiologists think it’s grasses, and the chemists think it’s gases. Cowan, a microbial ecologist, proves no exception.

“Once we saw them, we immediately thought, ‘it has got to be microbial ecology,’” Cowan says, meaning, in layman’s terms, that means he believes that microorganisms have been killing the plants inside the circle.

The fact that the circles are round, start off small and grow large is entirely compatible with the presence of a pathogenic organism, such as a fungus, Cowan says. Fungal strands, or mycelium, would spread outward radially, infecting the roots of plants and causing them to die. Once the fungus establishes itself in the circle it infects new grass seeds preventing them from growing, creating the barren interior.

"It is just a hypothesis," Cowan says. But it's more compatible with the evidence than many other theories, he adds.

> It is like panning for gold. Once in a while you find a little flake or a nugget and sometimes it is fool's gold.

Another theory is closer to the folklore; a team of chemists from the University of Pretoria propose that gas released from underground may be killing off the plants in the circular patches. They just don't suggest this gas comes from the mouth of an underground dragon.

The scientists worked out this theory when they collected soil samples from inside the fairy circles and planted seeds inside them. The seeds didn't last for long, and neither did seeds planted directly in the centres themselves. The bare soil, the scientists concluded, provides the real clues. Chemical analysis revealed that natural gas seeping to the surface could be killing the plants. Once the gas finds an outlet it spreads radially outward in a spherical shape destroying grasses in a near perfect circle.

However, yet another recent theory proposes that grasses competing for water and nutrients - limited resources in the Namib desert - create the circles, explaining why they never overlap. When Cramer examined precipitation levels and seasonal temperatures, he found that the occurrence of fairy circles appears to be restricted to particularly arid zones right at the transition from grassland to desert regions.

View image of Inside a fairy circle, nothing seems to grow (credit: Stephan Getzin)

Go west into more arid regions and the circles disappear, go east into the wetter mountains and they vanish. "So it is a very narrow band in Namibia where the conditions are just right," Cramer says.

In these regions, where both rainfall and nutrient levels are low, grasses have to compete for resources. Hardier grasses suck up all the water and nutrients leaving the neighbouring vegetation to die. The gap between vegetation gets larger until eventually water and nutrients pool and collect in the centre like an oasis. Then, larger grasses grow around the pool, sucking out the water and creating a fairy circle.

Tschinkel believes that this theory accounts for all the characteristics of fairy circles, but since his first visit he has been busy testing out theories. He's added zinc to the fairy circles and replaced the soil with other fertile soil only to find the same results as the Pretoria chemists: nothing grows in the circles.

"It is like panning for gold," Tschinkel says. "Once in a while you find a little flake or a nugget and sometimes it is fool's gold."

Mystery solved. Or not?

If there were an award for the time spent examining fairy circles, the prize would surely go to Norbert Jürgens, an ecologist at the University of Hamburg in Germany. By 2013, Jürgens had completed 40 field trips and sampled about 1200 fairy circles, testing the soil and noting

the vegetation and organisms present.

Jürgens found only one organism lay within the circle boundaries, in nearly all the circles. And it was the type of animal originally suspected by Tschinkel; a termite, specifically the sand termite Psammotermes allocerus.

“So the answer to the criminal question: Who did it?” Jürgens says. “There was only one suspect at each crime site. That was the sand termite.”

> We’ve had analysis of the soil in labs and we’ve had people digging in the soil but neither has solved the mystery so far

The soil-living termites feed on the roots of plants killing them, and then, because no vegetation sucks up the rainwater, water pools below the sandy soil, Jürgens says. This soil water supply allowed the termites to survive during the dry season and also helped the grasses on the periphery of the circle to thrive.

Jürgens published his findings and theory in the prestigious journal Science in 2013 and the ensuing media fanfare dubbed the mystery as “solved.”

But other scientists aren’t so sure.

View image of The circles are concentrated within a 1,800km-long strip of land (credit: Stephan Getzin)

“It is the classic mistake of confusing correlation with causation,” Tschinkel says. “There was a high correlation of sand termites in fairy circles but that is not evidence that they are causal.”

The termite theory cannot explain many of the traits of fairy circles, Tschinkel says, including that the circles have a perimeter of tall grass and reside only on sandy soils in a certain range of rainfall.

Other researchers question the theory on different grounds, many unable to find termites consistently in the circles. "The termites are just not there," Cramer says.

> The circles compete with one another and space themselves apart from the circles around them.

Among the skeptics is Stephan Getzin, an ecologist from the Helmholtz Centre for Environmental Research, in Leipzig, Germany. As an undergraduate in the 1990s, Getzin had investigated the termite theory but he’d convinced himself that, not only were termites not the cause, but that scientists needed to take a different approach to the problem.

“We’ve had analysis of the soil in labs and we’ve had people digging in the soil but neither has solved the mystery so far,” Getzin says. “Field studies seem unable to solve the problem at this moment.”

And the approach that Getzin took cast a whole new perspective on the puzzle.

Fairies dancing in formation

Scientists had looked underground for gas and dug in the soil for termites and microbes but Getzin wanted a bird's eye view of the challenge. For that he looked at multiple Near InfraRed orthophotos - aerial images that provide an exact geometrical perspective, similar to a map.

In these images Getzin closely inspected not the circles themselves, but the way they lay across the landscape. And he stumbled across a hitherto unknown feature of fairy circles: they dance in formation.

View image of Are scientists any closer to solving the enigma?

Instead of being simply scattered like a collection of dropped coins, the circles lie regularly spaced from one another. Moreover, this patterning remains the same across the landscape.

"It's a very consistent regular pattern," Getzin says, "and it is very homogenous at large spatial scales."

This regular spacing isn't so unusual in nature. In other regions of Africa, tiger bush - alternating bands of shrubs and bare earth - run parallel to the contour lines of hillsides, in a marked striped pattern. In Australia, burette-like clumps of spinifex grass dot the desert - like fatter, less elegant cousins of fairy circles.

They almost function like an organism

Both these phenomena are caused by arid conditions. When water and nutrients are scarce, plants compete and "organise" themselves sufficiently far from other plants in an arrangement that best conserves resources.

Drawing from these examples, Getzin proposes a similar mechanism lies behind the shape and regularity of the fairy circles. It's an answer that agrees with Cramer's competing grass theory.

"The circles compete with one another and space themselves apart from the circles around them," Cramer says. "They almost function like an organism."

Creating these patterns over such large scales requires very consistent conditions - like those in the Namib desert, Cramer says. "The park I work in is a sand plain of about 25km across and I think you'd be hard pressed to find any variation across that at all," Cramer says. "Nutritionally, hydrologically, topologically it is very uniform. "

The finding also calls into question other theories. "Based on all the knowledge that is currently existing those patterns cannot be caused by social insects or gas leakage," Getzin says.

View image of Observing the circles from the air may provide answers (credit: Stephan

Getzin)

So is this finally the end of the mystery?

Getzin is cautious. “What we have done is reopened the whole discussion because we can say with confidence that the termite hypothesis is very unlikely,” he says.

Getzin plans to get funding to have an unmanned aerial vehicle (UAV) fly over the circles in the NamibRand reserve every month. Swooping low, the UAV could record the landscape in greater detail than previously possible.

Such a perspective could reveal other, previously unknown secrets of the circles.

“I’m sure this is not the end of the story,” Getzin says.

Copyright © 2015 BBC. The BBC is not responsible for the content of external sites. Read about our approach to external linking.

2015/01/28 08:18:19 bbc.com

The first rule in tracking lions: No running

By Tim Johnson

Always aware (Cameron Spencer/Getty)

Taking a simple walk had never seemed so dangerous. Gathered around a camp table set up with maps, field guides – and gin and tonics – we plotted our stroll into the late afternoon heat. Normally jovial, our guide Paul Ditiro looked around the group, fixing us with a serious look. “The first rule is no running – at all,” he said, his usual glimmer of mirth buried in the gravity of the moment. “And we will walk in a single file line, with me at the head. We have four of the big five out there – and you can easily stumble into them. This is the best way to truly encounter nature. You can smell and touch and taste and feel it. It’s a truly unique thrill.”

I was at Footsteps Across the Delta, a small, remote camp deep in the heart of Botswana’s famed Okavango Delta. As its name suggests, Footsteps focuses exclusively on “walking safaris”, small hikes that bring people out from the jeep – and their comfort zone – and onto the dry, African soil. Here, I would take two daily hikes, always accompanied by an armed guide. The Okavango surrounds travellers with a plethora of bird and animal life, but I was here seeking just one thing: big cats.

Our group was an unlikely band of adventurers – a middle-aged doctor-lawyer couple from Scotland, an elderly but able Spanish couple from Barcelona, and me: a tenacious – but slightly terrified – travel writer. As we ambled out of camp, headed for a small pond known as Paul’s Pan (so-named by our leader, after himself), poufs of dust billowed out from under our boots. The Okavango is part of the Kalahari Desert, and nothing but a thin layer of scorched grass and 300m of sand lay under our feet. Botswana is a perennially thirsty country, a place that’s 70% desert, where a drop doesn’t reach the ground for 10 months of the year. Perhaps to appease the gods of precipitation, the country has named both its currency and its national road system *pula* – in English, rain.

But being here just a few weeks before the start of the annual December rains gave us a strategic advantage in our search for felines. During the dry season, animals don’t have the luxury of shady, green hiding places. They’re flushed out onto the barren, brown savannah,

Paul Ditiro, leading the pack. (Tim Johnson)

and forced to gather at the few sources of water not yet sapped by the relentless and unforgiving sun.

Indeed, not 10 minutes into our first walk, we came across some wildlife – two giraffes, which we caught in the middle of a rather private moment. The jokes flowed naturally. "Ah, look at those two necking," one of the Scots said. "She only wanted a back rub," chipped in one of the Spaniards. Ditiro used this as a teachable moment. As the giraffes decided to make trails away from us – looking none too happy – Ditiro explained the humans have binocular vision, something that we share with all other predators. When prey animals (zebras, antelopes, giraffes) see eyes on the front of the head, they instinctually know that the animal (lion, leopard, or human) is a threat.

Giraffes at sunrise. (Cameron Spencer/Getty)

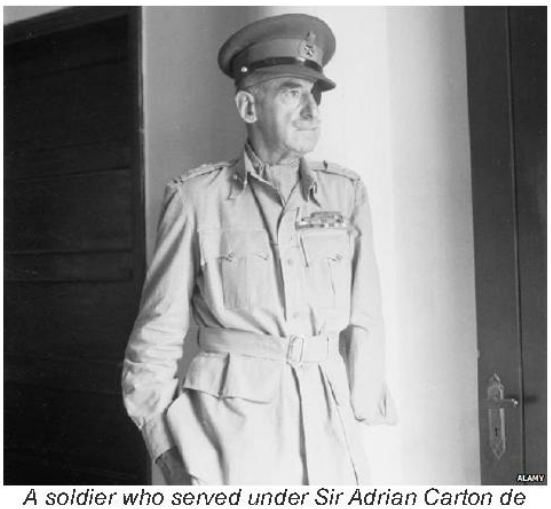
Ditiro then switched gears, kneeling down over a big, dry pile of scat. "You see, even elephant dung is fascinating," he said, picking through it with a stick. He proceeded to open it up, showing us what the animal had eaten, and explaining how, in years past – and sometimes, even now – the stuff was used in the day-to-day lives of locals. "This dung can have medicinal qualities, and when you burn it, it keeps away mosquitoes," he explained.

We proceed farther out from camp, skirting both Paul's Pan and another small pond, the latter inhabited by a single, ornery hippo who snorted his displeasure as we passed. "He is showing us how tough he us," Ditiro explained with a smile. As we walked, Ditiro shared stories from more than a decade of guiding at Footsteps – from the time their resident hyena, nicknamed Fat Albert, snuck in and sunk his teeth into a fire extinguisher, causing it to explode (he was fine, and back in camp scavenging again a few nights later) – to the night a leopard brought her kill into camp and ate it in a tree, right over top the campfire (fortunately, everyone was safely ensconced in their tents).

Copyright © 2015 BBC. The BBC is not responsible for the content of external sites. Read

The unkillable soldier

5 January 2015 bbc.com



A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart was a one-eyed, one-handed war hero who fought in three major conflicts across six decades, surviving plane crashes and PoW camps. His story is like something out of a Boy's Own comic.

Carton de Wiart served in the Boer War, World War One and World War Two. In the process he was shot in the face, losing his left eye, and was also shot through the skull, hip, leg, ankle and ear.

In WW1 he was severely wounded on eight occasions and mentioned in despatches six times.

Having previously lost an eye and a hand in battle, Carton de Wiart, as commanding officer, was seen by his men pulling the pins of grenades out with his teeth and hurling them with his one good arm during the Battle of the Somme, winning the Victoria Cross.

WW1 historian Dr Timothy Bowman believes Carton de Wiart's example helps debunk some myths.

"His story serves to remind us that not all British generals of WW1 were 'Chateau Generals' as portrayed in Blackadder. He exhibited heroism of the highest order.

"Evelyn Waugh supposedly used Carton de Wiart as the model for his fire-eating fictional creation, Brigadier Ritchie Hook, but Waugh's fictional creation experienced considerably fewer adventures than his real life counterpart."

It says much for Carton de Wiart's character that despite being one of the most battle-scarred soldiers in the history of the British Army, he wrote in his autobiography: "Frankly, I had enjoyed the war."

He was born into an aristocratic family in Brussels on 5 May 1880. In 1891 he was sent to boarding school in England, going on to study law at Oxford.

In 1899 he saw the opportunity to experience his first taste of war. Abandoning his studies, he left for South Africa to serve as a trooper in the British Army during the second Boer War. As he was under military age, wasn't a British subject and didn't have his father's consent, he pretended to be 25 and signed up under a pseudonym.

Carton de Wiart (far right) with Winston Churchill in 1943

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

It was a baptism of fire which ended with him receiving bullet wounds to the stomach and groin, necessitating a return to England. Although eager to get back in the mix again, he had to wait more than a decade to experience further front-line action.

At the outbreak of WW1 in November 1914, Carton de Wiart, now naturalised as a British subject, was serving with the Somaliland Camel Corps, fighting the forces of the Dervish state.

During an attack on an enemy stronghold, he was shot in the arm and in the face, losing his left eye and part of his ear. He received the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) for his exploits.

Speaking in 1964 Lord Ismay, who served alongside Carton de Wiart in Somaliland, described the incident:

"He didn't check his stride but I think the bullet stung him up as his language was awful. The doctor could do nothing for his eye, but we had to keep him with us. He must have been in agony."

Lord Ismay also gave an insight into Carton de Wiart's innate love of fighting:

"I honestly believe that he regarded the loss of an eye as a blessing as it allowed him to get out of Somaliland to Europe where he thought the real action was."

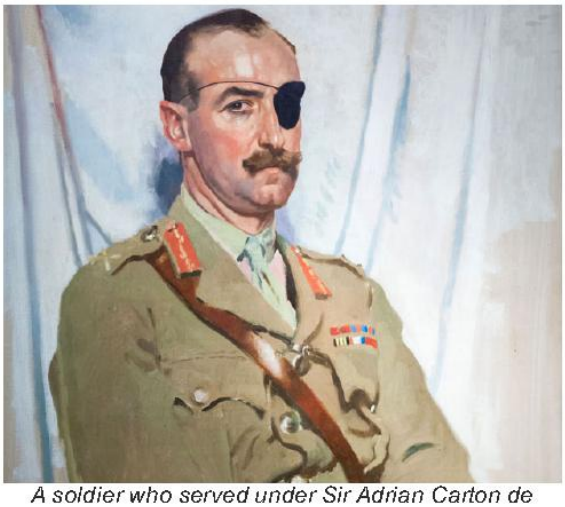
He returned to England to recover in a nursing home in Park Lane. He was to return to this same place on each subsequent occasion he was injured. This became such a regular occurrence that they kept his own pyjamas ready for his next visit.

While recuperating from these injuries, Carton de Wiart received a glass eye. It caused him such discomfort that he allegedly threw it from a taxi and instead acquired a black eye patch.

Such setbacks were not to delay him long. He soon realised his ambition to fight on the Western Front when he was sent to Ypres in May 1915.

During the Second Battle of Ypres, the Germans launched an artillery barrage in which Carton de Wiart's left hand was shattered. According to his autobiography, Happy Odyssey, he tore off two fingers when the doctor refused to amputate them. His hand was removed by a surgeon later that year.

The way he overcame injury and disability remains an inspiration, says Colour Sgt Thomas O'Donnell, who served in Afghanistan with the 1st Battalion Scots Guards.



A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

"For him to have endured all those injuries and gone through so much rehabilitation in so many conflicts and to never give up is really inspirational, particularly given the inferior medical facilities they had then. I just don't know how he managed it.

"Soldiers like Carton de Wiart are a real example for troops serving today. It's quite sad that having sacrificed so much his story isn't particularly well-known. I think as well as remembering the war dead, it is vital we remember what injured soldiers like him went through in countless conflicts."

O'Donnell knows from first-hand experience what it is like for a soldier to have to battle back from severe injury.

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

He was wounded in Afghanistan in 2010, when a sniper's bullet hit him just above his left kneecap, smashing the knee in two. He was told he might lose his leg and that his soldiering days were over.

But a desire to walk his daughter down the aisle unaided and to serve with his battalion again saw him defy medical advice and return to front-line action in Afghanistan in September 2012.
O'Donnell is self-effacing about his own experience. "I want to make it clear that I went through nothing like as much as he endured. Carton de Wiart is like Robocop."

So if Carton de Wiart was a serving soldier today, would he be allowed to return to the front line having lost an eye and a hand? O'Donnell says he would have to undergo stringent tests and strict rehabilitation before a return to front-line action would be considered.

"The Army have set a series of tests for injured soldiers that impose a required standard we have to meet to be able to do our job. Myself and a friend of mine, who had lost a leg, completed those tests and were able to redeploy to Afghanistan after several years of rehabilitation. The tests included passing an annual shoot and marching a distance with a certain weight. I would like to think that if Carton de Wiart could still do his job, they would let him crack on."

After a period of recovery, Carton de Wiart once more managed to convince a medical board he was fit for battle. In 1916, he took command of the 8th Battalion, Gloucestershire

Regiment, and while commanding them at the Somme his legend was cemented.

He electrified his men. The eye patch, empty sleeve and striking moustache, combined with his bravery, made him famous, with men under his command describing his presence as helping to alleviate their fear before going over the top.

During fierce fighting, the battle for the village of La Boiselle swayed back and forth. When three other commanding officers were killed, Carton de Wiart took charge of all units fighting in the village and led from the front, holding off enemy counterattacks.

He received the Victoria Cross, the highest British military award for gallantry, for his actions at La Boiselle. He, however, declined to even mention the medal in his autobiography, later telling a friend that "it had been won by the 8th Glosters, for every man has done as much as I have".

He took part in a number of other offensives during the war, picking up more injuries. Mr A Holmes, who served as Carton de Wiart's "batman" or personal servant, told the 1964 BBC Home Service programme, In Our Time, how his commanding officer had a particularly lucky escape during another Somme offensive.

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

Remains of trenches in Devil's Wood, where Carton de Wiart was shot through the head

"They shifted us from Ypres then back on the Somme again to the Devil's Wood, and that's where the old man got shot through the back of the head. But fortunately it missed his spinal cord."

Some historians have contended that Carton de Wiart's bravery at times bordered on recklessness, and that this may have explained his being passed over for promotion to divisional command in WW1.

But Bowman believes there were mitigating factors. "He was a brave soldier and effective leader of men. He was well qualified to hold divisional command, but so were many others, and his habit of turning up in the front line and getting himself injured didn't bode well for his ability to manage a division.

"Given the primitive communications of the time, and the amount of bureaucracy involved, commanding a division in WW1 did involve a lot of office time, which didn't seem to be his forte."

Carton de Wiart lived in Poland for most of the inter-war period but his military career was not yet over. When World War Two broke out, he led a campaign in Norway in 1940 and was briefly stationed in Northern Ireland.

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

In his own words

- "Governments may think and say as they like, but force cannot be eliminated, and it is the only real and unanswerable power. We are told that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I know which of these weapons I would choose"
- "Frankly, I enjoyed the war [World War One]"
- "At that moment, I knew once and for all that war was in my blood. If the British didn't fancy me, I would offer myself to the Boers"

In April 1941 he was dispatched to form a British military mission in Yugoslavia, but his aircraft was shot down over the Mediterranean. After swimming to shore, he was captured by the Italians. Despite being in his 60s, he made numerous attempts to escape the PoW camp, on one occasion eluding recapture for eight days - quite a feat given his distinctive appearance and lack of Italian.

He was eventually released over two years later and was then sent to China by Winston Churchill to be his personal representative to Nationalist leader Chiang Kai-shek, a post he held until 1946.

Churchill was a firm admirer of Carton de Wiart, describing him as "a model of chivalry and honour" and writing the foreword to his autobiography.

In retirement, he eventually settled in County Cork, spending his time fishing. Having proved indestructible on the battlefield, he died peacefully in 1963, aged 83.

Military historian Lt Col James Cook, of the Royal Artillery, believes his example continues to resonate today.

"Carton de Wiart did have a habit of getting injured but this is simply testament to his belief of leading from the front. He inspired his men with the simple and eternal words, 'follow me'. These words remain the mark of a truly courageous leader, be it on the Western Front a hundred years ago, or today in military operations around the world."

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

Impressive array of medals

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

Carton De Wiart was awarded the Victoria Cross for actions at La Boiselle. The Times newspaper carried the following notice on September 11, 1916.

"For the most conspicuous bravery, coolness and determination during severe operations of a prolonged nature. It was owing in a great measure to his dauntless courage and inspiring example that a serious reverse was averted. He displayed the utmost energy and courage in forcing our attack home. After three other battalion commanders had become casualties, he controlled their commands, and ensured that the ground won was maintained at all costs. He frequently exposed himself in the organization of positions and of supplies, passing unflinchingly through fire barrage of the most intense nature. His gallantry was inspiring to all."

A soldier who served under Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart at the Battle of the Somme recounts his experiences. Lord Ismay recalls fighting alongside Carton de Wiart when he lost an eye

The army units for those under 5ft 3in

8 February 2015 bbc.com

The Birkenhead Bantams

A century ago the British Army set up Bantam battalions for men under 5ft 3in. Why were short men put in special units during World War One?

Imagine the army had a ban on short men. Then scrapped it on condition that those below a certain height were put together into special "short stature" units.

It sounds far-fetched. But this is exactly what happened in World War One.

When hostilities began in August 1914, the minimum height for a soldier in the British Army was 5ft 3in (160cm). Thousands of men who wanted to fight were turned away from recruiting offices, seemingly surplus to requirements. There was outrage.

One case struck a nerve. A Durham miner whose name is not known, was stopped from joining up for being 5ft 2in. The story goes - the exact facts are hard to verify - that he walked from recruiting office to recruiting office but in each was told the same thing. By the time he reached Birkenhead on Merseyside he was so infuriated that he threatened to fight any man who said that the missing inch mattered. Hearing of his plight, the local MP Alfred Bigland, wrote to the Secretary of State for War, Lord Kitchener.

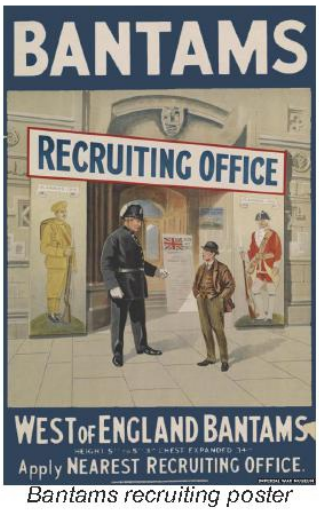
Bigland asked for permission to set up a unit for short, able-bodied men who wished to fight for their country. The War Office gave its blessing. Soon 3,000 men who'd been barred from the army were selected for two Birkenhead battalions. Called Bantam battalions they were reserved for men of 5ft to 5ft 3in with an expanded chest of 34in.

The idea quickly spread to other parts of the country. By the end of the war, 29 Bantam battalions had been created across three divisions - two British and one Canadian. Assuming roughly 1,000 men in each battalion, and allowing for casualties and replacements, more than 30,000 Bantam soldiers enlisted.

It was a dramatic turnaround. In the early phase of the war the army had used height restrictions to control numbers. In September 1914 the height requirement was raised from 5ft 3in (160cm) to 5ft 6in (167cm). The reason? The authorities couldn't cope with the flood of recruits, says Laura Clouting, a historian at the Imperial War Museum. In the first two months of war, three-quarters of a million men volunteered to fight, leading to overcrowding at recruiting offices.

Then the rate of joining slowed. The height minimum was lowered to 5ft 4in in October, and in November to 5ft 3in. The following July, with the Western Front stuck in bloody stalemate, the minimum dropped to 5ft 2in. Average height for men in 1914 would have been about 170cm (5ft 6in).

So why didn't the authorities simply lower the height restriction to 5ft? Retired Major Andrew Greenwood, whose great uncle fought and died for the Bantams, says it was administratively easier for the War Office to tell towns around Britain to "crack on" and raise their own Bantam battalions than to have to incorporate the men themselves. In the early part of the war it wasn't envisaged that these battalions would be needed. Few apart from Kitchener, who predicted the war would be won by the "last million men", realised the conflict would go on so long.



Bantams recruiting poster

Then there was the idea of men united by a common bond. "It was like the Pals battalions [of friends from the same area]," says Clouting. The word Bantam evoked an aggressive chicken - this was the battalion emblem - or a small-framed boxer. Their image was small, hard, plucky men - often miners or shipbuilders - fighting for their country.

Throughout history, tall soldiers have often been prized. King Frederick I of Prussia brought giants together for his Potsdam Grenadiers. The men had to be about 6ft 2in. They were recruited from all over Europe, if necessary by force. But concentrating short men in one place - as the Bantams did - seems exceptional.

Military historian Antony Beevor says an emphasis on height may sometimes be about practicalities but more often seems to be about projecting power. "In Chile under Pinochet you can see from photographs how officers were half a head to a head taller than their soldiers in march pasts. That might also have been true of the British in World War One."

Battle of Epehy. Wounded and Prisoners coming in, near Epehy, 18th September 1918. The wounded soldier in the foreground is from a Bantam unit.

Indeed officers in Bantam battalions were "normal" size. One of them was the future Field Marshal Montgomery, then Brigade Major of the 104th (Bantam) Brigade.

Other units could be protective of the Bantams in a way that might be seen as patronising today. A private in the Guards Division - renowned for their height - wrote in 1916: "After we finished telling the Bants they had duck's disease we had to take a lot of very funny insults in turn. Very sharp tongues they have, and we've taken to

the little chaps right away."

Some, like the Highland Light Infantry's 18th Battalion, gained notoriety.

"Their quarrelsome reputation was legendary," wrote Sidney Allinson in his book The Bantams. After frequent bar brawls they became known around Glasgow as the Devil Dwarfs.

Author William Boyd seems to have used the HLI for the fictional Bantams - the 17th/3 Grampian Highlanders - in his novel the New Confessions. They are presented as hard-as-nails Glaswegians who terrify their taller ex-public school comrades.

Among historians, opinion on the effectiveness of Bantam battalions varies.

"For all their recalcitrance, they had proved to be readily trained into smart soldiers on the barrack square and the assault course," writes Allinson. He quotes a raid on a German trench in June 1916 by the 14th Gloucester that became a hand-to-hand fight. At the end, 30 Germans and eight British lay dead, he writes, and the British had captured a Maxim heavy machine gun.

From William Boyd's The New Confessions (1987)

In William Boyd's 1987 novel The New Confessions, the protagonist, John James Todd describes an encounter during WW1 with the Bantams:

"We came out of the fire-bay. Five very small men - very small men indeed - sat around a tommy-cooker brewing tea. They looked at us with candid hostility. They wore kilts covered with canvas aprons. Their faces were black with mud, grime and a five-day growth of beard. Two of them stood up. The tops of their heads came up to my chest. Neither of them could have been more than five feet tall. Bantams..."

Height differences could lead to problems. An unhappy sergeant major in the Northumberland Fusiliers complained: "Sir, them bloody little dwarfs have built up the fire steps so they could see over. Now when my lads stand up, half their bodies are above the parapet." The Bantams were told to put two sandbags on the step instead.

The Battle of the Somme took its toll on Bantam morale and credibility, historian Peter Simkins wrote in his essay "Each one a pocket Hercules". It was much harder for the Bantams, as opposed to regular army battalions, to find decent replacements. A Brigadier-General Marindin complained about the physical abilities of some later recruits.

In the last week of 1916, 26 Bantams in the 19th Durhams were sentenced to death for cowardice or leaving their posts. Only three were executed, the others had their sentences commuted. "The fact that some of the first Bantams to join up had in late 1916 been found wanting tends to reinforce the conclusion that it was not just the later drafts who were sub-standard," Simkins writes.

The Bantam experiment was over. The 35th division's sign was changed from a Bantam cock to seven interlocked 5s. Its soldiers were re-examined by medical experts and those deemed

fit to fight were merged with conventional army units.

But there was redemption of sorts. The 35th Division, now with a mixture of Bantams and regular soldiers, recorded a success rate in battle of 60% in the Hundred Days offensive of 1918 - above the Second Army average.

Small soldier between two larger

The experiment was not a failure, says Greenwood. "It did what it could do at the time." There were many moments of heroism and it showed the willingness of smaller men to fight for their country. One of the problems was that the replacement Bantams were either undernourished or underage - it was easier to lie about how old you were in a battalion for short men, he says.

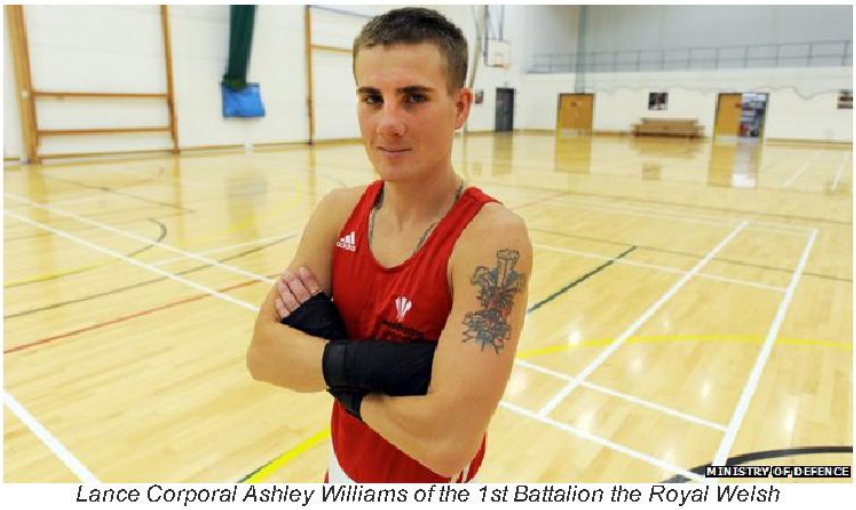
There's also some research suggesting that short men were more likely to be killed in World War One. A paper published by Oxford University Press for the European Society of Human Reproduction and Embryology suggested that taller British soldiers were more likely to survive. The mean height difference between those who survived and were killed was nearly one inch (2.37 cm), according to the research.

In this age of anti-discrimination, creating Bantam battalions is unthinkable. Today a British soldier can be just 4ft 10in tall (148cm). Drivers need to be 5ft 2in (158cm).

Lance Corporal Ashley Williams of the 1st Battalion the Royal Welsh is 5ft 3in. "I've had no disadvantage of any sort as an infantry soldier," he says. "I carry a lot of weight on my back. Being smaller is not a problem if you've got good upper body and leg strength."

Lance Corporal Ashley Williams is 5ft 3in

Weight was a bigger hurdle for Williams. The Army has a minimum weight rule of 9st 5lbs (60.4kg). As a light flyweight boxer, he was way below this and had to put on a stone and a half. Now a member of the Army boxing team, an exception has been made - he boxes at a



Lance Corporal Ashley Williams of the 1st Battalion the Royal Welsh

weight of 7st 10lbs.

The Bantams experiment is "very surprising", Williams says. Army units work as a team so it makes sense to have a mix of physical capabilities. "Sometimes having a small individual in a team really helps. I can camouflage myself better probably than a big person can." It's part of what makes the Gurkhas good at what they do, he says.

Diversity would not have been in the lexicon of most commanders in 1914. But commanders could also have made better use of shorter units. And late on in the war, this began to happen. After the Bantams were abolished some of them were transferred to tunnelling and tank units where being short was an advantage.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

'Outrage' at Brian horse name change

12 February 2015 bbc.com

Brian the horse

Brians have expressed "outrage" that a Thames Valley Police horse of the same name may have it changed to a more "god-like" one such as Hercules.

The six-year-old horse is on trial with the mounted section, but if he passes various tests he will be Brian no more.

A police spokeswoman said the section tended to give their horses "god or war-related names, such as Odin, Thor or Hercules".

Brian Poulson, from Bracknell in Berkshire, said he was "appalled".

He said: "Brian should be one of the most popular names, one of the most popular Monty Python films is Life of Brian.

"There is no way they should be changing the name, every horse should be called Brian!"

The horse, thought to be a Shire/Fresian cross, will be on trial with the force for the next six weeks, during which he will be given progressively harder tests and challenges.

These will include going out on patrol in town centres, crossing bridges and going through underpasses.

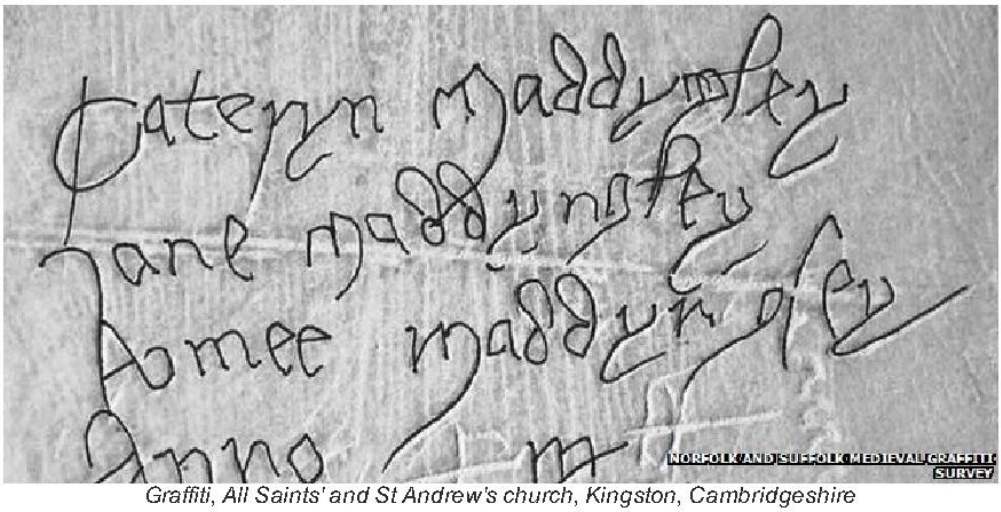
If he passes these tests the moniker Brian will be removed and replaced with a name the force feel is more fitting.

Brian Lewis from Ascot said: "I think it's outrageous. Brian is a good name for a horse."

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Tudor sisters' plague graffiti found

20 February 2015 bbc.com



Graffiti, All Saints' and St Andrew's church, Kingston, Cambridgeshire

The graffiti image has been "re-worked" to highlight the writing, otherwise it is near-invisible to the eye

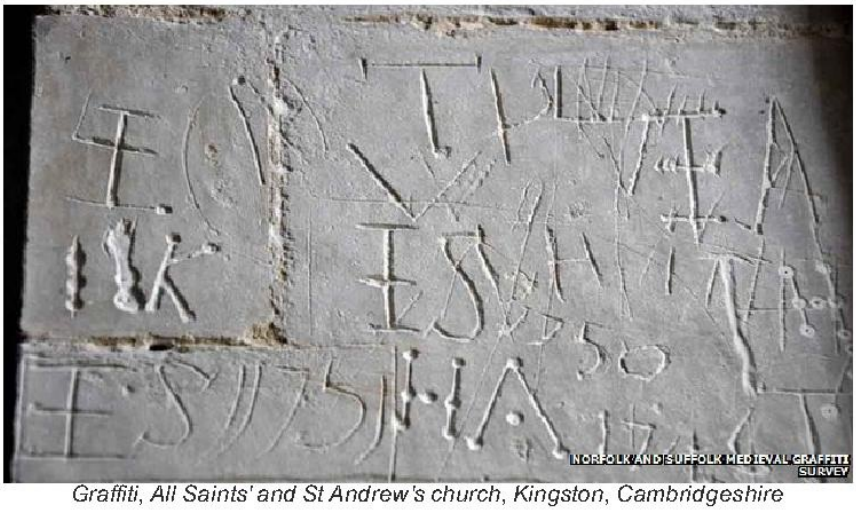
"Heartbreaking" graffiti uncovered in a Cambridgeshire church has revealed how three sisters from one family died in a plague outbreak in 1515.

The names Cateryn, Jane and Amee Maddyngley and the date were inscribed on stonework in Kingston parish church.

It was found by Norfolk and Suffolk Medieval Graffiti Survey volunteers.

Archaeologist Matt Champion said the project had shown church plague graffiti was "far more common than previously realised".

"The most heartbreaking inscriptions are those that refer to long-dead children," he said.



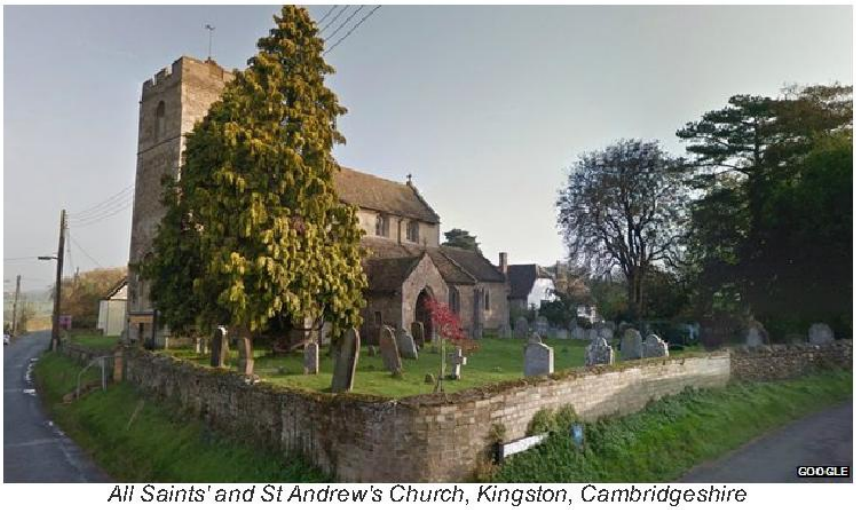
Graffiti, All Saints' and St Andrew's church, Kingston, Cambridgeshire

Matt Champion said church monuments memorialise the elite while graffiti remembers the "common voice"

The Maddyngley graffiti is hidden under limewash near the door in All Saints' and St Andrew's church.

The family lived in Kingston, seven miles from Cambridge, and were tenant farmers who "rarely turn up in parish records", he said.

Mr Champion believes Cateryn, Jane and Amee must have been children because their names are not found as adults in any of the records.



All Saints' and St Andrew's Church, Kingston, Cambridgeshire

Records reveal the Maddyngleys had lived in Kingston since at least 1279

In 1515, there was an outbreak of bubonic plague in London which spread across south east England.

Mr Champion said Cambridge University suspended its classes and large gatherings of people were banned, "just as we see today with the Ebola outbreaks in Africa".

Children were particularly hard-hit and usually hastily buried in unmarked graves.

The graffiti survey was set up in 2010 and is the first attempt to survey pre-Reformation graffiti in churches since the late 1960s.

Volunteers use digital cameras and powerful lamps to reveal previously hidden or faded markings.

Plague graffiti, St Mary the Virgin, Sawston, Cambridgeshire saying Watton and 'miserere mei deus' (may God have mercy upon)

Plague graffiti in another Cambridgeshire church. The project hopes to survey more of the county's churches

At least 60% of the 650 churches surveyed in Norfolk, Suffolk and north Essex have "significant amounts" of graffiti and volunteers have recorded up to 500 pieces in many of them.

The project has confirmed more graffiti is found to have been created during times of pestilence such as the Black Death of 1349 and subsequent outbreaks of plagues.

"It was a votive offering at a time where prayer counted," Mr Champion said.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

German nurse 'admits mass killing'

8 January 2015 bbc.com

Niels H. arrives for his trial at court on November 27, 2014 in Oldenburg, Germany.

The former nurse pictured in court in November 2014

A former German nurse has admitted killing 30 patients in the hospital where he worked, a court was told.

The 38-year-old allegedly confessed to taking the lives of the patients by injecting them with an overdose of heart medication.

He made the confession to a psychiatric expert who relayed the evidence in court.

Investigators said his motive was to improve his own resuscitation skills.

The former nurse has been on trial since September and is accused of murder and attempted murder.

He is alleged to have killed three patients and tried to kill two others at a clinic in Delmenhorst, near Bremen in north Germany.

But a psychiatric examiner told the court in nearby Oldenburg that he had confessed to as many as 30 killings.

The patients are believed to have been injected with heart medication between 2003 and 2005.

In a further 60 cases he injected patients but managed to revive them, according to the psychiatric assessor.

Police are investigating more than 100 suspicious deaths at the Delmenhorst clinic.

The nurse, identified by the authorities only as Niels H, had already been sentenced to seven-and-a-half years in prison in 2008 for attempted murder.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Rome police 'sick' on New Year's Eve

2 January 2015 bbc.com

People celebrate in front of the Colosseum in Rome on New Year's Eve

Party time: About 600,000 people saw in the New Year on the streets of Rome, but there weren't many police around

More than three-quarters of the local police officers due to work on New Year's Eve in Rome called in sick, it's been reported.

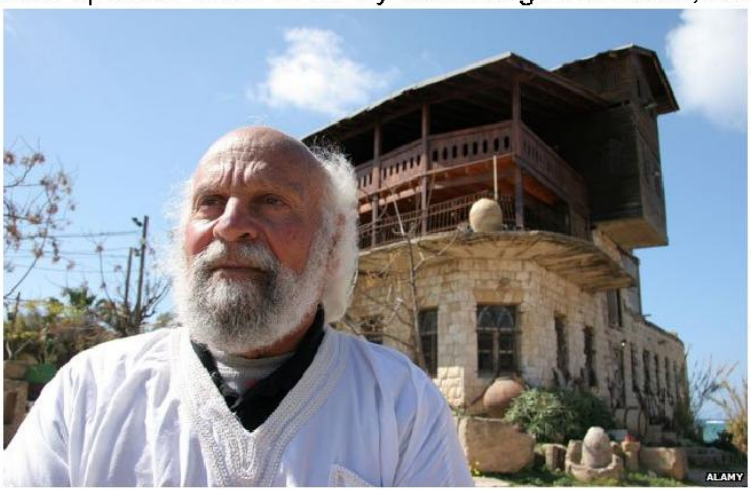
Of about 1,000 police officers who had been available to work, 83.5% were absent on the night, La Repubblica website reports. An estimated 600,000 people took to the streets of the Italian capital to welcome in the New Year, and the mayor's office says in the end everything went off without a hitch. But Italian officials have slammed the absence figures, with cabinet minister Marianna Madia tweeting that disciplinary action could be taken against those involved. Rome's police commander was equally damning, describing the absences as "absolutely unjustified". "I can only condemn the attitude of those who have tried to sabotage the New Year festivities," says Cdr Raffaele Clemente, adding that the action had "put at risk people's safety but also the good name of the entire local police force and the city of Rome."

The police have been at loggerheads with the city government for months over new rules on working practices and pay, according to Il Fatto Quotidiano. Italian media are reporting that they're now preparing to strike, with Francesco Croce of Italy's UIL union saying there will be a "crescendo of protests" in the capital. Rome also saw trouble on the metro on New Year's Eve, where delays were put down to there only being seven drivers available, when 24 were needed to run the line.

One-man rule in Israel's hippy micro-state

9 March 2015 bbc.com

Last updated at 20:19 ET By Raffi Berg BBC News, Achziv



President Eli Avivi, photographed in Achzivland in 2006

While most Israelis vote for a new parliament next week there's one place in the north of Israel that will be an election-free zone - one-man rule has been the way there for more than 40 years.

On Israel's coastal road, just south of Lebanon, lies a crossing into a land of another kind.

Large blue iron gates with white painted signs mark the border, but there is no entry procedure - visitors just arrive, then go and look for the president.

This is Achzivland, perhaps the most unusual piece of territory in the Middle East. It has the trappings of a state - a flag (of a mermaid), a national "anthem" (the sound of the sea) and a constitution declaring the president democratically elected by his own vote (never actually cast).

Achzivland also has a House of Parliament - a timber structure with scatter-cushions round a table - though it has no serving MPs and has never held any sessions.

It also issues - and stamps - its own passport, which requests bearers be allowed "to pass freely without let or hindrance" wherever they may travel.

Set among picturesque landscape, and with a history stretching back to the Phoenicians, Achzivland has been governed by its oldest inhabitant, Eli Avivi, and his devoted First Lady, Rina, since the couple "seceded" from Israel in 1971.

Next to the ailing Sultan of Oman, "President Avivi" is the longest-serving ruler in the region, having survived several attempts by one of the most powerful nations in the Middle East to oust him - not surprisingly, Israel has never recognised Achzivland.

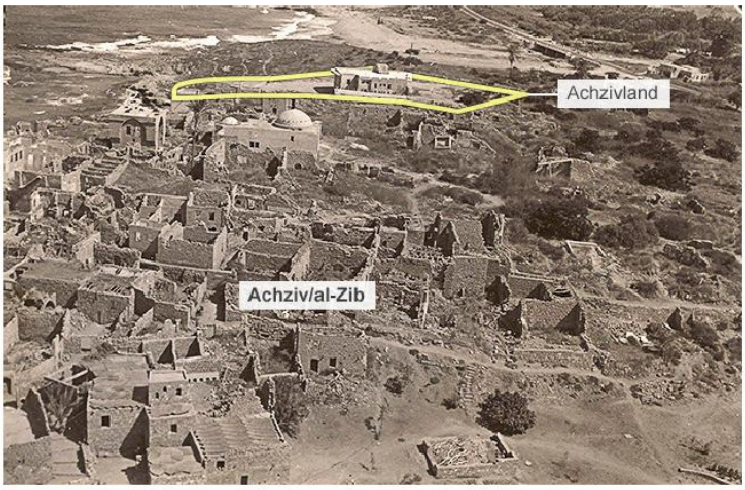
But the tiny "state" has stood its ground, with a gutsiness well beyond its size.

Now 85, Eli is frail, hard-of-hearing and slow, but with wispy white hair, trademark kaftan and a shepherd's staff he cuts a figure befitting his legendary reputation.

Resting outside his "palace" - a small wooden cabin, fanned by the cool sea breeze - Eli looks out across the land where he has lived, and fought, since the early 1950s.

"I am the president of a very small country," he says, his voice raspy and weak, "but I have a lot of problems with the Israeli government. They didn't want me to live here and did everything they could to take me away from here. It was like a kind of war between the government and me!"

Born in Persia, he arrived aged two in what was then British Mandate Palestine, brought by his father on a voyage which began his life-long love of the sea.



As a youngster he was caught and let go numerous times as he carried out acts of sabotage against British troops. Then at the age of 15 he joined the Palyam - the "underground" Jewish navy - and helped smuggle Jewish refugees into the country, before fighting the British, then Arab forces during Israel's 1948-49 War of Independence.

After the establishment of the Israeli state, he returned to sea as a fisherman, working on boats from Africa to Scandinavia, including spending a year "as an Israeli living with Eskimos" in Greenland.

But then, in 1952, on a trip to visit his sister, Eli came across Achziv.

Profile: Achzivland

- Head of state: Eli Avivi (president-for-life)
- Political system: "The president is democratically elected by his own vote"
- Size: 3.5 acres
- Population: Two
- Borders (self-declared): North - Kziv stream; South - Bukbuk hill; East - Antioch Road; West - Mediterranean Sea

- Economy: Tourism; entrance fee to National Museum
- Flag: Mermaid on background of old Achziv building
- Anthem: Sound of the sea
- Foreign relations: "Friendly with all the countries in the world, with a special favour for Israel"
- Foreign recognition: None
- Defence forces: "Fans from all over the world and true friends"

A former Arab fishing village known in Arabic as al-Zib, its residents fled, resettling in nearby Acre or Lebanon, when it was conquered by the Jewish army in 1948.

Eli found the abandoned village derelict - and, after his years of wandering, decided to stay. He caught fish, which he sold to the local kibbutz, and built himself a house.

Achziv was an oasis of tranquillity and started to attract young people who would come and hang out with Eli. As well as fishing and hunting for antiquities, Eli took up photography (developing a penchant for girls posing semi-naked or nude) - a pastime which would see him amass more than a million photos, which are now stored in a warehouse in Achzivland.

It was an idyllic existence. But before long the Israeli army said it wanted the land for a military base, and Eli's troubles with the authorities began.

He had a lease on just two buildings so he wrote to Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, who replied expressing his support, much to the military's chagrin.

According to Rina, the army agreed to let him stay on condition he worked as an undercover agent for the Shin Bet, Israel's domestic intelligence agency - which, she says, he did.

Eli had won the first round, but bigger battles lay ahead.

To make ends meet, Eli started to let out lodgings and with its free-and-easy ethos Achziv became a haven for hippies - an Israeli Haight-Ashbury - where young people would roam, shed their clothes, play music, smoke drugs and party.

"People came to see the sea, to take in the sun without bathing suits, most of them smoking grass - it was a place where you came to feel free, this was the idea," says Shlomo Abramovitch, a former investigative journalist in the area.

"Eli Avivi was a kind of unique personality. He was very friendly and a bit of a legend among Israelis."

Achziv was also a magnet for celebrities, among them Hollywood A-listers. Paul Newman hung out there while filming Exodus in 1960, and Sophia Loren was a frequent visitor.

"When she saw the place she absolutely loved it," recalls Rina. "I was a teenager and she was one of my idols - and she taught me how to cook spaghetti here!"

Actress Sophia Loren in Achzivland in 1966

Meanwhile, as the Israeli state established itself and building programmes expanded, the government declared its intention to turn Achziv into a national park. One day in 1963 it sent in bulldozers to demolish the remains of the old village - including the land around Eli's home - intending to replace it with turf.

To Eli, this was a wanton act of historical and environmental vandalism.

As an enraged Eli Avivi stood on a wall to take photographs of the destruction, a bulldozer knocked it down, leaving him nursing several broken bones, he says.

The final straw came in the summer of 1971 when officials erected a fence around Eli's diminished land, cutting off his access to the beach.

In a defining moment in the birth of their nation, Eli and Rina ripped up their Israeli passports and declared Achziv independent - only to be arrested and taken to court.

Rina in the 1960s

According to Rina, the judge threw out a charge of "creating a country without permission" but fined the couple one lira for destroying their passports, and ordered their release.

The case of the breakaway hippy state started to attract the attention of the media, and this presented Eli with an opportunity. In his new capacity as president, he called a press conference and led dozens of peaceniks in a sit-in.

"This national park may be fitting for Tel Aviv but not Tel Achziv," President Avivi told TV crews. The regional council had issued a demolition order to destroy the parliament building, he said - then he promptly appointed all the protesters Achziv MPs, and instructed them to go and start a campaign.

"We did it for publicity, because the government was stronger than us," recalls Rina. "The media started to write a lot about it, and people started to believe it, and so long as they did there was more chance the government would leave us alone."

In fact this wasn't the first time Eli and Rina had made the headlines - only months earlier they had been at the centre of a cross-border kidnap attempt.

On the night of 1 January 1971 six Palestinian gunmen came by boat from Lebanon just three miles (5km) away, and landed on the beach at Achziv. According to Rina, the crew fooled the coastguard into letting them past, saying they were fishermen going to see Eli Avivi. One of the gunmen entered the house but Rina stopped him at gunpoint, and he dropped his weapon and a bag containing grenades.

"He was expecting to find Eli and got a shock when he saw a beautiful, blonde woman with a gun instead," she says.

Within minutes the army arrived and sealed off all the roads for miles around. Two more gunmen were caught at the boat, while the other three were captured inland.

"People saw a thousand troops heading here, but because the army imposed a media blackout they did not know why and rumour started to spread that Israel had gone to war with Achzivland!" laughs Rina.

The infiltrators, who belonged to Fatah, had planned to kidnap Eli, she says, and take him to Lebanon.

When the blackout was lifted, one tabloid newspaper reported the incident under the headline: "Terrorists wanted to kidnap Israel's number one nude photographer!"

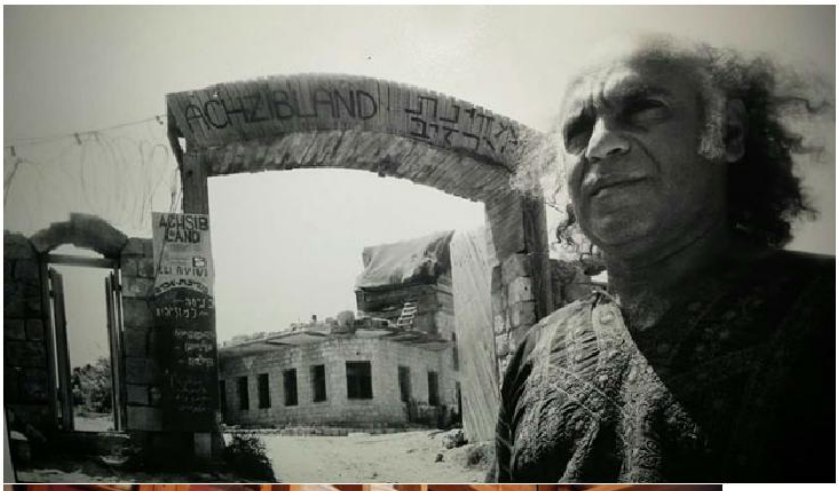
The incident enhanced Eli Avivi's reputation and added to a life story where fact and fiction were fast becoming difficult to separate.

Israelis flocked from far and wide to experience Achzivland, much to the annoyance of the authorities, who were fed-up with its defiant hippy king.

In a sign of the breakaway country's popularity, when Achzivland decided in 1972 to put on a rock festival - "like Woodstock", says Rina - there were traffic jams for 60 miles (94km) around.

"All of Israel came to this festival. We lost control. Everyone burst in, like a herd," recalled Meir Kotler, the festival's producer, in the 2009 documentary Achziv, a Place for Love.

In the meantime, Eli Avivi continued to build his state, getting guests to help with chores. Achzivland was "the only country in the world which puts its hippy residents to productive and useful work," he has been quoted as saying.



Eli also established an impressive "national museum" in the former house of the Arab village chief, displaying thousands of artefacts he had found on dives and digs - from ossuaries [a container for human bones] to pieces of jewellery to rusting nautical instruments.

By law, many of the items belong to the Israel Antiquities Authority, which considers them on loan even though it does not officially recognise the museum. "The archaeological office is the only office of government we don't have a problem with," says Rina.

During the years that followed, a protracted legal battle took place between Eli, the regional council, the Land Administration and the Nature and Parks Authority, but the authorities gradually got their way.

Most of Achziv became absorbed into the national park and Eli was prohibited from holding festivals in Achzivland.

He insists though that he has been misunderstood and that he was never anti-Israel.

"I love Israel the place, but not the government, because they never understood why I came here," he says.

"They didn't like me making a little country. They think it's something done against Israel, but this is not true."

In fact, according to one report, in a demonstration of patriotism in 1978, when Israel launched a major offensive against Palestinian militants in southern Lebanon, President Avivi announced he had "opened my airspace for Israeli planes to overfly Achzivland on their way to Fatahland".

These days, he says, the authorities mainly leave him alone. "I'm stronger now than before. There's nothing they can do or say to me," he says.

After years of confrontation, the two sides have reached an accommodation. Achzivland pays

the government for access to the beach through the fence, while on the main road outside, an official tourist sign points the way to "Eli Avivi" (not "Achzivland", which might perhaps be taken as signalling recognition).

As for the future, Eli says he has no plans to appoint a successor. "After I'm gone, my wife will decide what she wants," he says.

What Rina wants is to preserve Achzivland as a permanent memorial to Eli Avivi, whom she describes as "the best president ever", and has opened talks with the Israeli government in the hope of achieving this goal.

"Achzivland is not for sale. The life here is not for sale," she says. "Everybody who comes here feels like it is paradise, and you cannot put a price on that."

Video and contemporary photographs by Alon Farago. Archive photographs courtesy of Eli and Rina Avivi.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Prison holds snow sculpture contest

23February2015 bbc.com

Last updated at 07:47 ET News from Elsewhere... ... media reports from around the world, found by BBC Monitoring

The missile launcher snow sculpture

Frozen solid: A replica missile launcher impressed the judges

Inmates at a prison in Siberia have been keeping busy by building huge replicas of Russian military equipment entirely out of snow.

The sculptures were made at a prison in the Omsk region as part of a competition to mark Defenders of the Fatherland day - a public holiday in Russia, the state-owned Rossiyskaya Gazeta reports. In a unanimous decision, first place was awarded to a full-size model of a Topol-M intercontinental ballistic missile launcher, painted in camouflage colours. The sculpture was praised for its intricate details, including built-in lights, a statement from the federal penitentiary service says. Second place went to a frozen replica of a Soviet T-34 tank.

The prison says the contest "contributes to morale" and makes inmates "familiar with independent creative work", adding that the winners will be rewarded with special privileges. It can also benefit the prisoners' psychological well-being, while the teamwork element encourages law-abiding behaviour, according to Igor Moiseyev, head of the facility's psychological department. It's the second snow sculpture contest at the prison in recent weeks; inmates made festive creations over the Christmas and New Year period, including Santa in a full-size sleigh.

The snow sculpture of a tank

A realistic - though immobile - T-34 tank replica came second in the contest

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Japanese-Peruvians recall US internment

21 February 2015 bbc.com

Blanca Katsura and her family were among 1,800 Japanese-Peruvians to be interned in the US (photo courtesy of Blanca Katsura)

Photograph of Blanca Katsura in 2014

She was 12 at the time and living with her parents and two siblings in northern Peru.

On that night, two officials came to their home and took away her father.

Mr Katsura, who owned a small general store, was arrested because he was part of Peru's prosperous Japanese community.

"My father told them he hadn't done anything wrong, but they didn't listen to him," she recalls.

Latin American draw

Japanese people began migrating to Peru in considerable numbers at the end of the 19th Century, drawn by opportunities to work in the mines and on sugar plantations.

By the 1940s, an estimated 25,000 people of Japanese descent lived in Peru. Many had become lawyers and doctors, or owned small businesses.

Many Japanese-Peruvians did well in their new homelands and set up successful businesses (photo courtesy of Art Shibayama's family)

An undated photo of a relative of Art Shibayama in his shop in Peru

Their prosperity, further fuelled by racism, soon triggered anti-Japanese sentiment in Peru, Stephanie Moore explains.

Ms Moore, a scholar at the Japanese Peruvian Oral History Project, says after the outbreak of World War Two, the Japanese community in Peru became a target, and their assets were confiscated.

"In May 1940, as many as 600 houses, schools and businesses belonging to citizens of Japanese descent were burned down," she says.

Following Japan's 1941 attack on the US naval base at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, the US government asked a dozen Latin American countries, among them Peru, to arrest its Japanese residents.

Records from the time suggest the US authorities wanted to take them to the US and use them as bargaining chips for its nationals captured by Japanese forces in Asia.

Deported

Mr Katsura was among the 2,200 Latin Americans of Japanese descent who were forcibly deported to internment camps in the US.

Italian, German and Japanese residents of Latin America are seen leaving a temporary internment camp in the Panama Canal Zone

Many Japanese-Latin Americans were taken to a camp in the Panama Canal Zone first

Blanca Katsura, who is now 83 and lives in Northern California, remembers how she learned of his fate.

"A month after my father was detained, he sent me a letter because it was my birthday," she recalls.

"He had been taken to Panama from where they were planning to send him to the US," she adds.

Six months later, Blanca Katsura's mother decided to take her three small children to the US to search for her husband.

"When we arrived in New Orleans after a month-long trip, they confiscated our passports and then sent us by train to the Crystal City camp."

As many as 4,000 people were interned during World War Two in this camp in Texas run by the US Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Most of the detainees were of Japanese descent, although some German and Italian immigrants were also held there.

Undated aerial view of Crystal City Internment Camp, Texas

Crystal City Internment Camp was located 180 km (110 miles) south of San Antonio in Texas

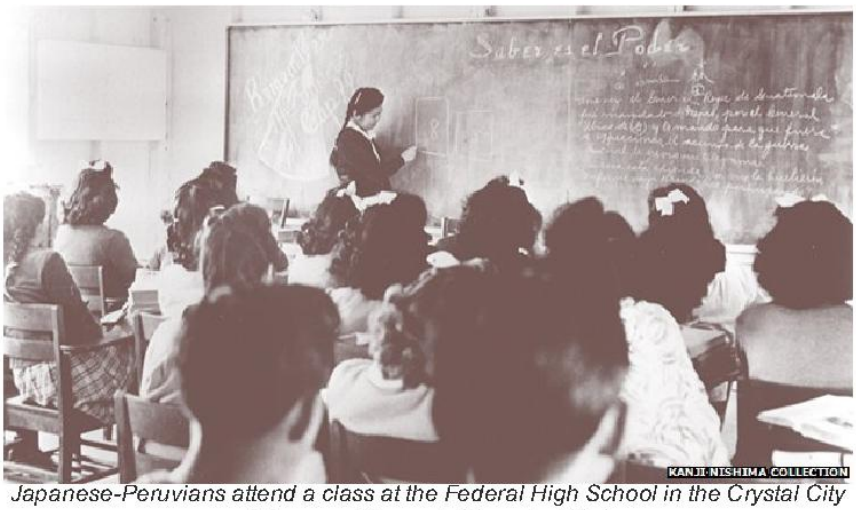
It was at Crystal City that Blanca Katsura was reunited with her father. "I was shocked, he had lost so much weight," she remembers.

For the next four years, her family lived in the barracks at the camp.

Her memories of that time are not particularly traumatic, she says.

"Being a child at the time time, I had no worries and made lots of friends.

"We were able to go to school and learn Japanese," she adds.



Japanese-Peruvians attend a class at the Federal High School in the Crystal City Internment Camp in Texas in 1944

Children in Crystal City attended classes inside the camp (photo courtesy of the National Japanese American Historical Society)

Ms Katsura says she later learned that the camp authorities were keen for the children to learn Japanese so they would be able to speak the language once they were deported to Japan.

Really bitter

Chieko Kamisato's memories of life at Crystal City are less positive.

Chieko Kamisato

Chieko Kamisato now lives in Los Angeles (photo courtesy of Chieko Kamisato)

"You could call it a concentration camp, because we were surrounded by barbed wire fences and guards with guns," she says.

"We couldn't go out at all, although we were free to move around inside," she recalls.

"My parents were really bitter about the situation because they were forced to come to the US. They had no choice," she says.

Ms Kamisato's father had moved to Peru from Japan in 1915 and had worked hard to open a bakery in the capital, Lima.

Now 81, she lives in Los Angeles.

Reparation debate

Of the 2,200 Latin Americans of Japanese descent to be interned in the US, 800 were sent to Japan as part of prisoner exchanges.

After World War Two ended, another 1,000 were deported to Japan after their Latin American home countries refused to take them back.

A group of children poses for a photo in Crystal City Camp in this undated photo

While there were also Germans interned in Crystal City, the majority were of Japanese descent (photo courtesy of Art Shibayama's family)

Ms Katsura's and Ms Kamisato's families successfully fought deportation and were eventually allowed to remain in the US.

In 1988, then-President Ronald Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act and apologised on behalf of the US government for the internment of Japanese-Americans.

Under the act, the government paid tens of thousands of survivors of the camps $20,000 (£13,000) each in reparation.

But Japanese-Latin Americans did not qualify for the payments because they had not been US citizens or permanent residents of the US at the time of their internment.

Outraged, they filed a class-action suit and 10 years later, the US government agreed to pay them $5,000 each.

Most accepted, but a small group headed by camp survivor Art Shibayama decided to hold out, demanding to be paid the same as Japanese-Americans.

Blanca Katsura says that even though her childhood at the camp may not have been traumatic, no amount of money can compensate her family for its loss.

"My parents wanted to go back to Peru but couldn't. They missed the life they had there," she recalls.

"The Peruvian government sold us out to the US government and that is not a very nice feeling. How would you feel about it?"

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Where did the word 'hustings' come from?

4 March 2015

bbc.com

Eatanswill hustings

The Eatanswill hustings

At election time we use the word "hustings". Where did it come from, asks Trevor Timpson.

Everyone is having hustings at the moment - not just staged by all sorts of locations and interest groups for May's general election, but also in America where the election isn't for ages yet, and for even more important posts, like the editor of the Guardian.

It sounds a bit onomatopoeic, with the rival candidates standing on a platform and husting angrily at each other.

The most famous election in literature, at Eatanswill, in Dickens's The Pickwick Papers, sees the unfortunate Mr Pickwick accidentally pushed up on to the hustings platform where he looks down on a scene "from whence arose a storm of groans, and shouts, and yells, and hootings, that would have done honour to an earthquake".

The word has a tantalising Nordic tang of herrings and smorgasbord to complement the rotten tomatoes of the traditional British poll. In most Scandinavian languages "ting" or "thing" means assembly, as in the the names of the parliaments of Denmark, Norway and Iceland.

And as the Vikings left their linguistic fingerprints all over these islands, the word appears in place names from Dingwall (assembly field) to Thingoe (assembly mound), and in the name of the Manx parliament, the Tynwald.

As for the "hus" (or house) part, some say it meant an assembly held indoors, some that it was a gathering of the retainers of a leader's house or family.

John Major's soapbox tirades in 1992 recreated some of the excitement of Eatanswill hustings...

But the word didn't go straight from ancient Scandinavian politics to modern politics. First the hustings came to mean the main civil court of the City of London - perhaps from as early as Alfred the Great. It may have been founded by Danes living in London - it was certainly confirmed in its powers by the Danish kings of England in the 11th Century.

From the 15th Century the word picked up a final "s"; by the 17th Century it had started to mean the the platform on which the City dignitaries sat during the court, and then any official platform.

By the 18th Century it was the platform on which election candidates were nominated, and from where they addressed the voters.

The nearest equivalent today is the TV debate - but nothing could be more staged and artificial. To echo the rough-and-tumble of the Eatanswill hustings you surely need to go out on to the streets, to the American stump, John Major's soapbox and John Prescott's egg.

...Less spontaneous, but also a descendant of the hustings, is the modern TV debate.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Trench cello played for 'first time'

20February2015 bbc.com

The cello

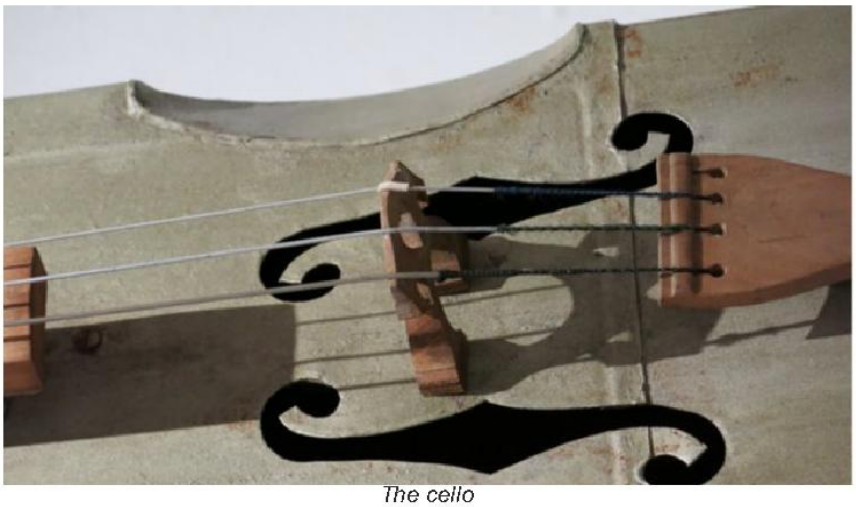
The cello was made by Reginald Paul Quelch, a sapper with the Royal Engineers

A "trench cello", fashioned from an oil can by a World War One soldier, has been played for what may be the first time since the war, a museum has said.

The instrument was made by Reginald Quelch, who served as a sapper with the Royal Engineers.

Mr Quelch died in Pershore at the age of 94 and the cello was given to the Worcester City Art Gallery and Museum.

The 4ft (1.2m) instrument was played by a professional cellist as part of an exhibition at the museum.



The cello

The cellist, Julia Palmer-Price, will play It's a Long Way to Tipperary

Philippa Tinsley, senior curator at the museum, said that while they could not say for certain the cello had not been played since 1918, it had not been played for, "a very long time".

"The cello came to us all packed up in Mr Quelch's kit bag looking like it had lain untouched since he returned from the war," she said.

"It was donated to the Worcestershire county museum by the Quelch family after his death"

The cellist, Julia Palmer-Price, played It's a Long Way to Tipperary on Friday. The wartime favourite has connections with Worcestershire, the museum said.

The exhibition, World War One in the Words of Worcestershire People, opened in October

and will run until 14 March.

It also includes a recording of another trench cello which the museum said was, "remarkably mellifluous". It said the instruments were, "reasonably rare" and it believed this was the only surviving cello made at the front.

Ms Tinsley added: "The trench cello is such an evocative object from the museum collection - you can see the inventiveness of the maker in the beautiful hand-turning of the neck and shaping of the oil can to create a real musical instrument.

"It's easy to imagine it bringing a little cheer in the most tragic circumstances."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Last updated at 15:59 ET

US charges over Gambia 'coup plot' against Yahya Jammeh

The Gambia's President Yahya Jammeh speaks to journalists on 24 November 2011

Yahya Jammeh has led The Gambia for two decades and told the BBC he would rule for "a billion years"

Two men have been charged in the US with attempting to overthrow The Gambia's President Yahya Jammeh, the justice department has said.

The defendants, who are of Gambian origin, are accused of conspiring against a friendly nation and conspiring to possess firearms.

Gambian authorities said they had thwarted a coup attempt on 30 December.

Mr Jammeh seized power in the tiny West African nation in 1994 and has been accused of authoritarianism.

He was abroad when gunfire broke out near the presidential palace in the capital, Banjul, on 30 December.

The president later returned home and accused dissidents based in the US, UK and Germany of being behind the attack.

'Violent overthrow'

Between 10 and 12 people had entered The Gambia to overthrow Mr Jammeh, "with the expectation that others in the country would join and assist them", the US justice department said in a statement.

They included US citizen Cherno Njie, 57, and US-Gambian dual national Papa Faal, 46, it said.

"These defendants stand accused of conspiring to carry out the violent overthrow of a foreign government, in violation of US law," Attorney General Eric Holder said in a statement.

"The United States is committed to holding them fully responsible for their actions."

line

Suzanne Kianpour, BBC News, Washington

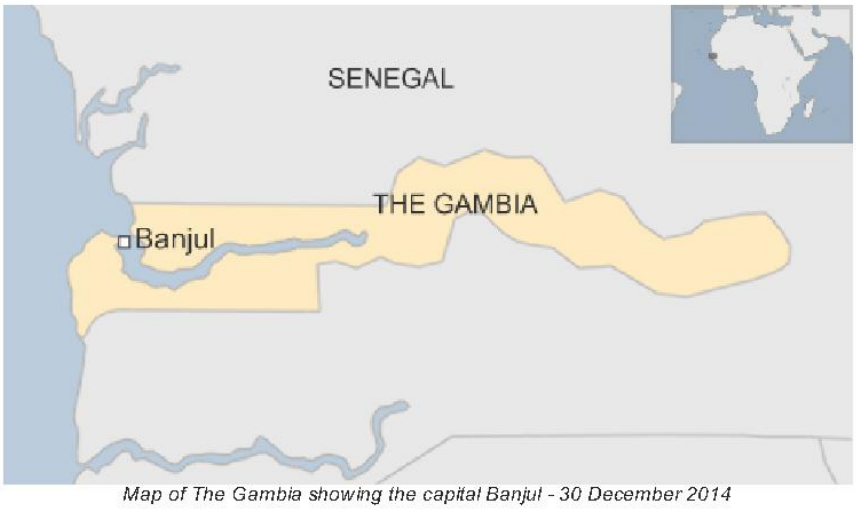
The US court criminal complaint charging two men with attempting to stage a coup in Gambia is 20 pages long and ripe with details and maps of a plot so thick it almost looks like a Hollywood screenplay.

But two words in the document have proven surprising - "friendly nation". The Gambia is considered to have one of the worst human rights records in Africa, but by US law it is illegal for US citizens or residents to start a war with a country with which the US has peaceful relations.

State department spokesperson Jen Psaki reiterated at the daily briefing: "Of course as with any country, including Gambia, when we have concerns with human rights issues we express them."

But a US official told the BBC a country's human rights record does not necessarily come into play in a case like this - when looking at charging someone who broke the law.

line



Map of The Gambia showing the capital Banjul - 30 December 2014

'Plotting in the woods'

Mr Njie, a Texas businessman, was in charge of the alleged conspiracy and would have been appointed interim leader of The Gambia had the coup attempt succeeded, according to documents filed in court.

Weapons, including M4 semi-automatic rifles and other military equipment, were last year shipped to The Gambia for use in the attempted coup, US officials allege.

The plotters met in the woods near the presidential palace on 30 December before splitting into two teams, the justice department said.

"Njie was not present at that meeting, instead waiting in a safe place until the assault teams took control of the facility. However, when one of the assault teams approached the State House and fired a shot into the air, the team began taking heavy fire from the guard towers," it said.

"Although numerous conspirators on the assault teams were killed or injured during the failed attempt to take control of the government building, Faal was able to flee the scene and he ultimately returned to the US. Njie also returned to the US."

A beach in the Gambia (December 2014)

The Gambia is known in the West as a popular tourist destination

The Gambia's pro-opposition Freedom newspaper reported last week that at least four of the coup-plotters had been killed, including Lamin Sanneh, a former head of the presidential guard who was living in exile in the US, but this has not been confirmed.

Numerous officials and opposition leaders have fled the country, saying they fear for their lives after the military conducted house-to-house raids.

Mr Jammeh has won several elections since seizing power but critics say they were neither free nor fair.

Apart from a short Atlantic coast, The Gambia is entirely surrounded by Senegal.

Its main foreign currency earners are tourism and peanut exports.

line

- Who is Yahya Jammeh?

The Gambia's President Yayha Jammeh (file photo)

Seized power in 1994, aged 29

- Accused of stamping out opposition
- Claims to be able to cure HIV/Aids
- In 2011, told the BBC he would rule for "a billion years"

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

'Mystery amphibian' sought in Vietnam

5 March 2015 bbc.com

Last updated at 07:14 ET By News from Elsewhere... ...as found by BBC Monitoring

The photo of the animal

Vietnamese environment officials are trying to trace the animal after images were widely shared on social media

Officials in Vietnam are on the hunt for a mystery amphibian which was apparently captured and then sold in the north of the country, it's reported.

Photos of the metre-long animal were posted on Facebook by a man who says he pulled it from a pond near his home in the Vinh Phuc region, Thanh Nien News website reports. But local environment officials don't know what it is, despite searching records of native species. While it bears some resemblance to a giant salamander, native to neighbouring China, officials say even if it's a related species there is no explanation for how it came to be found hundreds of miles away in northern Vietnam. And tracking it down now could prove tricky - the man who uploaded the images told Thanh Nien News that he has sold it, and won't give any more details.

Officials have now called in the police to try and trace it, the head of the region's forestry department tells the website. "No matter who is keeping it, we will try to bring the animal to Vietnam's Institute of Ecology and Biological Resources, where experts will know what to do with it," says Nguyen Van Tam. The images have been widely shared on social media and have provoked a storm of comments, with many people worried about the creature's fate. "Look at the tray and the chopping board," one user is quoted as saying, before suggesting that it could have ended up on someone's dinner table.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Name: Binesi
Tribal affiliation: Ojibwe, Algonquin, Ottawa, Cree
Alternate spellings: Pinesi, Bnesi, Bineshi, Bneshi, Pinesì, Pinesi, Pinessi, Pnesi, Bineshii, Binay-sih, Piyesiw, Piyêsiw, Pinesiw, Pinesi, Pihesiw, Pithesiw, Pilesiw, Pithisiw, Payasew, Peyasew, Peyaasew. Plural forms are Binesiwag, Pinesiwag, Pinesiwak, or Pinesik.
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: usually bih-neh-sih.
Also known as: Animiki, Chequah
Type: Thunder, giant bird

Related figures in other tribes: Thunderbird, Thunderer, Thunder-Beings

Binesi is a giant mythological thunder-bird common to the northern and western tribes. Thunder is caused by the beating of their immense wings. Although Binesiwag are very powerful beings, they rarely bother humans, and are treated with reverence by Ojibwe people. Binesi literally means "the great bird." (Animikii means "thunderer" in Ojibwe, and Cigwe' means "thunder" in Potawatomi.)

Binesi Stories

- **How the Birch Tree Got Its Burns:**
  Ojibwe legend about Nanabozho stealing fire from Pinesi to share with the people.
- **Iyash and the Horned Serpent:**
  Severn Ojibwe legend about the Thunderbirds fighting a horned serpent.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **Ojibway Tales:**
  Good collection of traditional folktales told by an Ojibway author.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Ojibwe and other Algonquian tribes.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

We Look in All Directions
Chippewa legends
Chippewa language
Ojibwe words
Minnesota languages
Woodland Indian languages
Algonquian language group

American Mythological Figures
Back to American Indian Myths and Legends

Learn more about the Ojibwa Indians.

Native American genealogy Blackfoot women Moccasins sale Animal totem

Native American tattoo history

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Robber halts plan to rob shop - after recognising cashier

By Sarah Coles , Jan 16, 2015 aol.co.uk

A would-be thief told the cashier he had been about to rob the place, but was changing his plan

A would-be thief in Colorado aborted his attempt to rob a convenience store, after recognising the man behind the counter. It's a strange way for a robbery tale to end - but far stranger things have been responsible for foiling this kind of crime.

The Jefferson County Sheriff's blog reported that the robber burst in wearing a balaclava and declared: "I was going to rob this place but I know you." He then went on to check whether the cashier knew who he was, and when he said no, the thief gave him a thumbs up and left.

It added that police were looking for are looking for a man fitting the same description, who robbed another convenience store nearby shortly afterwards.

Unusual ways to stop a robbery

It was a peculiar way for an attempted robbery to conclude, but in the weird world of crime, there is never a shortage of unusual twists in the tale. Over the years there have been plenty of unusual things that have put a stop to a robbery. Here are five of the oddest.

Trousers

In September 2013, a robber was foiled by his own trousers. The man had grabbed the cash drawer from a Florida Church gift shop, but when he tried to run away, his baggy trousers started slipping off. The church maintenance man gave chase, and when he caught up with him, he pulled his trousers down the rest of the way to bring him to a stop. He then held him in a wrestling hold until the police arrived.

Chilli powder

In October last year two men pulled a gun on the owner of a convenience store in Boston and demanded money from the till. He refused, and a struggle ensued. At one point the victim broke free, grabbed a pot of chilli powder, and threw it in the men's faces. They fled the store.

Handwriting

In January last year a thief was foiled by his own handwriting. He handed a note to a bank cashier, demanding money, but she couldn't read it, and called a supervisor over for help. During the delay the robber started to panic, and ran out of the bank.

Shoe polish

In December last year a Wisconsin man covered his face in shoe polish to hide his identity, and robbed a pizza place. He was quickly caught by his decision to stop on his way home to wash the polish off in another store's bathroom. Confused shop workers called the police.

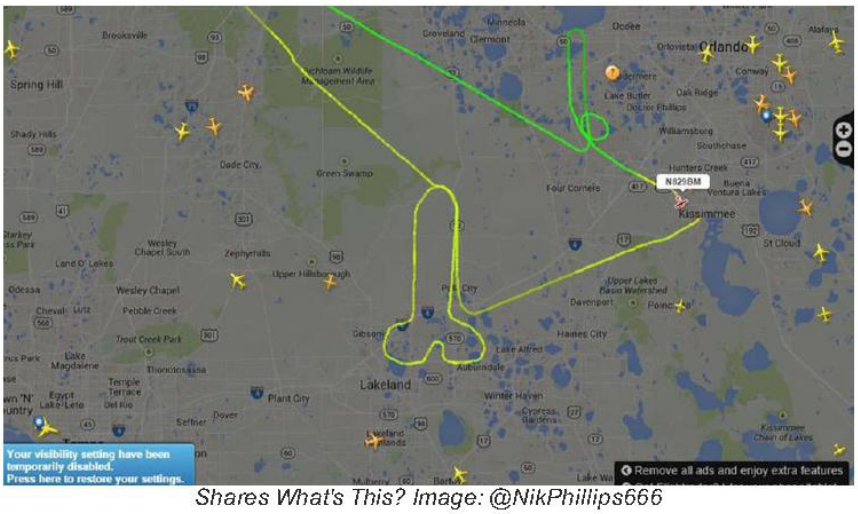
Organisation

In July 2013, the FBI arrested a would-be bank robber as he was on his way to the bank. He'd been informed on by a member of his gang, but his fate was sealed when officers searched his flat and found a to-do list with the words 'rob bank' on it.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Bored pilot draws penis on FlightRadar with private plane

2015-03-13 12:09:02 UTC mashable.com



Shares What's This? Image: @NikPhillips666

By Max Knoblauch

"This is your pilot speaking. We're at a cruising altitude of 41,000 feet, and we're just going to be making penis shapes in the air today."

Aviation fans who on Thursday night happened to check FlightRadar24 — the popular site that gives users the ability to track the flight paths of planes around the world — might have noticed an odd pattern that a private plane made above Florida.

If you haven't noticed just yet, it greatly resembles a penis.

While it's unknown whether this particular pilot was aware that he or she was drawing a sky penis (come on, they had to know), it's definitely hilarious.

- ©2005-2015 Mashable, Inc.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Boston Yeti Lending A Paw To Help Animals

huffingtonpost.com

Posted: 03/23/2015 9:02 am EDT Updated: 03/23/2015 9:59 am EDT

AP Photo/Eric Gulliver

BOSTON (AP) — The Boston Yeti is using its newfound notoriety to help some fellow furry friends.

The abominable snowman gained a huge following on social media during Boston's epic winter by running around the city in costume and stopping to help dig out stranded drivers. Now the unidentified prankster is selling Yeti swag to raise money for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

All of the proceeds from the sales of stickers, buttons and bookmarks will benefit the MSPCA's Angell Animal Medical Center in Boston.

The Yeti told The Associated Press in an email: "I can think of no better way to spin ones popularity than for the benefit of animals in need."

"From the beginning of this unprecedented winter, I've been determined to channel the positive energy that surrounds me toward an important and worthwhile cause," the Yeti said.

The swag, illustrated with quirky line drawings of the Yeti by Rhode Island-based artist Jeff Smith, is being sold through an Etsy store appropriately dubbed Boston Yetsy: https://www.etsy.com/shop/BostonYetsy.

MSPCA spokesman Rob Halpin says the animal welfare organization is grateful for the help.

"This is one of those moments when a social media flash in the pan has longer and more valuable legs than anyone ever thought that it could," Halpin said.

"Blizzard after blizzard, the Yeti was a constant source of amusement and mystery for everybody just to get through the winter," he said. "It's wonderful that the Yeti would surface in the spring to aid his fellow four-legged friends who are in shelters."

Could the furry phantom itself be at risk of being picked up as a stray?

"Probably not, because we've shared several emails and he appears to have opposable

thumbs," Helpin said.

"But if he shows up here, we'll scan him for a microchip and get him home."

John Rodriguez

• 2015 kicked off with a story from Tampa, Florida, fisherman John Rodriguez, who claimed that, on Dec. 26, 2014, he snapped this picture of Florida's version of Bigfoot: the elusive and alleged Skunk Ape. Naturally, this picture and Rodriguez's story generated huge controversy, with most folks declaring it a hoax.

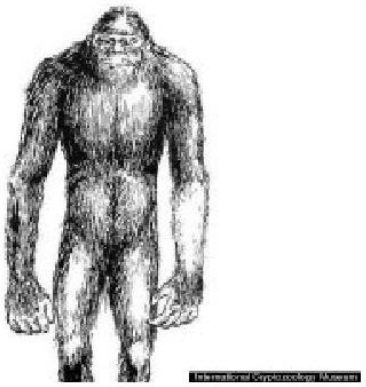
• You just can't keep a good, hairy beast down -- that is, unless it's allegedly real, and it's supposedly dead. The year got off to a big, Bigfoot start, with promoter Rick Dyer claiming to have killed one of the beasts and was taking the body on tour for the public to pay and see. Problem was, when push came to shove, Dyer apparently couldn't get many venues interested enough in his Bigfoot traveling show, and it ended up being a no-show. Dyer eventually admitted to the hoax.

• This still image taken from a 1977 film purports to show Bigfoot in California.

• A film still shows what former rodeo rider Roger Patterson said is the American version of the Abominable Snowman of Nepal and Tibet. The film of the tall creature was shot by Patterson and Robert Gimlin northeast of Eureka, Calif., in October 1967.

• As a motor biker was driving through the Grand River area of Ohio in April 2012, an alleged Bigfoot ran across the road and was caught on videotape.

• Depicted is an illustration of a creature reported to inhabit the Kemerovo region of Siberia. Scientists from the U.S., Russia and other countries have yet to find one of these creatures known as the Russian Snowman. In early October, researchers claimed to be 95 percent certain that the animal exists.



• An alleged footprint of a Yeti, or Abominable Snowman, appears in snow near Mount Everest in 1951. Now, scientists are setting out to find evidence of a reported unknown, hairy, bipedal creature known as the Siberian Snowman.

• Bigfoot or bear? Impression left on the driver's side window of a pickup truck owned by Jeffrey Gonzalez. The bizarre image was left by an alleged Bigfoot in California's Sierra National Forest over Memorial Day 2011. DNA samples of the impressions will eventually determine the identity of the animal responsible for them. (See next slide for a close-up of the paw-like impression.)

• Close-up of the "paw" print image. The impression was reportedly left by Bigfoot on the window of a pickup truck in the California Sierra National Forest over Memorial Day weekend 2011.

• Bigfoot or bear? Pictured is a second impression left on the rear side window of the same truck from the previous slides. According to forensic/law enforcement photographer Mickey Burrow, "What you're seeing is a swipe mark. It looks like a small hand, swiping to the left, leaving another impression, and there's hair within those areas -- you can see where the hair would be."

• This footprint was found over Memorial Day weekend, 2011, near Fresno, Calif. by a group of campers who were on a Bigfoot-hunting expedition. The print, measuring approximately 12 inches, was found near a truck where possible DNA evidence was left behind by more than one Bigfoot creature.

• This footprint was found in 2008 in the Sierra National Forest near Fresno, Calif.

• Thomas Byers snapped this photo of "Bigfoot" along Golden Valley Church Road in Rutherford County on March 22, 2011.

• Bill Willard is the leader of a group searching for evidence of a Sasquatch or Bigfoot creature, spotted by, among others, his two sons in Spotsylvania County. He is shown on May 19 in Thornburg, Va., with a plaster cast he made from a suspicious footprint

several years ago.

- This still frame image from video provided by Bigfoot Global LLC shows what Whitton and Dyer claimed was a Bigfoot or Sasquatch creature in an undisclosed area of a northern Georgia forest in June 2008.

- This October 2007 image was taken by an automated camera set up by a hunter in a Pennsylvania forest the previous month. Some said it was a Bigfoot creature; others believed it was just a sick bear.

- A preserved skull and hand said to be that of a Yeti or Abominable Snowman is on display at Pangboche monastery, near Mount Everest.

- Idaho State University professor Jeffrey Meldrum displays what he said is a cast of a Bigfoot footprint from eastern Washington in September 2006. Some scientists said the school should revoke Meldrum's tenure.

- Joedy Cook, director of the Ohio Center for Bigfoot Studies, talks to a visitor to his booth on Oct. 15, 2005, at the Texas Bigfoot Conference in Jefferson, Texas. The event, hosted by the Texas Bigfoot Research Center, drew enthusiasts and researchers of the legendary creature.

- Ken Gerhard of Houston, Texas, holds a duplicate plaster cast footprint Oct. 15, 2005, at the Texas Bigfoot Conference. The event, hosted by the Texas Bigfoot Research Center, drew enthusiasts and researchers of the legendary creature.

- Josh Gates, host of Syfy TV's "Destination: Truth," holds a plaster cast of what Malaysian ghost hunters said was a Bigfoot footprint in 2006.

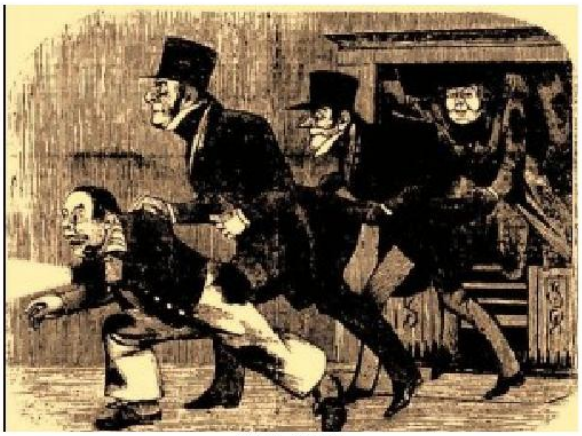
- Al Hodgson, a volunteer guide at the Willow Creek-China Flat Musuem in California, holds up a plaster cast of an alleged Bigfoot imprint in 2000. The museum houses a collection of research material donated by the estate of Bob Titmus, who spent his life trying to track the creature.

- Costume maker Philip Morris, who does not believe the Bigfoot legend, claimed the Patterson-Gimlin film showed a person wearing a gorilla suit that he made.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Boy Jones - The Boy Who Stalked Queen Victoria

February 8, 2014



Boy Jones

Before she turned her portly and elderly, majestic self, Queen Victoria used to be a young and attractive 19-year-old girl, hyped by the media and frenzied by the public, just about time she was being crowned Queen of England. Of course, she too developed what any young and beautiful celebrity girl was supposed to have – a stalker. This stalker, otherwise uneducated and shunned by society, somehow managed to very easily sneak into her most private apartments, without raising any suspicion from the royal militia that guarded her.

Edward "The Boy" Jones

Edward Jones, often called the Boy Jones, was born in 1824, in the house of a poor tailor. As true the fact that family builds a child's character, Edward received a drunk for a father, a single shabby little room for a house and a worn of rag for a bed as he slept. No doubt, he emerged a lousy, dirty, disgusting fellow. With all the commotion surrounding the coronation of the new Queen, curiosity sparked in the boy's mind, and Boy Jones developed a new habit – infiltrating the Buckingham Palace and slyly observing Queen Victoria do her daily chores. But not for long. In the cold December of 1838, just five months since Queen Victoria had been crowned, he was found ransacking the bedrooms of Buckingham. Accused of stealing some of the Palace personals, including some undergarments, Jones was tried at the Westminster Sessions. Treating his acts as a joke, he was acquitted.

A Stubborn Child

Instead of celebrating his safe escape from a criminal trial and choosing a life of truthfulness and honesty, a stubborn Edward was recaptured under a sofa in the Queen's bedroom in December 1840, where he was spying on her conversation with Prince Albert. The boy was tried before the Privy Council and sentenced to 3 months of imprisonment. Just a few days after he was released in March 1841, Edward was caught eating meat and potatoes from the Royal Kitchen, hiding in the Picture Gallery of the Palace. There was a wild criticism in the press regarding the safety of the Royal Palace of Britain, and while people around the nation theorized multiple conjectures as to how the cunning teen had found his way into the Palace despite the strict guardianship of the security, Boy Jones simply maintained that he had got in through an unguarded basement window.

Unlawful Detentions and Sheer Misfortune

As newspapers continued lashing at the incompetent security, Boy Jones' father revealed that his son would often disappear for days, with no explanation to offer. Lord Melbourne

became agitated to have the boy removed, fearing for the Queen's life, and had him abducted and transferred to Brazil. While attempting to return to England, Boy Jones was again kidnapped and force to serve as a sailor in the Royal Navy. Twice did he try to escape but failed, and was reduced to a mere slave of the Crown. He was finally released in 1848, when the Queen began to fear negative media publicity should anything wrong happen to him. Jones was still far from repentance, and was again arrested for burglary and deported to Freemantle in Australia. Boy Jones found his way back to England in 1857, and was again apprehended for theft.

In 1968, a newspaper reported that the new Minister of Public Works in Victoria, Mr. Jones, was actually the brother of the same notorious boy Jones, who was arrested for trespassing and theft on multiple occasions. In response to Sir Henry Lucy's article in a magazine, a civilian came forth with the information that Boy Jones had now found his job as a town crier in Perth, Western Australia.

On 26th December 1893, a certain Thomas Jones was found dead underneath the Mitchell River Bridge, after falling from the bridge on getting severely drunk. According to the Bairnsdale Advertiser, this was the same Boy Jones.

The Psychology of Boy Jones

Among those who had closely spectated Edward Jones, he was the shy, introvert, allergic-to-work kind of fellow, a complete loner and a heartless wretch with no affection even for his own parents. According to writer Jan Bondeson from the Fortean Times Magazine, Jones may have been a sufferer of Schizoid personality, a behavioral disorder which causes someone to become emotionally cold and detached. The victim may also develop a special attraction for someone of the opposite gender, and under the misconception that the said person is giving in to the victim's advances, the victim may even take up to stalking. Perhaps Boy Jones suffered from this disorder, perhaps not. But one thing is for certain. The mysterious ways one of the first celebrity stalkers is sure to bewilder your minds.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Brian Bethel and the Black Eyed Kids

January 25, 2014

Black Eyed Kids: Image Courtesy of Who Forted Blog

As this concept is fairly new to the site, perhaps it is wise to spend some time explaining what Black Eyed Kids really are, and why they are so fearsome. Amongst the most feared entities of all time, the black eyed kids (or BEKs) are described as kids aged from 9 to 16, with otherwise normal physique and behavior, but completely out-of-the-world eyes. Their eyes, without any distinguishable pupil, iris or schlera, are pitch-black, something like the evil entities from Grudge- the movie. They appear in either normal or a bit old-fashioned clothes, and are said to speak in a tone too mature for their age. They generally appear lost and helpless before your house or car, making an insistent request to be let in. For some reason, witnesses report feeling an inexplicable fear in their vicinity, even before noticing their diabolic eyes, and are mostly found fleeing the scene immediately. The children allegedly use some low-level hypnotism, for people often report unconsciously letting them into their property, right before noticing their eyes and thereby fleeing.

This particular article recounts the story of Brian Bethel, a reputed veteran journalist and columnist at Reporter-News, which took place in 1996, and is the earliest known BEK encounter in the record.

On a spring or summer evening in 1996, Bethel was making his way to his Internet Service Provider Camalott Communications' office on North 1st Street in Alibene Texas, to pay off his bills. As he innocently scribbled on a check in the dimly lit area before the theatres, intending to drop it in the office's drop slot, little did he know that this was to be his most frightening night ever. He was seated in his car at the parking lot, when two boys aged 9 to 12 came knocking at his window. The boys, as he described them, were "*a somewhat suave, olive-skinned, curly-headed young man*" and "*a redheaded, pale-skinned, freckled young man*". The boys wore hooded pullovers. The first boy explained that the two of them had come to watch a premier of "Mortal Kombat" at the theatre, but had forgotten their money in their mother's house. They, therefore, requested a ride to their mother's house to fetch their money and get back to the theatre. All the while as conversation ensued, Bethel was consumed by an irrational fear. The boy tried to convince him with assurances like: "*It wouldn't take long, they were just two little kids, they didn't have a gun or anything.*" Bethel subconsciously reached out to open his car door, when he suddenly broke his vision of the boy, and came to notice his coal-black eyes, eyes he described as "*The sort of eyes one sees these days on aliens or bargain-basement vampires on late night television. Soulless orbs like two great swathes of starless night.*" Trying to keep his behavior normal, bethel muttered a few excuses, pulled at the gear, and rushed away with his car. As he stared at the rear-view mirror, he found that the children had just vanished, within seconds.

Bethel's incidence had allegedly taken place from 9:30 to 10:00 p.m. that night, an incident he could never forget. Bethel began sending private emails to a trusted few about his experiences, but soon his story spread like wildfire on the internet. Thus, the personal experience of this famed journalist was soon shared by thousands of others, some legit, some fake, but enough for the BEKs to be regarded as a modern paranormal phenomenon.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Take a look inside Britain's 'drunkest pub' (yes, it really is that wonky)

mirror.co.uk

Britain's 'drunkest pub': This tipsy-looking tavern really is this wonky

- Jan 02, 2015 10:29
- By David Aspinall

The Crooked House in Himley, Staffs., has one end 4ft lower than the other

Caters

Wonky: The Crooked House has one end 4ft lower than the other

Do not adjust your festive beer goggles - this tipsy-looking tavern really is this wonky.

Billed 'Britain's drunkest pub', the Crooked House in Himley, Staffs., has one end 4ft lower than the other.

Mining during the 1800s caused subsidence and gave the boozer it's quirky look.

Caters

Wonky window: Pub manager Dan stops for a pint

As a result, coins roll up the bar and pint glasses slide across seemingly flat surfaces.

Dan Lewis, the pub's 27-year-old manager, said: "It can be really disorientating at first.

"When I first came in I didn't have a drink because I felt so dizzy.

Standing straight: Dan stands in crooked door of his boozer

"I'm a local lad and have known about it all my life, but even that didn't prepare me.

"It's brilliant to run such a unique place.

Caters

"We get visitors come from all over the world - as far as Japan and Australia - and they just can't believe it.

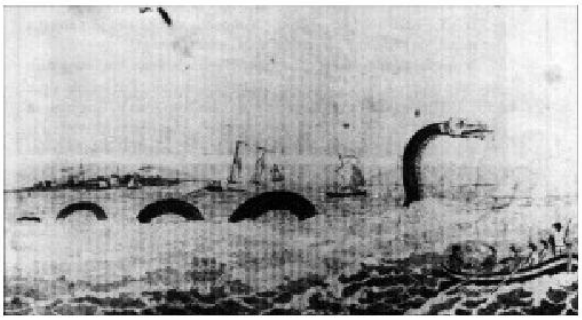
"They're convinced it was designed like this but it certainly isn't."

Crooked House Pub

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Cadborosaurus: Loch Ness Monster of the Pacific - Historic Mysteries

November 5, 2010 historicmysteries.com



In the northern waters of the Pacific, on the western coast of North America, there have been sightings of a creature that is similar to the Loch Ness Monster for more than a thousand years. This creature has reportedly been sighted off of the coast of Canada frequently and has even been reported in Alaskan waters and as far south as Monterey Bay in California. This creature is known as the Cadborosaurus and it is presumably a sea serpent. The only evidence of the existence of the Cadborosaurus are reported sightings, so the creatures very existence is a mystery. However, like many other sea serpent sightings in other parts of the globe and throughout history, it is hard to ignore due to the number of these sightings.

The Cadborosaurus is known by several monikers in many different places. Its other names include, Caddy, Pal-Rai-Yuk, Klematosaurus, Sarah the Sea Hag, Saya-Ustih, Hiyitlik, Tzarta-saurus, Sisiutl, Penda, Amy, Kaegyhil-Depgu'esk and Say Noth-Kai. Despite the many names that this creature is known by, descriptions of the animal by witnesses are very similar. Of course, there are subtle differences, but researchers believe that there may be subspecies of Cadborosaurus or that its appearance changes throughout its life.

The Cadborosaurus is described as roughly ten feet and more in length. It is said to have the slender, elongated body of a serpent. Its head is said to look like that of a camel (of all things). It does have fins, but the number of fins, location and description of the fins differ. Some people claim to have seen the animal feeding. The creature has been spotted hunting schools of fish and it has also been seen eating waterfowl, which it is said to have swallowed whole.

In 1937 a Cadborosaurus was said to have been found in the stomach of a whale near the Queen Charlotte Islands. Photos of the find were taken and samples were sent out to experts. One of the tissue samples was lost and the other was found to be from a fetal baleen whale. However, eyewitnesses say that there is no way that it could have been a fetal baleen whale and the pictures of the creature back up this claim. Of course, pictures are hardly scientific evidence. There are also people who claim to have caught Cadborosaurus specimens and have had to release them for one reason or another. Reported sightings and interactions with these animals are very numerous, but the fact remains that not one carcass, skeleton or live specimen has been found and identified as a sea serpent.

Throughout recorded maritime history stories of serpentine creatures being spotted in the ocean and in other deep waters have been fairly common. The sheer number of these supposed sea serpent sightings and the number of places that these sightings have occurred makes it hard to dismiss the existence of sea serpents easily. There is also the fact that the

waters of the Earth are largely unexplored and we certainly haven't been able to identify and classify every creature in their depths. So until we know for sure that we have identified everything in the Earth's waters or we find a specimen and are able to study it thoroughly, the existence of these creatures will remain a mystery and people will continue to search for the elusive Cadborosaurus.

Sources

Cadborosaurus, retrieved 10/20/09, bc.scc.ca/cadborosaurus
The Cadbrosaurus Watch, retrieved 10/20/09, qsl.net/w5www/caddy.html+

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Cannibalism reached between the population hitherto unsuspected heights.

British historian **Michael Jones** has just published the book "The site of **Leningrad** , 1941-1944 "which provides new and chilling data on German impenetrable wall that suffered the Soviet city during 872 days.According to Jones discovered during the siege of Leningrad lack of food caused a high incidence of cannibalism was given. 1,400 people were arrested for it and 300 executed by the Government of Stalin. "The real figures are undoubtedly much higher. During the worst period of the siege, in late January and early February 42, Leningrad entire districts were invaded by cannibals ".

Valentina Rothmann , 12, discovered horrified that **many of the bodies had been cut hauling butt** . That was nothing compared to the experience of another young woman, **Vera Rogova** , which **he pursued a cannibal hunger with missing eyes and an ax** . **Maria Ivanovna** was surprised to see that in the midst of famine, some tenants cooked meat; he said it was lamb but when lifting the lid of the pot broth stuck between a human hand.

In January 1942 Whole districts were invaded by **cannibals.**

Here is a photograph taken in a villa in the Volga region in 1921. It shows a couple of farmers who enraptured children to feed on their flesh.

They seem horror stories. However, they are real experiences during the siege of **Leningrad** , known as 900 days (actually 872), one of the worst in recorded history sieges and in which up to 40 degrees below zero cold and Hunger joined the war and darkness to configure a penalty box and apocalyptic horror. Nobody knows how many people died.

The authorities acknowledged more than 600,000 people dead, but other figures exceed 1,200,000. In a book recently appeared which is a real descent into hell (The siege of Leningrad, 1941-1944), but also an amazing testament to the ability of human survival and a touching song of hope, British historian **Michael Jones**University of Bristol, extraordinarily revive that siege -in large part through direct account of survivors and their newspapers-and provides new data that reveal all **the rawness** of an episode of World War II was manipulated by history Soviet official, who have long suffered the historiographical oblivion.

According to the text of the annotations in Russian and Chinese, it is starving peasants who fed on human flesh

Jones notes that had organized a group of 20 cannibals devoted to intercept the military post (to eat them) and that somewhere street gangs **Zelenaya** where potatoes are sold to the buyer to look where they were kept calling and when he crouched struck him with an ax in the head.

The **NKVD** (Commissariat of the Russian people), warned that markets human flesh was sold. "Crossing the city was dangerous and hard to trust others," recalled a survivor, stating that mutilated corpses were seen everywhere. Women especially cut their breasts.

The extent of **cannibalism** is a measure of the desperation caused food shortages. People are collapsing from hunger. Life was reduced to trying to find food. " **The horror of what was experienced in Leningrad** is almost unimaginable, "says Jones. People ate grass, wood glue, boiled paper walls, leather belts, books ...! The "kitchen siege" revealed a macabre imagination. "Cat is changed by glue" read a sign. There came a time when **3,000 people a day were dying of starvation** , then 15,000, 25,000 ... Nobody had the strength to bury them. A mother could only drag his dead son to the sill and left him there. So many people lacked a play on the three musketeers rode only two, no joke. **There were epidemics** of dysentery, typhus, etc.

The Germans, and this is another of the contributions of Jones did not want to merely take the city -**Petersburg** , as he called Hitler. " **The aim of the Nazis was to seal the city and starving the entire civilian population** , two million and a half people. Including half a million children ", says the historian. "This decision was motivated by ideological and racial hatred. And it was applied with almost scientific rigor. The Germans had not even accepted the unconditional surrender of Leningrad. "

But the siege of Leningrad is not an isolated case. Cases of human cannibalism recorded during the twentieth century in Russia and the Soviet Union superabound. During World War I also saw other cases: in the Nazi camp Stalag located in Ukraine, the Germans documented cannibalistic practices among Soviet POWs

It is also known for **acts of cannibalism** occurred during the **Ukrainian Holocaust** : An artificial famine by Stalin to subdue the Ukrainian peasantry that ravaged the territory of that Socialist Republic during the years of 1932 and 1933 killed approximately 3.5 million people victims of starvation and malnutrition.

War Communism adopted by the Bolsheviks during the **Russian Civil War** caused the Russian famine of 1921, spread throughout the Volga and the Urals. They died about 5 million people. That momentum humanitarian disaster many people to the practice of human cannibalism.

Among the Russian prisoners cannibalism were also committed and the siege of Leningrad corpses of children disappearing from the streets

In a documentary of Stalingrad was a witness to a Russian civil chronicling started eating like horses, then dogs along with cats and when they are finished ....

L **ost images in this post are from a public and official exhibition on the famine in the Volga region** which was held in the Kremlin in 1922. This exhibition included photographs of practicing cannibalism peasants who had been captured by the Czech (police Soviet secret). It may be part of a campaign to get international aid.Various Western organizations sent food to Russia, until they realized that the Bolsheviks were selling grain to foreign countries instead of using it to end the famine.

Since many battles of the Eastern Front were developed in extreme conditions, it is not surprising that reached as far as behavior **cannibalism** .

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Cat found with arrow in its head

10 News Staff, WTSP-TV (Florida) 10:17 p.m. CST January 7, 2015 khou.com

The owner went looking for her cat when she found it with a seven-inch arrow in its head

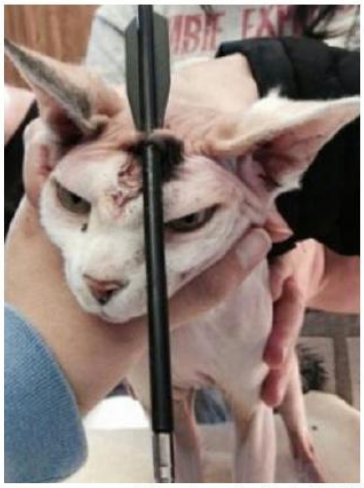
635562689500714793-kitt8

(Photo: Tyra Bulluck)

RIVERVIEW, Fla. -- A woman found her cat with an arrow through its head, and the story nearly ended in disaster.

Tyra Bulluck went looking for Akila, a calico Sphynx, and found the animal in some bushes with a seven-inch arrow in its head.

Bullock says the veterinarian told her if the arrow had been a millimeter over, it would have pierced Akila's skull. Now the cat has stitches, an injured ear and a broken tip of her tail.



Akila, a calico Sphynx, was shot in the head with an arrow. (Photo: Tyra Bulluck)

Last SlideNext Slide
Read or Share this story:

http://www.khou.com/story/news/local/animals/2015/01/07/cat-found-with-arrow-in-its-head/21425573/

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Cemetery may see development, but where are the bodies?

2015-02-23 sun-sentinel.com

What used to be a black cemetery could now become a townhouse development.

The question of whether to allow the housing project will be debated by the Deerfield Beach City Commission at a special meeting Tuesday night.

The decision whether to approve the townhouse plan will cap a 40-year debate about the future of the 3-acre tract on the southwest corner of Southeast Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

But whether the land is developed or not, one problem for family members of those buried there remains: Where are the bodies?

Several studies have concluded there are no longer bodies at the cemetery, which may date to the 19th century. But no one can say how or where the bodies were moved.

Pompano Beach resident Benjamin Miller had family and family friends buried there. Even though he now lives elsewhere, Miller, 83, was born and raised in Deerfield Beach and saw at least three funerals there when he was a child.

"I saw it with my own eyes, I am a living eyewitness," he said. If bodies were moved, "they didn't notify me, and they didn't notify my mother and they didn't notify my daddy. They were living, they were next of kin. Where did they put the bodies?"

The cemetery was once referred to as the "old colored cemetery" and some estimates have 300 to 400 bodies buried there. The first plans to build on the site came in 1974, but angry residents quashed the move. According to one city study, the leader of the protest movement said his wife was buried there. In 1974, he exhumed her body and had it reburied elsewhere.

Mayor Jean Robb said she thinks the bodies were moved to the city-owned Pineview Cemetery near Martin Luther King, Jr. Avenue but has been unable to confirm that hunch. The city clerk even reviewed old documents stored in a warehouse.

City officials, however, point to two studies, in 1986 and 2005, where experts determined there are no bodies at the site. The studies differ slightly: One said burials were conducted from 1910 to 1942; the other sets earlier dates, from 1897 to 1937.

Both studies could find no proof of skeletons.

The 1986 study, conducted by Florida Atlantic University anthropologists, found no physical evidence despite using a magnetometer to detect objects below the surface such as jewelry or casket handles. They also conducted "shovel tests." The study didn't prove conclusively there were no bodies, but it said there was little or no evidence they were there.

Another study, in 2005, paid in part by the property owner and carried out under the

supervision of city and county historical societies, reached the same conclusion. According to that study, at least 34 bodies were moved to the city cemetery in 1974.

The proposed project, Village Park at Deerfield Beach, will have 69 townhouses, said property owner Rob Kassab, and enhance the area's value.

But some residents don't want to see it built. Lillian Gross, 73, of Deerfield Beach, said she has an uncle and a set of twin cousins, all killed in an accident on Federal Highway, buried at the site.

"I don't feel they should build on a cemetery," she said. "That's a home for the dead."

Said Miller: "My father said if they ever build on that gravesite, that the building will be haunted, spirits will walk in and they will always regret they put a building up there."

lhuriash@tribpub.com or 954-572-2008

Copyright (c) 2015South Florida Sun-Sentinel

Priest claims children who eat 'evil ' Cheetos will be possessed by demons mirror.co.uk

Children who eat 'evil' Cheetos crisps will be possessed by demons, priest warns

- 15:02, 24 March 2015
- By Dominic Smith

Right-wing Catholic website says Cheetos Demonic range is 'dabbling in dangerous world of demons'

CEN

Evil: Catholic website warn these crisps are 'dabbling in demons'

Children who eat crisps with packets bearing the faces of vampires and skeletons have been told they are being "nourished by demons".

The Cheetos crisps brand has been attacked by a Catholic website for glamorising the occult.

Writing for the right-wing religious website Fronda.pl, an anonymous author wrote post a warning against the snack, saying: "Parents be aware of Demonic crisps.

"Demons, skeletons and vampires - these are the new variants of Cheetos snacks. All under the guise of innocent family fun.

"Is this not dabbling in the dangerous world of demons?"

Cheetos

Cheesy: A more wholesome packet of regular Cheetos

A spokesman for the publication said: "We view these crisps as dangerous as by eating them children will be nourished by demons."

But the crisp band has hit back, suggesting a fuss has been made of nothing.

A spokesman for Cheetos said: "The Cheetos Monsters range in Poland was inspired by all-things spooky but fun and we're surprised to hear that other links have been suggested."

Polish priest Father Slawomir Kostrzewa last year caused controversy by saying the toy Lego represented a 'world of death' and that their Zombie and Monster Fighter mini-figures could lead children 'to the dark side'.

In 2013, another Polish priest, Father Pawel Popielnicki, slammed Hello Kitty and My Little Pony for being creations of the devil.

City tourist finds 41-year-old Scottish message in a bottle - World News Online

Posted by: Adminin Top StoryJanuary 5, 2015

A man from Germany found a message in a bottle John Souter (above) wrote in 1973, but not near his native Scotland — it was found near New York.

A message in a bottle thrown overboard by a Scottish fisherman was found 41 years later, by a tourist visiting New York.

John Souter, 66, had forgotten all about it and was stunned to receive a letter from German tourist Michael Scholz.

He'd found the old Hay's lemonade bottle — which was thrown in to the North Sea in 1973 — washed up on a beach during a trip to the coast.

He took the bottle and its decades-old note back to his home in Cologne before mailing it to Souter's former home in Lossiemouth, Moray, Scotland.

In total, the bottle has now travelled at least 8,000miles — from Scotland to USA, then to Germany and finally back to Scotland — since it was tossed into the sea.

Souter wrote the message on June 7, 1973, while sailing with his father and late brother-in-law, Bill Stewart. It was on a torn-out page from a previous year's fishing almanac.

"I remember doing it. I was aboard my father's fishing boat," he said.

"I tore a bit of paper out of an old fishing almanac onboard and wrote my name, address and the date on it before putting it inside an old Hay's lemonade bottle and throwing it into the sea," he added.

"Bill did the same thing. He heard from someone who found his note within a year, but I'd completely forgotten about mine."

The bottle drifted around 3,300 miles to Jones Beach in New York before it was found by Scholz.

He then took it 3,760 miles home with him to Cologne, in Germany, before mailing it 960 miles back to Lossiemouth.

Along with the returned note, Scholz wrote a letter saying, “I have found your message in a bottle. But I didn’t find your message in Germany.

“Recently I visited New York. During a trip to the coast about 30 miles from John F. Kennedy Airport, I found your message.

“More than 40 years was your bottle on the go. Wow! It’s a long time.

“This is fantastic. I’m very impressed.”

Souter, who worked as a fisherman for more than 30 years but now works offshore, said he and wife Eileen sent Michael a Christmas card to thank him, and plan to get in touch with him in coming weeks.

“It’s amazing to think how far it traveled,” Souter said.

© Copyright 2015. World News Online. All Rights Reserved.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

How the People Hunted the Moose

One night, a family of moose was sitting in the lodge. As they sat around the fire, a strange thing happened. A pipe came floating in through the door. Sweet-smelling smoke came from the long pipe and it circled the lodge, passing close to each of the Moose People. The old bull moose saw the pipe but said nothing, and it passed him by. The cow moose said nothing, and the pipe passed her by also. So it passed by each of the Moose People until it reached the youngest of the young bull moose near the door of the lodge.

"You have come to me," he said to the pipe. Then he reached out and took the pipe and started to smoke it.

"My son," the old moose said, "you have killed us. This is a pipe from the human beings. They are smoking this pipe now and asking for success in their hunt. Now, tomorrow, they will find us. Now, because you smoked their pipe, they will be able to get us."

"I am not afraid," said the young bull moose. "I can run faster than any of those people. They cannot catch me." But the old bull moose said nothing more.

When the morning came, the Moose People left their lodge. They went across the land looking for food. But as soon as they reached the edge of the forest, they caught the scent of the hunters. It was the time of the year when there is a thin crust on the snow and the moose found it hard to move quickly.

"These human hunters will catch us," said the old cow moose. "Their feet are feathered like those of the grouse. They can walk on top of the snow."

When the Moose People began to run as the hunters followed them. The young bull moose who had taken the pipe ran off from the others. He was still sure he could outrun the hunters. But the hunters were on snowshoes, and the young moose's feet sank into the snow. They followed him until he tired, and then they killed him. After they had killed him, they thanked him for smoking their pipe and giving himself to them so they could survive. They treated his body with care, and they soothed his spirit.

That night, the young bull moose woke up in his lodge among his people. Next to his bed was a present given him by the human hunters. He showed it to all of the others.

"You see," he said. "It was not a bad thing for me to accept the long pipe the human people sent to us. Those hunters treated me with respect. It is right for us to allow the human beings to catch us."

And so it is to this day. Those hunters who show respect to the moose are always the ones who are successful when they hunt.

isakecahk

Wisakecahk is one of the most famous Cree heroes. There are hundreds of endless stories about him. He is a joker, always playing jokes on his brothers and sisters, the animals, plants and rocks.

Stories about Wisakecahk always have a moral. They are called story cycles because they are all connected. Each story is from the collective memory of everyone who has told it and may change each time it is told. The narrator may add characters from another story or change the story slightly to make a certain point.

Wisakecahk has many powers, such as the ability to change shape and be anything he wants, and to speak the languages of the animals and plants. No one really knows what he looks like. He is believed to have left the earth and to have headed north, but he returns sometimes to attend dances and other celebrations. However, his presence is never mentioned at these functions.

The mischievous Wisakecahk is always getting into trouble in his attempts to prove his intelligence and strength. Stories about Wisakecahk usually begin with him walking and feeling hungry. He is too lazy to get food for himself, so he will try to trick other animals into giving him their food, or into becoming his food. Tricks are often played on Wisakecahk himself. The stories also tell of Wisakecahk's entrance into the world and his experiences, teaching us about how animals and plants came to have their present colours, forms and special characteristics.

Stories about Wisakecahk are to be told only in the winter. If they are told during the summer, when there is good weather and we should be working as much as possible, the lizards will ruin the narrator's life by sucking his or her blood. These stories are meant to be narrated and not read; much is lost in the written word. Much of the spirit, humour and excitement are also lost in the translation of these stories; they can be best appreciated in the language in which they were first told. Wisakecahk is regarded as a pseudo-religious character in the Cree culture. His actions may seem evil or bad, according to Christian standards, but the Cree don't consider him or his actions evil. Christian morality is imposed in this situation. To the Cree, the means is less important than the end. Stories about Wisakecahk were told for entertainment and as a way teaching people how not to do things. Here are two examples of such stories.

The Origin of the Moon

A long time ago, there was no moon. There was only the sun. The Creator had messengers who helped him in his work. One of these was the Caretaker of the Sun. He had two children, a boy and a girl. All three lived in the Sky World. They were very happy.

The daughter looked after the camp. She kept it clean and tidy. When she shook the feather bedding, the feathers would fall to the earth as snow. The son hunted and fished. When he hung his nets to dry, droplets fell to earth as rain. The father would be away. All day he kept the great fire, burning on the sun. He was very old. Soon he would leave his children, never to return. He said to them, "When I die, you must keep the fire burning, or else the people and animals on earth will die."

One day when the fire was low on the sun, the father came home tired. He said, "Children, my children, my children. I have to go. I will never return." The children cried and mourned. They knew he would die.

In the morning, it was time to start the sun's fire. The children began to quarrel over who would do the task. "I will tend the fire, I am older," said the sister. "No, I am the man, I will do it," said the brother. They yelled thus to each other.

The people on earth began to worry, saying, "Why is the sun so late? It should be up by now!" Wisakecahk went to the sun to see what was the matter. When he arrived, the boy and his sister were still quarreling. Wisakecahk was angry. "The People and animals will perish," he said to them. "It is up to you! You keep the fire burning," he told the boy. "Your name from now on will be Pisim." To the sister he said, "You, too, will work as hard as your brother. You will keep the fire in another place. You will work at night. You will be Tipiskawipisim, the Moon. The two of you did not get along. As a punishment, you will see each other once a year. For all time, you will see each other from across the sky."

And so it happened. Even now it is so.

Wisakecahk and His Scabs

One day Wisakecahk was looking for food. He was getting upset with his bum because every time he was about to shoot his arrow he would fart and scare off the game. In order to punish his bum, he built a large fire and put a big rock on it. When the fire was hot, he sat on it. Wisakecahk was really in pain. He ran to the river to cool off his bum. "That should teach my bum," he said.

Scabs formed on his sore bum. As he walked, the scabs cracked and fell off. Later, he walked back the same way and saw the scabs on the path. "Hey, that looks like grandmother's dried meat! I sure am hungry," he thought. He picked up the scabs and ate them. Some animals that had been watching started laughing so loudly that they startled Wisakecahk. "What are you laughing at?" he asked. "Oh, silly Wisakecahk, you have been eating the scabs from your own bum!" they told him. Wisakecahk was so embarrassed he ran off.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Computer chaos feared over 2015's leap second

Andrew Griffin, The Independent

usatoday.com

The year 2015 will have an extra second — which could wreak havoc on the infrastructure powering the Internet.

At 11:59 p.m. on June 30, clocks will count up all the way to 60 seconds. That will allow the Earth's spin to catch up with atomic time.

The Earth's spin is gradually slowing down, by about two thousandths of a second per day, but atomic clocks are constant. That means that occasionally years have to be lengthened slightly, to allow the slowing Earth to catch up with the constant clock.

But last time it happened, in 2012, it took down much of the Internet. Reddit, Foursquare, Yelp and LinkedIn all reported problems, and so did the Linux operating system and programs using Java.

The reset has happened 25 times since they were introduced in 1972, but the computer problems are getting more serious as increasing numbers of computers sync up with atomic clocks. Those computers and servers are then shown the same second twice in a row — throwing them into a panic.

If a computer is told to do an operation at the time that is repeated, for instance, the computer is unsure what to do. Or if an e-mail is received in that moment, it could find its way in the wrong bit of the server.

Interested in tech? Follow USA Today's comprehensive CES coverage.

Last time, Google anticipated the problem and built a smart update, which it called "leap smear". It modified its servers so that they would add a little bit of extra time every time they were updated, so that by the time of the leap second they were already caught up with the new time. It said when it laid out the plan in 2011 that it would use the same technique in the future, when new leap seconds are announced.

Leap seconds were initially added at least once a year, but have slowed since 1979. The U.S. wants to get rid of them entirely, arguing that they cause too much disruption, but others have opposed the change.

Britain, for example, has said that the leap second should stay. Getting rid of it would mean the end of Greenwich Mean Time, used in some European and African countries, which is measured by the sun and would no longer be accurate.

This story originally appeared in The Independent. The content was created separately from USA TODAY.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Native American culture What's new on our site today!

Native Languages of the Americas: Cree Legends, Myths, and Stories

This is our collection of links to Cree folktales and traditional stories that can be read online. We have indexed our Native American mythology section by tribe to make them easier to locate; however, variants on the same legend are often told by American Indians from different tribes, especially if those tribes are kinfolk or neighbors to each other. In particular, though these legends come from the Cree tribe, the traditional stories of related tribes like the Innu and Ojibwe are very similar.

Enjoy the stories! If you would like to recommend a Cree legend for this page or think one of the ones on here should be removed, please let us know.

As in many Native American tribes, sacred Cree stories and myths are traditionally told only during the winter. Myths about the culture hero Wisakejak, even the most humorous ones, were among the stories restricted to wintertime. In some Cree communities, legends about animals were also forbidden during the summer. Folktales and other stories, such as legends about human heroes, monsters, and historical events, have always been told at any time of year. Some Cree families continue to follow this old tradition today, while others do not.

Important Cree Mythological Figures

Click on each character's name for more detailed information about his or her role in Cree mythology.

Wesal (also spelled Wisakedjak, Whiskey-Jack, and several other ways.) Wesakechak is the benevolent culture hero of the Cree tribe (sometimes referred to as a "transformer" by folklorists.) His name is spelled so many different ways partially because Cree was originally an unwritten language (so English speakers just spelled it however it sounded to them at the time), and partially because the Cree language is spoken across a huge geographical range in both Canada and the US, and the name sounds different in different dialects. The correct pronounciation in Plains Cree is similar to wee-sah-keh-chahk.

Wesakechak is a trickster character whose adventures are often humorous, but unlike Plains Indian tricksters he is portrayed as a staunch friend of humankind, not a dangerous or destructive being. Wesakechak shares many similarities with other Algonquian heroes such as the Wabanaki Glooskap, Blackfoot Napi, and Anishinabe Manabozho, and the same stories are often told in different Algonquian tribes with only the identity of the protagonist differing.

(also spelled Kihci Manito and other ways.) This means "Great Spirit" in the Cree language, and is the Cree name for the Creator (God.) Kisemanito is a divine spirit with no human form or attributes (including gender) and is never personified in Cree folklore. The name is pronounced similar to kih-say muh-nih-toh or kih-chih muh-nih-tuh, depending on dialect.

(also spelled Wihtikiw, Wihtikow, and other ways.) An evil man-eating spirit like the Windigo of the Anishinabe tribes. Witikos play the roles of monsters and bogeymen in some legends; in others, Cree people who commit sins (especially selfishness, gluttony, or cannibalism) are turned into a Witiko as punishment. It is pronounced wih-tih-koh or wih-tih-kew in the Cree language, depending on dialect.

(also known as Mimikwisiw, Mannegishi, and other names.) These are small river-dwelling water spirits (or "little people.") They are mischievous and often play tricks but are not usually dangerous, although they sometimes capsize canoes if they are not treated with proper respect. They are the size of young children and are often said to lack noses. Their name is pronounced differently in different Cree dialects; "memekwesiw" is pronounced similar to may-may-gway-sue.

(also spelled Apisciyenis, Apische'nes, and so on.) This literally means "little person" in Cree. In some Cree communities, this name is used instead of Memekwesiw (or as a synonym of Memekwesiw), referring to the same noseless riverbank spirits. In other Cree communities, Apiscinis is a different type of little person, a strong, hairy dwarf who lives in remote wilderness areas and may steal people's belongings or even their children (conversely, if they are in a good mood, these dwarves may help people by warning them of danger or leading lost hunters back to their camp.)

(also spelled Âyâs, Ayasi, and other ways): An epic hero who defeats many monsters and changes the form of humans and animals to make life better. In many tellings, Ayas is also said to be responsible for the World Fire in which the earth was destroyed and reborn.

(also spelled Cahkâpêsh, Cahkapes, and other ways): A Cree folk hero, sometimes referred to as the Man in the Moon. He is usually depicted as a dwarf. In some Cree stories Chahkabesh acts in a rash or foolish way, but he is always brave and good-hearted and never stays in trouble for long. His name is pronounced similar to chuh-kah-baish.

: A minor animal spirit, a wise elder who appears sometimes in the form of a fox, other times in the form of an old lady. Grandmother Fox plays an important role in the epic of Ayas, where she adopts the hero as her grandson and gives him advice and items of power to use in his quest.

(also spelled Msi-kinepikwa, Misi-Kinopik, and other ways): An underwater horned serpent, common to the legends of most Algonquian tribes. Its name literally means Great Serpent, and it is said to lurk in lakes and eat humans.

(Mishipizhiw): A powerful mythological creature something like a cross between a cougar and a dragon. It is a dangerous monster who lives in deep water and causes

Lynx men and women to drown.

(also spelled Pinesiw, Pithisiw, and other ways): Thunderbird, a giant mythological bird common to the northern and western tribes. Thunder is caused by the beating of their immense wings. Although thunderbirds are very powerful beings, they rarely bother humans, and were treated with reverence by most Cree people. The name is pronounced differently in different Cree dialects; in Plains Cree, it is pronounced similar to pih-yay-syoo. In some communities they are also referred to as Onimiski, which is the literal word for "thunder."

Piyesi

(Kacitowaskw): A giant hairless bear monster. Some people associate this creature with ancient mammoths.

Stiff-Jointe Bear

Cree Indian Folklore

- **Wesakechak:**
  Article on the Cree culture hero.
- **The Beginning of the Cree World:**
  Cree creation myth.
- **World Parent Myths:**
  Comparison of Huron, Inuit, and Cree creation myths.
- **Cree Flood Myth Knisteneaux Flood:**
  Cree legends about the flooding of the earth.
- **Wisakecahk:**
  Two Cree legends about the trickster Wisakecahk.
- **Omushkego Stories:**
  Audio files of Swampy Cree legends, in English and in Cree.
- **The Seagull and the Whiskey Jacks:**
  Chapleau Cree story about the difference between seagulls and gray jays.
- **Why the Weasel Is Nervous:**
  Cree legend of a trick Weasel played on Wesukechak.
- **Mudjikiwis:**
  Epic legend about ten Cree brothers and their Thunder wives.
- **How The People Hunted The Moose:**
  Cree legend about showing proper respect for the moose.
- **The Cannibal Rabbit:**
  Cree legend about an evil man-eating rabbit.
- **Frog and Rabbit:**
  When Rabbit and Frog were married.
- **How the Indians Obtained Dogs:**
  Cree story of how dogs came to the people.
- **Grandmother's Creation Story:**
  Cree legend about the animals interceding on behalf of humans.
  (This legend is mistakenly identified as "Creek" on the site.)
- **The Ghost Stallion:**
  Cree legend about a man who was punished for his cruelty to animals.
- **Weesakaychak and the Ducks:**

Cree legends about Wisakecahk playing tricks and being tricked in return.

- **Why The Mouse Is So Silky:**
  Swampy Cree legend about Wesukechak's reward to a mouse.
- **Elder Speak:**
  Collection of oral history narrated by Dene and Cree elders.
- **Flying Wonder:**
  Cree legend about a witch rejected by his human inlaws.
- **The Revenge of the Mountain Goats:**
  Cree legend about a friendship between a hunter and a mountain goat spirit.
- **The Blind Hunter:**
  Cree legend about a blind hunter whose sight was restored by loons.
- **The Legend of Ayas:**
  Audio file of a James Bay Cree storyteller narrating the story of the Cree hero Ayas.
- **The Jealous Father:**
  Another version of the Cree story of Ayas.
- **The Magic Gifts:**
  Cree legend about a hunter who won powerful gifts from a mysterious stranger.
- **The Foundling Who Was Befriended By Wolves:**
  Legend about a Cree man rescued by wolves after a murder attempt.

Recommended Books on Cree Mythology

- **Cree Legends And Narratives from the West Coast of James Bay:**
  Large bilingual collection of Cree legends and oral history.
- **Sacred Legends of the Sandy Lake Cree:**
  Book of Oji-Cree myths.
- **Mwakwa Talks to the Loon:**
  Picture book illustrating a Cree legend about Loon teaching the people to hunt and fish responsibly.
- **The Little Duck Sikihpsis:**
  Picture book illustrating a Cree folktale about a duck learning to accept himself.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Cree and other Algonquian tribes.
- **American Indian Trickster Tales:**
  Compilation of more than a hundred stories about Wesakaychak and other Native American tricksters.
  (Use discretion sharing these with kids as some of the stories contain adult humor.)

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

Traditional Cree philosophy
Cree words
Books of Native American legends

Native American religions
Canadian First Nations
Subarctic Indians
Algonquian Indians
Cree culture
Native American Indian peoples

Back to the Cree language homepage
Buy some Native American books

Learn more about the Crees.

American Indian crafts American Indian genealogy Cherokee history Ataniel fiction

Tribal tattoos

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Creepy But Lucrative: Haunted Dolls Are Becoming Big Business Online

inquisitr.com

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 16, 2015

As strange as it may sound, there is actually a market for haunted dolls online, and people are dusting off old toys in hopes of getting a piece of this creepy but lucrative business.

There's even a guide on eBay instructing people on how to buy and sell haunted items online. Trumpeting the guide as "common sense," the writer recommends such safeguards as never buying an item without some sort of documentation of its supernatural abilities to always keeping sea salt and holy water on hand to bless your home with — as well as a dire warning against making an impulse buy of a haunted item.

> "Please do not purchase any haunted items unless you are willing and able to deal with the consequences it may bring into your life."

Jak Hutchcraft, who writes for *Vice*, explained in an interview with *NPR* that he stumbled across the phenomenon of selling haunted dolls while surfing the "Everything Else" section of eBay.

"There was an advert for something which was a sadistic, perverted, haunted doll," Hutchcraft says. "It was this little, menacing-looking sort of troll." The ad included a warning that the doll should be bought only by "experienced, adult collectors," and explained that the doll was possessed by a male demon, and constantly shed its own clothes no matter how many times she was dressed. The ad also claimed that the haunted doll was "sexually abusive" towards other dolls.

And yet, the bids for the sexually abusive, haunted doll kept going higher, and it sold for more than $1,400.

Intrigued by the whole idea that not only were people selling haunted dolls online, but that there were people willing to pay hefty sums for said haunted dolls, Hutchcraft decided to do some investigating of the creepy market and the sellers that drive it.

To begin with, Hutchcraft reached out to Nancy Oyola, an online seller located in New Jersey who sells haunted dolls on her Etsy page, claiming she inherited more than 300 such items from her psychic grandmother, who passed way at the age of 102. Hutchcraft asked her why someone would buy a haunted doll.

> "People are fascinated by them. Many people who work with black or white magic are in need of a particular spirit to help them with their spells and rituals, so I can help."

And it seems as though her buyers believe her to be legitimate, as the buyer feedback from those who purchased their haunted dolls from Oyola is positive.

In fact, Oyola explained, buyer feedback, along with a spooky story to go with the dolls, are about the only guarantees a seller can offer, although some sellers are able to pair their haunted dolls with EVP (electronic voice phenomena) readings.

Jayne Harris has also made a rather big name for herself in the market of haunted dolls and possessed toys, selling at least one haunted doll a week to the growing community of people who are in the market for such an item. Harris, however, explains that people don't "buy" haunted dolls — they "adopt them," as if rather than owning the object, they want to give the spirit inside it a loving home.

"There are some people who are interested because they don't have children of their own," Harris explained. "They ask if I've come across any spirited children that are in limbo. There's a lot of pressure on me to get it right. I don't give them out to just anybody."

Other purchasers are often members of paranormal investigation groups in search of props to take along with them during investigations.

But before you jump online in order to buy your very own haunted doll, the *Common Sense Guide To Buying & Selling Haunted Items* on eBay has a final warning.

> "Have a plan of action of how you are to dispose of the item if it starts wreaking havoc in your home! Some of the activity we have witnessed from haunted items [is] banging on walls, scratching noises, walking sounds, moans, knocking, whispering, displaced objects, bed shaking, scents, ectoplasm…"

Who doesn't have a plan in place for an ectoplasm situation?

There's just something about old dolls, with their glassy eyes and cracked faces and matted tangles of hair, that makes them seem frightening. And with movies ranging from the cult-classic *Chucky* to the "based on real events" *Annabelle,* there are plenty of horror stories to bolster the creep-factor of dolls and play on people's fearful fascination with them. And one Scottish woman could certainly go into business for herself, as she claims her own dolls are so haunted that she has to hire a babysitter when she is away — and has done so ever since one of her dolls set fire to her house when alone. For more on her strange story, click here.

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Woman's corpse found in water tank after residents complain of "strange taste"

mirror.co.uk

- Jan 13, 2015 14:09
- By Jon Livesey

Twenty seven-year-old Carmen Yarira Noriega Esparza's remains may have been in the tank since she disappeared almost a year ago

CEN

Grisly find: The remains of Carmen Yarira Noriega Esparza were found in water tank

The rotting corpse of a missing young woman has been discovered floating in a city's filtration tank after residents complained of a "strange taste" in their drinking water.

Police said the body of aspiring actress Carmen Yarira Noriega Esparza, 27, was found in the tank by council workers responding to reports of foul tasting water.

The pretty brunette, a psychology graduate who dreamed of a TV career, was last seen leaving her gym in the Mexican capital Mexico City in February last year.

Following the grisly discovery, her family and friends are demanding answers over how her remains went unnoticed for so long.

In addition, residents in the area have been left horrified at the thought that the woman's decaying body tainted their domestic water supply for 11 months.

A police spokesman said: "City officials were called to the tank and when they opened it up they found the body in a high state of putrefaction.

"The body has been taken to the Institute of Forensic Sciences where a postmortem will be carried out to determine the exact cause of death.

"However she has already been identified as the missing woman from implants that she had as a result of a plastic surgery operation."

Investigation: Police are trying to trace what happened to the aspiring actress

According to police, it had been feared that Carmen - for whom they had a missing person report - had been taken by a gang involved in the sex slave business.

CEN

However, their investigation is now focused on her relationship with a businessman she had been seeing until she became romantically involved with a lawyer.

Officers said the businessman had been paying the rent on her flat.

But the week before she was supposed to move out of the flat, she vanished.

Carmen's friends and family launched a social media campaign and posted photographs of her in public in a bid to find her after a police probe failed to turn anything up.

Pal Javier Paz, 30, said: "She was a talented and beautiful women who dreamed of being an actress.

"When she failed to turn up at the clinic where she worked, we all thought that she might have been kidnapped and sold off into the sex trafficking industry, but it seems that her body was back in her apartment block the whole time."

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Dead Man Propped Up, Dressed In Green Lantern Costume At Wake

The Huffington Post | By Andy Campbell huffingtonpost.com

Posted: 02/18/2015 2:37 pm EST Updated: 02/20/2015 10:59 am EST

"And I shall shed my light over dark evil, for the dark things cannot stand the light; The light of... The Green Lantern!"

So said the legendary DC Comics superhero, Green Lantern, whose likeness will live on in the hearts of Renato Garcia's family. The 50-year-old Puerto Rican man died Monday after having respiratory issues, and his family decided to dress him in the costume he'd taken a liking to in the weeks leading up to his death:

green lantern

Two boys attend the wake of Renato Garcia, dressed as fictional superhero the Green Lantern and propped up against a wall in his sister's apartment in San Juan.

The Associated Press reports:

> Garcia's sister explained that she and her brother never discussed funeral wishes, but neighbors and friends suggested dressing him as the comic book superhero. Weeks earlier Garcia had found the costume in a bag of donated clothing and started wearing the guise daily.

His family saw him as a superhero.

"He was always very helpful," Garcia's sister and caretaker, Milagros Garcia, told Primera Hora. "You beckoned and he was always there."

Garcia's body was propped up in a standing position for the wake. Posing bodies at wakes and funerals is a familiar tradition in Puerto Rico, according to the New York Daily News. Professional boxer Christopher Rivera was stood up in the corner of a boxing ring, dressed in his boxing gear, after he was killed in 2014, the paper reports.

Garcia's funeral is reportedly scheduled for Wednesday.

green lantern

Like Us On Facebook |
Follow Us On Twitter |
Contact The Author

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Death-Defying Photos Of Skyscraper Construction Workers Goofing Around

16

Vincze_Miklos Vincze Miklós

I guess you have to make your own fun at work, even when work is 20 stories off the ground on the skeleton of a future skyscraper. But these photos of construction workers enjoying their breaks and photo-ops high in the air are simply terrifying.

Of course, not all of these photos show workers goofing around. Some of them are just doing their jobs. Their scary, vertigo-inducing jobs.

A construction worker is hauled up to his place of work on a 30-story skyscraper on New York's waterfront

1

(Photo by Henry Guttmann/Getty Images and General Photographic Agency/Getty Images)

A man balancing on scaffolding, 150 ft over New Orleans, 1925

2

(Photo by Topical Press Agency/Getty Images)

A worker walking blindfolded on a construction girder twenty stories high in New York City, 1925

3

4

(Photo by Topical Press Agency/Getty Images)

Scaffolding workers twenty stories above the ground during the building of the New York Telephone Company building (now Verizon Building), 1925

(Photo by Hulton Archive/Getty Images)

Lunch on a girder of the later Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue, New York City, November 1930

5

(Photo by Keystone/Getty Images)

Pausing for a sandwich lunch, c. 1930

6

7 8

(Photo by Hulton Archive/Getty Images)

Hanging on a wrecking ball pulley while working on the Empire State Building, c. 1930

9

10 11

(Photo by Hulton Archive/Getty Images)

A man rests on a grinder at the 86th floor of the Empire State Building, New York City, September 1930

12

(Photo by AP)

A group of steel workers standing on scaffolding 70 storeys high looking down over New York City from the GE Building (the centerpiece of Rockefeller Center), c. 1931

(Photo by Horace Abrahams/Getty Images)

A man relaxes during his lunch break on a steel beam atop he RCA Building at Rockefeller Center, New York, September 1932

13

14 15

(Photo by AP)

The photos of Charles C. Ebbets, shot on the construction of GE Building, 1932

16

17

(via Anthony Luke)

A workman stands on a girder, probably in San Francisco, c. 1936

18

19

(Photo by General Photographic Agency/Getty Images)

Two roofers take a break for lunch in front of the spire of All Souls Church, London, c. 1940

20

21

22

(Photo by Keystone/Getty Images)

Devon farmer's warning over 'Nazi super cows'

January 5th 2015 exeterexpressandecho.co.uk

A farmer who owns Britain's only Nazi cows has been forced to cut the size of his herd - because they are too aggressive.

The once-extinct aurochs were brought back to life by Adolf Hitler's scientists in the 1930s after officially dying out 4,000 years ago.

They arrived in Britain for the first time in 2009 when farmer Derek Gow imported 13 'Heck' cattle from Belgium to his Upcott Grange Farm at Lifton near Okehampton.

It was the first time the creatures had set foot on British soil since the Bronze Age.

But Mr Gow, 49, has now been forced to get rid of seven of the cows as he could not handle their "incredibly aggressive" nature.

He said: "We have had to cut out herd down to six because some of them were incredibly aggressive and we just couldn't handle them.

"What the Germans did with their breeding programme was create something truly primeval."

Hitler saw the 'super cows' as a symbol of German and Aryan might and tasked leading geneticists, brothers Heinz and Lutz Heck, to bring the aurochs "back into existence".

The pair traced the species' descendants to domestic breeds and managed to "pull the wild genes out" in a Jurassic Park-style experiment.

The Hecks' programme at zoos in Berlin and Munich was so successful that the new aurochs flourished and were used in propaganda material during the Second World War.

Father of two Derek says they were shorter than the aurochs, but retain their ancestors' muscular build, deep brown complexion, and shaggy, coffee-coloured fringe.

He added: "Importing the cattle has been an interesting project for us - they have such an unusual history.

"There was a thinking around that time that you could selectively breed animals for Aryan characteristics, which were rooted in runes, folklore and legend.

"Heck cattle were the product of an attempt to back-breed using a number of existing older species, including Spanish fighting bulls, fresians and simmentals."

The cattle, which have lethal-looking horns and a muscular build, are unlike any modern commercial breed of cow.

They were almost destroyed following the defeat of Nazism in 1945, but some survived after they were shipped to game parks in Western Europe.

Mr Gow said: "As far as being a commercial breed is concerned, they have little value, but they are a significant animal from a conservation point of view.

"For instance, each cow can produce its own weight in dung every year, which is a great source of food for insects and bugs and nutrients for the environment.

"The auroch was extinct, but domestic descendants - friesians, simmentals and everything else - were still kicking around the countryside.

"The two brothers argued that if the one wild animal that spawned all of these had gone, through a process of back-breeding domestic cattle, you could pull the wild genes out and recreate the ancestor."

The half-tonne cattle, Bos primigenius, died out in Britain 4,000 years ago but remained widespread across much of Europe until the 1600s.

But they were finally wiped out in 1627 after they were hunted to extinction for their horns, hide and meat.

They were saved in the early 1930s when Hitler wanted to recreate the breed to evoke the power of the "runes, folklore and legends of the Germanic peoples".

Heinz and Lutz Heck found their descendants in a cattle from the Scottish Highlands, Corsica and the French Camargue, as well as Spanish fighting bulls.

They then identified the particular auroch gene, which they were able to use to bring them back from the 'dead'.

The cows were later transported to game parks in Schorfheide near Berlin, and the Neander Valley in Dusseldorf.

Derek said: "The aurochs were wild bulls. Julius Caesar recorded them as being bulls as big as elephants.

"Young men hunted these bulls as preparation for battle and leadership in war, but also to obtain these huge 6ft-wide horns that the bulls had as drinking vessels and war horns. They were huge trophies."

Mr Gow said he got rid of some of the cows because they tried to kill his staff.

But because the reserve they came from didn't want them back they have been sent to an abattoir.

He said: "The ones we had to get rid of would just attack you any chance they could. They would try to kill anyone. Dealing with that was not a lot of fun at all.

"I have worked with a range of different animals from bison to deer and I have never come across anything like these.

"They are by far and away the most aggressive animals I have ever worked with.

"Some were perfectly calm and quiet and they are the ones we have kept. The others you could not go near.

"We made sure no one went near them so there were never any incidents. To get them into the trailer to get them off the farm we used a young and very athletic young man to stand on the ramp and they charged at him before he quickly jumped out the way.

"They were so aggressive that was the only way. But that was as near as they came. No one else went anywhere near them.

"When the Germans were selecting them to create this animal they used Spanish fighting cattle to give them the shape and ferocity they wanted.

"The reason the Nazis were so supportive of the project is they wanted them to be fierce and aggressive

"Since they have gone it is all peaceful again. Peace reigns supreme on the farm.

"Despite these problems, I have no regrets at all. It has been a good thing to do and the history of them is fascinating."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Did Vikings have such a bad attitude because they suffered from WORMS?

mirror.co.uk

- Jan 03, 2015 17:08
- By Chris Gee

New scientific research reveals that DNA recovered from the period were plagued by parasitic intestinal worms

Nordic Vikings who plundered and pillaged their way through Europe 1,000 years ago may have had a reputation for violence because they suffered from chronic worms.

The infestation of Viking warriors - identified by a team of scientists using DNA from the toilet of a Viking settlement at Tisso in modern day Denmark - was so bad, they say, that it would have been painful and probably left the warriors in a permanent bad mood.

The team say that by looking at the DNA fragments found in the soil it proved that the fear-inducing warriors were plagued by parasitic intestinal worms that must have made life very for some of them almost unbearable.

CEN

Plagued by parasites: A reconstruction of the place where Vikings lived

Dr Martin Soe, from the Center of Geogenetics at Copenhagen University, said the toilet DNA dates back to usage from a Danish Viking-age settlement latrine dating back to the year 1,018 and 1,030.

He said: "The Viking excrement samples were full of ancient eggs from the parasite families Ascaris, Trichuris and Faciola, which all have unpleasant members that thrive well in the intestinal systems of humans and house animals.

"Morphological examination revealed among them eggs of human whipworms, roundworms and the so-called Fasciola Hepatica parasite, a brown, worm-like parasite otherwise usually found in farm animals.

"The parasite, which measures up to 30mm, attacks the liver and gallbladder of its host and causes extremely painful infections. The equine roundworm is still very common in humans, it is pinkish or white and can reach a length of 35cm."

Put in a bad mood: A reconstruction inside the Viking king's hall

The findings indicate that the health of the rugged heathens suffered from their poor hygiene

CEN

and their close cohabitation with house and farm animals, such as sheep and cattle, that lived in their buildings, according to Dr Soe.

He added that the new testing of DNA evidence of prehistoric faecal matter offered exciting possibilities for researchers.

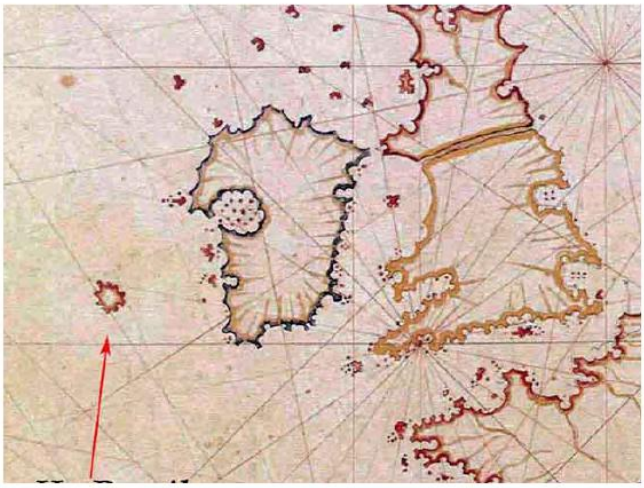
He said: "The DNA testing of old excrement can help reveal ancient travel and migration patterns, because intestinal parasites have slightly differences in their DNA profiles depending on which part of the world they originated from."

The article on the Viking toilet was published in the latest edition of the Journal of Parasitology.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Did mythical, vanishing island off the western coast of Ireland really exist?

irishcentral.com



December 31,2014

How much of Ireland's tale of a mythical, vanishing island is rooted in reality?

Imagination merges with reality where the island of Hy-Brasil is remembered in both travelers' records as well as in certain legends. Ireland could, indeed, have its own version of Atlantis.

Information gathered by historian Fiona Broome as well as Celtic mythological enthusiasts show the intersection of myth and reality in regards to the island of Hy-Brasil.

Hy-Brasil, also spelled Hy-Breasal, Hy-Brazil, Hy-Breasil, Brazir and related variations, is a phantom island which appears in many Irish myths. In Celtic history folklore, this island country takes its name from Breasal, the High King of the World.

However, as the Atlantic began to be more thoroughly explored, the name of Hy Brazil may have been attached to a real place, providing some evidence that attached itself to the Irish myth.

Hy-Brasil was noted on maps as early as 1325, when Genoese cartographer Dalorto placed the island west of Ireland. On successive sailing charts, it appears southwest of Galway Bay.

Both Saint Barrind and Saint Brendan found the island on their respective voyages, and returned home with nearly identical descriptions of Hy-Brasil, which they dubbed the "Promised Land."

A Catalan map of about 1480 labels an island as "Illa de brasil" to the south west of Ireland, where the mythical place was supposed to be.

Expeditions left Bristol in 1480 and 1481 to search for it, and a letter written shortly after the return of John Cabot from his expedition in 1497 reports that land found by Cabot had been "discovered in the past by the men from Bristol who found Hy Brasil."

Some historians claim that the navigator Pedro Álvares Cabral thought that he had reached this island in 1500, thus naming the country of Brazil. However, Cabral didn't choose the name 'Brazil'. The country was at first named Ilha de Vera Cruz (Island of the True Cross), later Terra de Santa Cruz (Land of the Holy Cross) and still later 'Brazil'.

The generally accepted theory states that it was renamed for the brazilwood, which has an extreme red color (so "brasil" derivated from "brasa": ember), a plant very valuable in Portuguese commerce and abundant in the new-found land.

The most distinctive geographical feature of Hy-Brasil, is that it appears on maps as a perfect circle, with a semi-circular channel through the center. The central image on the Brazilian flag, a circle with a channel across the center, was the symbol for Hy-Brasil on early maps.

The circular perimeter of the island was confirmed by both Saints Barrind and Brendan, who separately walked the shore to determine where the island ended, but never found it. Most likely, they were walking in circles.

One of the most famous visits to Hy-Brasil was in 1674 by Captain John Nisbet of Killybegs, Co. Donegal, Ireland. He and his crew were in familiar waters west of Ireland, when a fog came up.

As the fog lifted, the ship was dangerously close to rocks. While getting their bearings, the ship anchored in three fathoms of water, and four crew members rowed ashore to visit Hy-Brasil. They spent a day on the island, and returned with silver and gold given to them by an old man who lived there.

The last supposed sighting was in 1872 by Roderick O'Flaherty. In 'A Chorographical Description of West or H-Iar Connaught (1684),' he tells us of the reported "old man" by saying "There is now living, Morogh O'Ley, who immagins he was himself personally on O'Brasil for two days, and saw out of it the iles of Aran, Golamhead, Irrosbeghill, and other places of the west continent he was acquainted with."

The last documented sighting of Hy-Brasil was in 1872, when author T. J. Westropp and several companions saw the island appear and then vanish. This was Mr. Westropp's third view of Hy-Brasil, but on this voyage he had brought his mother and some friends to verify the Island's existence.

Whether or not the island exists - or ever existed - is still hard to tell, but the mythical and real accounts of the Island are hard to deny. What do you think about Hy-Brasil?

3 Comments

When we were in Kilkee we heard of a vanished piece of land that was enveloped by the ocean and sunk with the church on it from which the church-bells were still in legend heard. I found it easy to believe after I looked at the absolutely circular contours of the bay harbour at the ocean beach on the center of Kilkee. It is a lovely spot, somewhat south of the cliffs of Moher. I think it's possible that many "Atlantis" like islands once existed,.....and, maybe, they all disappeared around the time of Noah's flood.

It had already vanished when Brendan went looking for it. When you look at the cliffs of Moher and Dun Aengus you think of a sudden land subsidence. Did it have a pre Celtic population? Satellite technology may one day discover something. I like what you said about the flag of Brazil.

I'll bet it has plane wreckage, an H-bomb and polar bears...

© Copyright 2015 IrishCentral LLC
All rights reserved.

This baby was born with a perfect number 12 on his head

mirror.co.uk

Hanru van Niekerk may have arrived a day early judging by his unusual '12' birthmark.

The birthmark appeared in middle of Hanru's forehead, despite him being born on November 11 - suggesting he may have planned to enter the world 24 hours later.

His proud family initially failed to notice it in the delight of welcoming the new arrival.

In fact, his great-grandmother Catherine Jooste, 70, said it was only later that they noticed the number.

She said: "My youngest daughter was the first one to see it and she said there is a 1 and a 2 on his forehead. We did not worry about it, his doctor said it will fade as he gets older."

CEN

An early arrival? Perhaps Hanru should have been born 24 hours later

The family from the city of Johannesburg in South Africa said they had got so used to the birthmarrk that they almost don't notice it and it's not prevented them enjoying the Hanru's arrival.

Dermatologist Patrice Hyde told the newspaper that babies can develop birthmarks before or shortly after birth.

She said: "Hemangiomas are a bunch of tiny blood vessels that grow in a specific area on the skin — that's why they usually look red or purple.

"Blood vessels are tiny tubes that carry blood through the body.

"No one knows what causes blood vessels to group together, but it's good to know that most birthmarks aren't a sign of any kind of illness and usually don't hurt at all."

Hyde added that most birthmarks usually fade or disappear completely, but there are a few tricks and remedies to remove them if they were troubling or unsightly.

She said Corticosteroids are one of the most common ways used to get rid of birthmarks. They can be injected directly into the birthmark or taken orally.

The medication usually slows down the growth of birthmarks and can make them shrink.

Other ways include laser therapy and surgical removal if they fail to fade with time.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Dog Headed Men - Historic Mysteries

February 19, 2012

historicmysteries.com

Traditional eastern depiction of a dog-headed St. Christopher: an icon from the Byzantine Museum, Athens.

The imagination of cultures across time has produced a wide range of mythical beasts such as monsters and minotaurs. Not a fact known to many, there are many tales of dog headed men from different cultures around the world. The proper name for this phenomenon is "Cynocephaly." It should be noted that these are not werewolves, but animals or gods with the heads of dogs on fully human bodies. It should also be noted that these creatures are always male.

Probably the earliest example is the Egyptian god Anubis. This god is depicted with the body of a man but with the head of a jackal. Anubis was a god of death and the underworld, and paintings of Anubis can be found throughout Egypt's ancient sites.

While the Greeks may not have had dog-headed gods, they knew of places where dog-headed creatures purportedly existed. As far back as the fifth century BCE, a Greek doctor wrote about dog-headed men that could be found in India. Later, a Greek explorer described dog-headed men, also in India, who spoke to each other by barking and were primitive savages by nature.

Centuries later, even the elders of the Catholic Church believed such beings existed. Saint Augustine pondered in his writings if dog-headed men were held to the same moral laws as humankind and if they could be saved.

But Augustine was not Christianity's only delving into the subject. Very bizarrely, some ancient icons of Saint Christopher depict him as having a dog's head. The story goes that he led a sinful life in this form, but when he reformed and was baptized he was transformed into a man having a human head.

Even King Arthur gets into the picture when he and his army allegedly defeated a band of dog-headed soldiers in the mountains surrounding Edinburgh.

The whole phenomenon later degenerated from belief into a form of name-calling when Charlemagne proclaimed that the Norse race, his enemies, all had dogs' heads. Chances are Charlemagne didn't believe this was literally true.

And although he never claimed to encounter them personally, Marco Polo reported that dog-headed men lived on an island off the coast of Myanmar.

There are also reports of dog-headed men in writings from 5th century China, and some legends place dog-headed men in regions of Africa.

The tales are not all ancient. Current sightings of what are claimed to be humans with dog heads have happened in Michigan, Wisconsin, and the Shetland Islands.

Obviously there have been no skeletons of dog-headed humans ever found to back up these tales, and current believers are very few. But the widespread myths do make one wonder where all these stories came from and if these tales are just remnants of an earlier long-lost global myth that later developed their own flavors within different cultures.

Sources:
“Cynocephaly”, Wikipedia, pulled 15-Feb-12
Lobojo’s Den website: pulled 15-Feb-12
Paper Pusher website “Alphabeasts” pulled 15-Feb-12

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Easter Island: Cannibalism not behind demise of Rapa Nui population

ibtimes.co.uk

Easter Island inhabitants did not descend into cannibalism as a result of warfare (Arian Zwegers/Flickr)

The demise of the inhabitants of Easter Island was not a result of warfare that descended into widespread cannibalism, a study has found.

Instead, they died off following the arrival of Europeans, who brought with them syphilis, smallpox and slavery.

Published in the journal Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, authors were looking to evaluate the "long-standing debate" about the downfall of the prehistoric population of Rapa Nui.

"Many researchers believe that prehistoric Rapa Nui society collapsed because of centuries of unchecked population growth within a fragile environment," they wrote. "Recently, the notion of societal collapse has been questioned with the suggestion that extreme societal and demographic change occurred only after European contact in AD 1722."

It had been believed that the civilisation of Rapa Nui collapsed before the arrival of Europeans. Studies had suggested extreme deforestation led to the destruction of the fertile soil. This coupled with a rapidly expanding population resulted in warfare, widespread famine and eventually cannibalism.

However, researchers now say there is a lack of evidence to support this theory and there is no precise chronological framework showing the civilisation's demise.

The authors looked at land use on Easter Island and found activity before the arrival of Europeans, with decline in some near-coastal and upland areas. In post-contact Easter Island, the decline increased.

"These temporal land-use patterns correlate with rainfall variation and soil quality, with poorer environmental locations declining earlier. This analysis confirms that the intensity of land use decreased substantially in some areas of the island before European contact.

"Our paper evaluates a long-standing debate and examines whether the prehistoric population of Rapa Nui experienced a significant demographic collapse prior to European contact in AD 1722.

"This analysis demonstrates that the concept of 'collapse' is a misleading characterization of prehistoric human population dynamics. As a result, we see our approach as useful in the

Previous studies had suggested deforstation had led to the collapse. (Márcio Cabral de Moura/Flickr)

study of other prehistoric societies for which a sudden demographic collapse has been proposed in prehistory."

Professor Sue Hamilton, an Easter Island expert from UCL, commented on the study. She told The Times that the study vindicates the Rapa Nui, showing "their story is one of ingenuity, resilience and resourcefulness" – not cannibalism and warfare.

"It is a terrible presumption to say there was a food shortage. Yes, if you take away trees you expose the soil to having its nutrients flushed away, but you can do other things. Starvation is not an automatic result of tree removal, and neither is warfare."

© Copyright 2015 IBTimes Co., Ltd. All Rights Reserved.

Antique cauldron with macabre history hits the auction block in Wisconsin. You won't believe the story behind this thing.

An antique cauldron found covered in blood at the Ed Gein crime scene in Plainfield, WI

A cauldron that once belonged to Ed Gein. Photo courtesy of Pientka Auction Service.

In the world of collectible murderbilia, artifacts belonging to Ed Gein must surely be the Holy Grail. I've lived here in Wisconsin my entire life, and have never so much as laid eyes on an object that can be positively identified as Gein-related. Besides the jar of grave dirt in the cupboard from my last pilgrimage to Plainfield, of course.

Related: Serial Killer Trivia Board Game

So you can imagine my excitement when I opened my email earlier this week to find details about an upcoming auction containing a very unique and macabre piece of the Gein story. Amongst the various mundane antiques, the Pientka Auction website contains a photo of a rusted, insignificant-looking old pot. The caption beneath reads "cauldron with story."

That is a bit of an understatement.

Ed Gein Artifact for Sale

Ed Gein cauldron to be auctioned in Wisconsin

According to Dan McIntyre, the cauldron's current owner, his grandmother Evelyn Mair purchased the cauldron from the Gein estate sale held in 1958, along with some gardening tools. She painted the cauldron and planted flowers in it as a memorial for Gein's victims.

McIntyre says it wasn't until 50 years later that he learned the shocking reality of the inconspicuous flower pot that ended up in his parent's garage.

Hollis Brown, a friend of the McIntyre family, had been a neighbor of Ed Gein's. Brown told McIntyre that, after the police had finished photographing the crime scene, they were feeling sick to their stomachs. So he and another neighbor by the name of Howard Lowellyn helped remove the bodies and various remains. It was then that Hollis first saw the black cauldron in a shed, crusted with dried blood and guts

beside tubs and barrels filled with what he described as bloody human entrails.

When he saw the cauldron again many years later in the garage, Hollis immediately recognized it. Pale and noticeably shaken, he told his son Carneth about the cauldron, saying that he saw something he had not seen in 50 years. He wished he didn't remember where he saw it.

Cauldron that belonged to Wisconsin serial killer Ed Gein

Cauldron that belonged to Wisconsin serial killer Ed Gein

The cauldron will be up for bidding this Saturday, February 28th in Hatley, WI. For more info go to the Pientka Auction website right here.

Ed Gein Crime Scene

Following a lead while investigating the disappearance of local hardware store owner Bernice Worden on November 16th, 1957, police ended up on the Gein farm outside of Plainfield, Wisconsin. Eddie had bought antifreeze from the hardware store earlier that day. When investigators arrived to talk to him, they unwittingly stumbled upon the disturbing truth of Edward Gein's isolated life.

Photo of Ed Gein's house in Plainfield, WI before it burned to the ground.

Gein was arrested, and the state crime lab cleared out the grisly contents of his home. Boxes full of human remains were removed, including what was left of Bernice Worden, bar owner Mary Hogan who had disappeared several years earlier, and remains from numerous graves Gein had robbed. For years after his mother's death, Gein had been gathering body parts to create things inspired by the stories of cannibals and headhunters he was reading in pulp magazines. Among the remains removed from his home were numerous creations, including masks made from real human faces, a female skin suit, a belt made of nipples, skull caps he had used as bowls, and a human skin lampshade.

The Gein Farm

An estate sale was held on March 30th, 1958 to sell off the remainder of Gein's belongings. The house, which had become a tourist attraction and made the community uncomfortable, mysteriously burned the night before. Emden Schey bought the farm, the outbuildings and the homestead site for $4,658. Over the years he tore down the outbuildings, planted trees, and eventually sold off most of the property. The 40-acre homestead site, however, remained in the family. Schey passed it down to his grandson, Mike Fischer.

In 2006, Fisher attempted to sell the property on ebay, asking $250,000 for "Ed Geins Farm … The REAL deal!" Fisher told the press he was "just a guy who got stuck with this white elephant" and was tired of the "frustrations and the headaches."

Had I done my research *before* visiting Plainfield that year, I would have read Fisher's complaint about the ticks on the property and avoided a wholly traumatic ordeal.

Augusta Gein's Crucifix

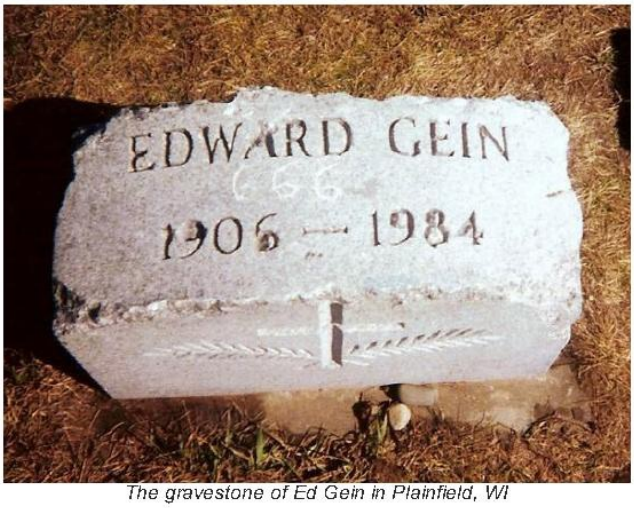
In the documentary Serial Killer Culture by filmmaker John Borowski, collector Rick Staton reveals a crucifix that once belonged to Ed's overbearing Christian mother, Augusta Gein. It was given to him by Ed personally during a visit at the Mendota State Hospital in Madison.

Ed Gein's Ghoul Car

Sideshow operator Bunny Gibbons bought Gein's car at public auction for $760. Amidst controversy, the 1949 Ford sedan Gein used to transport his victims traveled around the state. Fair-goers paid 25 cents to see the Ed Gein Ghoul Car and have their pictures taken with it. A sherrif shut down the exhibit when it was on display in Slinger, Wisconsin, and eventually the state banned it entirely.

Where is the car now?

The Gravestone of Ed Gein



The gravestone of Ed Gein in Plainfield, WI

Gein's chipped and vandalized gravestone was stolen from the Plainfield Cemetery in 2000. It was eventually tracked to a band in Seattle who was selling charcoal rubbings of it on their website and recovered in 2001, though it was never returned to the cemetery. It currently resides in storage in either the basement of the Wautoma police department or the old jail museum of the Waushara County Historical Society.

Gein's grave is now marked by the vacant space between his mother and brother, in the same cemetery where Bernice Worden lies and Eddie once robbed graves.

Skull Bowls and Skin Gloves

Though it is common to see photos online or find people claiming to own one of Gein's macabre creations, Judge Robert H. Gollmar, who convicted Gein of first-degree murder in 1968, asserts in his book Edward Gein: America's Most Bizarre Murderer that those particular pieces of evidence were destroyed after the investigation.

Plainfield Roadtrip

If you are planning a roadtrip to Plainfield, you likely won't find anything remaining that once belonged to Ed Gein. But you can still see the place where the Gein house once stood, visit the family in the cemetery, and see the old Worden hardware store, now Clark's True Value. I recommend obeying the no trespassing signs and avoiding destruction in the cemetery.

Also, I hear it's not a good idea to ask for antifreeze in the hardware store.

3 Comments

1. Doubting Thomas

February 27, 2015 at 9:38 am

Without an itemized receipt from the auction in 1958 (conducted by professional auctioneers), this old pot can't be connected to Gein…people make up stories every day to turn a buck, and fools part with their money. Why is this item any different?

2. thewiscokid

February 27, 2015 at 8:41 am

I thought the gravestone was taken earlier than that? I forget. Couple years ago when I visited I was told by the director of the Waushara County Historical Society that the headstone is in the basement of the Wautoma p.d.

3. Nix

February 26, 2015 at 10:23 pm

I'd like to know what this ends up going for!

Copyright ©2015 Cult of Weird. Weird news and oddities. Contact: info@cultofweird.com

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Ever Dream This Man? - Historic Mysteries

Have you ever dreamed of this man? If so, you are not alone.

Ever dream this man? Or put more appropriately, have you ever had a dream of someone who looked like this man? According to www.thisman.org, many people have. To date, over 2,000 people from all over the world claim to have seen this man in their dreams.

It all started in January 2006 when a well known psychiatrist in New York decided to sketch the face of a man who periodically appeared in her dreams providing advice. The sketch lay forgotten for some time until a patient of hers saw the sketch on her desk. The patient immediately recognized this man as appearing in his dreams as well. Both the psychiatrist and the patient have never seen this man in real life before.

The psychiatrist found this to be quite interesting and forwarded the sketch to her colleagues to see if any of their patients suffering from recurring dreams recognized him as well. Within months, four patients identified the sketch as that of the man who occasionally visits them in their dreams. Additionally, all of the patients collectively referred to him as "***this man***."

What can be ascertained is that there is no common link between the thousands of people who have since claimed to have seen this man in their dreams. The dreams cover a variety of themes ranging from friendly advice, romantic encounters to nightmares involving horrific attacks.

Here are some quotes from people who have dreamed of this man:

> *I have had this recurrent dream for some years now. A tall, dark man shows me a picture and asks me if I can recognise my father in it. The man in the picture is this man I have never seen before, he looks nothing like my dad, nevertheless I inexplicably answer that I do recognize my father. At this point I usually wake up feeling very peaceful. Other times the dream continues, I am standing before my father's grave, I place some flowers on the ground and I realise the photograph on the tombstone is missing.*
>
> *I dreamt of this man when I was in the 10th grade. He hasn't been in any recurring dreams just one very memorable and terrifying dream. In my dream I was stuck in a room sitting on a stool. A few feet away from me there was a television set. I was 'visited' by two men I had never seen before (not 'this man') and they both attacked me. I woke up covered in sweat and tears and I was screaming. I somehow fell asleep then I found myself back in the room. I started screaming and crying. Then This Man showed up on the screen. I begged him to not harm me. He didn't change his blank expression or speak. He slit my throat and I woke*

up. I suppose he let me out of the nightmare but I couldn't stop thinking about him for weeks. I still have some of the sketches I drew of him. I know it's kind of weird.

A flyer in Barcelona, Spain asking if this man has appeared in their dreams. Image credit: www.thisman.org

A variety of theories have been presented as to why so many people are having dreams of this man. Some range from collective unconsciousness, where this man appears during times of hardship, to a religious experience based on the theory that this man is God presenting himself in the physical form.

Although there are thousands of people who "claim" to have seen this man in their dreams, speculation exists that this is an elaborate hoax created by the webmaster of www.thisman.org. The individual is identified as Italian sociologist and marketing strategist Andrea Natella. Natella also operates an aggressive advertising agency named Guerilla Marketing which was involved in a variety of marketing projects ranging from art, politics and pornography.

A few years ago Ghost House Pictures stated American filmmaker Bryan Bertino will be directing a film about this phenomenon which will also be titled "This Man."

The possibility of this being a hoax has never been formally confirmed. In the meantime,This Man established itself online as a means to help identify who this man is. So if you have ever dreamed of this man, or if you have any information on who he may be, please let them (and us) know.

References:

This Man
This Man (Ever Dream This Man)
Examiner – Ever Dream This Man?

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Published: 12 Mar 2015 10:03 GMT+01:00 Updated: 12 Mar 2015 13:03 GMT+01:00

Researchers working to unearth the remains of Don Quixote author Miguel de Cervantes think they have finally found his skeleton.

Scientists who have been searching the church of the Convent of the Barefoot Trinitarians for months said that they had found a skeleton of a man and woman that might belong to Cervantes and his wife, Catalina de Salazar, Spanish media reported on Wednesday.

Researchers said they found the bones in a niche of a crypt in the church with the initials 'MC'.

The skeletons are not complete and are in poor condition, according to researchers, but an analysis to date the remains seemed to correspond with the deaths of Cervantes and Salazar.

Work began in April of last year to find his remains at the church, where the author had asked to be buried. Due to reconstruction of the church over the years, his remains had been moved and their exact whereabouts was not known.

Scientists used infrared cameras, 3D scanners and a ground-penetrating radar last year to pinpoint the five areas at the church where the author might be buried. The researchers then faced months of negotiations to obtain permits and initial reluctance by the convent's residents to let the excavation begin.

The investigation coincides with the 400-year anniversary of the publication of the second part of Don Quixote in 1615.

Born near Madrid in 1547, Cervantes is heralded as the father of the modern novel with the publication of 'The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha'.

He was buried a day after his death on April 22, 1616 - the same week that William Shakespeare died.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

According To a Widespread urban legend in Madrid and elsewhere in Spain, Veronica is a **spirit** That Appears c **hen is Repeated 6 times your name in front of a mirror at night.**

Once this is done, **Veronica kills Who has Invoked** , usually we with a weapon That is in the vicinity (kitchen knives, pocket knives, scissors ...), shot out and digs into the heart or neck of the victim. Not easy to Establish the origin of the figure, but Certainly it is linked to the manifestation of souls-through the mirror. Some wanted to link Have It With Saint Veronica

The most common version says That it is a dead girl During puberty (Often During a session **ouija**) and Whose spirit is trapped Between the world of the living and the dead.

However, some versions Consider **Satan's daughter** By **spiritualist practices** May evoke the spirit for Consultations, usually we related to the first love or death.

The ritual comes in various configurations, Involving the use of everyday objects, like a mirror., scissors and a book (Often, the Bible)

You may also like: Necronomicon "Lovecraft writer or disciple"

*/ * Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. * / .in-Markup-crop-options {top: 18px! Important; left: 50%! important; margin-left: -100px! important; width: 200px! important; border: 2px rgba (255,255,255, .38) solid! important; border-radius: 4px! important; } .in-Markup-crop-options div div: first-of-type {margin-left: 0px! Important; }*

Did this ghost of little girl who drowned in 1915 photobomb family swim picture?

mirror.co.uk

Family 'photobombed by ghost of little girl who drowned in 1915'

- 12:40, 11 March 2015
- By Sam Webb

The face is eerily luminescent and has two dark 'eye holes'. Some observers have claimed two hair buns can be seen. Others have claimed they could be horns

Toowoomba Ghost Chasers / Kim Davison / Facebook

Image: This photo shows what appears to be the ghost of a young girl

In this seemingly innocent photo, a happy family splashes around in a picturesque creek as sunlight dapples the water.

But on closer inspection a supernatural visage can be clearly seen at the centre of the image - and paranormal experts claim it is the ghost of a girl who drowned there in 1915.

The face is eerily luminescent and has two dark 'eye holes'. Some observers have claimed two hair buns can be seen. Others have claimed they could be horns.

Kim Davison, from Queensland, Australia, posted the image, taken at Lockyer Creek in south-east Brisbane, on the 'Toowoomba Ghost Chasers' Facebook page.

She wrote: "There was only three children there on that day.

"We have had two IT specialists look at this photo.

"At the time of taking this photo there was nothing between us."

Chillingly, the spirit could have been malevolent.

Lost: The newspaper cutting about the teenager's death

Kim said there were a series of unexplained incidents on the day that could have been caused by an angry supernatural presence.

"The older girl had trouble in the water on two occasions that day," she added.

Followers of the supernatural probed deeper and discovered that a 13-year-old drowned at

Little Girl Drowned at Helidon.

Doreen O'Sullivan, aged 13 years, eldest daughter of Mr. James O'Sullivan, was accidentally drowned whilst bathing in the Lockyer Creek on Friday afternoon (writes our Helidon correspondent). Nearly an hour elapsed before the body was recovered. The spot, which has always been considered dangerous, is known as Murphy's Hole, and is over 20ft. deep. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, and was largely attended, the convent school children, dressed in white, marching next to the hearse.

Kim Davison from Queensland, Australia posted a picture on the Toowoomba Ghost Chasers Facebook page showing what appears to be the ghost of a young girl, who died in the same spot 100 years ago

the spot.

An entry in the Brisbane Courier on November 22 1915, reveals that Doreen O'Sullivan died bathing at the site.

It states: "Doreen O'Sullivan, aged 13 years, eldest daughter of Mr. James O'Sullivan' was accidentally drowned whilst bathing in the Lockyer Creek on Friday afternoon.

"Nearly an hour elapsed, before the body was recovered. The spot, which has always been considered dangerous, is known as Murphy's Hole, and is over 20ft deep.

"The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, and was largely attended, the convent school children, dressed in white, marching next to the hearse."

However, cynics have pointed out the image could easily just be sunlight on the water.

Max Meara commented: "The eye sees what it wants to see. In my opinion, it's nothing more than a splash of water.

"Notice the child facing away from the camera - their left arm has just surfaced, causing a splash."

It comes after CCTV footage could have captured the moment Walt Disney's ghost roams through his beloved theme park after everyone has gone home.

The ghostly light appears to be in the shape of a human, and can be seen gliding across four different CCTV screens as it moves through the park.

At one point, the spooky, glowing image even appears to walk on the water across a boating lake at the facility.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

A Fata Morgana or superior mirage is an optical phenomenon caused by light passing through a thermal inversion where an atmospheric duct has formed. Here pack ice produces the mirage on the horizon. Fata Morgana mirage, Nunavut, Canada. A Fata Morgana, or superior mirage, is an optical phenomenon caused by light passing through a region where two layers of air at different temperatures meet. The result is a tremendously distorted view of an object in the far distance. In this image, pack ice is seen distorted and appears much taller than in reality.

Jesuit priests aren't especially known for their heavy drug use, but it would seem that Father Domenico Giardina was tripping pretty hard on August 14, 1643. Looking out over the sea from Messina, Sicily, Giardina saw "a city all floating in the air, and so measureless and so splendid, so adorned with magnificent buildings, all of which was found on a base of a luminous crystal." The metropolis suddenly transformed into a garden, and next a forest. And then in a flash it all descended into chaos. Huge armies sprang forth, as did the towns they had laid waste to, before the whole mess disappeared.

Father Giardina, you see, was high on life. The "great and marvelous theater" he had witnessed was the mysterious fata morgana, an incredibly complex mirage that has historically both fascinated and scared the hell out of sailors and landlubbers alike. Whether it be the work of necromancers or fairies or a god, few phenomena have captivated humankind quite so thoroughly as fata morgana.

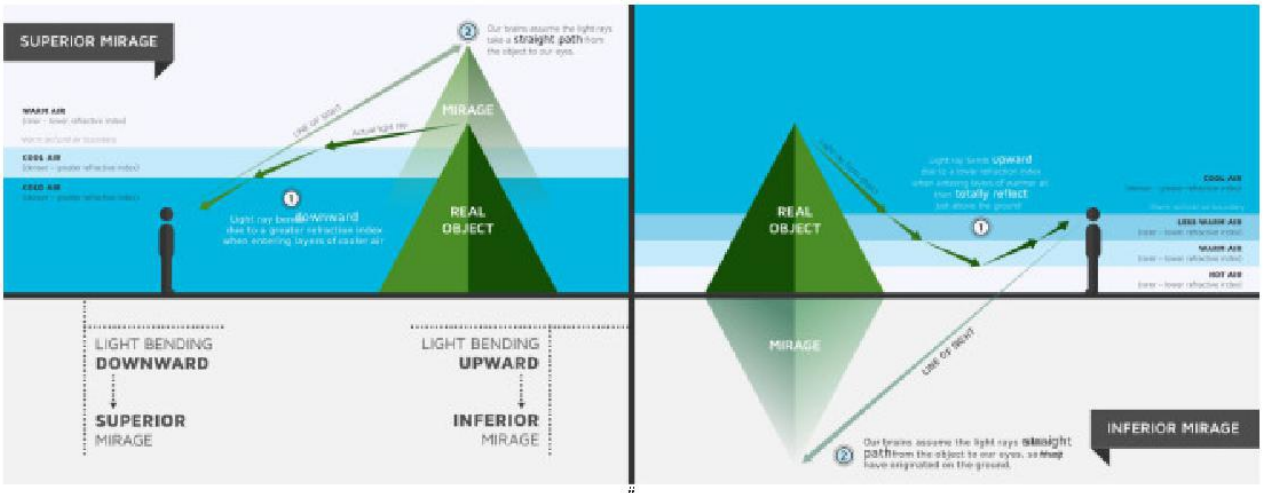
It was Jesuits like Father Giardina, argues Marina Warner in her brilliant book *Phantasmagoria*, who made the first "careful" observations of fata morgana, that is, not freaking out about them and instead beginning to apply a dash of science to the matter. The good Father claimed, writes Warner, that the minerals and salts in the region "rise up in hot weather in vapours from the sea to form clouds, which then condense in the cooler upper air to become a mobile specchio, a moving, polyhedrical mirror." It was wrong, but it actually wasn't that far off.

Caption

At work here is some basic physics. When the sun heats up the atmosphere above the ocean, it creates a gradient of temperatures: Near the surface, it's still relatively cool because the water is chilling that air, but sitting above that is a layer of warmer air. Now, light doesn't always travel in a straight line. When it hits a boundary between two layers of the atmosphere that are different temperatures (and therefore different densities), it bends and travels through the new layer at a different angle. This is known as refraction. The change in the light's angle of travel depends on the difference in density between the two layers.

How does bending light create a mirage? The rest of the effect is caused by how your brain works. When light hits your eyes, your brain assumes it arrived there in a straight path between you and the object reflecting the light. So if light is bent on its way toward you, your brain will think the object is where it would be if the light's path was straight. This is why when you are looking down on a surface of water, objects under the surface will appear to be in a different spot than they actually are—just ask a spear fisherman…if you happen to know a spear fisherman. The human brain doesn't automatically account for the refraction. (Interestingly, the brains of some birds like ospreys do correct for the effect so that when they dive headlong into the water after a fish, they are right on target.)

In the case of a fata morgana mirage, light reflecting from a distant object such as a ship is bent downward as it passes through the colder, denser air near the surface of the ocean (or sometimes cold land, particularly ice). But your brain places the object where it would be if the light came to you in a straight path—higher than it actually is. This bending effect can even work with the curvature of the Earth if conditions are just right, which is why some fata morgana images can actually be refracted cities and ships from beyond the horizon.



The opposite situation is what produces mirages like an oasis of water in the desert. In this case, a hot layer of air just above the surface bends light rays *up* toward your eyes, causing your brain to perceive things as much lower than they actually are. The desert oasis is actually the sky. This kind of mirage is known as inferior, while the fata morgana, which places objects higher than they actually are, is superior.

But before the Scientific Revolution and all its wonderful advances in physics, mirages were firmly in the realm of mysticism (thank a Frenchman named Pierre de Fermat, by the way, for his pioneering work in decoding inferior mirages right around the same time Father Giardina was making his own observations). Indeed, fata morgana takes its name from Morgan le Fay, the treacherous fairy, enchantress, and half-sister of King Arthur.

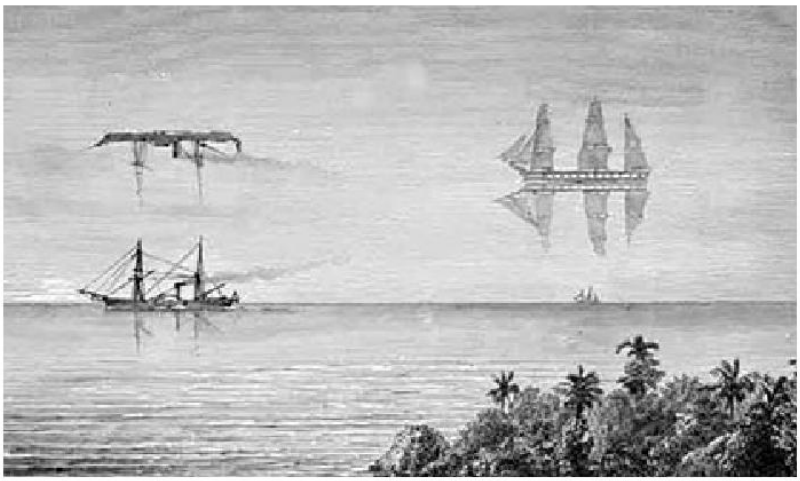
Morgan le Fay or Morgana, a medieval sorceress of Arthurian legend.

According to Warner, the Normans brought stories of Morgan's magic to Italy, particularly her penchant for luring sailors to an undersea palace with visions of castles in the air—fata morgana is particularly prevalent in southern Italy's Strait of Messina, where Father Giardina experienced his own vision. Another Italian version of the legend has Morgan falling in love with a regular fella, granting him immortality, and keeping him in captivity, then putting on shows in the sky when he gets bored with the whole never dying thing.

And long before Arthurian legend, it could have been that sightings of these phenomena gave rise to any number of the "whoa something is appearing in the sky" scenes in antiquity, Warner argues. The Second Book of Maccabees, for example, tells of sky-people coming to the aid of the Jews in their skirmishes with the Romans: "When the battle became fierce, there appeared to the enemy from heaven five resplendent men on horses with golden bridles, and they were leading the Jews." The ghostly warriors fired arrows and thunderbolts at the rascally Romans, "so that, confused and blinded, they were thrown into disorder and cut to pieces."

Fata morgana's most famous offspring, though, is the legend of the Flying Dutchman, a ghost ship said to sail aimlessly around the high seas. The tale was first popularized in a story called "Vanderdecken's Message Home" from 1821, which told of a boat from Amsterdam that haunts the Cape of Good Hope, trying to hand off letters from its dead crew to the vessels of the living

(*uh, no thanks*, the sailors would say, *you can deliver your own damn mail*). Warner connects this to fata morgana showing a ship from beyond the horizon: The mirage vessel could suddenly disappear with no explanation, and there you have your legend.



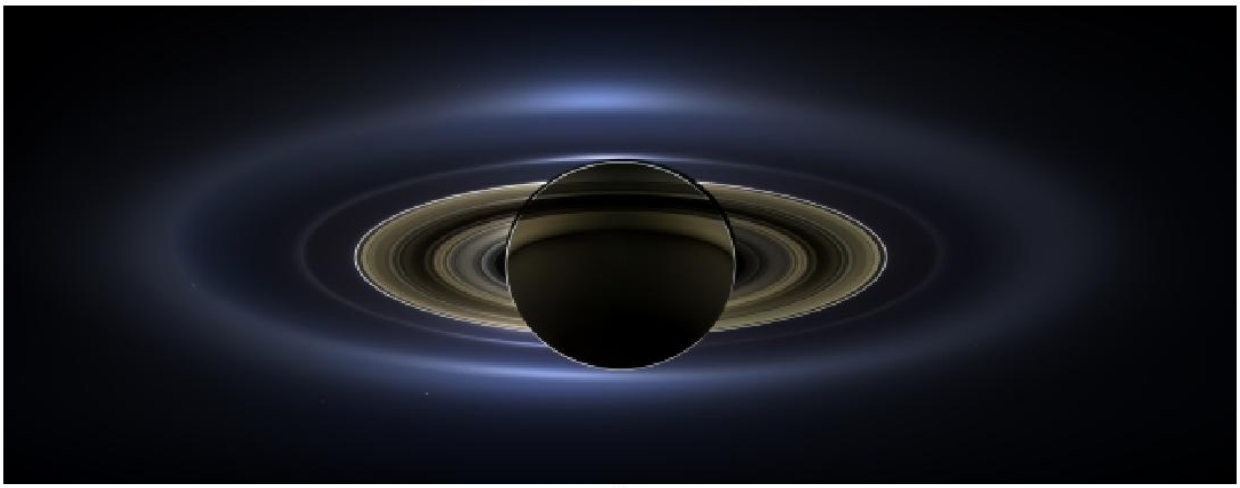
cap

In the decades following "Vanderdecken's Message Home," few other than the most superstitious (or most intoxicated) of sailors actually feared the Flying Dutchman, but real fata morganas made their way into the blossoming mass media of America. In 1871, the *Sentinel* of Santa Cruz, California reported a fata morgana that made a steamer appear "four or five stories high," while other schooners played about beautifully in the mirage. Some 20 years later in Buffalo, New York, 20,000 people gathered to witness a fata morgana on Lake Ontario. Though Toronto was over 50 miles away, "its church spires could be counted with the greatest ease" through the mirage, reported *Scientific American*.

Gone was the mythologizing of fata morganas, yet the wonderment remained. And that right there is the beauty of science: The ghost ships full of angry dead dudes waving letters may be passé, but we get to keep 100 percent of the awe and zero percent of the scurvy. And I'd say that's pretty good progress.

Reference:
Warner, M. (2008) Phantasmagoria: Spirit Visions, Metaphors, and Media Into the Twenty-First Century. Oxford University Press

WIRED.com © 2015 Condé Nast. All rights reserved. Use of this Site constitutes acceptance of our User Agreement (effective 01/02/2014) and Privacy Policy (effective 01/02/2014) . Your California Privacy Rights . The material on this site may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, cached or otherwise used, except with the prior written permission of Condé Nast . Ad Choices



jj

In 1837, the Scottish scientist Thomas Dick had a big idea. A really, *really* big idea: Build "a huge triangle or ellipsis of many miles in extent, in Siberia or any other country." He figured that because there are some 22 trillion aliens living in our solar system, 4.2 billion of which are on the moon, even if they don't have telescope technology to spy the triangle, surely some would have eyes powerful enough to see it unaided. Perhaps realizing just what a big idea this was, he added, "Schemes far more foolish and preposterous than the above have been contrived and acted upon in every age of the world."

Here's what Dick figured. At the time, there were an average of 280 people per square mile in England. And because he thought every surface of our universe bears life, it would naturally occur at roughly the same population density. So from comets and asteroids to the rings of Saturn, if you knew how big something was, you could guess how many beings live there. Thus, Jupiter would be the most populated object in the solar system, with 7 trillion beings. The least populated would be Vesta, the second largest asteroid in the asteroid belt, tallying just 64 million.

Dick, you see, was a very religious man, but also a voracious scientist, one of the last of the so-called natural theologists, who looked for signs of God's influence in nature. For Dick, it simply did not make sense for God to have created the cosmos just to have it sit around unoccupied. There must be creatures out there capable of enjoying its beauty, because God wants *all* his work appreciated.

In his book *Celestial Scenery*, which when it isn't rambling is actually quite interesting, Dick writes: "This is a conclusion which is not merely probable, but absolutely certain, for the opposite opinion would rob the Deity of the most distinguishing attribute of his nature, by virtually denying him the perfection of infinite wisdom and intelligence."

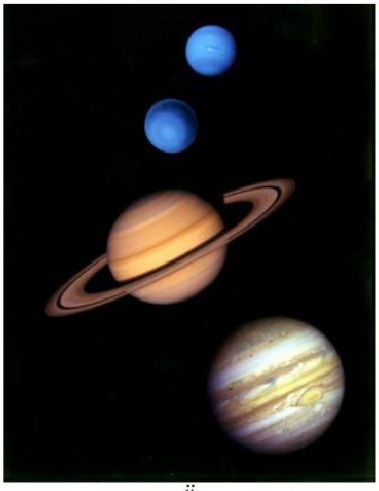
If you think waterfalls and sunsets here on Earth are neato, Dick promises you'll be floored by what you'd see on other planets. "What should we think of a globe appearing in our nocturnal

Yours very truly
Thomas Dick

jj

sky 1,300 times larger than the apparent size of the moon, and every hour assuming a different aspect?" he asked. "What should we think of a globe filling the twentieth part of the sky, and surrounded with immense rings, in rapid motion, diffusing a radiance over the whole heavens?" It's a lovely image, isn't it? These are also scenes we see realized in modern sci-fi—from a brain that was ticking fully two centuries ago.

You might think that living on other worlds might be difficult, but Dick assures us they're arranged much like Earth, with mountains and valleys and such. The moon in particular has "an immense variety of elevations and depressions," and while we can't directly observe such features on Jupiter, Saturn, or Uranus, given their distance, when light hits them it reveals "the spots and differences of shade and color which are sometimes distinguishable on their disks," thus betraying the uneven surfaces underneath. (We know today, of course, that these are all in fact gas giants.)



jj

God also provides atmospheres on other planetary bodies, "but we have no reason to conclude that they are exactly similar to ours." Mars' atmosphere, for example, is denser than our own, bestowing the planet that lovely red hue (it's actually less dense). Others may be so thin that they allow their inhabitants to "penetrate much farther into space than we can do," with the added bonus that such an atmosphere could "raise their spirits to the highest pitch of ecstasy, similar to some of the effects produced on our frame by inhaling that gaseous fluid called the nitrous oxyde." Yes, he actually wrote that, complete with the superfluous "the," like your grandpa decrying "the hip-hop" and "the reefers."

There is, though, the rather glaring problem of the crushing gravity of a planet the size of Saturn. But Dick posits that "the density of Jupiter is little more than that of water, and that of Saturn about the density of cork." Jupiter, therefore, would have a gravity only twice as great as Earth's—not so terrible in the grand scheme of things.

For as bizarre as all this may seem, notice how scientific Dick was about his theory. This was not mere daydreaming. He had numbers, and he had principles, and with them he formulated a wildly wrong idea, but nevertheless pieced it together fairly logically. And he wasn't even the first scientist to argue that life existed elsewhere in our solar system. Far from it: It was none other than the famed astronomer William Herschel who argued that not only was there life on every planet, but on the sun as well. That blinding glow we see is simply a luminous atmosphere hiding a rocky surface that teemed with life.

And oddly enough, it was Herschel's son John who indirectly eclipsed Dick in an epic way.

The Great American Tradition of Newspapers That You Can't Even Remotely Trust

According to Paul Collins in his book *Banvard's Folly: Thirteen Tales of People Who Didn't Change the World*, on August 21, 1835, the *New York Sun* dropped a bombshell of a story: Astronomer Sir John Herschel had erected an enormous telescope in South Africa that could magnify celestial bodies an astounding 42,000 times. And when he pointed it at the moon he saw a field of poppies.

It was all just a hoax, but the issue sold like mad. And so, four days later, the paper dropped another bombshell: Herschel next saw bison on the moon. And not just bison, but monsters of "bluish lead color, about the size of a goat, with a head and beard like him, and a single horn, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular." Not only that, but bipedal beavers as tall as humans. Based on the *Sun*'s account, Collins describes them "skating gracefully among their villages of tall huts, which all had chimneys, showing them to be acquainted with the use of fire."

Then on August 28th came the kicker. Herschel had spotted humans up there on the moon—4-foot-tall humans "with short and glossy copper-colored hair, and had wings composed of a thin membrane," the *Sun* reported. They had built giant sapphire pyramids, and apparently had a fondness for cucumbers. Perhaps more importantly for the hoaxster journalists—Richard Adams Locke (a descendent of philosopher John Locke) and *Sun* publisher Moses Beach—*The New York Times* and *New York Evening Post* endorsed the claims as entirely plausible. So it seemed a good a time as any for the men to compile their stories into a book: *Great Astronomical Discoveries Lately Made by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope*, 60,000 copies of which sold out in a flash.

jj

Locke eventually made the mistake of confiding his secret to a journalist friend (as if you needed another reminder not to trust journalists with secrets), and the whole thing fell to pieces. The *Sun*, ever the champion of the public good, claimed, no joke, that it was actually all a public service… to get the nation to stop worrying so much for a second about that whole slavery thing.

Dick died in 1857, and his books on the many beings of the universe went out of print not long after, due at least in part, according to Collins, to the fact that "Dick's narrative became almost less credible than Locke's." The compiled newspaper hoaxes went through five editions, the last published in 1871.

And just two years after Dick's death, Charles Darwin published *On the Origin of Species*. Dick's brand of natural theology, long on the wane, would not survive it. Darwin had put forth a shocking theory (for Victorian minds, at least) that explained life as we know it without a creator. Even true scientists with strong allegiances to God, like Richard Owen, who famously

jj

battled Darwin's blasphemous idea to his death, were snuffed by the intellectual tsunami that was evolution by natural selection.

Today it seems extraordinarily unlikely that the solar system is home to 22 trillion beings scattered across the planets and asteroids (unless they're microbes). But one of Dick's ideas strikes me as particularly insightful: Intelligent inhabitants of Venus are blessed by God with enormous mountains, which they might climb to enjoy the vista. OK, not that bit specifically, but the idea that we "need not imagine there will be any great difficulty in ascending such lofty eminences; for the inhabitants of such worlds may be furnished with bodies different from those of the human race, and endowed with locomotive powers far superior to ours."

Today, we expect the very same of our aliens. No, we don't have any evidence of their existence, but we can be pretty confident that if it were possible to survive the insanely hot surface of Venus, life would have to look a whole lot different than what we have on Earth. More realistically, we can only imagine what life might look like in the icy seas of Jupiter's moon Europa.

I'm willing to bet it isn't bipedal beavers, though.

References:

Collins, P. (2001) *Banvard's Folly: 13 Tales of People Who Didn't Change the World*. Picador, New York, NY.

Dick, T. (1845) *Celestial Scenery*. Edward Biddle: Philadelphia, PA.

WIRED.com © 2015 Condé Nast. All rights reserved. Use of this Site constitutes acceptance of our User Agreement (effective 01/02/2014) and Privacy Policy (effective 01/02/2014) . Your California Privacy Rights . The material on this site may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, cached or otherwise used, except with the prior written permission of Condé Nast . Ad Choices

Fantastically Wrong: The Weird, Kinda Perverted History of the Unicorn | WIRED

This woman is a virgin. How do I know? Because unicorns ain't got time for no non-virgins.

In late 2012, the North Korean regime made a rather bizarre announcement, even by the standards of the North Korean regime. According to *The Guardian*, the country's archaeologists had discovered "the lair of one of the unicorns ridden by the ancient Korean King Tongmyong," just 600 feet from a temple in the capital city. What might have tipped the scientists off was, no joke, the words "Unicorn Lair" written right in front of the damn thing.

But a week later, *The Guardian* ran a second article with a frank admission. "There is only one problem with the story," they wrote. "It isn't exactly true." North Korea's claim was in fact referring to the kirin, a mythical creature not too dissimilar from the unicorn, with the same hoofed, quadruped look but sometimes having two horns instead of one. But eccentricities of the North Korean regime aside, why is it that the unicorn, or a unicorn-like beast, pervades both Asian and European cultures?

On the Horn

If you're looking to figure out how an ancient myth started to get out of hand, a good place to start is with the great Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder, whose epic encyclopedia *Natural History* stood largely as fact for some 1,600 years. Problem was, Pliny wasn't the most incredulous of writers, and crammed his encyclopedia with pretty much any account he could get his hands on.

A father and son pose by a Qilin statue at the Summer Palace in Beijing, China. The mythical qilin (or kirin), the Asian

"The unicorn," Pliny wrote, "is the fiercest animal, and it is said that it is impossible to capture one alive. It has the body of a horse, the head of a stag, the feet of an elephant, the tail of a boar, and a single black horn three feet long in the middle of its forehead. Its cry is a deep bellow."

The unicorn then shows up in various places in the Bible, at least according to some translations (it's sometimes instead referred to as the oryx, a kind of antelope whose antlers were indeed sold as unicorn horns in medieval times, or as the auroch, a

equivalent of the unicorn. massive type of cattle that went extinct in the 17th century). Here, its fierceness is affirmed. In Numbers 24:8, for instance: "God brought him forth out of Egypt; he hath as it were the strength of an unicorn: he shall eat up the nations his enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with his arrows."

In the 7th century, the scholar Isidore of Seville chimed in, noting that the unicorn "is very strong and pierces anything it attacks. It fights with elephants and kills them by wounding them in the belly." He also helped popularize the myth that would serve as a hallmark in European folklore for centuries to come: Catching a unicorn is impossible…unless you have access to a virgin woman. "The unicorn is too strong to be caught by hunters," he writes, "except by a trick: If a virgin girl is placed in front of a unicorn and she bares her breast to it, all of its fierceness will cease and it will lay its head on her bosom, and thus quieted is easily caught." It'll suckle until it's lulled to sleep. So…yeah.

jj

The scene (above) is one of the most iconic images in wildly popular medieval books known as bestiaries, encyclopedias of sorts that cataloged nature's beasts, both real and imagined. Not only was the natural history of the animal given, but each was then compared to a biblical figure. And the unicorn stood for Christ, since he was captured and put to death like the unicorn is done in by the virgin (though pretty much every other animal was also compared to Christ, even the pelican, which was said to peck at its own breast to revive its young with blood, like Jesus shed his own blood for us).

Thus the unicorn became firmly implanted in European lore. What followed was a full-blown mania for their horns, which were said to detect poison if you stirred them around in your food or drink. They went for tens of thousands of dollars in today's money, and were particularly popular among paranoid royalty. More industrious users who didn't want to wait around to have their food poisoned would grind up the horns—usually those of the oryx or narwal (whose horn is actually a giant tooth)—to gain immunity from toxins.

Over in the East, royalty had a rather more complicated relationship with their version of the unicorn, the aforementioned kirin, or qilin. Its appearance was said to foretell the birth of a royal baby, which is nice of it, but can also predict an imminent death, which is not so nice. In the 15th century, a giraffe was brought to China for the first time and presented to the emperor as a kirin, which was a gutsy move considering its proclivities for letting royalty know they're going to die soon. The emperor, though, dismissed it as a fraud and went on to live another 10 years.

A Myth Is Born

The myth of the unicorn may have come from sightings of antelope and such ungulates with

only one horn, having either been born with the defect or lost the horn when scrapping with a predator or one of its own kind. Less likely still is seeing a normal antelope from afar in profile, since that would only last as long as the animal didn't move.

A far more likely culprit is the Indian rhinoceros, and clues for this are sprinkled throughout the early accounts—indeed, the unicorn is sometimes referred to as the Indian ass. Pliny, for instance, mentions that the unicorn has "the feet of an elephant," a rhino's feet in fact being not hooved like a horse's, but fleshy like an elephant's. He also notes that it has "the tail of a boar," much like a rhino's, "and a single black horn three feet long in the middle of its forehead." Writers would only later describe the horn as white.

The ancient Greeks and Romans, you see, had been making forays into India and bringing back tales of the strange beasts there, and the facts tended to get a bit…lost. Cotton, for instance, was said to grow in India as an actual lamb that sprouted from the ground, just hanging there patiently producing cotton. And while Pliny actually did a pretty good job of describing the rhino, his popularization of the "unicorn" picked up more and more improbabilities as the centuries wore on. We also know that the ancient Chinese had contact with rhinos from art made out of their horns, so the animal could well have also inspired the kirin.

Today, the unicorn is a decidedly more magical, gentle creature, running around on rainbows and inspiring millions with regular appearances in *My Little Pony* and the occasional acid trip and in North Korea, apparently. I'd recommend against heading over to Pyongyang to find one, though. Maybe just stick to the acid.

References:

Badke, D. (2010) *The Medieval Bestiary: The Unicorn*

Browne, T. (1646) *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Vulgar Errors*. University of Chicago digital edition

Fried, J. and Leach, M. (1949) *Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend*. Harper and Row

WIRED.com © 2015 Condé Nast. All rights reserved. Use of this Site constitutes acceptance of our User Agreement (effective 01/02/2014) and Privacy Policy (effective 01/02/2014) . Your California Privacy Rights . The material on this site may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, cached or otherwise used, except with the prior written permission of Condé Nast . Ad Choices

Academics turn to crowd-sourcing to finish The Mystery Of Edwin Drood

09:06 EST, 5 January 2015 |
09:06 EST, 5 January 2015

dailymail.co.uk

A very modern ending for Dickens' final unfinished work as academics turn to crowd-sourcing to complete The Mystery Of Edwin Drood

- **Charles Dickens died in 1870 before finishing The Mystery of Edwin Drood**
- **He published his book in instalments and readers were left on tenterhooks**
- **Theories include that Drood was murdered by his uncle or is in hiding**
- **Speculation led to plays, a BBC drama and numerous books on the ending**
- **Dr Pete Orford, of Buckingham University, has launched a website in a bid to clear up the mystery and give people a chance to vote for the ending**
- **He said people want a 'worthy' ending that is 'surprising and phenomenal'**

By Claire Carter for MailOnline

Charles Dickens fans are being asked to vote for the ending of his final novel, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, after he died in 1870 before finishing it

It is a mystery which has long baffled and excited fans of Charles Dickens, and caused arguments in literary circles.

Some believe Charles Dickens' Edwin Drood is dead, murdered by his uncle or love rival, while others think the engineering student has simply followed his dreams to go to Egypt.

Others suspect the character is merely lurking in Cloisterham in disguise - after his fate was never revealed because Charles Dickens died while working on the manuscript for The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

Now a group of academics hope to solve the 150-year-old mystery of what actually happened to Edwin Drood by allowing readers to vote online for their preferred ending through a crowd-sourcing website.

The project has been launched by Dr Pete Orford, an expert in Dickens at the University of Buckingham who has written several books on the author.

'There is a fascination with this book and people have been turning to it for almost 150 years to work out an ending,' said Dr Orford.

'People want to have an ending that they feel is worthy of Dickens, that's surprising and phenomenal.'

Dickens was working on the manuscript of The Mystery of Edwin Drood when he died of a stroke in 1870. His fans had been kept on tenterhooks by the story because he published it in instalments and was about halfway through when he suddenly died.

Various adaptations guessing the intended ending have been made - including that Drood, an orphan, was murdered by his uncle John Jasper in the fictional town of Cloisterham, based on Rochester. Others have pointed the finger at Neville Landless, a love rival for the young student's fiancee.

Several films and even a Broadway musical have all dealt with the mysterious ending but Dr Orford hopes that now it could be solved by people voting for what they think happened to Drood.

The University of Buckingham created a digital library of Dickens' weekly magazines and Dr Orford used this to create a separate website speculating on the untimely ending of Edwin Drood.

Around 100,000 people have already visited the site and about 1,000 have posted their views on the ending.

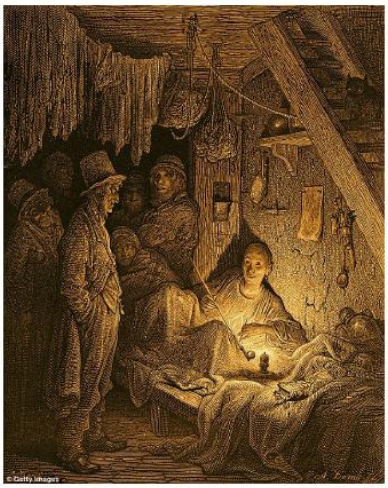
Dr Orford added: 'This book has been unfinished for almost 150 years now. And the response to it has been phenomenal.

'People have been drawn into the intricacies and trying to draw out the story.

'But because of this attention, it has moved more people away from the book because they start to believe it's for the absolute experts and theorists. I want to find a way to open this up again and give the public the chance to express their opinion on the ending.'

He said visitors to the website are invited to read the case notes and give their verdict on the mystery.

Dr Orford said the lack of ending was in fact a 'perfect finale' to a Dickens novel as it allows readers to remain engaged with him.



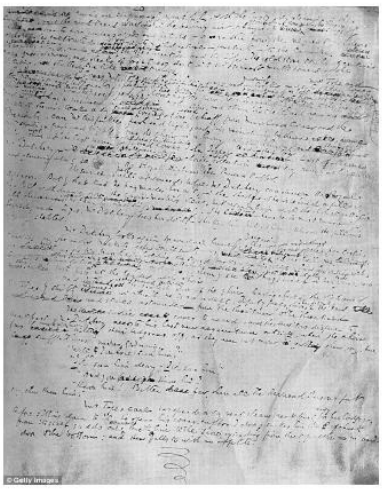
An engraving of opium smoking called 'The Lascar's Room in Edwin Drood' by Gustave Dore in 1872 has added to the mystery over what happened to engineering student Edwin Drood when he disappeared

He added: 'It fascinates me why we keep turning to this book and asking these questions. It's not that unusual for an author to die halfway through a manuscript but this has captured people's attention.

'It's the most perfect final book for Dickens because it's not finished and allows the dialogue between reader and writer which he loved to continue.'

Dr Orford said that because of the popularity of Dickens many people feel pressure to come up with intricate story lines, including many involving characters who are not central to the plot of Drood's disappearance. He cites one theory of a man who believed all of the characters were based on Ancient Greek Gods. This was based on the belief that a character named Luke Honeythunder was in fact Zeus and father to all the characters, making them all related.

'My own theory is rather boring,' added Dr Orford.



The last handwritten page of the Edwin Drood manuscript has led to years of speculation about the ending

'I don't believe there is any reason not to believe friends of Dickens and his biographer that Edwin dies at the hands of Jasper. People will always want something a bit extra, that's surprising and phenomenal, because it is Dickens.

'They have all sorts of ideas, and normally not for the main characters.'

The site includes profiles of the main characters and suspects in the mystery who include Drood's uncle Jasper. He is described as: 'a caring guardian to his orphaned nephew Edwin; if anything "Mr Jasper's heart may be too much set upon his nephew", and it has been observed that Jasper maintained "a look of hungry, exacting, watchful, and yet devoted affection" upon young Edwin at all times.'

Rosa Bud, a fellow orphan and the fiance of Drood, is described as having her 'seemingly blissful life darkened' by the disappearance of her companion.

People visiting the website called the Drood Inquiry are asked to vote anonymously on various aspects of the ending such as whether he is dead or alive, where his body is and who killed or attempted to kill the student.

VICTIM OF A MURDER OR A MAN IN HIDING? THE TALE OF EDWIN DROOD

There are several theories about what happened to Edwin Drood and disagreement whether the character was intended to die or merely went into hiding.

In the 19th century the prevailing view was that Drood was in hiding after an attempt on his life, made by his uncle John Jasper.

Others believe the young student was murdered by John Jasper because his uncle had confessed to him about his opium habit. Jasper was also believed to be in love with Drood's fiance Rosa Bud.

One theory is that Neville Landless may have murdered Drood because he was a rival for the affections of Rosa Bud. He then is believed to return in disguise as Detective Dick Datchery.

The sudden death of Charles Dickens in 1870 led to an almost immediate reaction by American theorists who started coming up with possible endings to the story.

Freddie Fox played Edwin Drood in the BBC drama

Henry Morford, a New York journalist, wrote an ending to the book after travelling to Rochester. In his version Drood survived an attempt on his life by John Jasper. Detective Dick Datchery then appears as Mr Bazzard, a clerk and playwright, in disguise. In the 1800s there were rumours that the book itself had been written by Dickens.

In 1873 Thomas James, a printer from Vermont, published a version which he claimed had been 'ghost-written' by him channelling Dickens's spirit.

Some believe Drood returned in disguise - possibly in the form of detective Dick Datchery who appeared six months after his disappearance.

The audience were given the chance to choose their own ending from an array of seven suspects during a Broadway adaptation of the book in the 1980s.

In the 1990s one theory was that each character represented an Ancient Greek God and all were related.

In 2012 BBC 2 attempted its own ending of the tale with a two part series.

At the moment the votes cast are strongly in favour that the young Edwin Drood is in fact dead, murdered by John Jasper. Most believe his body is hidden in the Sapsea Tomb, but some think he could have been concealed in quick lime.

Opinion is far more divided on the fate and identity of the other characters. John Jasper and Neville Landless are tipped to be other casualties in the story but readers appear to be unsure whether Dick Datchery is in fact a detective, Helena Landless or an actor.

Results of the vote will be published in April to coincide with an exhibition about Edwin Drood organised by the University of Buckingham.

John Forster, biographer to Dickens, had previously claimed that Dickens told him the story was to be one of a young man murdered by his uncle, who is eventually sent to prison for the killing.

However doubt was poured on his theories after critics found he had muddled up some of the details.

Dr Orford's idea builds on that of the 1985 Broadway musical, which paused half way through to allow the audience to decide between eight potential detectives, seven possible murder suspects and six would-be lovers to give the story their own happy ending.

You'll never believe how these firemen are being made to toughen up by bosses

mirror.co.uk

- 16:36, 13 March 2015
- By Sam Rkaina

The 20 firemen were made to go on patrol around the tombstones, locate 'victims', carry out running exercises and eventually sleep in the cemetery

CEN

Bizarre: Firemen were made to go on patrol around the tombstones in a cemetery

Fire brigade chiefs in China have come up with a ghoulish way of hardening up their men - by making them spend the night in a graveyard.

The 20 firemen were made to go on patrol around the tombstones, locate 'victims', carry out running exercises and eventually to sleep in the cemetery in Pingliang city, in Northwest China's Gansu province.

And bosses even had senior officers creeping around making spooky noises just to add to the scare factor.

Fireman Sun Hsueh, 28, said: "I don't believe in ghosts, at least I didn't think I did.

"But when you are forced to spend the night in a graveyard even the slightest noise gets you thinking.

"I have been a fireman for nearly seven years and have seen some pretty bad and scary things.

"But the cemetery assignment I have to say pushed me to the limits.

"The stillness and quiet anywhere else would be perfect for a nap, but in the cemetery it is something else entirely."

Spooky Scene: Firemen were made to carry out running exercises and eventually sleep in the cemetery

Pal On Lei, 26, said: "I've been on ghost trains and the like with my son, and even though he finds them scary, I don't because I know it's fake.

CEN

"But when we started to hear the wailing sounds, which we later found out were being made from officers, I nearly ran for it."

A fire brigade spokesman explained: "The training was mental quality training which was held to further improve the firemen's psychological endurance capacity.

"In addition, the training was useful for them to face up to all kinds of unexpected events."

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Fisherman Says He Saw Bigfoot Bathing ... And He Sent Us A Picture!

Posted: 01/03/2015 10:52 am EST Updated: 01/03/2015 11:59 am EST

Lee Speigel lee.speigel@huffingtonpost.com

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2015/01/03/fisherman-saw-bigfoot-bathing_n_6407272.html?ncid=txtlnkusaolp00000592

One occupational hazard of reporting on unexplained phenomena: You can alwayscount on waking up in the morning to find an email from someone swearing thatthey've just seen Bigfoot, the Loch N ess Monster, a hybrid human alien or a UFO onthe moon.

2015 began with a photo from John Rodriguez, a 66-year-old retired electrician, whoclaims that he was fishing Dec. 26 on the Hillsborough River near northeast Tampa,Florida, and came upon an incr edible sight.

"I fish for gar in the river and I bring my camera to take pictures of the birds and whatnot. I heard a

squishing sound, looked over and saw this thing walking through thewater and crouch down in the d uck weed. It did not look like a guy in a suit -- it wasdefinitely an animal. I took this picture and got o ut of there as fast as I could."

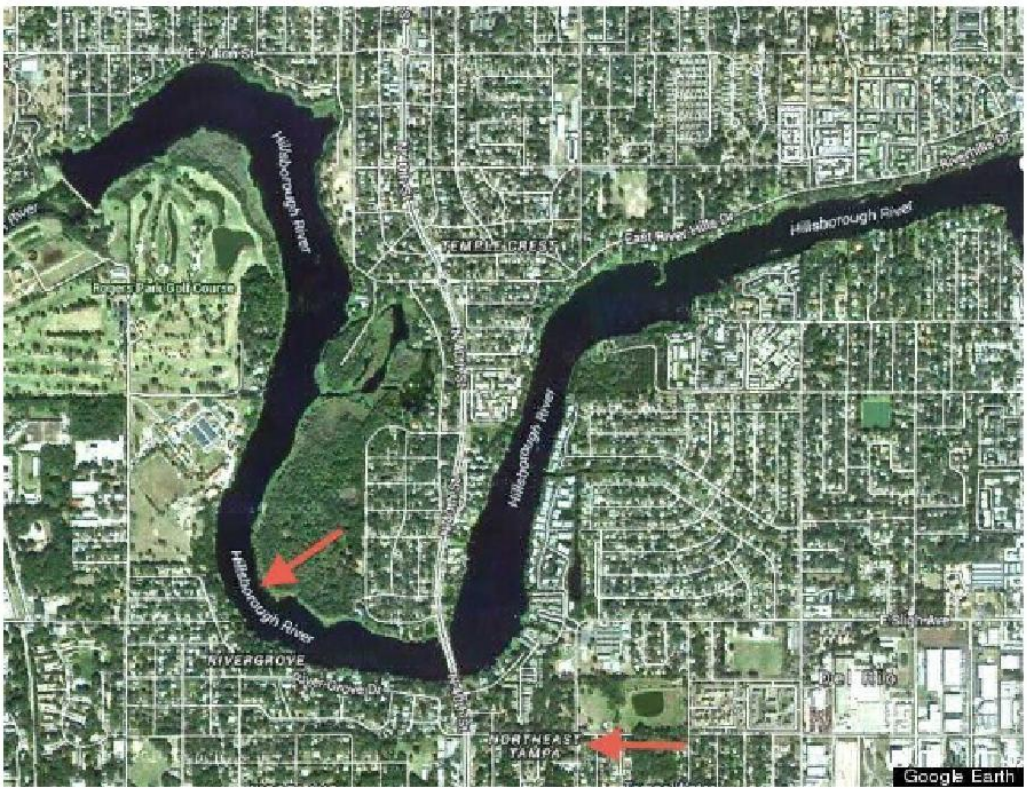
Here's the image that Rodriguez sent to HuffPost:

Rodriguez claims to have seen and photographed -- in a completely clear and non-blurry moment -- that tall, hairy, elusive creature often reported in North Americaand other parts of the world that go es by many names: Bigfoot, Sasquatch, Yeti. InFlorida, it's known as the Swamp Ape or Skunk Ape (primarily from descriptions of anextremely pungent odor it supposedly gives off).
"I've heard of Skunk Ape prints around Green Swamp [in Florida], but never anythinglike this," Rod riguez told HuffPost in an email. "My whole life, never seen anythinglike it."

Of course, the fact that the photo looks a little too crisp at some points, made ususpect it to be a fra ud. Just look at the jagged line between the hairy beast and thewater. That could be the work of a no vice who just downloaded Photoshop for the firsttime.

However, we've got some time to kill. And doesn't this man deserve to be taken at hisword? After all, wouldn't finding Bigfoot be a great way to kick off 2015?

Rodriguez said he snapped the picture in the early afternoon at an area where theHillsborough River becomes a cypress swamp. The map below shows a small sectionof the 59-mile-long river that flows through Florida, filled with wildlife preserves thatinclude many not-so-friendly creatures, such as all igators, known to jump into canoesand attack unsuspecting humans.



So, what are we to make of this fantastic tale? Did Rodriguez take the clearest, mostdefinitive picture to date of Bigfoot?

Not so fast, according to Ben Hansen, lead investigator of the Syfy Channel's "Fact orFaked: Paranormal Files" series.

"It's a relief to finally have a clear picture of the creature," Hansen, a former FBIagent, told HuffPost. "Every other photo and video we get is usually too blurry or theBigfoot too obscured in brush to allow for any useful identification. Thanks to theclear photo, I'm excited to announce that the photographer has captured a real-life...gorilla in a Bigfoot suit!"

"To be more precise, the face of a gorilla that has been digitally added to the photowith editing software. Although I originally suspected the creature suit was actually inthe water when the photo was taken, I started to notice shadows in front of the Bigfootthat appeared to be an inconsistent length and shape with the rest of the photo."

"Additionally, there appears to be some heavy digital editing touch-up to the furaround the face and where the body meets the water. I'm now leaning more towardbelieving the whole creature was pasted into the image and then branches and twigswere added in the foreground. The branches also could have really been in the scene,but they were later edited as separate layers so Bigfoot looks like he's now behindthem, sitting in deep contemplation."

Digital photographs use a format called EXIF data, which stores a lot of accessibleinformation within each image -- like shutter speed, if a flash was used, date and timeof the image, etc. Hansen pointe

d out that the EXIF information of the Florida swampcreature picture suggests the image was digital ly created on Dec. 26 with Photoshop.
Since those details are extremely important when trying to research unexplainedphenomena images, we asked Rodriguez about this.

"I did not Photoshop this at all. Believe me or not," Rodriguez said. "When I plug inmy memory card , it asks to import and opens in Photoshop. I just changed the nameand saved. It seems like people g et publicly crucified for coming forward with thiskind of stuff."

Rodriguez also said this debunking attitude is what caused him to initially hesitatesending the origin al picture to HuffPost.

A March 2014 smithsonian.com story about the search for Florida's Skunk Apepointed out the follo wing:

> **The belief in mythological animals might be as old as humanity itself.Nearly every culture's folklore contains at least one imaginedcreature in its folklore that has no place in modern science.**
> **It's easy to imagine how, in the days when much of the planet had yetto be ex plored and catalogued, you might have reasonably believed inthe existence o f any of these beasts. But in the present day, whenevery square mile of the ea rth's surface has been photographed bysatellites, and scientists have identifi ed 1.3 million species (withmostly plants, tiny animals and microbes remain ing to be found),how could you still believe in a lumbering, seven-foot-tall ap e, hidingout in one of the most well-studied countries on the planet?**

When dealing with reports and discussions about things like Bigfoot, UFOs, lakemonsters, ghosts, et c., there's always a fine line walked by those who make the claimsand the skeptics or outright debun kers who do their best to make the stories go away.

In the most literal sense, that's the nature of the beast -- especially where large, hairycreatures are in volved.

Hansen brings up another item about this current alleged Skunk Ape sighting nearTampa.

"The white stripe down the middle of the head and chin is a nice touch. If it's a SkunkApe, why not make it look like a skunk, right? In reality, I have yet to come across astory with any merit where wit nesses describe the Skunk Ape with an actual whitestripe like a skunk."

Par for the course, these stories produce strong opposing points of view. And still, oneclear photogra ph of something that may or may not be a real Bigfoot is not definitiveproof that the creature exists, the way DNA evidence -- or an actual body -- would be.

We still, apparently, don't have either of those things yet.

6-005: FLYING WONDER

A certain man and his wife had a beautiful daughter and three sons who were excellent hunters. The girl was so beautiful that she attracted many suitors all of whom, however, her father dismissed because they could not surpass his sons in hunting.

One day while his sons were out hunting a stranger entered the camp and said to the father, "I should like to remain with you and work for your daughter's hand."

"What is your name?"

"Flying Wonder".

"Well, you may stay," said the father; "but you cannot marry her unless you excel my sons in the chase".

Flying Wonder lived with them for several months; hunting with the three youths and killing even more game than they did. Having proved his skill, he asked the eldest son for permission to marry his sister. The youth consulted his parents, and the entire family sat in council over the matter.

"He calls himself Flying Wonder," said one, "but we neither know who he really is nor where he comes from".

"That does not matter," replied another. "He has shown himself an excellent hunter."

They decided to let him marry their sister. Without delay he set up a tent under a large pine tree close by and the girl moved into it.

They were no sooner married, however, than Flying Wonder seemed to change. He treated his wife so cruelly that at last her brothers became indignant and said to their father, "We shall have to get rid of him. The next time he abuses her let us kill him."

The very next evening they heard their sister sobbing and the voice of her husband mocking her. Inflamed with anger, they rushed over and hewed him to pieces. Then they scattered his body in every direction, abandoned the camp, and erected a new one several miles away.

Being now short of food, the three brothers went hunting again and sighted a large herd of caribou. They approached them cautiously and were almost within bow shot when suddenly a raven flew over their heads and croaked. The caribou then looked up in alarm and fled.

The same thing happened the next day and the day following. At last they understood its meaning. The spirit of their dead brother-in-law had become a raven and was avenging itself on them. They tried several times to shoot the bird, but it always flew beyond the range of their arrows. Soon the family was starving.

The youngest son proposed a device, saying, "Lay out my body as if I were dead, and abandon the camp. The raven will think one of us has already died of starvation, and it will fly down to devour me."

The others agreed. They covered the youth with brushwood that concealed all but his face, abandoned the camp, and set up a new one some distance away.

The raven appeared again, flew over their heads, crying 'kak kak' and sighted the pile of brush. It circled above it, swooped down, settled on the ground a few yards away, and inspected the supposed corpse. The youth made no movement. Still suspicious, the raven hopped around him just beyond his reach. When even then the youth did not move, it drew closer and tried to peck out his eyes. He caught it in his hands, hacked it to pieces, and, kindling a large fire, carefully burned every fragment. He even collected the bones after the fire died down and pounded them into dust. Then, satisfied that he could do no more, he followed his kinsmen's tracks to their new camp and told them what had happened.

As they sat round their fire that evening, a man entered the camp -- Flying Wonder himself. He said to them, "You cannot kill me, for you do not know where I conceal my heart. But I repent now of my misdeeds and promise that I will conduct myself better hereafter. So let me remarry your sister. If I ill-treat her again, I will tell you where my heart lies and you can kill me."

The family had no choice, for they were starving and could kill no game as long as he was hostile. Flying Wonder kept his word and treated his wife kindly. He joined his brothers-in-law again in their hunting and filled their camp with meat.

One day they sighted a large herd of caribou, and twisting some roots the three brothers constructed a long fence from which they suspended snares of rawhide thongs at regular intervals. Flying Wonder then suggested that they fasten an extra snare to his body and hide him in the bush. They agreed, fixed his snare, and left him in concealment near the fence while they rounded up the herd.

Every snare caught a caribou, but the snare fastened to Flying Wonder caught the biggest animal in the herd. Unable to hold it, he shouted to his companions as it dragged him away, "Have I no relatives to come to my rescue?"

But the three brothers were so busy slaughtering the other trapped caribou that they did not hear him; and when they looked for him afterwards, the thong had already cut him in two.

"Fit me together, and I shall be whole again," cried his head.

But the eldest youth said to his brothers, "No, let him remain as he is. He brought this fate on himself."

They left him there and skinned their caribou, still pondering what they should do. Finally the eldest youth suggested that they should dig a deep pit and bury the head, leaving the rest of the body where it lay. So they buried the head and returned with their hides and part of the

meat to their camp.

The next day, with fear in their hearts, they carried all the meat to their camp and hung it up to dry. Flying Wonder did not come near them.

Only after all their meat was dry and stored away in a cache did they hear the raven call again, and this time his call came from high up in the sky. The brothers gazed up at the bird contentedly and said to one another, "Let us not trouble ourselves about him anymore. He can no longer harm us."

And they added, "It is never wise for a man to allow his daughter to marry a stranger."

This information is intended for research purposes or for general interest only.
Any other use may violate one or more copyrights which rest with the original authors.

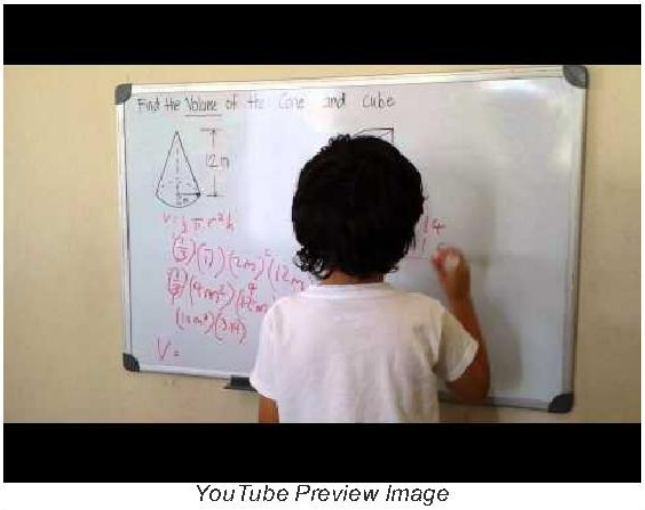
/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Four-Year-Old Filipino May Be the Next Einstein

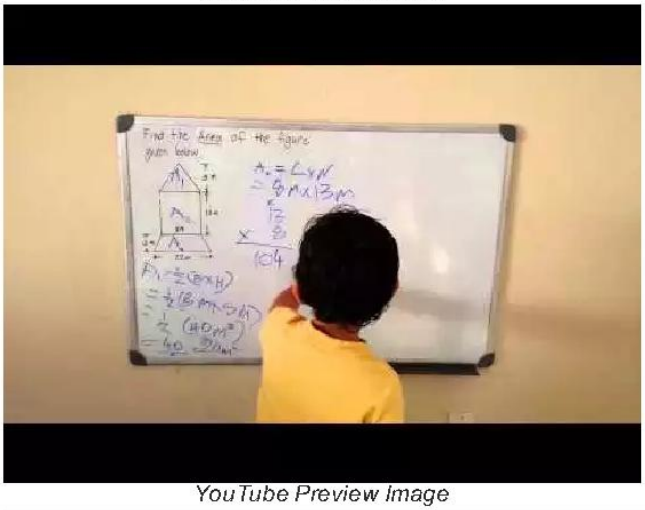
Posted on February 6, 2015

A typical four-year-old kid can often be seen playing with toys or playing around the backyard.

This kid is no different from the others in terms of his social skills, but what sets him apart from the others is his extraordinary ability to solve intermediate math problems.



YouTube Preview Image



YouTube Preview Image

Miko, who hails from Cebu, Philippines, spends five to seven minutes a day learning mathematics from his dad. At age four, he can already solve the volume of a cone and a cube. He can also compute the area of a complex shape such as a rocket ship.

It is said the he got his brains from his mother.

This four-year-old genius also loves to do sports, including karate and swimming. Little things interest him, and his willingness to learn new things makes him knowledgeable about a lot of things. He can also recite the capital cities of 164 countries — superb memory!

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Name: Fox-Woman
Tribal affiliation: Cree, Ojibwe
Also known as: Waagoshii-Mindimooye (Ojibwe, pronounced wah-go-shee-min-dih-moo-yay), Wakoshi-Mitimoye (Oji-Cree, pronounced wah-ko-shee-mih-tih-moh-yeh), Foxwoman, Fox Old Lady, Grandmother Fox, Old Lady Fox

Type: Wise woman, heroine, fox

Fox-Woman is a minor animal spirit of the Anishinabe and Cree tribes. She is usually portrayed as a wise elder. Fox-Woman plays an important role in the saga of Ayas, a young hero who she adopts as her grandson and helps to guide through many travails.

Ayas Stories

- **Iyash and Old Lady Fox:**
  Severn Ojibwe legend about a hero passing a strange test to earn the advice of Wakoshi-Mitimoye (Foxwoman.)
  They have some more adventures together which you can read if you click "next," though it may seem a little disgusting to modern Americans.
- **The Legend of Ayas:**
  Audio file of a James Bay Cree storyteller narrating the story of Ayas and Grandmother Fox.
- **Son of Aioswé:**
  In this Cree version of the epic, Fox Woman appeared when the hero's mother wished for someone to help him.

Recommended Books of Ayas Stories

- **Cree Legends and Narratives from the West Coast of James Bay:**
  Comprehensive book of Swampy Cree and Moose Cree stories, including the complete epic of Ayas and Fox Woman.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Anishinabe, Cree, and related tribes.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

I Dream of Yesterday and Tomorrow
Cree mythology
Ojibwe mythology
Cree language

Ojibway language
Canadian First Nations languages
Eastern Woodland Native American tribes
Algonquian language group

Back to Native American Heroes
Back to Native American Legends and Stories

Learn more about the Chippewa Indians.

Indian words How to trace Native American ancestry Penobscot school Acatec

American Indian names

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Gambara and the Longbeards (Langobards)

edited and translated by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1997-2001

The Vinils, increased in the islands of Scandinavia to such an extent that they could no longer live there together. Thus they divided themselves into three groups and drew lots.

When the lots were cast and a third of the Vinils had to leave their homeland and seek new lives abroad, they were led by two brothers Ibor and Ayo, energetic young men. Their mother, whose name was Gambara, was an intelligent and clever woman, whose wise counsel they heeded in time of need.

In their search for a country where they might settle they came to the region called Schoringen, and remained there several years.

The Vandals, a rugged and warlike people, lived nearby. They heard of their arrival and sent messengers to them, proclaiming that the Vinils either would have to pay tribute to the Vandals or face them in battle.

Ibor and Ayo sought counsel from their mother Gambara, and they all agreed that it would be better to fight for their freedom than to contaminate it with tribute, and they communicated this to the Vandals. Now the Vinils were brave and powerful warriors, but they were few in number.

The Vandals approached Wodan, beseeching from him victory over the Vinils. The god answered: "I will grant victory to the first ones I see at sunrise."

Gambara, on the other hand, approached Frea, Wodan's wife, and beseeched from her victory for the Vinils. Frea responded with the advice that the Vinil women should untie their hair and arrange it across their face like a beard, and that they should thus accompany their men in the early morning to the window from which Wodan customarily looked out.

They did as they were advised, and at sunrise, Wodan, upon looking out, shouted: "Who are these Longbeards?"

Frea replied: "To the ones you give a name, you must also give victory." And thus Wodan gave them the victory, and from that time forth the Vinils have been called Longbeards (Langobards).

Ultimately they founded a permanent settlement in Italy.

- Source: Abstracted from Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816/1818), nos. 388, 390. The Grimms' source is Paulus Diaconus (ca. 725-ca. 799).
- This is one of the few ancient stories about Germanic gods to survive outside of Scandinavia.
- Frea is better known as Frigg in Scandinavian sources.
- Wodan is better known as Odin in Scandinavian sources.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 25, 2001.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

assembled by

D. L. Ashliman
University of Pittsburgh
© 1998-2010

Return to **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Gefion, the Norse Goddess of Unmarried Women

According to *The Prose Edda* of Snorri Sturluson, Gefion (also spelled Gefjon) was the fourth goddess of the Æsir, following Frigg (the wife of Odin), Sága, and Eir (the best of physicians).

Gefion, we are told, was a virgin, and was thus served by women who died unmarried. This statement, however, is contradicted in *The Prose Edda* itself as well as in other sources. As you will read in the two accounts below, early in her career Gefion had four oxen-sons by a giant. Later she married Odin's son Skjold and settled in Leire, Denmark.

Further complicating Gefion's story is the fact that "Gefn" is one of the many names given to Freyja, the Norse goddess of love and procreation. "Gefn" may be a shortened form of "Gefion," and thus Gefion may be an alter ego of Freyja, who in turn may be an alter ego of Frigg, the wife of Odin.

Gefion creates the Island of Zealand

From *The Prose Edda* of Snorri Sturluson

King Gylfi ruled the lands that are now called Sweden. It is told of him that he gave a ploughland in his kingdom, the size four oxen could plough in a day and a night, to a beggar-woman as a reward for the way she had entertained him. This woman, however, was of the family of the Æsir. Her name was Gefion. From the north of Giantland she took four oxen and yoked them to a plough, but those were her sons by a giant. The plough went in so hard and deep that it loosened the land and the oxen dragged it westwards into the sea, stopping in a certain sound. There Gefion set the land for good and gave it a name, calling it Zealand.

But the place where the land had been torn up was afterwards a lake. It is now known in Sweden as "The Lake." And there are as many bays in "The Lake" as there are headlands in Zealand.

As the poet Bragi the Old says:

> Gefion dragged with laughter
> from Gylfi liberal prince
> What made Denmark larger,

so that beasts of draught
the oxen reeked with sweat;
four heads they had, eight eyes to boot
who went before broad island-pasture
ripped away as loot.

Notes:

- Source: Snorri Sturluson, "The Deluding of Gylfi" from *The Prose Edda* (Cambridge, England: Bowes & Bowes Publishers, 1954), p. 29.
- Zealand, also spelled Sealand (Sjælland in Danish), is the island where Copenhagen is located.
- Sweden's largest lake, Lake Vänern, does indeed resemble the island of Sjælland, both in size and in shape, as you can see from a map of the Baltic Sea Area.
- Copenhagen's largest monument is the Gefion fountain, located near the statue of H. C. Andersen's "Little Mermaid." The fountain's statues depict a woman guiding a plow being drawn by four great oxen, with water spurting forth on all sides. Click here for two photographs of the Gefion fountain.

From the *Ynglinga Saga* of Snorri Sturluson

When Odin looked into the future and worked magic, he knew that his offspring would dwell and till in the northern parts of the earth. He, therefore, set his brothers Ve and Vili over Asagarth [in the land of the Turks] and he himself went away and with him went all the priests and many of his folk. First he went to Gardarik [Russia] and from there he went south to Saxland [Germany]. He had many sons; he won kingdoms far over Saxland and set his sons as rulers over them.

From there he fared north to the sea and found himself a dwelling on an island which is now called Odensö in Fyn [Funen]. Then he sent Gefion northeast over the sound to look for land; she then came to Gylfi, who gave her a ploughland. Next she went to a giant's home and there begot four sons with a giant. She shaped them in the likeness of oxen, yoked them to a plough and broke up the land into the sea westwards opposite Odensö; it was called Selund [an old spelling for Zealand], and there she dwelt afterwards.

Skjold, Odin's son, took her to wife and they lived in Leidra. There where she ploughed is now a lake or sea called Löginn; the fjords in Löginn answer to the nesses in Selund.

Thus said Bragi the Old:

Gefion drew with gladness
From the gold-rich Gylfi
Denmark's new increase
(So that it reeked from the beasts).

The oxen bore eight eyes
And four heads.

There they went forth,
Far over Vinö's bay.

Notes:

- Source: Snorre [Snorri] Sturlason, *Heimskringla; or, the Lives of the Norse Kings,* edited with notes by Erling Monsen and translated into English with the assistance of A. H. Smith (Cambridge, England: W. Heffer & Sons, 1932), pp. 3-4.
- Odin's name is still carried by Fyn's most important city, Odense, the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen.
- Leidre, also spelled Leire or Lejre is near Roskilde on the island of Zealand. Today it is the site of a reconstructed iron age village.
- Odin's son Skjold who married Gefion is said to be the founder of the Danish Skjoldung royal dynasty and is identified with Scyld Sceafing mentioned in *Beowulf.*

Return to

- The top of Gefion's Home Page.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised February 16, 2010.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Genene Jones felt like a hero when he saved the dying poor babies ... except that she caused them that imminent death and rarely could reverse it.

Killed with lethal injections of products, especially **digoxin,** a heart medication that altered heart rate of children or heart stop.

In 1977 he became a volunteer nurse and began working at the **Bexar County Medical** Center Hospital. The same year that **Genene** started working in this hospital, school management noted an alarming increase in the number of deaths among children. The killings appeared linked to Jones. In late 1981, as the deaths of disminuína no children, school management began a series of investigations. At that time they discovered that most of the victims had received lethal injections of **digoxin** .

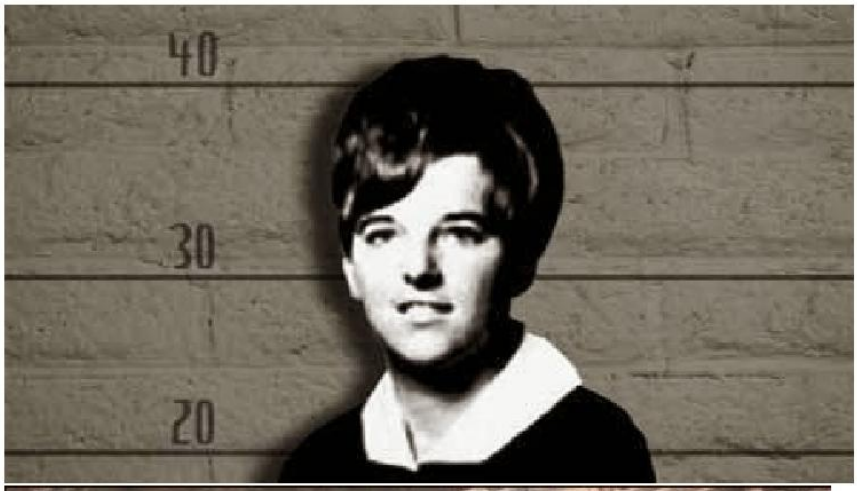
In March 1982, **Genene** passed into private practice, the Kerr Conty Clinic, opened the same year by a doctor who had worked with **Jones, Kathleen Holland** . Many people warned against Jones Halland, but the doctor thought the nurse, which he considered very competent, had been the victim of sexist structure of the hospital.

As had occurred in the other hospital, dramatically increased infant mortality, and **Genene Jones** again became suspicious.

On May 26, 1983 was charged with two counts of first-degree murder, produced by injecting a powerful muscle relaxant. The November 21 was accused of murdering a child of four weeks injecting an anticoagulant that produced a severe hemorrhage. Genene was sick to his victims in order not to kill them, but to become a hero to save them, which does not always got.

On May 15, 1984 was convicted of murder 99 years in prison, the equivalent of a life sentence in Texas for the murder of **Chelsea Ann McClellan** . Nevertheless, for good behavior and a number of old laws county, you may get out of prison in 2017.

It could be involved in the crimes committed in the **Bexar Conty Hospital** in March 1984 because this center got rid of tons of documentation that might have proven guilty.



Attributed eleven victims, but it is suspected that during the period served as a nurse at the **Hospital Conty Bexar** could be involved in the deaths of 46 babies and children.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Ghost of a Nanny inhabits a House in Langsmeade, UK contactoparanormal.us

The ghost of a nanny and her guilt after allegedly seeing a child die in their care during the Second World War has been seen in a bed and breakfast Oxfordshire, opposite experts believe this.

During a ghost tour of the historic area, it is thought that a sketch of his spirit has been captured in a haunting photograph of Langsmeade House in Thame, built in 1924, has been included in local websites as a hotbed of activity paranormal, where guests reported hearing footsteps and ghosts' clearing their throats.

It is the first time that the ghost has been seen on the property, but guests have mentioned in the past, said its owner.

Michelle Morris was taking part in a 'paranormal research' in the house on Halloween, when he heard 'activity up'.
The 42-year-old said: "I was out with a group of guests and we were investigating the reasons," the 42-year-old said.
'We decided to go to the house and when I looked up there was a lot of activity on the top floor.

That's when I started taking pictures since I knew it was something paranormal. '

The student decided to take a photograph of the building, when the outline of the ghost appeared.

"Another man says he heard a whisper child's ear:" I fell from a tree, "and I think it was the ghost of guilty Nanny" he added.

It is one of the few sightings Ms. Morris has experienced since becoming ghost hunting last year.

"I am fascinated by what is and if there is anything for us after death.

Ghost hunters said there was "a lot of activity" on the top floor of the guest house they thought was empty

"I love what I do and this photo makes it all worthwhile."

Aben Marianne, who owns the property, said he has experienced paranormal activity in the house, but knows nothing about the death of a nanny.

"I've lived in Langsmeade House since January 1988, the record holder of all residents since 1924, when the house was built.

"There are definitely inexplicable ongoings, but I have not heard of a nanny and a dead child falling from a tree.

'I sought the names of all the previous owners and only the first who commissioned the building at the time, could not be traced. If any fatal accident happened here, then it must have been in the first three years of existence of this house, "he said.

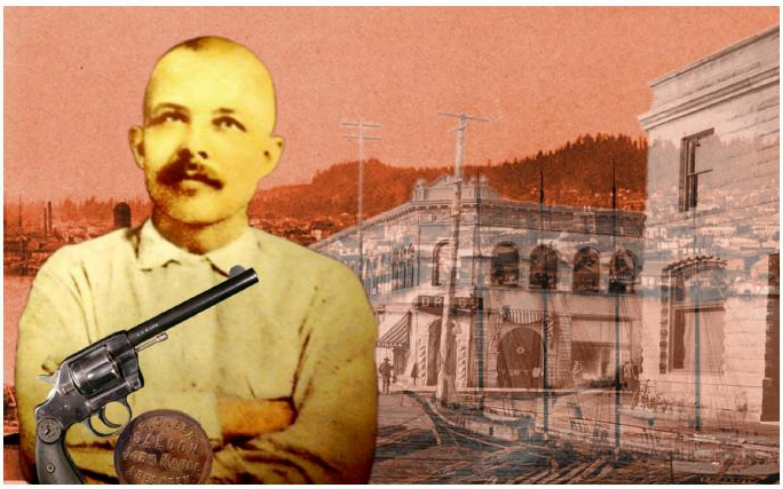
Contacto Paranormal US © 2013. All Rights Reserved. Powered by TIN

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Ghosts of the Ghoul Of Grays Harbor - Who Forted? Magazine

By Ken Summers on February 2, 2015

whofortedblog.com



GhoulGraysHarbor_WF

If you ever find yourself in Aberdeen, Washington, craving a bite to eat, you can find some great pub grub at Billy's on the corner of East Heron and South G Streets. There you'll find yourself surrounded by nostalgia from Aberdeen's past. The town was built on the shipping and logging industry; it was a land of rough and rugged men. Though the Pacific Northwest is known for its milder, wet climate, a different sort of northern clipper found its way south to Aberdeen in 1902 to chill the citizens to the bone. Its name was William Gohl.

After a failed attempt at making a living as a bartender in the Yukon, and some time spent in San Francisco's wharves, William "Billy" Gohl found his way south to Grays Harbor and settled in the small coastal sailing and logging community of Aberdeen. He was a cold looking brute standing 6 feet 2 inches tall and built like a Bulldog. Little did the townsfolk know that in the wake of his departure, Gohl was suspected in some peculiar deaths up north; many dead bodies of migrant workers washed up on the shore near where he was tending bar. But in Aberdeen, Gohl used his position as an official agent of the Sailor's Union of the Pacific (SUP) to start a new career path.

Ever since Gohl assumed his position as Sailor's Union agent on July 13, 1903, it was obvious that the German was not a man to contend with. He was known for igniting strikes and labor uprisings while ferreting out non-union sailors and running them off. On June 2, 1906, the schooner *Fearless* and its non-union crew moored in the harbor. Gohl arrived with a gang of armed toughs that night and fired his Colt at the captain. The hour-long gunfight ended with one casualty: a crew member of the *Fearless*. his stunt landed him in jail, but the SUP soon bailed him out.

It was about a year later, though, that something strange seemed to be happening in Aberdeen. The number of "floaters" (or dead bodies found in the water) increased drastically around the Wishkah River and Grays Harbor with such

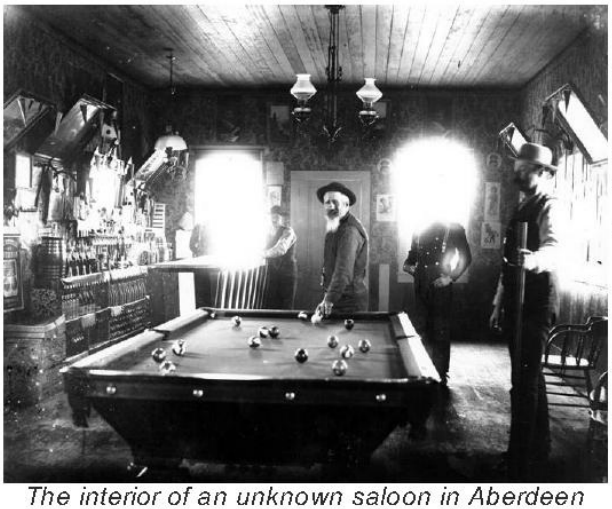
William Gohl (center, left of saw) at a logbucking competition in Aberdeen around 1907. (WSU)

intensity that the town started referring to them as the "Floater Fleet". This also led to a new nickname for the town: The Port of Missing Men. No one realized that Gohl was behind it all. In his second floor SUP office, he would shoot sailors in the back and steal all their valuables before dumping their bodies down a trash chute which led to the Wishkah River below. Unofficial estimates claim that he may have disposed of as many as 130 men by these means. Yet none of these crimes were ever traced back to Gohl nor did they land him in prison. It was his hot temper and distrust of his criminal business associates that would end his killing career.

Gohl's cabin built on Indian Creek where many bodies were said to have been dumped. (WSU)

On December 21, 1909, Gohl told saloon owner Paddy McHugh that he and John Klingenberg were going to kill one of his other henchmen, John Hoffman, that very night. His other crony, Charles Hadberg, would also be dead before the 22nd. Four days later, Gohl swaggered cheerfully into the saloon. When asked about Hoffman and Hadberg, Gohl said, "They went away for good." It was more than a month later that the body of Hadberg was found floating in the river near Hoquiam. Gohl was arrested on February 3, 1910. Klingenberg confessed to the police to try and save his own skin. He claimed that Gohl forced him to kill Hadberg, but Gohl himself killed Hoffman. Hoffman "cried like a child" and pleaded, "For God's sake, don't kill me, Billy! Don't kill me!" before Gohl put his Colt to the mans head and pulled the trigger. "I guess now you'll shut up," Gohl said before he weighed Hoffman's body down with an anchor and tossed him into the Chehalis River.

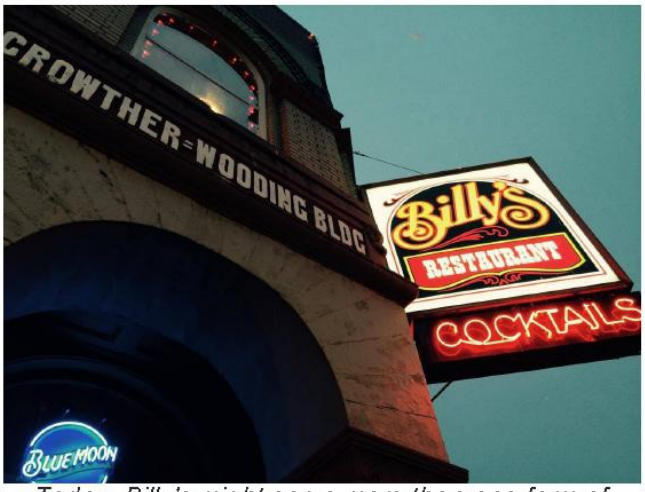
The sensational trial ended with a guilty verdict for Billy Gohl, then known as the "Ghoul of Grays Harbor". This was only for two counts of murder, though he was



The interior of an unknown saloon in Aberdeen around 1900. (WSU)

suspected of an additional 41 deaths. Judge Sheeks sentenced Gohl on May 24, 1910 to two consecutive life terms. He was transferred to the Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla in June of 1910 where he became Inmate 5779. There, his mental state started to come unhinged. Some allege that he witnessed too many bloody attacks between prisoners there, but it's far more likely that he began suffering from a form of dementia brought on by the syphilis he contracted several years earlier in the bawdy houses along the waterfront. He was admitted to the Sedro Woolley Mental Hospital, then transferred to the State Hospital at Medical Lake in Spokane in 1927. There he died of complications from syphilis, ""lobar pneumonia, erysipelas, and dementia paralytic" on March 3rd at age 53.

But not everyone thinks that's the end of Billy's story. Today at Billy's Restaurant, many believe that Gohl and his victims still wander. Cold spots, flickering lights, and disembodied voices are commonplace throughout the building. At the bar, glasses have the strange habit of flying through the air and smashing against the opposite wall, leading some to believe it's the work of Billy Gohl and his ill temper. At least one employee is convinced that Billy haunts the establishment, having seen a man resembling him sitting at the bar late one night staring at her intently before vanishing into thin air. Upstairs, there are said to be the ghosts of various prostitutes from the building's past as well as sailors–some of whom were Gohl's victims.



Today, Billy's might serve more than one form of spirits.

Unfortunately, Billy's was not the home of Gohl's business career. The headquarters for SUP was located above the Pioneer Saloon, run by Paddy McHugh and Billy Montana, which sat on F Street near Heron Street and sat against the Wishkah River. That means Billy's office was a full block east of Billy's Restaurant. So what was at the site of Billy's Restaurant? It was the Red Cross Pharmacy founded by Lovell Potter Dudley which was located in the Crowther-Wooding Building built in

1904.

Heron Street from the direction of F Street as it looked in 1908 clearly shows the Crowther-Wooding Building (center) was predominantly occupied by a drug store. (WSU)

So who haunts Billy's? Are the ghost just misidentified people who lived and worked in the building over the past century? Or, after the bawdy and dangerous skid row along the river was demolished, did Billy and his dead comrades jump ship and move down a block to nicer surroundings? While we many never know the answer, one thing is certain: Billy Gohl, one of the most infamous forgotten serial killers in US history, never worked there.

Ken Summers

Ken Summers is a historical researcher, author of the book *Queer Hauntings*, and contributor/resident ghost geek for Who Forted? who started poking around northeast Ohio for spooks just before GHI was born. After too much paradrama, he went solo with his website Moonspenders, leaving the super-serious "investigating" to the most staunch believers. Ken finds himself lost somewhere between "too smart to believe everything" and optimistic curiosity mixed with wishful thinking. He's had a handful of strange experiences that certainly fall under the category of "unexplained". Secretly, he wants to marry a werewolf and build a fully-functioning TARDIS.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Girl with White Hands

retold by D. L. Ashliman

In midsummer of 1814 in the village of Hørby on the island of Sjælland in the Kingdom of Denmark, a handsome carriage stopped at the cottage where the wheelwright Anders Olsen lived with his wife Anne Katrine. A fine lady, with the help of her footman, stepped from the carriage and approached the cottage. She was carrying a newborn child. Saying that she had errands in the vicinity, the lady engaged the wheelwright's wife to watch the baby for a few hours. Anne Katrine gladly accepted, not only because the promised pay was generous, but also because Anders and Anne Katrine had no children of their own, and her maternal instincts were strong. With the pride and awe of a new mother, Anne Katrine uncovered the baby and admired her face, her arms, and her hands. She was perfect in every way, except -- except for her hands. They had no color. They were totally white.

June days are long in Denmark, so the wheelwright and his wife were not concerned when evening came without the fine lady's return. Finally the gray of a northern summer night fell over their cottage, bringing with it anxious feelings, first of fear, and then of hope, and again of fear.

The fine lady did not return for the girl with white hands. On June 29, 1814, in a simple ceremony held in the wheelwright's cottage, the girl with white hands was christened Kirstine Andersdatter: Kirstine, the daughter of Anders. On October 9, 1814, the christening was formalized in the Hørby church. Friends from neighboring villages served as witnesses. In 1818 the wheelwright and his family moved to the city of Kalundborg, halfway across the island.

Kirstine Andersdatter was my great-great grandmother. My cousin Duane Dalley, who knows his way around archives and libraries, discovered the place names and the dates, but the heart of the story comes from my mother, Elgarda Zobell Ashliman. She vouches for its truth, because she heard it from her aunt, Josepha Zobell Clinger. Anyone who knew Aunt Seph, as we called her, remembers well that she could always tell a good story, but never a lie. Aunt Seph, while still a young girl, learned the story of the abandoned child from her grandmother, a small blond woman from the Old Country, a woman with glistening white hands.

Return to

- D. L. Ashliman's Index of Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.

Revised September 20, 1998.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Name: Gitchi Manitou
Tribal affiliation: Ojibwe, Algonquin, Ottawa, Potawatomi, Menominee, Kickapoo, Sauk-Fox, Mohican, Mohegan, Shawnee, Cree
Alternate spellings: Gichi Manidoo, Gchi Mnidoo, Kichi Manido, Gitche Manitou, Gitchi Manitou, Gitchi Manidou, Gitchee Manitou, Gitchee Manito, Kichi-Manidò, Kitchi Manitoo, Kitchi-Manitou, Kitche Manitou, Kicci Manito, Gzhemnido, Kchi Mnido, Gitche Man'ito, Gitsche Manitou, Gichi Manito, Gche-Mnedo, Gitchie Manitou, Kitchie Manitou, Gizhemanidoo, Kitchi Manido, Kchemnito, Kitshi Manito, Kigi Manito, Kchemnito, Kshe Mnito, Kitshi Manito, Gitchie Manitoo, Kitche Manido, Kihci Manito, Kigi Manitu, Chi-Mnidoo, Gche-Mnedo, Mese Manido, Me'se Manedo, Mesi Manito, Kesae Manetow, Keche Manitow, Kishä' Ma'nido, Kisi Manitou, Kehcimaneto, Kechimaneto, Kehci Manito, Kechi Muneto, Gichi Manitoa, Gechee Maneto, Kechi Manetowa, Kechi Manito, Ketchimanetowa, Kiche Manetoa, Kichi Maneto, Kechee Manitowa, Kichi Manetowa, Kiche Manit8a, Kechee Manetowa, Mishe Moneto, Mishemoneto, Mise Manito, Msawe Maneto, Konchi Manto, Gunche Mundo, Konkchi Manito, Waunthut Mennitoow, Wauntht Mennitow, Waun-theet Mon-nit-toow, Kisemanito, Kihcimanito, Kise Manito, Kici Manito, Kichi Manitou, Getci Mu'nito, Gisha Manitou, Tchi Manito, Monteo
Pronunciation: Varies by tribe. The Ojibwe pronunciation is gih-chee muh-nih-doo.
Also known as: Great Spirit, Sky Chief, Master of Life
Type: High god, Creator

Related figures in other tribes: Tabaldak (Abenaki), Kishelemukonk (Lenape), Gisoolg (Mi'kmaq)

Gitchi Manitou is the great creator god of the Anishinaabe and many neighboring Algonquian tribes. The name literally means Great Spirit, a common phrase used to address God in many Native American cultures.

As in other Algonquian tribes, the Great Spirit is abstract, benevolent, does not directly interact with humans, and is rarely if ever personified in Anishinabe myths-- originally, Gitchi Manitou did not even have a gender (although with the introduction of English and its gender-specific pronouns, Gitchi Manitou began to be referred to as "he.") It is Gitchi Manitou who created the world, though some details of making the world as we know it today were delegated to the culture hero Nanabozho. "Gitchi Manitou" (or one of its many variant spellings) was used as a translation for "God" in early translations of the Bible into Ojibway, and today many Ojibway people consider Gitchi Manitou and the Christian God to be one and the same.

Gitchi Manitou Stories

- **Father of Indian Corn Mon-Daw-Min Great Spirit and the Corn:**
  Ojibwe legends about Gitchie Manitou sending corn to the people.
- **Gizhemanidoo and the Creation:**
  The Ottawa Indian creation story.
- **The Origin of Tobacco:**
  Potawatomi story about Kitche Manitou teaching an elder the secrets of tobacco.
- **Grandmother's Creation Story:**
  Cree legend about the Creator Kisemanito making the first animals and the first people.
- **Faith:**
  Oral history from a Cree elder illustrating traditional beliefs about the Creator, Kitchi Manitou.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **Nanabosho Dances:**
  A nice retelling of a Chippewa Indian legend about Gitchi Manitou teaching Nanabosho respect for all things.
- **Ojibway Tales:**
  A good collection of traditional Ojibway folktales.
- **Ojibway Ceremonies:**
  A good book on Ojibway spirituality and ritual life by an Ojibway author.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Ojibwe and other Algonquian tribes.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

We Look in All Directions
Chippewa legends
Ojibway language
Ojibway words
Minnesota language
Woodlands Indians
The Algonquians

Back to Native American Gods
Back to American Indian Legends for Children

Learn more about the Ojibwa Indians.

Name: Glooskap
Tribal affiliation: Abenaki, Penobscot, Maliseet, Passamaquoddy, Micmac
Alternate spellings: Glooscap, Glooskap, Gluskabe, Gluskap, Koluscap, Koluskap, Kuloscap, Kluskap, Kluscap, Gluskabi, Gluscabi, Gluskonba, Gluskôba, Gluskoba, Kloskabe, Kuluskap, Klouskap, Glousgap, Gluskab, Klosgab, Glouscap, Gluskape, Gluscabe, Glusk8ba, Klosk8ba, Gluskoba, Glous'gap, Gloosekap, Gloskap, Gluskap, Kloskap, Kloskurbeh
Pronunciation: klue-skopp or kuh-loo-skopp in Micmac, Maliseet, and Passamaquoddy; glue-skaw-buh in Abenaki and Penobscot
Type: Culture hero, Transformer, trickster

Related figures in other tribes: Nanabozho (Anishinabe), Napi (Blackfoot), Wesakaychak (Cree)

Glooscap is the benevolent culture hero of the Wabanaki tribes of northeast New England. His name is spelled so many different ways for two reasons: first, these tribes spoke slightly different languages, and second, the languages were traditionally unwritten, so English speakers just spelled the name however it sounded to them at the time. Although some people have said "Glooscap" means "Man From Nothing" (or "Man who made himself from nothing,") that is incorrect-- it is a different Abenaki character, Odzihozo, whose name has that meaning. Glooscap actually means "liar" (the Maliseet-Passamaquoddy word for "to tell lies" is *koluskapiw*, and in Mi'kmaq, it is *kluskapewit*.) According to legend, Glooscap got this name after lying about his secret weakness to an evil spirit (in some stories, his own brother) and therefore escaping from a murder plot.

Since stories about Glooskap have been told in so many different communities, details about his life tend to vary a lot. In most accounts Glooskap is said to have been created directly by the Great Spirit, but in others, he was born to a mother who died in childbirth. Glooskap has a grandmother Woodchuck in most tribal traditions (usually his adopted grandmother, but sometimes his natural grandmother), and sometimes also had a brother (either an older brother Mikumwesu or Mateguas, a younger brother Malsum, or an adopted brother Marten.) In some legends, Glooskap created the Wabanaki tribes himself, while in others, it was the Great Spirit who created them and Glooskap stepped in to teach them the arts of civilization. In any case, Glooskap is always portrayed as a virtuous hero and a good caretaker and teacher of the Wabanaki people. Sometimes he plays the role of a transformer, changing monsters into harmless animals and adapting the landscape to be more favorable to the people. Glooskap sometimes also plays the role of a trickster, but only in the

mischievous/humorous sense, never the antagonistic/culturally inappropriate sense. Glooskap does not commit crimes or chase women (in fact, he is a confirmed bachelor in most legends.) In many traditions, Glooskap leaves the land of the Wabanakis at the end of the mythic age, promising to return one day if they have need of him.

Glooskap/Glooscap Stories

- **Glooscap Gluskab Glooscap Glooskap:**
  Introductions to the Wabanaki demigod Glooscap.
- **Koluskap: Stories from Wolastoqiyik:**
  Nineteen Maliseet stories about Glooskap.
- **Kluskap Tales from the Malecite:**
  Glooskap myths told by another Maliseet storyteller.
- **Glooscap Myths:**
  Three Glooscap legends of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.
- **The Creation of Kluskap Glooskap and the Micmac Creation Glooscap and the the Mi'gmaq World Kisulk, Niskam and Kluskap:**
  Micmac accounts of Glooskap's origins.
- **Gluskonba Makes The People:**
  Abenaki legend in which Glooskap makes the first people.
- **Kloskurbeh, the great teacher:**
  Abenaki legend in which Glooskap receives and guides the first people.
- **Glooscap and the Water Monster Koluscap and the Giant Skunk Koluskap and the Giant Beaver:**

Glooskap and the Bull-Frog How Glooscap Created Sugarloaf Mountain Gluskabe and the Monster Frog:

Glooskap protects the people by turning monsters into animals.

- **Gluscabi and the Wind Eagle Why We Need Wind The Bird whose Wings Made the Wind:**

Glooscap decides to stop the wind from blowing, and learns a lesson about the world.

- **Glooskap and Mikchich Mikcheech and Glooscap Turtle Marries the Chief's Daughter:**

The adventures of Glooskap and his uncle the Turtle.

- **Glooscap and the Baby Gluskabe and Dzeedzeez:**
  Glooskap is outmatched by a baby. (*Wasis* means "baby" in Passamaquoddy, and *Dzeedzees* means "baby" in Abenaki.)
- **Gluskonba and the Four Wishes: The First Pine Trees Glooskap and the Fearful Warrior Glooskap Grants Three Wishes:**
  Glooscap grants wishes to Wabanaki men, but not all their wishes turn out as they imagined.
- **Glooscap and Winpe:**
  Mi'kmaq legend about Glooscap winning the first game of lacrosse.
- **How Gluskabe Stole Tobacco:**
  Grasshopper tries to keep the gift of tobacco for himself, but is outwitted by Glooscap.
- **Glooscap and the Rabbit:**
  Rabbit plays a trick on the other animals, but he can't fool Glooscap.

- **How Glooskap Found the Summer:**
  Micmac legend about Glooskap and the seasons.
- **Nukumi and Fire:**
  The origin of Glooscap's grandmother.
- **Glooscap Turns Bad Into Good:**
  Glooscap creates landmarks on the St. John River. In English, Micmac, and Maliseet.
- **Gluskonba and the Snow-Bird:**
  A Gluskabe legend told in Abenaki with English translation.
- **Gluskabe Changes Maple Syrup:**
  Abenaki myth about Glooskap creating maple syrup.

Recommended Books of Glooskap Stories

- **On the Trail of Elder Brother:**
  A good collection of traditional Koluscap stories told by a Mi'kmaq author and illustrator.
- **Gluskabe Stories:**
  Audio tape of Gluskap legends told by Abenaki storyteller Joseph Bruchac.
- **Seven Eyes, Seven Legs:**
  Good book of myths and folktales told and illustrated by an Abenaki author.
- **Gluskabe and the Four Wishes:**
  Children's picture book illustrating a Gluskabe legend.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

Voice of the Dawn
Mikmaq myths
Abenaki myths
Abenaki language
Mi'kmaq words
Maliseet words
Maine languages
Eastern Woodland cultures
The Algonkians

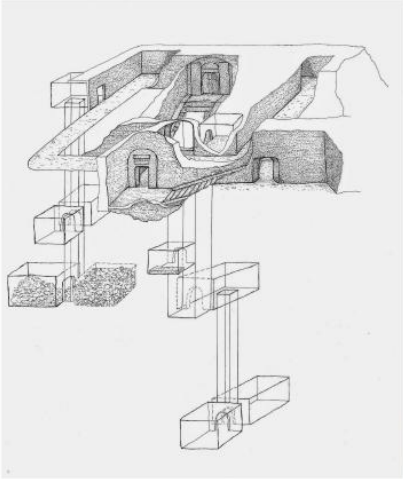
Back to Native American Heroes
Back to Native American Myths and Legends

Learn more about the Mi'kmaq Indians.

Jan
1

God's tomb discovered in Qurna

A new complex representing a model of the mythical Tomb of Osiris was discovered in Sheikh Abd el-Gourna, inside the unpublished tomb of Kampp -327-.
The Canarian-Tuscan Archaeological Mission directed by Dr. María Milagros Álvarez Sosa and deputy director Dr. Irene Morfini, in Cooperation with the Ministry of State for Antiquities, holds the concession of two tombs in the Theban area of Sheikh Abd el-Gourna: TT109 (tomb of Min) and Kampp -327- (anonymous tomb).
While the tomb of Min is almost completely unpublished, except for some attempts at drawing plans during the 20th century and a brief article written by Philippe Virey in 1887, tomb Kampp -327- is wholly unpublished. The architecture of this tomb is peculiar, representing a model of the mythical tomb of Osiris, of which the most evident replica known so far is considered the Osireion at Abydos (see plan).



Drawing by: Raffaella Carrera. Min Project

After a transversal hall supported by 5 pillars, a staircase goes down into the bedrock leading to a complex dedicated to the god of the netherworld, Osiris. A statue of Osiris is located in a chapel with a vaulted ceiling in the middle of an intricate structure. In front of the Osiris statue there is a staircase with a shaft cut into it. This shaft goes down for about 9 meters, leading to a room and a second shaft, which is about 6 meters deep, ending in the deepest part of the monument.

Photo by Paolo Bondielli. Min Project

The Osiris statue is surrounded by a corridor, which is meant to isolate and protect the most important part of the complex.
The symbolism of Osiris is very evident here, since all the elements recalling the mythical

“Osiris tomb” are present: a big staircase of 3,5 meter long with a 4 meter high ceiling at the bottom leading to the Netherworld and another one leading directly to the Osiris statue, which is therefore at a higher level and ideally isolated on “his island”; the Osiris statue itself; the empty corridor surrounding it which symbolizes the channel of water (see Osireion in Abydos); the expected burial chamber below the statue, thus identifying the deceased with Osiris.

Comparing this complex with similar tombs containing Osirian elements present in the area (TT33 Petamenophis, TT34 Montuemhat, TT36 Ibi, TT37 Harwa, TT389 Basa, TT414 Ankhor in the Assasif and TT223 Karakhamun in the South Assasif) we can date it to the 25th-26th Dynasty. The appearance of Osirian elements in private tombs is documented, as far as we know, only in the 25th-26th Dynasty in these large funerary buildings of the Assasif area.

Photo by Matjaz Kacicnik. Min Project Furthermore, on the west side of the corridor surrounding the Osiris statue, a room opens up containing a shaft. This shaft is about 7 meters deep and presents two empty rooms on the north and south side, as well as two rooms filled with debris on the east and west side. The room on the west side, which was inspected during the present season, is a funerary chamber decorated with reliefs representing chapels with demons and deities holding knives. These figures, running around the walls, were meant to protect and guard the body of the deceased.

Godfather Death

tales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 332
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1998-2013

Contents

1. Godfather Death (Germany)
2. Dr. Urssenbeck, Physician of Death (Austria)
3. The Boy with the Ale Keg (Norway)
4. The Just Man (Italy)
5. Related Links

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Godfather Death

Germany

Once upon a time there was an old man who already had twelve children, and when the thirteenth was born he did not know where to turn for help. In desperation he went into the woods. There the Good Lord happened upon him and said to him, "I feel sorry for you, poor man. I will lift your child from his baptism and take care of him. He will be happy on earth."

The man answered, "I do not want you as a godfather. You give to the rich and let the poor starve." With that he left him standing there and continued on his way.

Soon thereafter Death happened upon him and also said to him, "I will be godfather for you and pick up your child. And if he has me as a friend, he will lack nothing. I will make a doctor of him."

The man said, "I am satisfied with that, for without distinction you take the rich as well as the poor. Tomorrow is Sunday, when the child will be baptized. Be on time."

The next day Death arrived and held the child for his baptism. After he had grown up, Death came again and took his godchild into the woods, and said to him, "Now you are to become a doctor. You must only pay attention when you are called to a sick person and see if I am standing at his head. If so, without further ado let him smell from this flask, then anoint his feet with its contents, and he soon will regain his health. But if I am standing at his feet, then he is finished, for I will soon take him. Do not attempt to begin a cure."

With that Death gave him the flask, and he became a renowned doctor. He only needed to

see a patient, and he could immediately predict whether he would regain his health or die.

Once he was summoned to the king, who was suffering from a serious illness. When the doctor approached him, he saw Death standing at the king's feet, and his flask would be of no use. But it occurred to him that he might deceive Death. Thus he took hold of the king and turned him around, so that Death was now standing at his head. It succeeded, and the king regained his health.

After the doctor returned home, Death came to him, made angry and grim faces at him, and said, "If you ever again attempt to deceive me, I shall wring your neck."

Soon afterward the king's beautiful daughter took ill. No one on earth could help her. The king wept day and night, until finally he proclaimed that whoever could cure her could have her as a reward. The doctor came and saw Death standing at her feet. Astonished at her beauty, he forgot the warning, turned her around, let her smell from the healing flask, and anointed the soles of her feet with its contents.

He had scarcely returned home when Death with his terrifying face appeared before him, seized him, and carried him to an underground cavern where many thousand lights were burning.

"Look!" said Death. "These are all the living. And here is a light that will burn only a little longer, and then go out. This is your life! Take heed!"

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der Gevatter Tod," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1812), no. 44.
- The Grimms altered this tale somewhat in later editions.
- Link to the German text of the 1857 edition Der Gevatter Tod.
- Link to an English translation of the 1857 version Godfather Death.
- The Grimms included another tale of type 332 in their Children's and Household Tales, "The Godfather" (no. 42).
    - Link to the German text Der Herr Gevatter.
    - Link to an English translation The Godfather.
- Return to the table of contents.

Austria

The city of Vienna has always been distinguished for its famous physicians. Around the year 1482 one such well-known physician was Dr. Paul Urssenbeck, Rector of the University. His fame came from his ability to predict with certainty whether a patient would recover his or her health or would die. He thus became known as the doctor of death.

The following story is told as to how he achieved this remarkable gift:

In his earlier years he followed the trade of a poor but honest weaver in the town of Deckendorf near Straudigen in Bavaria. It was a time of famine, and he, his wife, and their eleven children were in great need. Then a twelfth child was born, and they could find no one

to serve as its godparent. As a last chance, the poor weaver walked to a nearby village and asked an old friend to serve as godfather, but met only rejection.

Disappointed and frustrated the poor man made his back to his family. While walking sorrowfully through the dense forest toward his home, he said: "If I only could die."

Suddenly a tall figure dressed in a dark cloak appeared before him, saying: "You called me. I am Death. What can I do for you?"

As much as the man had previously wanted to die, he now wanted to live. "I am seeking a godfather for my youngest child. But I cannot find anyone who will serve as his godparent," answered the weaver sadly.

"I will accept this responsibility," said Death. And thus it happened.

Following the baptism the mysterious godfather took the father aside and said: "Since I possess neither gold nor silver to give to your child as a baptism present, I will make you into the most famous doctor of all times. Whenever you are called to a sick person, I -- invisible to others -- will seat myself either to the head or to the feet of the patient. If I am seated at the head, then this will show you that hope for recovery exists. If I am seated at the feet, then the patient will die.

Through this gift the weaver was able to cure many illnesses, for he knew whether the patient who had sought his treatment would be helped by medications, or whether he would die. Soon the previously poor weaver became a wealthy and respected physician. However, his increased wealth made him ever-more greedy

One day a very wealthy man fell seriously ill, but when Dr. Urssenbeck was called in, and he saw that Death was already seated at the patient's feet. Upon hearing the diagnosis, the next of kin could not be comforted, and they offered the physician a fortune if he could heal the prince. Then Urssenbeck resorted to trickery. He quickly had the patient's bed turned around, so that Death was now seated at his head. Thus the man was rescued from Death, and he regained his health.

On the physician's way home Death suddenly appeared before him. "You unfortunate one, why have you deceived me? In return for the life that you have given back to the rich man, you yourself must now die" spoke the reaper with a threatening voice, and disappeared.

Dr. Urssenbeck suddenly found himself in a large room where thousands of candles were burning. Death said to him, "Each of these candles represents someone's life. This tiny stump that is about to go out is yours." Terrified, Dr. Urssenbeck reached for a taller candle, wanting to take some wax from it to replenish his stump, but in so doing he touched his own candle, and it went out, and he fell to the floor dead.

That evening his body was found in a ravine. He was buried in the graveyard of Saint Stephen's Cathedral.

- Source: Abstracted from J. W. Holczabek and A. Winter, "Gevatter Tod," *Sagen und*

Geschichten der Stadt Wien, vol. 1 (Vienna: Verlag von Carl Graeser, 1886), no. 7, pp. 43-48.

- Return to the table of contents.

The Boy with the Ale Keg

Norway

Once upon a time there was a boy who had served a man in the northern mountains for a long time. This man was a master at ale brewing. It was so uncommonly good, the like of it was not to be found. So, when the boy was to leave his place and the man was to pay him the wages he had earned, he would take no other pay than a keg of Yule-ale. Well, he got it and set off with it, and he carried it both far and long, but the longer he carried the keg the heavier it got, and so he began to look about to see if anyone were coming with whom he might have drink, that the ale might lessen and the keg lighten. And after a long, long time, he met an old man with a big beard.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the boy.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"I'm looking for someone to drink with me, and lighten my keg," said the boy.

"Can't you drink with me as well as with anyone else?" said the man. "I have traveled both far and wide, and I am both tired and thirsty."

"Well, why shouldn't I?" said the boy. "But tell me, where are you from, and what sort of man are you?"

"I am the Lord, and come from Heaven," said the man.

"I will not drink with you," said the boy, "for you make such distinction between persons here on earth, and you divide rights so unevenly that some get so rich and some so poor. No, I will not drink with you!" And having said this he trudged off again with his keg.

When he had gone a bit farther the keg grew too heavy again. He thought he could not carry it any longer unless someone came with whom he might drink, and so lessen the ale in the keg. Yes, he met an ugly, scrawny man who came rushing along.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the boy.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'm looking for someone to drink with, and lighten my keg," said the boy.

"Can't you drink with me as well as with anyone else?" said the man. "I have traveled both far and wide, and I am tired and thirsty."

"Well, why not?" said the boy. "But who are you, and where do you come from?"

"Who am I? I am the Devil, and I come from Hell, that's where I come from," said the man.

"No!" said the boy. "You only torment and plague poor folk, and if there is any unhappiness astir, they always say it is your fault. I will not drink with you."

So he went far and farther than far again with his ale keg on his back, until he thought it grew so heavy there was no carrying it any farther. He began to look around again if anyone were coming with whom he could drink and lighten his keg. So after a long, long time, another man came, and he was so dried up and scrawny it was a wonder that his bones hung together.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the boy.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"Oh, I was only looking about to see if I could find someone to drink with, that my keg might be lightened a little, it is so heavy to carry."

"Can't you drink with me as well as with anyone else?" said the man.

"Yes, why not?" said the boy. "But what sort of man are you?"

"They call me Death," said the man.

"I will gladly drink with you.," said the boy. And as he said this he put down his keg and began to tap the ale into a bowl. "You are a good man, for you treat all alike, both rich and poor."

So he drank to his health, and Death drank to his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the boy was fond of him, they drank bowl after bowl until the ale was lessened, and the keg grew light.

At last Death said, "I have never known drink which tasted better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return." But after he had thought awhile, he said the keg should never get empty, however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the boy could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the boy came into a sick man's room, Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him a sure sign if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draft from the keg; but if he sat by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick person belonged to Death.

Well, the boy soon grew famous, and was summoned far and near, and he helped many to

health again who had been given up. When he came in and saw how Death sat by a sick man's bed, he foretold either life or death, and his foretelling was never wrong. He became both a rich and powerful man, and at last he was summoned to a king's daughter far, far away in the world. She was so dangerously ill that no doctor thought he could do her any good, and so they promised him all that he might ask for if he would only save her life.

Now, when he came into the princess's room, there sat Death at her pillow; but as he sat he dozed and nodded, and while he did this she felt better.

"Now, life or death is at stake," said the doctor; "and I fear, from what I see, there is no hope."

But they said he must save her, if it cost land and realm. So he looked at Death, and while he sat there and dozed again, he made a sign to the servants to turn the bed around so quickly that Death was left sitting at the foot, and at the very moment they turned the bed, the doctor gave her the draft, and her life was spared.

"Now you have cheated me," said Death, "and we are quits."

"I was forced to do it," said the doctor, "unless I wished to lose land and realm."

"That shall not help you much," said Death. "Your time is up, for now you belong to me."

"Well," said the boy, "what must be must be. But you'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first?"

Yes, he might have leave to do that. But he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer. He read everything else, but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all.

But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the boy's house one night, and hung up a large tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the boy woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was doing until he came to Amen. But then it was just too late, and Death had him.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, Gutten med øldunken, *Norske Folkeeventyr*.
- I have used the edition *Popular Tales from the Norse*, translated by George Webbe Dasent (Edinburgh: David Douglass, 1888). Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman.
- Dasent gives this tale the more traditional title "Death and the Doctor." I have restored Asbjørnsen's and Moe's original title.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Just Man

Italy

Once upon a time there was a peasant and his wife who had a child that they would not baptize until they could find a just man for his godfather.

The father took the child in his arms and went into the street to look for this just man. After he had walked along a while, he met a man, who was our Lord, and said to him, "I have this child to baptize, but I do not want to give him to anyone who is not just. Are you just?"

The Lord answered, "But -- I don't know whether I am just."

Then the peasant passed on and met a woman, who was the Madonna, and said to her, "I have this child to baptize and do not wish to give him to anyone who is not just. Are you just?"

"I don't know," said the Madonna. "But go on, for you will find someone who is just."

He went his way and met another woman, who was Death, and said to her, "I have been sent to you, for I have been told that you are just, and I have this child to baptize, and do not wish to give it to one who is not just. Are you just?"

Death said, "Yes, I believe I am just! Let us baptize the child, and then I will show you whether I am just."

Then they baptized the child, and afterwards Death led the peasant into a very long room, where there were many lights burning.

"Godmother," said the man, astonished at seeing all the light, "what are all these lights?"

Death said, "These are the lights of all the souls in the world. Would you like to see, friend? This is yours and this is your son's"

When the peasant saw that his light was about to expire, he said, "And when the oil is all consumed, godmother?"

"Then," answered Death, "you must come with me, for I am Death."

"Oh! for mercy's sake," cried the peasant, "let me at least take a little oil from my son's lamp and put it in mine!"

"No, no, godfather," said Death. "I don't do anything of that sort. You wished to see a just person, and a just person you have found. And now go home and arrange your affairs, for I am waiting for you."

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1885), no. 67, pp. 226-27.
- Note that the "just man" in this tale is a woman.
- Return to the table of contents.

"Godfather Death" stories are classified as type 332 in the Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale classification system. For more information about folktale types see:

- Aarne, Antti, and Thompson, Stith. *The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography*. FF Communications, no. 184. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia,

1961.
- Ashliman, D. L. *A Guide to Folktales in the English Language*. New York; Westport Connecticut; and London: Greenwood Press, 1987.
- Uther, Hans-Jörg. *The Types of International Folktales: A Classificiation and Bibliography*, 3 vols. Helsinki: Academia Scientiarum Fennica, 2004.

- Aging and Death in Folklore. An essay by D. L. Ashliman, with supporting texts from proverbs, folktales, and myths from around the world.
- Godfather Death: Death in Fairy Tales by Terri Windling.
- The Annotated Godfather Death from *The SurLaLune Fairy Tale Pages* by Heidi Anne Heiner.

Return to

- the table of contents.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised June 6, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Golden Fowls

Aesop's "Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs"
and other tales of magical birds abused by their beneficiaries
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1998-2009

Contents

1. The Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs (Aesop).
2. The Goose and the Golden Eggs (Aesop).
3. The Golden Mallard (from *The Jataka; or, Stories of The Buddha's Former Births*).
4. The Lucky-Bird Humá (Kashmir).
5. The Duck That Laid Golden Eggs (Russia).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs

Aesop

A man and his wife had the good fortune to possess a goose which laid a golden egg every day. Lucky though they were, they soon began to think they were not getting rich fast enough, and, imagining the bird must be made of gold inside, they decided to kill it in order to secure the whole store of precious metal at once. But when they cut it open they found it was just like any other goose. Thus, they neither got rich all at once, as they had hoped, nor enjoyed any longer the daily addition to their wealth.

Much wants more and loses all.

- Source: *Æsop's Fables,* a new translation by V. S. Vernon Jones (London: W. Heinemann, 1912), p. 2.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Goose and the Golden Eggs

Aesop

One day a countryman going to the nest of his goose found there an egg all yellow and glittering. When he took it up it was as heavy as lead, and he was going to throw it away, because he thought a trick had been played upon him. But he took it home on second thoughts, and soon found to his delight that it was an egg of pure gold. Every morning the

same thing occurred, and he soon became rich by selling his eggs. As he grew rich he grew greedy; and thinking to get at once all the gold the goose could give, he killed it and opened it only to find -- nothing.

Greed oft o'erreaches itself.

- Source: *The Fables of Æsop*, selected, told anew, and their history traced by Joseph Jacobs (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1894), no. 57, pp. 134-35.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Golden Mallard

from *The Jataka*

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Brahmin, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters named Nanda, Nanda-vati, and Sundari-nanda. The Bodhisatta dying, they were taken in by neighbors and friends, whilst he was born again into the world as a golden mallard endowed with consciousness of its former existences.

Growing up, the bird viewed its own magnificent size and golden plumage, and remembered that previously it had been a human being. Discovering that his wife and daughters were living on the charity of others, the mallard bethought him of his plumage like hammered and beaten gold and how by giving them a golden feather at a time he could enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt and alighted on the top of the central beam of the roof. Seeing the Bodhisatta, the wife and girls asked where he had come from; and he told them that he was their father who had died and been born a golden mallard, and that he had come to visit them and put an end to their miserable necessity of working for hire.

"You shall have my feathers," said he, "one by one, and they will sell for enough to keep you all in ease and comfort."

So saying, he gave them one of his feathers and departed. And from time to time he returned to give them another feather, and with the proceeds of their sale these Brahmin women grew prosperous and quite well to do.

But one day the mother said to her daughters, "There's no trusting animals, my children. Who's to say your father might not go away one of these days and never come back again? Let us use our time and pluck him clean next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers."

Thinking this would pain him, the daughters refused.

The mother in her greed called the golden mallard to her one day when he came, and then took him with both hands and plucked him.

Now the Bodhisatta's feathers had this property that if they were plucked out against his wish,

they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. And now the poor bird, though he stretched his wings, could not fly, and the woman flung him into a barrel and gave him food there. As time went on his feathers grew again (though they were plain white ones now), and he flew away to his own abode and never came back again.

- Source: The *Jataka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births*, (Cambridge: Cambridge University, 1895), no. 136, vol. 1, pp. 293-294. Translated from the Pali by Robert Chalmers.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Lucky-Bird Humá

Kashmir

There was once a poor man, who used to earn a few *pánsas* [copper coins] by cutting and selling wood. It was a hard struggle to support himself and wife and seven daughters. Never a bit of meat touched his lips, never a shoe covered his feet, and only a rag covered his back.

One day, when not feeling very well, he lay down under a tree to rest. The Lucky-Bird Humá happened to be flying about the place at the time, and, noticing the man's poverty and sickness, pitied him. So it flew down beside him and deposited a golden egg by his bundle of wood. In a little while the woodcutter awoke, and seeing the egg, picked it up and wrapped it in his cummerbund. He then took up his load and went to the *woni* [shopkeeper] who generally bought it. He sold him the egg for a trifle. He did not know what a wonderful egg it was, but the *woni* knew, and asked him to go and get the bird that laid it, and he would give him a rupee as a gift.

The man promised, and on the following day went to the jungle as usual to prepare his load of wood. On the way back he sat down to rest under the tree where he had found the egg, and pretended to sleep. The bird Humá came again, and noticing that he was still as poor and as ill-looking as before, thought that he had not seen the egg, and therefore went and laid another close by him, in such a spot that he could not possibly miss seeing it; whereupon the woodcutter caught the bird, and rose up to carry it to the *woni*.

"Oh! What are you going to do with me? Do not kill me. Do not imprison me, but set me free," cried the bird. "You shall not fail of a reward. Pluck one of my feathers and show it to the fire, and you shall at once arrive at my country, Koh-i-Qáf, where my parents will reward you. They will give you a necklace of pearls, the price of which no king on earth could give."

But the poor ignorant woodcutter would not listen to the bird's pleadings. His mind was too much occupied with the thought of the rupee that he felt certain of getting, and therefore he fastened the bird in his wrap, and ran off to the *woni* as fast as his load would permit. Alas, however, the bird died on the way from suffocation.

"What shall I do now?" thought the woodcutter. "The *woni* will not give me a rupee for a dead bird. Ha! Ha! I will show one its feathers to the fire. Perhaps the bird being dead will not make any difference."

Accordingly he did so, and immediately found himself on the Koh-i-Qáf, where he sought out the parents of the bird and told them all that had happened. Oh, how the parents and other birds wept when they saw the dead body of their beloved relative!

Attracted by the noise, a strange bird that happened to be passing at the time came in and inquired what was the matter. This bird carried a piece of grass in its beak, with which it could raise the dead.

"Why do you weep?" it said to the sorrowful company.

"Because our relative is dead. We shall never speak to it again," they replied.

"Weep not," said the strange bird. "Your relative shall live again." Whereupon it placed the piece of grass in the mouth of the corpse, and it revived.

When the bird Humá revived and saw the woodcutter, it severely upbraided him for his faithlessness and carelessness. "I could have made you great and happy," it said, "but now get you back to your burden of wood and humble home."

On this the poor man found himself back again in the jungle, and standing by the load of wood that he had prepared before he was transported to Koh-i-Qáf. He sold his wood, and then went home in a very sad frame of mind to his wife and daughters.

He never saw the bird Humá again.

- Source: J. Hinton Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, 2nd ed., (London: Kegan Paul, Tranch, Trübner, and Company, 1893), pp. 11-13. This story is one episode from a longer tale entitled "Good King Hátam" (pp. 11-15).
- Knowles' source: Qádir, a barber living by Amírá Kadal, Sprínagar.
- Knowles' footnote concerning the Lucky-Bird Humá: A fabulous bird of happy omen peculiar to the East. It haunts the mountain Qáf. It is supposed that every head it overshadows will wear a crown. The Arabs call it *'anqá,* and the Persians *símurgh* (lit. of the size of thirty birds).
- Knowles' footnote concerning the country Koh-i-Qáf: Another name is Koh-i-Akhzar, another Koh-i-Zamurrad (lit. the green or emerald mountain). The Mohammedans believe that these mountains encircle the world , and that they are inhabited by demons. They think that this mountain range of emerald gives an azure hue to the sky. Hence in Persian *az qáf tá qáf* means the whole world. The name is also used for Mount Caucasus. Cf. also *Wide-Awake Stories* [by Flora Annie Steel and R. C. Temple], pp. 34, 37, 316.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Duck That Laid Golden Eggs

Russia

There lived once an old man and his wife. The man was called Abrosim, and his wife Fetinia. They were very poor and miserable, and had a son named Little Ivan, who was fifteen years

old. One day old Abrosim brought a crust of bread home for his wife and son. He had scarcely begun to eat, however, when Krutschina (Sorrow) sprang up from behind the stove, seized the crust out of his hand, and ran away behind the stove again. The old man made a bow to Krutschina, and begged her to give him the crust back again, as he and his wife had nothing else to eat.

"I will not give you the crust again," said Krutschina, " but instead of it I will give you a duck which lays a gold egg every day."

"Very well," said Abrosim. " I shall be supperless tonight. Do not deceive me, but tell me where I shall find the duck."

"Early tomorrow morning," said Krutschina, " when you are up, go into the town; there you will see a duck in a pond, catch it, and carry it home."

When Abrosim heard this he lay down and went to sleep.

The next morning he rose early, and went to the town, and was very much pleased to see the duck swimming about on a pond. He called it to him, carried it off to his home, and gave it to his wife Fetinia. They were both delighted, and put the duck in a big basin, placing a sieve over it. In an hour's time they went to look at it, and discovered that the duck had laid a golden egg. Then they took the duck out, and let it walk a little on the floor, and the old man, taking the egg, set off to town. There he sold the egg for a hundred rubles, took the money, and, going to the market, bought different kinds of vegetables and set off home.

The next day the duck laid another egg like the first, which Abrosim sold in the same manner. So the duck went on laying a golden egg every day, and the old man became, in a short time, very rich. He bought a large house, a great many shops, all kinds of wares, and set up in business.

His wife Fetinia made a favorite of a young clerk in her husband's employ, and used to supply him with money. One day when Abrosim was away from home, buying some goods, the clerk called to have a talk with Fetinia, and it chanced that he then saw the duck that laid the golden eggs. He was pleased with the bird, and, examining it, found written under its wing in gold letters "Whoever eats this duck will be a Czar."

He did not say anything to Fetinia about what he had seen, but asked her to roast the duck for him. Fetinia said she could not kill the duck, for all their fortune depended on it, but the clerk begged her so earnestly that she at last consented and killed it, and put it in the oven. The clerk then went off saying he would return soon, and Fetinia also went out in the town. While they were gone in came little Ivan. He felt very hungry, and, looking about him for something to eat, he chanced to see the roast duck in the oven, so he took it out and ate all of it but the bones. Then he went off again to the shop.

In a little while the clerk came back, and, having called Fetinia, asked her to bring out the duck. The woman went to the oven, but when she saw that the duck was not there, she was terribly put out, and told the clerk that the duck had disappeared.

At that the clerk flew into a great rage, and said, "You have eaten the duck yourself, of course," and he got up and walked out of the house.

In the evening Abrosim and his son, Little Ivan, came home. When Abrosim did not see the duck, he asked his wife where it was, and she told him that she did not know.

Then Little Ivan said to his father, "My dear father, when I came home, in the middle of the day, for dinner; my mother was not in, so I looked in the oven, and there found a roast duck. I took it out and ate it all but the bones, but I do not know whether it was our duck or a strange one."

Then old Abrosim was in such a rage that he thrashed his wife till she was half dead, and he turned Little Ivan out of doors.

Little Ivan began his journey. Where should he go? He determined to follow his nose. For ten days and nights he went on. Then he came to a town, and as he stepped to the gate he saw a great many people assembled together. Now these folk had been taking council, their Czar being dead, as to who should succeed him. In the end they agreed that the first person who came in at the city gate should be made Czar.

Just then in came Little Ivan through the gate, so all the people cried out together, "Here is our Czar!"

The chief folk took Little Ivan by the arms, conducted him to the royal apartments, put on him the Czar's robes, seated him on the throne, made obeisance to him as to their Czar, and waited for his commands. Then Little Ivan thought he must surely be asleep and dreaming all this; but at last he knew that he must be really Czar. He was heartily pleased, began to rule over the people, and to appoint his officers.

A short time after he called one of them, named Luga, to him, and said, "My true friend and good knight Luga, I want you to do me a service. Go to my own country, go to the Czar, salute him from me, and ask him to deliver to you the shopkeeper Abrosim and his wife, so that you may bring them to me. If he will not deliver them up to you, tell him that I will lay waste his country with fire, and will make him himself my prisoner."

When the servant Luga was come into Little Ivan's country he went to the Czar and asked him to let Abrosim and Fetinia go away with him. The Czar was unwilling to let Abrosim go, for he wanted to keep the rich merchant in his own country. He knew, however, that Ivan's kingdom was very large and populous, and being therefore afraid, he let Abrosim and Fetinia depart. Luga received them from the Czar, and conducted them to his own native country.

When he brought them to Little Ivan, the Czar said to his father, "Yes, father, you turned me away from your house, and I therefore bring you to mine. Come, live with me, you and my mother, till the end of your days."

Abrosim and Fetinia rejoiced exceedingly to find that their son was become Czar, and they lived with him many years, until they died.

Little Ivan ruled for thirty years in good health, and was very happy, and all his people loved him sincerely to the last hour of his life.

- Source: Anonymous, *Folk-Lore and Legends: Russian and Polish* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippencott Company, 1891), pp. 53-57. The introduction is signed by C. J. T.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised Winter Solstice 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Vigilantes correct punctuation on Ecuador graffiti

The members of Acción Ortográfica Quito, or "Quito Orthographic Action," are correcting punctuation and accents on graffiti in the capital, Quito.

By Ben Hooper | March 6, 2015 at 2:48 PM

QUITO, Ecuador, March 6 (UPI) -- A group of grammar-minded graffiti vigilantes in Ecuador are using red paint and the cover of night to correct punctuation on the streets of the capital.

The members of Acción Ortográfica Quito -- which translates to "Quito Orthographic Action" -- have been patrolling the streets of Quito for the past three months and using homemade stencils to add correct accent marks and punctuation to orthographically challenged graffiti.

"We call what we do orthographic vandalism," a group member who goes by the nickname Diéresis told the Guardian. "Graffiti is an act of vandalism. By correcting it, we turn it into something ironic."

"Grammatical errors cause stress. We only make texts comprehensible that otherwise would not send any message whatsoever," he said. "While we are promoting the correct use of language, it is also an excuse for a bit of fun. The idea of making a passerby smile is rewarding."

The group members told Colors magazine they also have educational goals.

"It's a public service and a moral obligation," said a group member who declined to be identified, "We're against spelling vandalism and we won't break nor give up until we see a society free of spelling mistakes."

The group has also recently taken their efforts online, with pictures on their Twitter account correcting the punctuation in tweets by politicians including President Rafael Correa and the office of the Quito mayor.

"The only person really annoyed by our actions is the author of the first graffiti we corrected," Diéresis said. "We know this because we have friends in common."

© 2015 United Press International, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Any reproduction, republication, redistribution and/or modification of any UPI content is expressly prohibited without UPI's prior written consent.

Grandmother's Creation Story

By: Muskeke Iskwew (Sharron John, Creek)
[Medicine/Healing Woman]

Tansi Glenn,

The story I send to you was one my Grandmother, Victoria Whitewolf, used to tell me when I was a young girl, "many moons ago". This is to say thank you for the hours of pleasure your work has given me. I'm sure my Grandmother would have been honored to see it used in this way, so that many people would enjoy it. She was a great storyteller.

Here is her story:

"Long ago, the Creator looked out over the perfect world he had made, at the oceans, mountains, plains, deserts, lakes, and rivers and he was pleased. He looked upon the plants and trees and was happy at what he saw. Still, he felt there was something missing.

There was no movement, nothing to enjoy the beauty he had created. So he created the animals, birds, creepers, and fish. He made them in all sizes, forms, colors, and shapes. As he watched them roam over Mother Earth, enjoying the beauty of his creations, he was pleased with all that he had done. Life continued on Mother Earth in perfect balance and harmony.

Many moons passed, and one day the animals, birds, creepers, and fish called out to their Creator: "We thank you for all that you have given us, for all the beauty that surrounds us; however, everything is so plentiful that we have nothing to do but wander here and there, with no purpose to our lives.

The Creator gave great thought to their request. After a while, he showed himself again to his creations. He told them he would give them a weaker creature to take care of, to look after and teach. This creature would not be so perfect as his other creations. It would come upon Mother Earth weak, small, and knowing nothing.

So the Creator made man and woman, and all his other creations were happy. Now they truly had a purpose in life: to care for these helpless humans, to teach them how to find food and shelter, and to show them the healing herbs.

The humans, under the care of all, multiplied and grew to be many. Still, the animals, birds, creepers, and fish took care of them. As the humans became stronger, they demanded more and more from their brothers. Finally, there came a day when a human demanded more food than he needed, and the animal would not grant him his request. The man, in great anger,

picked up a rock and killed the animal. From the dead animal the man discovered that he could use the meat to feed himself and the skin to cover his body. The bones, claws, and teeth would be his trophies to show the other humans that now he was as smart as the animals.

When he showed these things to the other humans, in their greed to have all that he had, they started killing all of their animal brothers around them.

The Creator watched them all: humans, animals, birds, creepers, and fish. Finally, he called the remaining animals, birds, creepers, and fish to him. The Creator told them that he had decided to take them all to his spirit home and leave the humans to rule over Mother Earth for a period of time, until they recognized the error of their ways.

The animals, knowing that the humans could not survive without them, begged the Creator to take pity on their human brothers and sisters.

Because the animals showed compassion and pity for ones weaker and less wise than themselves, the Creator listened to their pleas.

Because you are good and have followed my ways, I will grant you your prayer.

To protect you, I will no longer allow you to speak with humans or guide and protect them. I will make you afraid of them so that you will no longer approach them. I will create a spirit animal to represent each of you, and to this spirit animal I will grant one gift that he may use.

If a human lives in a good and kind way and follows my path, they may ask me for one of my spirit animals to guide and keep them on my path. This spirit animal will only come to humans who have a good heart.

And so today we seek our spirit keepers to learn how to be as kind and wise as our animal brothers. In seeking them, we wish to learn how to please the Creator, as the animals did before us.

Indige
Peopl
Litera

Return to Indigenous Peoples' Literature

Compiled by: Glenn Welker

Copyright © 1993-2013

This page last updated 01/06/2014 06:19:03

This site has been accessed over 10,000,000 times since February 8, 1996.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Greed

folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 68A
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2001-2009

Contents

1. The Boy and the Filberts (Aesop).
2. Capturing Monkeys (India).
3. The Greedy Monkey (Pakistan).
4. The Monkey and the Nuts (USA, Ambrose Bierce).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Boy and the Filberts

Aesop

A boy put his hand into a jar of filberts and grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold. But when he tried to pull it out again, he found he couldn't do so, for the neck of the jar was too small to allow of the passage of so large a handful. Unwilling to lose his nuts but unable to withdraw his hand, he burst into tears.

A bystander, who saw where the trouble lay, said to him, "Come, my boy, don't be so greedy. Be content with half the amount, and you'll be able to get your hand out without difficulty."

Do not attempt too much at once.

-
- Source: *Æsop's Fables*, translated by V. S. Vernon Jones (London: W. Heinemann, 1912), p. 61.
- Return to the table of contents.

Capturing Monkeys

India

The mango trees [at Muddunpillay] were the resort of a great colony of monkeys, and we were told that the natives had caught many of them by placing on the ground coconuts in which holes had been cut, and which they had half filled with grain. These holes were only just large enough to admit the monkey's open hand. It was said that when Jockoo had

grasped a good fistful of grain and could not withdraw it, the natives rushed out from an ambush close by, threw a *cumbly* (native blanket) over his head, and captured him, as he could not draw out his fist *full*, and would not let go his lawful prize of grain!

This is the story as told to us; but, in the interests of my veracity, I must say that we did not ourselves see the thing done.

- Source: Edmund Francis Burton, *Reminiscences of Sport in India* (London: W. H. Allen and Company, 1885), p. 123.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Greedy Monkey

Pakistan

Once upon a time a monkey noticed some wheat which had fallen into a small hollow in a rock. Thrusting in his hand, he filled it with the grain, but the entrance was so narrow that he was unable to draw it out without relinquishing most of his prize. This, however, he was unwilling to do, greedily desiring to have it all. So the consequence was that he remained without any, and finally went hungry away.

- Source: Charles Swynnerton, *Indian Nights' Entertainment; or, Folk-Tales from the Upper Indus* (London: Elliot Stock, 1892), no. 4, p. 7.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Monkey and the Nuts

USA, Ambrose Bierce

A certain city desiring to purchase a site for a public deformatory procured an appropriation from the government of the country. Deeming this insufficient for purchase of the site and payment of reasonable commissions to themselves, the men in charge of the matter asked for a larger sum, which was readily given. Believing that the fountain could not be dipped dry, they applied for still more and more yet. Wearied at last by their importunities, the government said it would be damned if it gave anything.

So it gave nothing and was damned all the harder.

- Source: Ambrose Bierce, *Fantastic Fables* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899), pp. 193-94.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised July 5, 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

200

The Golden Key

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Once in the wintertime when the snow was very deep, a poor boy had to go out and fetch wood on a sled. After he had gathered it together and loaded it, he did not want to go straight home, because he was so frozen, but instead to make a fire and warm himself a little first. So he scraped the snow away, and while he was thus clearing the ground he found a small golden key. Now he believed that where there was a key, there must also be a lock, so he dug in the ground and found a little iron chest. "If only the key fits!" he thought. "Certainly there are valuable things in the chest." He looked, but there was no keyhole. Finally he found one, but so small that it could scarcely be seen. He tried the key, and fortunately it fitted. Then he turned it once, and now we must wait until he has finished unlocking it and has opened the lid. Then we shall find out what kind of wonderful things there were in the little chest.

- Source: Der goldene Schlüssel, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, no. 200. Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- This story was added to the Grimms' collection as no. 161 (the final tale) of their second edition (1819). Their immediate source was a Hessian story told to them by family friend Marie Hassenpflug. From the second edition onward this story has occupied the last position in the collection (excluding the appendix of ten *Children's Legends*). By closing their collection with this enigmatic tale without an end, the Grimms seem to be saying that folktales, too, are endless. There is no final word.
- Aarne-Thompson type 2260.

Related links

- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- The Grimm Brothers' Home Page.
- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Fairy Tales).
- Unfinished Stories. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson types 2250, 2251, 2260, 2271, and 2300.

Revised December 19, 2005.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Grimm Brothers'
Children's and Household Tales
(Grimms' Fairy Tales)

compiled, translated, and classified by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1998-2014

Return to:

- Grimm Brothers Home Page.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Indo-European Folk and Fairy Tale Links.

No.	English Title	German Title	**Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type** Type titles not given resemble the tales' titles
1	The Frog King, or Iron Heinrich	Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich	Type 440
2	Cat and Mouse in Partnership	Katze und Maus in Gesellschaft	Type 15, *Stealing the Partner's Butter*
3	Mary's Child	Marienkind	Type 710
4	The Story of a Boy Who Went Forth to Learn Fear	Märchen von einem, der auszog das Fürchten zu lernen	Type 326
5	The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids	Der Wolf und die sieben jungen Geißlein	Type 123

97	The Water of Life	Das Wasser des Lebens	Type 551
98	Dr. Know-All	Doktor Allwissend	Type 1641
99	The Spirit in the Glass Bottle	Der Geist im Glas	Type 331
100	The Devil's Sooty Brother	Des Teufels rußiger Bruder	Type 475, *Heating Hell's Kitchen*
101	Bearskin	Der Bärenhäuter	Type 361
102	The Wren and the Bear	Der Zaunkönig und der Bär	Type 222, *The War between the Birds and the Beasts*
103	Sweet Porridge	Der süße Brei	Type 565, *The Magic Mill*
104	The Clever People	Die klugen Leute	Type 1384, *A Man Seeks Someone as Stupid as His Wife.* Includes episodes of type 1385, *A Woman Accepts Her Own Cow as Security,* and type 1540, *The Man from Paradise*
105	Tales of the Toad	Märchen von der Unke	Three tales. Tale 1: type 285, *The Child and the Snake.* Tale 2: type 672B, *The Toad's Crown.* Tale 3: type 2075 *Imitating Animal Sounds*
106	The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat	Der arme Müllerbursch und das Kätzchen	Type 402, *The Animal Bride*
107	The Two Travelers	Die beiden Wanderer	Type 613, followed by type 554, *The Grateful Animals*
108	Hans-My-Hedgehog	Hans mein Igel	Type 441

109	The Burial Shirt (The Little Shroud)	Das Totenhemdchen	Type 769
110	The Jew in the Thorns	Der Jude im Dorn	Type 592, *Dancing in Thorns*
111	The Trained Huntsman	Der gelernte Jäger	Type 304
112	The Threshing-Flail from Heaven	Der Dreschflegel vom Himmel	A combination of types 1960A, *The Giant Animal;* 1960G, *The Giant Plant;* and 1889K, *A Rope Made of Chaff*
113	The Two Kings' Children	De beiden Künigeskinner	Type 313C, *The Girl Helps the Hero Flee; the Forgotten Fiancée*
114	The Clever Little Tailor	Vom klugen Schneiderlein	An expurgated version of type 850, *The Princess's Birthmarks.* Includes episodes of type 1061, *Biting Stones* and 1159, *Catching the Would-Be Musician in a Crack* (expurgated)
115	The Bright Sun Will Bring It to Light	Die klare Sonne bringt's an den Tag	Type 960, *The Sun Brings All to Light*
116	The Blue Light	Das blaue Licht	Type 562, *The Spirit in the Blue Light*
117	The Willful Child	Das eigensinnige Kind	Type 779, *Divine Rewards and Punishments*
118	The Three Army Surgeons	Die drei Feldscherer	Type 660, *The Three Doctors*
119	The Seven Swabians	Die sieben Schwaben	Several episodes, mostly of type 1321, *Fools Are Frightened.* One episode is type 1231, *Planning the Attack on a Hare.* Conclusion belongs to type 1297*, *Fools Walk into a River and Drown*

120	The Three Journeymen	Die drei Handwerksburschen	Type 360, *The Three Apprentices and the Devil.* Similar to type 1697, *We Three, for Money*
121	The King's Son Who Is Afraid of Nothing	Der Königssohn, der sich vor nichts fürchtet	Type 590, *The Magic Belt;* and type 401A, *The Enchanted Princess in Her Castle*
122	The Cabbage-Donkey	Der Krautesel	Type 567, *The Magic Bird Heart.* Similar to type 566, *Fruit That Grows Horns (Fortunatus)*
123	The Old Woman in the Woods	Die Alte im Wald	Type 442
124	The Three Brothers	Die drei Brüder	Type 654, *Which Brother Has the Best Skill?*
125	The Devil and His Grandmother	Der Teufel und seine Großmutter	Type 812, *The Devil's Riddle*
126	Ferdinand the Faithful and Ferdinand the Unfaithful	Ferenand getrü un Ferenand ungetrü	Type 531
127	The Iron Stove	Der Eisenofen	Type 425A, *The Animal Bridegroom*
128	The Lazy Spinning Woman	Die faule Spinnerin	Type 1405
129	The Four Skillful Brothers	Die vier kunstreichen Brüder	Type 653

130	One-Eye, Two-Eyes, and Three-Eyes	Einäuglein, Zweiäuglein und Dreiäuglein	Type 511
131	Fair Katrinelje and Pif Paf Poltrie	Die schöne Katrinelje und Pif Paf Poltrie	Type 2019
132	The Fox and the Horse	Der Fuchs und das Pferd	Type 47A, *Catching a Horse by the Tail*
133	The Shoes That Were Danced to Pieces	Die zertanzten Schuhe	Type 306, *The Danced-Out Shoes*
134	The Six Servants	Die sechs Diener	Type 513A, *Six Go through the Whole World*
135	The White Bride and the Black Bride	Die weiße und die schwarze Braut	Type 403A, *The Black and the White Bride: The Wishes*
136	Iron Hans	Der Eisenhans	Type 502, *The Wild Man as a Helper*
137	The Three Black Princesses	De drei schwatten Prinzessinnen	Similar to type 401A, *The Enchanted Princess in Her Castle*
138	Knoist and His Three Sons	Knoist un sine dre Sühne	Type 1965. Includes an episode of type 1963, *Sailing in a Bottomless Boat*
139	The Girl from Brakel	Dat Mäken von Brakel	Type 1476A, *Praying to the Statue's Mother*
140	Household Servants	Das Hausgesinde	Type 1940, *Extraordinary Names*

141	The Little Lamb and the Little Fish	Das Lämmchen und Fischchen	Type 450, *Little Brother, Little Sister*
142	Simeli Mountain	Simeliberg	Type 676, *Open Sesame*
143	Going Traveling	Up Reisen gohn	Type 1696, *What Should I Have Said?*
144	The Little Donkey	Das Eselein	Type 430, *The Donkey Bridegroom*
145	The Ungrateful Son	Der undankbare Sohn	Type 980D, *A Toad in the Face of an Ungrateful Son*
146	The Turnip	Die Rübe	Types 1960D, *The Giant Vegetable;* and 1689A, *Two Presents for the King.* Includes an episode of type 1737, *Trading Places with the Trickster in a Sack*
147	The Little Old Man Made Young by Fire	Das junggeglühte Männlein	Type 753, *Christ and the Smith*
148	The Lord's Animals and the Devil's	Des Herrn und des Teufels Getier	Unclassified
149	The Rooster Beam	Der Hahnenbalken	Type 987, *False Magician Exposed by Clever Girl.* Includes an episode similar to type 1290, *A Fool Mistakes a Flax Field for a Lake*
150	The Old Beggar Woman	Die alte Bettelfrau	Unclassified
151	The Three Lazy Ones	Die drei Faulen	Type 1950, *A Contest in Laziness*

151*	The Twelve Lazy Servants	Die zwölf faulen Knechte	Type 1950, *A Contest in Laziness*
152	The Little Shepherd Boy	Das Hirtenbüblein	Type 922, *The King, the Abbot, and the Shepherd*
153	The Star Talers	Die Sterntaler	Type 779, *Divine Rewards and Punishments*
154	The Stolen Farthing	Der gestohlene Heller	Type 769, *A Child Returns from the Dead*
155	Choosing a Bride	Die Brautschau	Type 1452, *Choosing a Bride by How She Cuts Cheese*
156	The Hurds	Die Schlickerlinge	Type 1451, *A Suitor Chooses the Thrifty Girl*
157	The Sparrow and His Four Children	Der Sperling und seine vier Kinder	Similar to type 157, *Learning to Fear Man*
158	The Tale of Cockaigne	Das Märchen vom Schlauraffenland	Type 1930
159	The Tall Tale from Ditmarsh	Das Diethmarsische Lügenmärchen	Type 1930, *Schlaraffenland*
160	A Riddling Tale	Rätselmärchen	Type 407, *The Girl as a Flower*
161	Snow-White and Rose-Red	Schneeweißchen und Rosenrot	Type 426, *The Two Girls, the Bear, and the Dwarf*
162	The Clever Servant	Der kluge Knecht	Similar to type 1681B, *The Fool as a Housekeeper*

163	The Glass Coffin	Der gläserne Sarg	Type 410, *Sleeping Beauty*
164	Lazy Heinz	Der faule Heinz	Type 1430, *Air Castles*
165	The Griffin	Der Vogel Greif	Type 610, *Fruit to Cure the Princess;* and type 461, *Three Hairs from the Devil*
166	Strong Hans	Der starke Hans	Type 650A, *The Young Giant;* and type 301A, *The Quest for the Vanished Princesses*
167	The Peasant in Heaven	Das Bürle im Himmel	Type 802
168	Lean Lisa	Die hagere Liese	Type 1430, *Air Castles*. Includes an episode of type 2411, *Counting Imagined Wealth*.
169	The Hut in the Woods	Das Waldhaus	Type 431
170	Sharing Joy and Sorrow	Lieb und Leid teilen	Unclassified
171	The Wren	Der Zaunkönig	Type 221, *The Wren Becomes King of the Birds*
172	The Flounder	Die Scholle	Type 250A, *The Flounder's Crooked Mouth*
173	The Bittern and Hoopoe	Rohrdommel und Wiedehopf	Type 236*, *Imitating Bird Sounds.* Compare type 2075, *Imitating Animal Sounds*
174	The Owl	Die Eule	Type 1281, *Burning the Barn to Destroy an Unknown Animal*
175	The Moon	Der Mond	Unclassified
176	The Duration of Life	Die Lebenszeit	Types 173 and 828, *Men, Animals, and the Span of Life.* (Categorized under two different numbers by

			Aarne-Thompson)
177	Death's Messengers	Die Boten des Todes	Type 335
178	Master Pfriem	Meister Pfriem	Type 801. Includes an episode of type 1248, *Loading a Beam Crosswise on a Wagon*
179	The Goose-Girl at the Well	Die Gänsehirtin am Brunnen	Type 923, *Love Like Salt*
180	Eve's Unequal Children	Die ungleichen Kinder Evas	Type 758
181	The Nixie in the Pond	Die Nixe im Teich	Type 316
182	The Gifts of the Little People	Die Geschenke des kleinen Volkes	Type 503, *The Hunchbacks and the Elves*
183	The Giant and the Tailor	Der Riese und der Schneider	Type 1049, *The Heavy Ax;* 1053, *Shooting Wild Boars;* and 1051, *Springing with a Bent Tree*
184	The Nail	Der Nagel	Type 2039, *The Lost Horseshoe Nail*
185	The Poor Boy in the Grave	Der arme Junge im Grab	Episodes include type 1876, *Chickens on a String,* and type 1313, *The Man Who Thought He Was Dead*
186	The True Bride	Die wahre Braut	Type 510, *The Persecuted Heroine;* followed by type 884, *The Forsaken Fiancée*
187	The Hare and the Hedgehog	Der Hase und der Igel. This link is to a High German translation of the Grimms' original Low	Type 275A*, *The Race between the Hedgehog and the Hare.* Compare type 1074, *A Race Is Won by a Look-Alike Helper*

		German text.	
188	Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle	Spindel, Weberschiffchen und Nadel	Type 585
189	The Peasant and the Devil	Der Bauer und der Teufel	Type 1030, *Man and Ogre Share the Harvest*
190	The Crumbs on the Table	Die Brosamen auf dem Tisch	Type 236*, *Imitating Bird Sounds.* Compare type 2075, *Imitating Animal Sounds*
191	The Rabbit	Das Meerhäschen	Type 554, *The Grateful Animals.* Similar to 851, *Winning the Princess with a Riddle*
192	The Master Thief	Der Meisterdieb	Type 1525A, *Stealing the Count's Horse, Sheet, and Parson*
193	The Drummer	Der Trommler	Type 400, *The Quest for a Lost Bride;* and type 313C, *The Girl Helps the Hero Flee; the Forgotten Fiancée.* Includes an episode of type 518, *Quarreling Giants Lose Their Magic Objects*
194	The Ear of Grain	Die Kornähre	Type 779, *Divine Rewards and Punishments*
195	The Grave Mound	Der Grabhügel	Similar to type 815, *Keeping Watch at a Rich Man's Grave.* Contains an episode of type 1130, *A Boot Full of Money*
196	Old Rinkrank	Oll Rinkrank	Similar to type 311, *The Heroine Rescues Herself and Her Sisters*
197	The Crystal Ball	Die Kristallkugel	Type 552A, *The Girls Who Married Animals.* Includes episodes of type 302, *The Giant Whose Heart Was in an Egg,* and type 518,*Quarreling Giants Lose Their Magic Objects*

198	Maid Maleen	Jungfrau Maleen	Type 870, *The Entombed Princess*
199	The Boot of Buffalo Leather	Der Stiefel von Büffelleder	Type 952, *The King and the Soldier*
200	The Golden Key	Der goldene Schlüssel	Type 2260
201	St. Joseph in the Woods	Der heilige Joseph im Walde	Type 480, *The Kind and the Unkind Girls*
202	The Twelve Apostles	Die zwölf Apostel	Similar to type 766, *The Magic Sleep*
203	The Rose	Die Rose	Unclassified
204	Poverty and Humility Lead to Heaven	Armut und Demut führen zum Himmel	Unclassified
205	God's Food	Gottes Speise	Type 751G*, *Bread Turned to Stone*
206	The Three Green Branches	Die drei grünen Zweige	Type 756A, *Green Leaves on a Dry Stick*
207	Our Lady's Little Glass	Muttergottesgläschen	Unclassified
208	The Aged Mother	Die alte Mütterchen	Unclassified
209	The Heavenly Wedding	Die himmlische Hochzeit	Type 767, *Food for the Crucifix*
210	The Hazel Switch	Die Haselrute	Unclassified

6	Faithful Johannes	Der treue Johannes	Type 516
7	The Good Bargain	Der gute Handel	Type 1642. Includes an episode of type 1610, *Sharing Strokes with the King's Guard*
8	The Strange Musician	Der wunderliche Spielmann	Type 151, *Music Lessons for Wild Animals.* Cf. type 1159, *Catching the Would-Be Musician in a Crack*
9	The Twelve Brothers	Die zwölf Brüder	Type 451, *The Brothers Who Were Turned into Birds*
10	The Pack of Scoundrels	Das Lumpengesindel	Type 210, *The Traveling Animals and the Wicked Man*
11	Little Brother and Little Sister	Brüderchen und Schwesterchen	Type 450
12	Rapunzel	Rapunzel	Type 310, *The Maiden in the Tower*
13	The Three Little Men in the Woods	Die drei Männlein im Walde	Type 403B, *The Black and the White Bride.* Includes an episode of type 480, *The Kind and the Unkind Girls*
14	The Three Spinning Women	Die drei Spinnerinnen	Type 501
15	Hansel and Gretel	Hänsel und Gretel	Type 327A. Includes an episode of type 1121, *Burning the Witch in Her Own Oven*
16	The Three Snake-Leaves	Die drei Schlangenblätter	Type 612
17	The White Snake	Die weiße Schlange	Type 673. Includes an episode of type 554, *The Grateful Animals*

For more information about folktale types see:

- Hans-Jörg Uther, *The Types of International Folktales: A Classification and Bibliography*, 3 vols. **FF** Communications, nos. 284-86. Helsinki: Soumalainen Tiedeakatemia, 2004.
- Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, *The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography*. **FF** Communications, no. 184. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1961.
- D. L. Ashliman, *A Guide to Folktales in the English Language*. New York; Westport Connecticut; and London: Greenwood Press, 1987.
- Reidar Th. Christiansen, *The Migratory Legends*. **FF** Communications, no. 175. Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1958.

Return to:

- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Grimm Brothers' Home Page.
- The top of this document.

Revised May 19, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

18	Straw, Coal, and Bean	Strohhalm, Kohle und Bohne	Type 295
19	The Fisherman and His Wife	Von dem Fischer un syner Fru	Type 555
20	The Brave Little Tailor	Das tapfere Schneiderlein	Type 1640. Includes episodes of type 1060, *Squeezing Water from a Stone;* type 1062, *A Contest in Throwing Stones;* type 1052, *A Contest in Carrying a Tree;* type 1051, *Springing with a Bent Tree;* type 1115, *Attempting to Kill the Hero in His Bed*
21	Cinderella	Aschenputtel	Type 510A
22	The Riddle	Das Rätsel	Type 851, *Winning the Princess with a Riddle*
23	The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage	Von dem Mäuschen, Vögelchen und der Bratwurst	Type 85
24	Frau Holle	Frau Holle	Type 480, *The Kind and the Unkind Girls*
25	The Seven Ravens	Die sieben Raben	Type 451, *The Brothers Who Were Turned into Birds*
26	Little Red Cap	Rotkäppchen	Type 333, *Red Riding Hood*
27	The Bremen Town Musicians	Die Bremer Stadtmusikanten	Type 130, *Outcast Animals Find a New Home*
28	The Singing Bone	Der singende Knochen	Type 780
29	The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs	Der Teufel mit den drei goldenen Haaren	Type 461, *Three Hairs from the Devil;* type 930, *The Prophecy That a Poor Boy Will Marry a Rich Girl*

30	Little Louse and Little Flea	Läuschen und Flöhchen	Type 2022, *An Animal Mourns the Death of a Spouse*
31	The Girl without Hands	Das Mädchen ohne Hände	Type 706
32	Clever Hans	Der gescheite Hans	Type 1696, *What Should I Have Said (or Done)?*
33	The Three Languages	Die drei Sprachen	Type 671
34	Clever Elsie	Die kluge Else	Type 1450. Ends with an episode of type 1383, *A Woman Does Not Know Herself*
35	The Tailor in Heaven	Der Schneider im Himmel	Type 800
36	Table-Be-Set, Gold-Donkey, and Cudgel-out-of-the-Sack	Tischchendeckdich, Goldesel und Knüppel aus dem Sack	Type 563, introduced by type 212, *The Goat That Lied*
37	Thumbthick	Daumesdick	Type 700, *Tom Thumb.* Includes an episode of type 41, *Overeating in the Pantry*
38	Mrs. Fox's Wedding	Die Hochzeit der Frau Füchsin	Two tales. Type 65, *Mrs. Fox's Suitors.*
39	The Elves	Die Wichtelmänner	Three tales. Tale one: type 503*, *Helpful Elves.* Also categorized as a migratory legend, type 7015. Tale two: type 476*, *A Midwife (or Godmother) for the Elves.* Also categorized as a migratory legend, type 5070. Tale three: migratory legend, type 5085, *The Changeling.*
40	The Robber Bridegroom	Der Räuberbräutigam	Type 955

41	Herr Korbes	Herr Korbes	Type 210, *The Traveling Animals and the Wicked Man*
42	The Godfather	Der Herr Gevatter	Type 332, *Godfather Death*
43	Frau Trude	Frau Trude	Type 334, *At the Witch's House*
44	Godfather Death	Der Gevatter Tod	Type 332
45	Thumbling's Travels	Daumerlings Wanderschaft	Type 700, *Tom Thumb*
46	Fitcher's Bird	Fitchers Vogel	Type 311, *The Heroine Rescues Herself and Her Sisters.* Similar to type 312, *Bluebeard*
47	The Juniper Tree	Von dem Machandelboom	Type 720, *My Mother Killed Me; My Father Ate Me*
48	Old Sultan	Der alte Sultan	Type 101, *The Old Dog Rescues the Child.* Concludes with an episode of type 103, *Wild Animals Hide from an Unfamiliar Animal*, and of type 104, *War between the Village Animals and the Forest Animals*
49	The Six Swans	Die sechs Schwäne	Type 451, *The Brothers Who Were Turned into Birds*
50	Little Brier-Rose	Dornröschen	Type 410, *Sleeping Beauty*
51	Foundling-Bird	Fundevogel	Type 313A, *The Girl Helps the Hero Flee*
52	King Thrushbeard	König Drosselbart	Type 900

53	Little Snow-White	Sneewittchen	Type 709
54	The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn	Der Ranzen, das Hütlein und das Hörnlein	Type 569
54a	Hans Dumb	Hans Dumb	Type 675. This tale was included only in the first edition.
55	Rumpelstiltskin	Rumpelstilzchen	Type 500, *Guessing the Helper's Name*
56	Sweetheart Roland	Der Liebste Roland	Type 1119, *Ogres Kill Their Own Children,* followed by type 313C, *The Girl Helps the Hero Flee; the Forgotten Fiancée*
57	The Golden Bird	Der goldene Vogel	Type 550
58	The Dog and the Sparrow	Der Hund und der Sperling	Type 248, *The Man, the Dog, and the Bird*
59	Freddy and Katy Lizzy	Der Frieder und das Catherlieschen	Types 1387, *A Woman Draws Beer in the Cellar;* 1385*, *A Woman Loses Her Husband's Money;* 1291B, *A Fool Greeses the Cracked Earth with Butter;* 1291, *Sending One Cheese After Another;* 1653A, *Securing the Door;* 1653, *The Robbers under the Tree;* 1383, *A Woman Does Not Know Herself;* 1791, *Dividing Up the Dead*
60	The Two Brothers	Die zwei Brüder	Type 567A, *The Magic Bird Heart;* followed by type 303, *The Blood Brothers.* Includes an episode of type 300, *The Dragon Slayer*
61	The Little Peasant	Das Bürle	Type 1535, *The Rich Peasant and the Poor Peasant.* Includes an episode of type 1737, *Trading Places with the Trickster in a Sack.* Similar to type 1539, *Tricksters and Their Victims*

62	The Queen Bee	Die Bienenkönigin	Type 554, *The Grateful Animals*
63	The Three Feathers	Die drei Federn	Type 402, *The Animal Bride*
64	The Golden Goose	Die goldene Gans	Type 571, *All Stick Together,* plus an episode of type 513B, *The Land and Water Ship*
65	All-Kinds-Of-Fur	Allerleirauh	Type 510B, *A King Tries to Marry His Daughter*
66	The Hare's Bride	Häsichenbraut	Type 311, *The Heroine Rescues Herself and Her Sisters*
67	The Twelve Huntsmen	Die zwölf Jäger	Type 884, *The Forsaken Fiancée*
68	The Thief and His Master	De Gaudeif un sien Meester	Type 325, *The Magician and His Pupil*
69	Jorinde and Joringel	Jorinde und Joringel	Type 405
70	The Three Children of Fortune	Die drei Glückskinder	Type 1650, *Three Brothers Inherit a Rooster, a Scythe, and a Cat.* Includes episodes of types 1202, *Harvesting Grain with a Cannon;* 1651, *Dick Whittington and His Cat;* and 1281, *Burning the Barn to Destroy an Unknown Animal*
71	How Six Men Got On in the World	Sechse kommen durch die ganze Welt	Type 513A
72	The Wolf and the Man	Der Wolf und der Mensch	Type 157, *Learning to Fear Man*
73	The Wolf and the Fox	Der Wolf und der Fuchs	Type 41, *Overeating in the Pantry*

74	The Fox and His Cousin	Der Fuchs und die Frau Gevatterin	Type 152A*, *The Scalded Wolf,* followed by type 4, *Getting a Ride by Pretending to Be Injured*
75	The Fox and the Cat	Der Fuchs und die Katze	Type 105, *The Cat's Only Trick*
76	The Carnation	Die Nelke	Type 652, *The Boy Whose Wishes Always Come True*
77	Clever Gretel	Das kluge Gretel	Type 1741, *The Guest Flees to Save His Ears*
78	The Old Grandfather and His Grandson	Der alte Großvater und der Enkel	Type 980, *The Ungrateful Son*
79	The Water Nixie	Die Wassernixe	Type 313A, *The Girl Helps the Hero Flee*
80	The Death of the Little Hen	Von dem Tode des Hühnchens	Type 2021. Includes an episode of type 2021A *The Cock Seeks Help for the Choking Hen*
81	Brother Merry	Bruder Lustig	Includes episodes of type 785, *Who Ate the Lamb's Heart?;* type 753A, *The Unsuccessful Resuscitation;* type 330B, *The Devil in the Sack;* type 330*, *Entering Heaven by a Trick;*
82	Gambling Hansel	De Spielhansl	Type 330A, *The Smith's Three Wishes*
83	Hans in Luck	Hans im Glück	Type 1415
84	Hans Gets Married	Hans heiratet	Types 859B, *The Penniless Wooer: Money in Hand,* and 859A, *The Penniless Wooer: Patch of Land*
85	The Gold-Children	Die Goldkinder	Type 555, *The Fisherman and His Wife,* followed by type 303, *Blood Brothers*

86	The Fox and the Geese	Der Fuchs und die Gänse	Type 227, *The Geese's Eternal Prayer*
87	The Poor Man and the Rich Man	Der Arme und der Reiche	Type 750A, *Good Wishes and Foolish Wishes*
88	The Singing, Springing Lark	Das singende springende Löweneckerchen	Type 425C, *Beauty and the Beast*
89	The Goose-Girl	Die Gänsemagd	Type 533
90	The Young Giant	Der junge Riese	Type 650A. Introduced with an episode of type 700, *Tom Thumb*
91	The Gnome	Dat Erdmänneken	Type 301A, *The Quest for the Vanished Princesses*
92	The King of the Golden Mountain	Der König vom goldenen Berge	Type 401A, *The Enchanted Princess in Her Castle.* Introduced with an episode of type 810, *The Devil Loses a Soul That Was Promised Him.* Includes episodes of type 560, *The Magic Ring,* and type 518, *Quarreling Giants Lose Their Magic Objects*
93	The Raven	Die Rabe	Type 401. *The Girl Transformed into an Animal.* Includes an episode of type 518, *Quarreling Giants Lose Their Magic Objects*
94	The Peasant's Clever Daughter	Die kluge Bauerntochter	Type 875
95	Old Hildebrand	Der alte Hildebrand	Type 1360C
96	The Three Little Birds	De drei Vügelkens	Type 707, *The Dancing Water, the Singing Apple, and the Speaking Bird*

compiled by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2013

1. Chronology of their life.
2. What they wrote.
    - Major joint publications of the "Brothers Grimm".
    - Major individual works of Jacob Grimm.
    - Major individual works of Wilhelm Grimm.
3. The Grimms' *Children's and Household Tales* (Grimms Fairy Tales) compiled, translated, and classified by D. L. Ashliman. (This is a separate file, and opens in a new window.)
4. Grimms' Fairy Tales in English, an Internet bibliography. (This is a separate file, and opens in a new window.)
5.
    - General.
    - Studies of specific tales.
    - Electronic texts of the Grimms' tales and legends.
    - Journals and Encyclopedias. Web sites associated with academic journals and reference works that often include articles about the Grimms' tales.

Return to:

- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales) compiled, translated, and classified by D. L. Ashliman.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Folk and Fairy Tales: Web Site Links.
- Germanic Myths, Legends, and Sagas.

Chronology of their life

1785. Jacob Ludwig Carl Grimm is born January 4, 1785, in Hanau, Germany, son of Philipp Wilhelm Grimm (a lawyer and court official) and his wife Dorothea Grimm, née Zimmer.

1786. Wilhelm Carl Grimm is born February 24, 1786, in Hanau, Germany, son of Philipp Wilhelm Grimm and Dorothea Grimm.

The children of Philipp Wilhelm Grimm and Dorothea Grimm

1. Friedrich Hermann Georg Grimm (1783-1784)
2. Jacob Ludwig Carl Grimm (1785-1863)
3. Wilhelm Carl Grimm (1786-1859)
4. Carl Friedrich Grimm (1787-1852)
5. Ferdinand Philipp Grimm (1788-1844)

6. Ludwig Emil Grimm (1790-1863)
7. Friedrich Grimm (1791-1792)
8. Charlotte (Lotte) Amalie Hassenpflug, neé Grimm (1793-1833)
9. Georg Eduard Grimm (1794-1795)

1791. The Grimm family moves to Steinau.

1796. Philipp Wilhelm Grimm, father of eight Grimm brothers and one Grimm sister, dies January 10, 1796, at the age of 44. Three of his nine children have preceded him in death. His oldest surviving child, Jacob, is 11 years old.

1798. Jacob and Wilhelm move to Kassel, their mother's home city, to enter secondary school. The 13 and 14 year old boys will live with an aunt.

1802. Jacob begins his study of law at the University of Marburg.

1803. Wilhelm begins his study of law at the University of Marburg.

1806. Jacob and Wilhelm, influenced by the folk poetry collection of Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, begin to collect folktales (*Märchen*).

1808. Dorothea Grimm, mother of eight Grimm brothers and one Grimm sister, dies May 27, 1808, at the age of 52. In order to support his younger brothers and sister, Jacob takes a position as a librarian at Kassel. Wilhelm will follow soon.

1812. The Grimm brothers publish volume one of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (*Children' and Household Tales* -- commonly known as *Grimms' Fairy Tales*), an unpretentious book containing 86 numbered folktales.

1814. Volume two of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* appears in print, pre-dated 1815, adding 70 stories to the previous collection. This famous work will see six additional editions during the Grimms' lifetime. In its final version it will contain 200 numbered stories plus 10 "Children's Legends." It is destined to become the best known and most influential book ever created in the German language.

1816, 1818. The Grimms publish two volumes of *Deutsche Sagen*, a collection totalling 585 German legends.

1819. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm receive honorary doctorates from the University of Marburg. Their scholarly work on linguistics, folklore, and medieval studies continues, resulting in many publications.

1825. Wilhelm Grimm marries Henriette Dorothea (Dortchen) Wild, who -- together with other members of her family -- had provided the Jacob and Wilhelm with many of their best folktale texts.

1829-1830. The Grimms resign their positions as librarians in Kassel and accept positions at the University of Göttingen as librarians and professors.

1837-1841. Professors Grimm join five of their university colleagues in a formal protest against a constitutional violation of Ernst August, King of Hannover. The seven professors (Die Göttinger Sieben) are fired. The Grimm brothers receive many offers for new positions, and finally accept appointments at the University of Berlin.

1842-1852. The Grimms continue their scholarly work and political activities, but finally give up their formal appointments at the University of Berlin (Jacob in 1848, Wilhelm in 1852) in order to dedicate themselves to their own studies and research.

1859. Wilhelm Grimm dies December 16, 1859, at the age of 73.

1863. Jacob Grimm dies September 20, 1863, at the age of 78.

Return to the table of contents.

What they wrote

In addition to the works listed below, the Grimms (especially Jacob) wrote many substantive articles, reviews, forewords, and chapters, and published numerous editions and translations. Their achievements as pioneering folklorists, linguists, and medievalists are astounding by any measure.

- **The Grimms' first collection of folktales** was not published during their lifetime. It was a manuscript containing 53 stories, some written out in detail, others sketched in brief outline form. In December 1810 they submitted this collection to Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim for inclusion in a planned third volume to their successful collection of folk poetry entitled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Boy's Magic Horn, 3 volumes, 1806, 1808, 1808), which was to be dedicated to folktales. This fairy-tale volume never materialized, and the manuscript was not returned to its authors, but the Grimms' interest in collecting and editing folklore did not die. In 1812 they came out with their own fairy-tale collection.
- *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children's and Household Tales), vol. 1, 1812; vol. 2, 1814 (pre-dated 1815). The standard abbreviation for the collection is **KHM**, from the German title.
  2nd edition, 1819.
  volume 3, *Anmerkungen* (Commentary), 1822.
  3rd edition, 1837.
  4th edition, 1840.
  5th edition, 1843.
  6th edition, 1850.
  7th edition, 1857. This final version is the basis for most editions and translations published after the Grimms' death.
  - Scanned text of volume 1 (books.google.com): *Kinder und Hausmärchen gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm*. Erster Band. Große Ausgabe. Siebente Auflage. Göttingen. Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung. 1857. This volume contains stories 1-86.
  - Scanned text of volume 2 (books.google.com): *Kinder und Hausmärchen*

gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm. Zweiter Band. Große Ausgabe. Siebente Auflage. Göttingen. Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung. 1857. This volume contains storis 87-200 plus *Kinderlegenden* (Children's Legends) 1-10.

- *Altdeutsche Wälder* (Old German Forests), 3 volumes, 1813, 1815, 1816. Miscellaneous writings on linguistics, folklore, and medieval studies.
- *Der arme Heinrich von Hartmann von der Aue* (Poor Heinrich by Harmann von der Aue), 1815. An edition with commentary of an important medieval German epic.
- *Lieder der alten Edda* (Lays from the Elder Edda), 1815.
- *Deutsche Sagen* (German Legends), 2 volumes, 1816, 1818.
  - Scanned text of volume 1 (books.google.com): *Deutsche Sagen*. Herausgegeben von den Brüdern Grimm. Berlin. In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung. 1816. This volume contains legends 1-362. Please note that the numbering here varies somewhat from that in later editions.
  - Scanned text of volume 2 (books.google.com): *Deutsche Sagen*. Herausgegeben von den Brüdern Grimm. Zweiter Theil. Berlin. In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung. 1818. This volume contains legends 363-448. Please note that the numbering here varies somewhat from that in later editions.
- *Irische Elfenmärchen* (Irish Fairy Tales), 1826. This is a translation, with a long and insightful introductory essay, of Thomas Crofton Croker's book *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* (London, 1825).
- *Deutsches Wörterbuch* (German Dictionary), 32 volumes, 1852-1960. The Grimms themselves saw only the entries A through Forsche of this monumental historical dictionary published during their lifetime. The remaining parts were published by several generations of scholars over a 100 year span.

Return to the table of contents.

Major individual works of Jacob Grimm

- *Deutsche Grammatik* (German Grammar), 4 volumes, 1819, 1826, 1831, 1837.
- *Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer* (German Legal Antiquities), 1828.
2nd edition, 1854.
- *Deutsche Mythologie* (German Mythology -- also translated as Teutonic Mythology), 1835.
2nd edition, 2 volumes, 1844.
3rd edition, 1854.
- *Geschichte der deutschen Sprache* (History of the German Language), 2 volumes, 1848.
2nd edition, 1853.

Return to the table of contents.

Major individual works of Wilhelm Grimm

- *Altdänische Heldenlieder, Balladen und Märchen* (Old Danish Heroic Lays, Ballads, and Folktales), 1811. A translation.
- *Über deutsche Runen* (On German Runes), 1821.

- *Die deutsche Heldensage* (The German Heroic Legend), 1829.

Return to the table of contents.

Links to external sites relating to the Grimm Brothers

General

English-language sites

- Brothers Grimm from *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia*.
- *National Geographic's* Grimms' Fairy Tales: From Folklore to Forever.

German-language sites

- Brüder Grimm from *Wikipedia, die freie Enzyklopädie*.
- Brüder Grimm-Museum Kassel, home page of the Museum of the Brothers Grimm, sponsored by the Brüder Grimm Gesellschaft.
- Kassel, die Hauptstadt der "Deutschen Märchenstraße", where the Grimms lived and worked from 1798 until 1830, and where they produced their best-known works.
- Deutsche Märchenstraße. A tourist route in Germany connecting the principal cities associated with the Grimms and their tales.
- Brüder Grimm, articles about the Grimm brothers sponsored by Hanau, Germany, the city of their birth.

Return to the table of contents.

Studies of specific tales

The number preceding each title represents the tale's KHM number, i.e., the tale's number in the Grimms' final edition (1857) of their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*.

1. The Frog King; or, Iron Henry (Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich)

- The Frog King or Iron Heinrich by the Brothers Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857.
- Frog Kings. Folktales about slimy suitors from around the world.
- Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich von den Brüdern Grimm. Ein Vergleich der Fassungen von 1812 und 1857.

2. Cat and Mouse in Partnership (Katze und Maus in Gesellschaft)

- Cat and Mouse. Fables about cats and mice.

21. Cinderella (Aschenputtel)

- Cinderella. Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale type 510A and related stories of persecuted heroines translated.
- Cinderella Stories. From the Children's Literature Web Guide of David K. Brown,

University of Calgary.

26. Little Red-Cap (Rotkäppchen)

- Little Red Riding Hood and other tales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 333.

27. The Bremen Town Musicians (Die Bremer Stadtmusikanten)

- Animals in Exile: Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 130.

28. The Singing Bone (Der singende Knochen)

- The Singing Bone and other tales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 780.

38. Mrs. Fox's Wedding (Die Hochzeit der Frau Füchsin)

- Widows in (Short-Lived) Mourning. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther types 65, 1350, 1352*, and 1510.

39. The Elves (Die Wichtelmänner)

- Midwife (or Godparent) for the Elves: Fairy tales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 476* and migratory legends of Christiansen type 5070.
- Changelings.

42. The Godfather (Der Herr Gevatter)

- Godfather Death.

43. Frau Trude

- Witchcraft Legends.

44. Godfather Death (Der Gevatter Tod)

- Godfather Death.

46. Fitcher's Bird (Fitchers Vogel)

- How the Devil Married Three Sisters and Other Type 311 Tales.

48. Old Sultan (Der alte Sultan)

- Old Dogs Learn New Tricks, fables of type 101.

50. Little Briar-Rose (Dornröschen)

- Sleeping Beauty, folktales of type 410.

52. King Thrushbeard (König Drosselbart)

- Taming a Shrewish Wife, folktales of type 900.

53. Little Snow-White (Sneewittchen)

- Snow White and other tales of type 709
- Snow White by Kay E. Vandergrift, Rutgers University.
- Death of the Seven Dwarfs, a folk legend from Switzerland with an ending quite different from that of the familiar fairy tale by the Grimm brothers.

55. Rumpelstiltskin (Rumpelstilzchen)

- Rumpelstilzchen, ein Vergleich der Fassungen von 1810, 1812 und 1819.
- The Name of the Helper. Folktales of type 500, and related tales, in which a mysterious and threatening helper is defeated when the hero or heroine discovers his name.

63. The Three Feathers (Die drei Federn)

- Animal Brides. Folktales of type 402.

65. All-Kinds-of-Fur (Allerleirauh)

- The Father Who Wanted to Marry His Daughter: Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 510B.
- Incest in Indo-European Folktales.

66. The Hare's Bride (Häsichenbraut)

- How the Devil Married Three Sisters and Other Type 311 Tales.

88. The Singing, Springing Lark (Das singende springende Löweneckerchen)

- Beauty and the Beast. Tales of type 425C.

101. Bearskin (Der Bärenhäuter)

- Bearskin and other tales of type 361.

106. The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat (Der arme Müllerbursch und das Kätzchen)

- Animal Brides. Folktales of type 402.

108. Hans-My-Hedgehog (Hans mein Igel)

- Hog Bridegrooms. Tales of type 441, in which a beautiful maiden is forced to marry a hog or a hedgehog.

110. The Jew in the Thorns (Der Jude im Dorn)

- Anti-Semitic Legends.

116. The Blue Light (Das blaue Licht)

- The Blue Light. A comparison of the versions of 1815 and 1857.
- The Blue Light: Folktales of Type 562.

117. The Willful Child (Das eigensinnige Kind)

- The Hand from the Grave. Folktales and legends of type 779.

179. The Goose-Girl at the Well (Die Gänsehirtin am Brunnen)

- Love Like Salt. Folktales of types 923 and 510.

182. The Little Folks' Presents (Die Geschenke des kleinen Volkes)

- Fairy Gifts. Folktales and legends of type 503.

187. The Hare and the Hedgehog (Der Hase und der Igel)

- The Tortoise and the Hare and Other Races between Unequal Contestants. Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther types 275A, 275A*, and 1074.

Return to the table of contents.

- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales), compiled, translated, and classified by D.L. Ashliman, University of Pittsburgh.
- Tales Collected by the Brothers Grimm, based on Margaret Hunt's translation. A project directed by William Barker, Memorial University of Newfoundland.
- Fairy Tales by the Grimm Brothers. This site includes both German and English versions of selected fairy tales, along with illustrations from 19th-century editions. Presented by Robert Godwin-Jones, Virginia Commonwealth University.
- Household Tales. A selection of 42 tales from the Harvard Classics, vol. 17, part 2. This site is part of Great Books Online from bartleby.com.

- Jacob und Wilhelm Grimm: Märchen. Carefully edited texts, including the first edition of 1812/15 and the final edition of 1857, sponsored by Zeno.org.
    1. *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1812/15).
    2. *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1857).
- Jacob und Wilhelm Grimm: Sagen. Carefully edited texts, based on the third edtion of 1891.
- Märchen der Brüder Grimm, edited by Kurt Derungs. This site is part of the Märchenlexikon sponsored by *edition amalia*. It includes German-language texts of most of the tales, plus information about the Grimms' sources and the tales' Aarne-Thompson-Uther type numbers.
- Brüder Grimm: Irische Elfenmärchen. The Grimm brothers' translation of *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland* by Thomas Crofton Croker. These texts

are sponsored by Projekt Gutenberg-DE, die digitale Bibliothek. Projekt Gutenberg-DE also offers the Grimm brothers' *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* and *Deutsche Sagen*, but the versions by Zeno.org are much more reliable.

- Sagen der Brüder Grimm, edited by Kurt Derungs. This site is part of the Märchenlexikon sponsored by *edition amalia*. It includes German-language texts of most of the legends, arranged in alphabetical order.

Journals and Encylopedias

The following journals and reference works often include articles about the Grimm brothers.

- Fabula: Zeitschrift für Erzählforschung/Journal of Folktale Studies/Revue d'Etudes sur le Conte Populaire, edited by Rolf Wilhelm Brednich and Ulrich Marzolph.
- Marvels & Tales: Journal of Fairy-Tale Studies, edited by Donald Haase (Wayne State University).
- Enzyklopädie des Märchens. The web site (in the German language) of the leading reference work dedicated to the study of folk and fairy tales.
- *The Greenwood Encyclopedia of Folktales and Fairy Tales*, edited by Donald Haase. Westport, Connecticut; London: Greenwood Press, 2008.

- Table of Contents.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Folk and Fairy Tales: Web Site Links.
- Germanic Myths, Legends, and Sagas.

Revised October 1, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Hellhound of Bungay

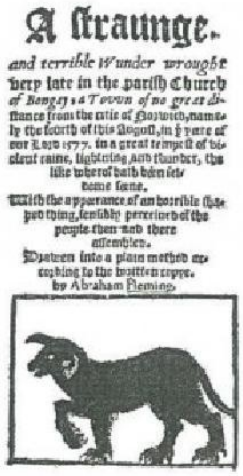
January 1, 2014

historicmysteries.com

Hellhound: Image Courtesy of CamusAltamirano (License Type: Creative Commons Attribution-No Derivative Works 3.0)

Of all the most disquieting demons and eerie entities known to plague humankind, the Hellhound of Bungay seems to be the most gut-clenching. The enormous brute very casually broke the rules of demonology as it barged into the Church of St. Mary on a stormy night in the 16th century, charging at worshippers and soon littering the holy grounds with bloody cadavers mutilated by its demonic teeth and claws. Known alternately as the Devil's "attack dog" or an incarnation of Satan himself, the Hellhound is one of the most feared entities of East Anglia in Britain, where it is still believed to roam in the dark and lonely forests, passages and pathways of historic times.

The Black Dog of Bungay


A ſtraunge.
and terrible Wunder wrought very late in the parish Church of Bungay a Towne of no great distance from the citie of Norwich, namely the fourth of this Moneth, in the yeare of our Lord 1577. in a great tempest of vehement raine, lightning and thunder, the like whereof hath been seldome seene.
Which the appearance of an horrible shape thing, sensibly perceiued of the people then and there assembled.
Digested into a plain method according to the truth of the matter, by Abraham Fleming.

A Straunge and Terrible Wunder. Black Dog of Bungay (License Type: Public Domain Image)

Perhaps the most piteous and disconcerting of Hellhound accounts took place in the little town of Bungay in Suffolk, England, back in the 16th century. On Sunday, 4th August 1577, a terrible thunderstorm broke out in the town of Bungay, a storm best describable with the adjectives: "darkness, rain, hail, thunder and lightning as was never seen the like". The puny thatched cottages of the helpless townsfolk were being fiercely swiped away by its rage, and so, the incapable country people, hoping that only a miracle could save them, knelt at the St. Mary's Church, the religious heart of the town. As they prayed petitionary for help, while the appearance of a beautiful angel with charming white wings would have been more appropriate for the situation, what fate had decided was completely reverse. Lightning struck at the Church, and what appeared before its doors was a gigantic black hound, its bloodthirsty fangs vehement to be pierced against the tender flesh of its prey. What happened afterwards is described by the following olden verse:

> All down the church in midst of fire, the hellish monster flew
>
> And, passing onward to the quire, he many people slew

Instead of being scared to death by the holy might of the church, the diablo simply dashed in, tearing off people's throats and strangling worshippers with its front paws. Such heat radiated from its foul physique of the beast, that it instantaneously vaporized anyone nearby. Then after satisfying its appetite with the horrified screams of the masses, the dog suddenly disappeared, reappearing 12 miles farther at the Blythburgh Church, where it resumed its

brutal activities, ripping the lives out of innocent victims.

While most will be content with merely hearing such a nerve-racking tale, more serious people will be craving for evidence. Hear's to their satisfaction:

The records of the St. Mary's Church show that a huge thunderstorm did break out on the said date, and two people were killed at the belfry. However, there is no further elaboration as to the circumstances and cause of their death. However, the Blythburgh Church wins the day as it boasts off several scratches made on its north entrance, allegedly by the claws of the same Black Dog.

The Black Shuck of East Anglia: Bungay's Culprit?

Hellhound: Image Courtesy of CamusAltamirano (License Type: Creative Commons Attribution-No Derivative Works 3.0)

The Hellhound of Bungay is often deemed to be a part of a much more elaborate legend that circulates around the regions of Norfolk, Essex and Suffolk. It's called the Black Shuck. The Shuck is often associated with the historic cemeteries, ancient pathways, lonely forests and old waterbodies of England. It is also known to appear at the celebrations of old festivities and rituals. Wherever it goes, it is marked by its gigantic body the size of a calf or a horse, blood-red eyes, glistening teeth and "shaggy" black fur. Sometimes it is known to guard cemetery corpses and antiquated areas whereas sometimes it is seen as an omen of death, foretelling the immediate death of the seer. Rarely, it also appears as a benevolent guiding spirit and a defender of the weak. It is worth mentioning, although, that none view it as a hungry demon mauling over feeble preys.

So, Who was the Black Dog?

Hellhound: Image Courtesy of Infernosdead (License Type: Creative Commons Attribution-No Derivative) Works 3.0

Now let us try to understand who or what the black dog was, if it ever was at all, and why it carnaged the two churches of Bungay on the accursed night. Psychic researchers believe that the Hellhound is mostly associated with ley lines, which are the lines marking the paths followed by the electromagnetic energies of Earth. A place with a greater concentration of ley lines is said to be more prone to hauntings, as ghosts enjoy feeding on the energy found along the ley lines. If we are to assume that the town of Bungay has such an unfortunate concentration of ley lines, or even that it is the area where an oversized, cryptid canine likes to prowl (as some cryptozoologists believe), then there are supposed to be similar accounts of black dog attacks surfacing in the area from time to time. However, no

more records of similar Hellhound accounts exist in the area, which has all lead me to be more inclined to the skeptical possibility that the ST. Mary's Church was most likely struck by a lightning which was responsible for the two deaths at the belfry, and the markings on the door of the Church of Blythburgh somehow provided a coincidental encouragement to the legend. However, all Black Shuck accounts can't be denied in a similar manner, and a chance always remains that the Bungay Hellhound legend too has laid its foundation upon some obscure truth.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Historic UFO Sighting: Retired Police Officer Still Haunted By 'Boxcar' Size Object 48 Years Later

inquisitr.com

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 22, 2015

A UFO spotted by police officer William Fisher 48 years ago was just one of what may be the largest wave of UFO sightings on record, extending from January to May of 1967 in Indiana and Illinois. Almost five decades later, the "boxcar" sized object seen hovering in the sky by Moline, Illinois, still haunts the man today.

Now 80 years old, Fisher captured 8mm home movie footage of the bright UFO in the sky over Moline — footage that is now part of the National Archives Project Blue Book collection, a historical record of the United States Air Force investigation into unexplained aerial phenomena.

That vintage UFO footage can be viewed above. The UFO appears just after the 2:30 mark.

It was March 9 of 1967 when Fisher spotted the UFO, as his police three-wheel motorcycle was parked across from the school where his then-11-year-old son was a student. And Fisher was not the only person to sight the UFO that day — even a pair of nuns saw the strange object.

But Fisher was the only one who took a home movie of the UFO — which got him called in front of the Air Force investigators to testify about his story.

"The Air Force asked, 'How high up was it?' Fisher recalled last week in an interview with *The Moline Dispatch* newspaper, for a story commemorating the anniversary of his historic UFO sighting. "'I don't know.' 'Well, how big do you think it was?' 'I think it was as big as a box car.'"

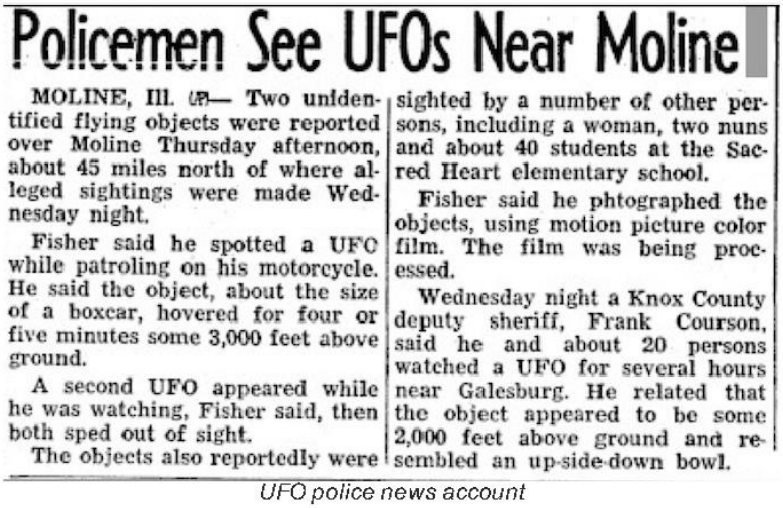
The incident made the officer, who served honorably for 30 years on the Moline police force, more famous than he wanted to be. Not only did he find himself much sought after by UFO researchers — he recalls a visit from three mysterious men dressed in black who cornered him at the Moline police station.

The "Men in Black," in addition to being the subject of a big budget Hollywood movie series, are an integral part of UFO lore, purportedly paying unannounced and sinister visits to people who claim UFO encounters.

A March 10, 1967, account of the Moline UFO sighting from the *Daily Illini* newspaper.

But other cops in nearby counties also reported UFO sightings over the next several days. Fisher's son, who was with him on March 9, still has vivid memories of the UFO he spotted with his dad.

"He pointed up in the sky and said, 'Hey, look at that plane, it's just hanging there.' I looked up, and there's a big oblong shape just hanging there. There were no wings," recalled William



Policemen See UFOs Near Moline

MOLINE, Ill. (AP)— Two unidentified flying objects were reported over Moline Thursday afternoon, about 45 miles north of where alleged sightings were made Wednesday night.

Fisher said he spotted a UFO while patroling on his motorcycle. He said the object, about the size of a boxcar, hovered for four or five minutes some 3,000 feet above ground.

A second UFO appeared while he was watching, Fisher said, then both sped out of sight.

The objects also reportedly were sighted by a number of other persons, including a woman, two nuns and about 40 students at the Sacred Heart elementary school.

Fisher said he phtographed the objects, using motion picture color film. The film was being processed.

Wednesday night a Knox County deputy sheriff, Frank Courson, said he and about 20 persons watched a UFO for several hours near Galesburg. He related that the object appeared to be some 2,000 feet above ground and resembled an up-side-down bowl.

UFO police news account

Fisher Jr., to the *Dispatch*. "It was oblong and really shining and hanging. It was silvery white, just reflecting sunlight. As soon as I looked up and saw it, my jaw dropped, wondering what this was."

While his son says he has never come to a conclusion as to what the UFO actually was, his father says he was looking for a UFO that day — because there had already been a series of sightings in the area. That's why he had his home movie camera with him.

"They were being viewed by a lot of people. There were stories all around. I was just naturally curious," says the retired police officer today, of his historic UFO sighting 48 years ago.

[Images: U.S. National Archives, University of Illinois Library]

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Hobbit threat gets boy suspended from school

Last updated 13:04, February 4 2015

A Texan boy has been suspended from school for the third time - on this occasion, for threatening to make a classmate disappear with sorcery from Middle Earth.

Aiden Steward, 9, had watched *The Hobbit: The Battle of Five Armies* with his family just days earlier.

He then went to school and while playing, told a classmate he could make him disappear with a ring forged in Middle Earth's Mount Doom.

The fictional Mount Doom appears in J R R Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* fantasy series.

In Peter Jackson's films, Mount Doom was portrayed by Mount Ngauruhoe on the North Island's central plateau.

Central to *The Lord of the Rings* plot is "one ring to rule them all" - and last week Aiden told his friend he could make him invisible with a ring, like a character in the movie.

Aiden was then suspended from Kermit Independent School for making a "threat" against his classmate.

Aiden's father Jason told the *New York Daily News* that "my son lacks the magical powers necessary to threaten his friend's existence."

"If he did, I'm sure he'd bring him right back."

The school's principal Roxanne Greer declined to comment to media, citing confidentiality policies.

Aiden had earlier been suspended from the school for referring to a classmate as "black", and bringing *The Big Book of Knowledge* to school.

His teacher was seemingly not impressed to find the popular children's encyclopedia had a section on pregnancy, and depicted a pregnant woman in one of the pictures.

- Stuff

© 2015 Fairfax New Zealand Limited

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 11, 2015

Homeless Man Lives In A Cemetery Grave For 15 Years

A homeless man has been living in a cemetery, and the grave of a family for more than 15 years. Former construction worker, Bratislav Stojanovic, lost his job and home and decided to find shelter in a cemetery in Nis, Serbia.

The 43-year-old could not satisfy his need for food and shelter when he lost his home and job. But that didn't stop him from trying to survive.

Bratislav may be considered a homeless man; however, he claims living in the tomb of a family buried in the cemetery 100 years ago is comfortable and cozy.

Bratislav Stojanovic has been living in a tomb for over 15 years. (Photo courtesy of Marko Djurica/Reuters)

Stojanovic says he feels more comfortable living with the dead.

It all started with Bratislav scavenging cigarette butts and candles around the cemetery. He noticed how quiet, relaxing, and peaceful his future home was.

43-year-old homeless man, Bratislav Stojanovic in the tomb he has lived in for over 15 years. (Photo courtesy of Marko Djurica/Reuters)

The homeless man told *Reuters* more about how he decided to move into the tomb.

> "As other homeless people robbed me on several occasions, I've decided to find a place where no one would bother me, not even police. I first slept in the open, but as it was cold, I have decided to enter an open tomb. The concrete slab was open so I went in."

This homeless man expressed how he prefers living with the dead rather than the living.

Bratislav offers an explanation.

> "I was afraid in the beginning, but I got used to it in time. Now I am more afraid of

the living than of the dead."

Bratislav is still out of work. Nevertheless, he finds nourishment by getting food from the city's garbage dumpster. In fact, he's proud that he doesn't revert to panhandling.

Amazingly, here's what this homeless man says about the food he's able to find to eat.

> "It is not as bad as you think. It's amazing what people throw away."

During the winter nights, Stojanovic keeps himself warm by lighting candles.

Bratislav Stojanovic keeps warm inside the grave he lives in. (Photo courtesy of Marko Djurica/Reuters)

This homeless man is quite different for other homeless men. He has to scan the area before he leaves his home– a tomb in a cemetery. He is aware of the fact that when he emerges from the grave, he might inadvertently frighten someone.

According to *Reuters,* Bratislav shares his reasoning and strategy of crawling out of the grave.

> "Whenever I want to crawl out I first check if there's someone around, otherwise I could scare a person to death."

Homeless man, Bratislav Stojanovic emerges from a tomb he calls home. (Photo courtesy of Marko Djurica/Reuters)

Stojanovic added he likes to watch people come and go into the Nis churches.

> "When someone I like enters the church I count the time he spends inside, no one spends more than half an hour, most often a couple of minutes."

Bratislav Stojanovic doesn't make any money, he gets his food from a garbage dumpster, and lives in a grave in a cemetery. He can definitely be considered as a homeless man. However, Bratislav is a lonely man, as well.

Bratislav recalls once having a girlfriend.

> "I had a girlfriend, also homeless, but 'she's gone.' She died, but it is nicer to say that she's gone."

The names of the family that's buried in the tomb Bratislav has been living in for over 15 years is unknown; the letters that were originally chiseled on the gravestone have since faded.

Bratislav Stojanovic walks in Nis, Serbia cemetery. (Photo courtesy of Marko Djurica/Reuters)

Bratislav hasn't seen his mother in more than seven years. She abandoned him when he

was a child and started a new family. Bratislav's father died a little more than five years ago.

Stojanovic said, "I had a friend who also lived at the cemetery, but he left as his grave was damp."

Some people consider Bratislav an intelligent man, capable of living in such extreme conditions with little aid from anyone. On the other hand, others may think of this homeless man's lifestyle as eccentric and the man may possibly be insane.

Bratislav Stojanovic at his home in the cemetery. (Photo courtesy of Marko Djurica/Reuters)

Nonetheless, for 15 years, you might say this lonely homeless man from Nis, Serbia has been able to sleep in a peaceful, relaxing, and quiet location.

[Featured image courtesy of Sasa Djordjevic]

Comments

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Is this a UFO flying above London New Year's Eve fireworks display?

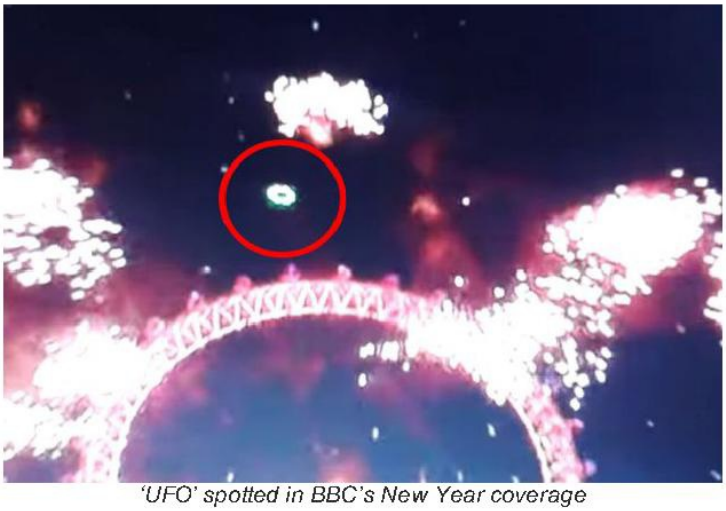
mirror.co.uk

Presumed sightings of the strange and unusual are not uncommon at this time of year - but this eerie green light does not appear to be a Chinese lantern

Was this a case of close encounters of the first of January kind during London's spectacular fireworks display to mark the end of 2014?

Eagle-eyed UFO spotters noticed the eerie green light hovering above the London Eye during BBC New Year's Eve coverage.

Presumed sightings of the strange and unusual are not uncommon at this time of year, thanks to the popularity of Chinese lanterns.



'UFO' spotted in BBC's New Year coverage

Spotted: The mysterious green light makes its way over the London Eye

But this unexplained craft flies in an unusual arc from behind the London tourist attraction, and then flies towards the opposite side of the River Thames.

The footage, posted on YouTube, prompted wide speculation whether or not it was an alien device - some argued it could just be a drone.

UFO expert Nigel Watson told Metro: "What strikes me is that whether the UFO is a camera drone or not it catches your attention despite all the fireworks blasting off all around it.

Fireworks

"Whenever UFO stories and videos appear you get furious sceptics flocking to offer their opinion – that it's all rubbish.

"So why do they bother to read them and make the effort to comment?"

One YouTube user, seemingly in the know, commented: "It's not uncommon for UFOs to be curious about our lights and electricity."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

How could a woman just vanish? - The Boston Globe

By Kathryn Miles December 30, 2014

bostonglobe.com

ON SUNDAY, JULY 21, 2013, Dottie Rust and her hiking partner, Regina Clark, made their way from Carrabassett River to Poplar Mountain, part of an ambitious hike across a section of the Appalachian Trail in western Maine. The terrain was challenging, but conditions were good that day: sunny skies, cool temperatures. The two hiked down Lone Mountain, crossed a couple logging roads and streams, then began a steep ascent up Poplar Ridge. Clark is a faster hiker, but Rust is more experienced, so the latter would call out periodically, reminding her partner to look for the white blazes delineating the trail.

Near the top of Poplar Ridge, they stopped and took in the topography. Thick vegetation walled the trail on either side. Beyond it, precipitous cliffs dropped more than a hundred feet into caves and boulder gardens deep enough to swallow a truck. “My gosh,” Clark said to her friend, “if you were six inches off the trail here, you’d be gone. And no one would ever find you.”

Less than an hour later, the two southbound hikers arrived at the Poplar Ridge Lean-to, a covered camping shelter. There they met Geraldine Largay, a 66-year-old hiker from Tennessee heading north. Gerry had a big smile, a warm disposition, and an energy that belied her age. Rust and Clark were spending three weeks hiking a stretch of the Appalachian Trail, but Gerry was a thru-hiker: She intended to hike all 2,100 miles of it. Three months into her journey, she had completed nearly 1,000 miles and, by all accounts, was having a great time.

Other hikers would spend that Sunday night at the Poplar Ridge shelter — a northbound female hiker who kept to herself, two young men heading south — but the three women hit it off. They spent their evening together, cooking their dinners over compact backpacking stoves. Rust and Clark were instantly enamored. Here was a woman who had been an Air Force nurse, who had banded seabirds on a Pacific atoll, and taken her family on trips to Costa Rica and Spain. “She was just full of confidence and joy — a real delight to talk to,” recalls Rust.

The three women shared trail gossip; they talked about work; they compared husbands. Gerry said that George, her husband of 42 years, had been running support throughout the hike and would be waiting for her in his SUV at the trailhead near Route 27, about 22 miles away, on Tuesday. That impressed the hikers. So did Gerry’s level of preparation.

‘Trail Angels’ lighten the load for Appalachian Trail hikers

The residents of Monson, Maine, are famous up and down the trail for opening their homes, their cars, and their wallets to hikers in need.

does, everything else is really just a best guess.

Adam is a patient guy. This time of year, New Englanders hunker down. Someone might be waiting for the right time to talk. In a few months, the snow in the mountains will begin to recede. Frost heaves will turn over what might have once been hidden. The wardens will go back out then. They could still solve this case.

Kerry Bauchiero has often wondered how she'd feel if they do. At first, she thought she wouldn't want to know , that some of the details of her mom's death would be too hard to hear. But time has changed that. "The only way I'll ever get closure is to know," she says. "Emotionally, I think I'm ready."

Jane Lee is ready, too. And she wants to make sure no one forgets about the case. Fliers are still tacked to trees throughout Madrid Township. There's a shrine at the trailhead where George waited. This past year, Lee hiked up Mount Katahdin, since her partner couldn't. At the top, she unfurled a big pink banner with Gerry's name and picture.

"Hey," said one of the other hikers, "I know about her."

Kathryn Miles, a writer based in Portland, Maine, is the author of "Superstorm: Nine Days Inside Hurricane Sandy" and other books. Send comments to magazine@globe.com.

Correction: Because of an editing error, an earlier version incorrectly referred to the location of the Appalachian Trail. It is in western Maine.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

On Monday morning, Rust and Clark awoke after Gerry, just in time to watch her down an instant breakfast drink and then don her backpack. She was planning to spend that night at the Spaulding Mountain Lean-to, about 8 miles north, then hike an arduous 13 miles more in time to meet George by Tuesday evening.

There was a chill in the air, and Gerry was wearing a bright red fleece. She was absolutely beaming — so much so, in fact, that Rust asked if she could take her picture. "It'll make the perfect Christmas card," she told her new friend. Gerry mugged for the camera, waved goodbye, and then turned toward the same challenging half mile of trail Rust and Clark had traversed the previous day. A few seconds later, they watched Gerry disappear into the heavy foliage.

She has never been heard from since.

EVERY YEAR, more than a half million Americans are reported missing. The majority of these reports are quickly canceled — either the individual is found or was never really gone at all. Still, there are approximately 80,000 active missing person cases at any given time in this country. These cases usually fit into neat categories. About 40 percent of them are children, either runaways or taken by their noncustodial parents. The adults who get lost tend to be struggling with substance abuse or mental health issues, or be elderly and suffering from Alzheimer's or other forms of dementia. Those who go missing voluntarily tend to be younger and escaping some kind of legal bind, like overdue child support or an arrest warrant. Murder victims are often either transient or male or both.

Gerry Largay defies all of these categories. She had retired from a successful career as a nurse in 2011. She was active in her church and social clubs. She was a doting grandmother and a popular community member.

The ongoing search to find Gerry also defies everything in the long experience of the agency in charge of it, the Maine Warden Service.

About two dozen Appalachian Trail hikers go missing in the state each year, but the vast majority are found within 48 hours. Wardens oversee all of these searches, and they can count the number of cold case files on one hand. "We always find people," says Lieutenant Kevin Adam, the state's search coordinator. "Always."

Adam and his staff can think of only one other case in the Warden Service's 135-year history that resembles Gerry's: Bob Smith, a 70-year-old hunter who disappeared in November 1997. For more than a week, hundreds of searchers combed the area where he was last seen, walking shoulder to shoulder over 17,000 acres, draining beaver bogs, and logging countless hours of flying time. Some people suspect foul play, though investigators never found any evidence to support that.

There is no evidence to that effect in the Gerry Largay case either. Nor is there any indication that she was injured or became disoriented. And that's the real problem: The wardens don't have evidence of *any* kind that could prove what happened to her. No backpack, no hiking poles, not even the orange emergency whistle she kept close at hand.

Gerry was no novice outdoorswoman. For eight years, she and her trekking partner, Jane Lee, attended a hiking camp in the Smoky Mountains. When they decided to attempt the Appalachian Trail, they undertook long practice hikes. Gerry also attended courses and seminars designed for thru-hikers. One of them was a five-day institute with Warren Doyle, who has completed the journey a record 16 times. Doyle's nickname among hikers is the "Yoda of the AT." He remembers thinking Gerry was smart, competent, and realistic — the kind of person to keep her head on straight, no matter the circumstances.

Candace Kuchinski Trail markers from the area where Gerry Largay disappeared.

Before departing on her full Appalachian Trail hike, in April 2013, Gerry chose her trail name: "Inchworm." She knew it would take her a long time to finish the journey. A recurring back problem meant that she couldn't carry the 30 or 35 pounds of gear shouldered by most thru-hikers, so Doyle worked with her to create a plan whereby George could assist her. Doyle highlighted every place where the 2,100-mile trail crosses a road. Those were where George could meet up with Gerry and Jane Lee to refuel their supplies (because of this work, George chose the trail name "Sherpa"). At the end of a day, he'd park at the next trailhead and hike in an hour or so to meet the trekking partners; then they'd spend their night at a campground or a motel with a hot shower.

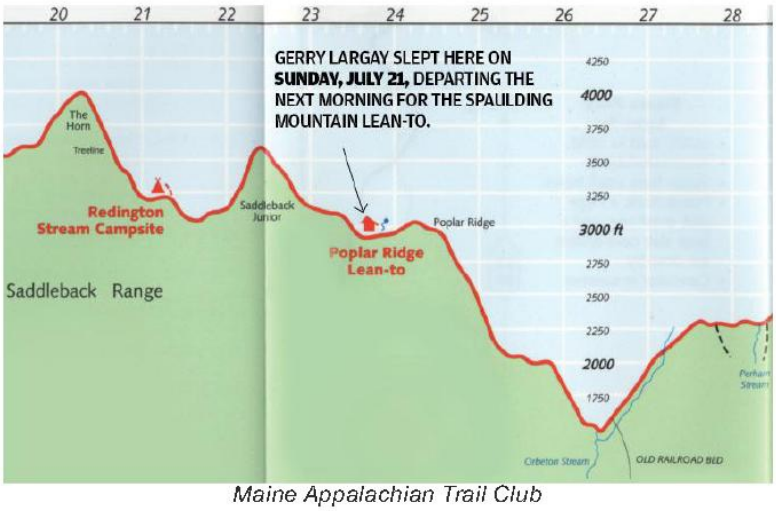
Between April and July, this routine became 69-year-old George's full-time job. Sometimes he'd do a little sightseeing or hole up in a coffee shop with a copy of *The Wall Street Journal* or *New York Times.* When things got hard, he'd ask Gerry what she wanted to do. This was her dream, but he was ready to get on with the next chapter of their life. Gerry always wanted to soldier on. In time, George stopped asking.

Just as they were entering New Hampshire's White Mountains, a family emergency sent Lee home. Before she left, she asked Gerry to reconsider going on alone: The two could finish together next summer. But Gerry was resolute; she was continuing on. Lee asked her friend to be careful.

Gerry was. And she wasn't always alone. Appalachian Trail hikers form a tight community. In Vermont, Gerry and Lee had met a 72-year-old woman with the trail name "Tenderfoot," working on her third hike of the trail. In New Hampshire, while she was hiking solo, Gerry

walked awhile with a man who went by the trail name "Blue Moon." She also met a family from eastern Canada and worked on her French.

The last section of trail Gerry attempted is one of Maine's toughest: 32 miles up and over seven mountain peaks. Doyle had told the Largays that the logging roads crossing the trail there are sometimes impassable and always hard to find. The couple decided Gerry would undertake the section as an unassisted three-day backpacking trip. On the morning of Sunday, July 21, George hiked her in a little farther than he usually did — he knew he wouldn't see his wife for a while.



Maine Appalachian Trail Club

THE RAIN BEGAN before dawn on Tuesday, July 23, and didn't let up until afternoon. Gerry was due at the trailhead near Route 27 by that evening. George hated hiking in the rain. He can't remember if he hiked into the trail to meet Gerry that day or Wednesday, but whichever day it was, he didn't go more than a few hundred yards. When nightfall arrived and Gerry still hadn't, he decided to sleep in his SUV. He figured Inchworm had been held up by the rain, but he wanted to be there, just in case she popped out of the woods.

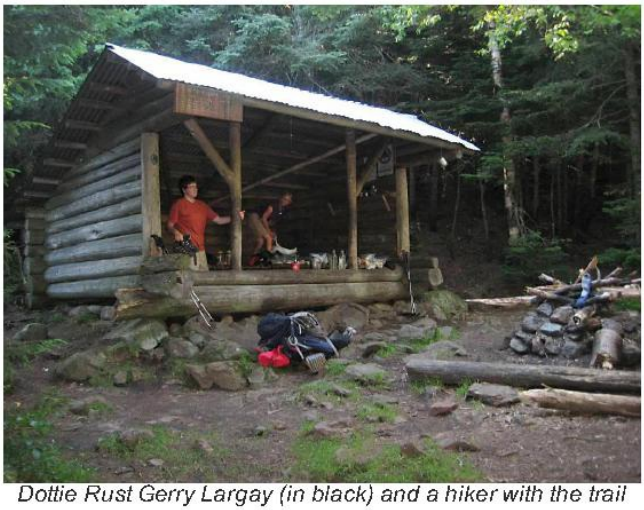
On Wednesday, George began to ask hikers if they had any information about his wife. No one did. Early that afternoon, he hailed a police car driving by. "It was time to send up the flares," George says today.

Not long after, two Maine wardens arrived on the scene. They asked about Gerry's hiking habits. They probed her personal life: How was their marriage? Her credit score? Did she have any vices? What was her state of mind?

"Search-and-rescue is an information game," says Warden Eric Blanchard. "We need to get people to trust us enough to tell us everything they know — even if they don't want to." Maine game wardens have all the judicial power of other state law enforcement officers. When initiating a search, they can access a person's phone, computer, and medical records. They can check financial records and arrest history. In this case, the background research turned up nothing suspicious, says Kevin Adam, the state search coordinator.

Starting that afternoon, wardens and K9 teams conducted a so-called hasty search — a technique that scours likely areas and paths of least resistance. When a missing person is alive, a hasty search is almost always enough to locate them. But they found no sign of Gerry.

At that point, says Adam, one thing was clear: Gerry Largay was not on the trail.



Dottie Rust Gerry Largay (in black) and a hiker with the trail name "Ivanich" at the Poplar Ridge Lean-to on July 21, 2013.

WEDNESDAY, two days after Gerry was last seen, was also Kerry Bauchiero's 35th birthday. She thought it was strange that her mom didn't call: The two had always been tight, and they were even more so now that Kerry was a mother herself. She was worried, but not enough to call her dad.

Gerry didn't call her daughter Thursday either. That night, Kerry and her husband, Ryan, turned in around 9 at their Tennessee home, turning off their cellphones before getting into bed. Not long after, they heard a knock at their front door. It was Ryan's brother: He'd read about Gerry's disappearance on Twitter. "At first I was shocked," says Kerry, "and then I kind of fell apart." She phoned her dad, who told her not to worry.

George told his daughter there was no reason for her to come to Maine — the wardens would find Gerry in a day or two. But Kerry's husband was already booking plane tickets and arranging for their two kids to stay with his parents. The couple left Tennessee at 5 the next morning.

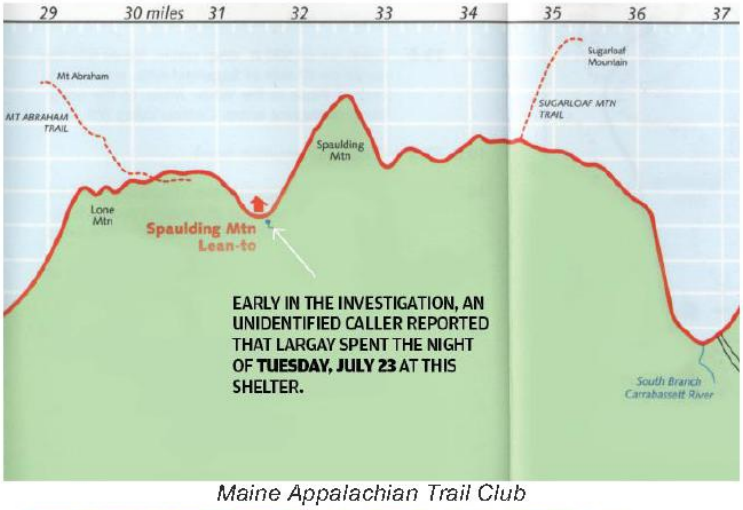
By the time the Bauchieros arrived in Maine, the search for Gerry was a major operation, complete with a mobile command unit established at the Sugarloaf ski resort.

Wardens told Kerry they were operating on two big leads: a phone call and a reported sighting.

The Stratton Motel serves as a hostel and clearinghouse for thru-hikers. Its owner, Sue Critchlow, regularly pitches in as their shuttle and answering service. She recalls an unidentified person calling on Wednesday and claiming to have spent Tuesday night with Inchworm at the Spaulding Lean-to, the shelter Gerry had been planning to use on Monday night. *Her husband is waiting for her at Route 27,* said the caller. *Tell him she's going to be late.* Critchlow says the voice sounded like a woman's, but that's all she remembers.

Meanwhile, wardens on the trail came across three young men who had been hiking south on Monday afternoon and said they passed Gerry about 3 p.m., just 3 miles or so shy of the Spaulding shelter. Both leads were enough for searchers to focus on that area.

But both leads have since dissolved. Upon further inquiry, investigators decided the three hikers were mistaken about seeing Gerry. They now believe the men encountered a hiker with the trail name "Ivanich," the same quiet woman who'd spent Sunday night at Poplar Ridge with Gerry and the others. When wardens tracked Ivanich down, she told them she left a couple of hours after Inchworm on Monday morning. Since Ivanich is a faster hiker, she probably should have overtaken Gerry sometime that afternoon. But she said she hadn't seen anyone on the trail until encountering the three young men hiking the other direction.



Maine Appalachian Trail Club

In addition, no one has come forward and admitted making the mystery call to Critchlow, despite widely publicized pleas. Wardens eventually began to discount it, saying it was a simple case of someone getting their information confused. They no longer believed Gerry spent either Monday or Tuesday night at the Spaulding Lean-to. Instead, wardens began focusing on the difficult terrain back near Poplar Ridge.

Wardens also obtained evidence from Gerry's cellphone, which Kevin Adam says received a text from a relative on Monday morning and another that afternoon from George. In both cases, there was a delay between when the texts were sent and received, and that was important.

As she hiked, Gerry tended to keep her phone turned off and stowed in her pack, only powering it up periodically. Forensic experts say phones don't receive texts when they're off, so the delivery delays were likely due to one of two things: Either someone turning on the phone, or moving it in and out of tower range. Did that mean Gerry was alive and mobile at least into Monday afternoon? Or could it be that someone else had her phone?

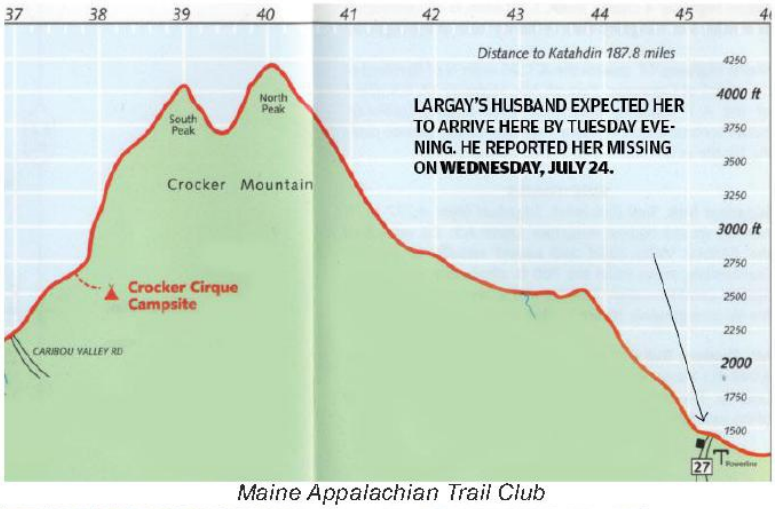
AS THE NEXT WEEK progressed, so, too, did one of the largest searches in Maine history. More than a hundred trained searchers took to the trail and surrounding areas. Some rode on horseback; others came with scent dogs. State Police, Warden Service, and Civilian Air Patrol helicopters and planes crisscrossed the region. Psychics and Bigfoot hunters volunteered, too. The searchers found dozens of energy bar wrappers, along with trekking poles, sunglasses, and even individual threads of fabric. Not a single one of them belonged to Gerry Largay.

"You could see the frustration and agony in their faces," says Kerry. "They kept telling us *this isn't how it happens here.*"

In cases like this, wardens are quick to follow the lead of their K9 teams. Twice, Norm Lewis was convinced his dog, Clyde, had found Gerry's trail — the only time Lewis had ever seen Clyde act with that much determination was when he had stumbled upon a missing person. But try as they might, the two couldn't find her. Deborah Palman, a retired warden and president of Maine Search and Rescue Dogs, also felt strongly that her team had indicated

on a scent, only to turn up nothing as well.

Scent searching is a complex, almost ephemeral science. The microscopic particles dropped by our bodies rise in warm air currents — sometimes up and over significant features like ridges — then pool in valleys and other cool spots. Heat can kill their potency. A pouring rain, like the one that occurred the day after Gerry was last seen, can temporarily diminish them. Warden Service dogs are generalists — they're trained to find both live people and cadavers. Palman and Lewis say it's hard to know which their dogs think they found out there.



Maine Appalachian Trail Club

State Police investigators employed one of their cadaver-specific canines during the search as well. They also felt that dog had caught a scent. Some of the human volunteers reported a strong smell of decay near Barnjum Road, one of the logging roads a few miles north of Poplar Ridge. But when wardens searched there, no one could find the source.

That, says Palman, is just the nature of the business. It's not uncommon for even a highly specialized, trained dog team to pick up smells that are yards — or even miles — from a body. Palman believes something or someone was out there. But she has no proof it was Gerry.

BACK AT THE MOBILE command unit, George and Kerry were joined by other family and friends. They settled into a painful routine of long days and not much news. They'd leave each day with an injection of hope. "The searchers hadn't found her dead," says Kerry, "so we kept thinking that meant they'd find her alive the next day."

As the search progressed, Kerry tried to adjust her expectations. "At first, it was like *She must be fine.* Then it was *OK, they'll find her, but she'll be a little banged up.* Then it was *She's in bad shape. We'll spend a few days at the hospital, then fly her home."*

After a week, Kerry began to fear the worst.

Meanwhile, her father made a deal with himself. "I said, *OK, we're going to see this search through. If at the end of it they haven't found her, I'll know she's gone."*

In early August, on the 12th day of the search, Kevin Adam announced at a press conference that the state would be dramatically scaling back its efforts. “I don’t ever want to do that,” he says today. “It feels like losing, and I hate to lose.”

At Adam’s suggestion, Gerry’s family returned home. Later that week, George held a press conference of his own. Sitting in the boardroom of a PR firm in Nashville, he told reporters that while he would always hold out hope, it was time to move on. He would host a memorial service for his wife in October.

Some in the hiking community reacted to George’s announcement with criticism. It was too soon to give up, they said. Wardens were still searching. There was more to be done. But George wanted a ceremony to celebrate his wife’s life.

Nearly 700 people came to pay homage to a woman many considered their best friend. They waited hours to share their condolences with George. “I’d been pretty mad at God, but I thanked him for that,” George says. “I began to focus on gratitude instead of grief.”

But if there was any closure to be had at the memorial, Kerry didn’t find it. “There are still too many unanswered questions for that,” she says.

Kerry Bauchiero Searchers gather before heading into the woods.

THE NEARLY 18 months since Gerry’s disappearance have done little to quell questions.

Two weeks before Gerry’s memorial service, George issued a $15,000 reward for any information relating to the case. He’s begun volunteering at the PR firm where he held his press conference and participating in ministries at his church, where he’s also having a stained glass window and a marble statue installed in Gerry’s memory. He’s learning to cook and how to do laundry. He’s trying to move on — he knows that’s what Gerry would have wanted.

George says he knows he has seen his wife alive for the last time. If he ever returns to Maine, it will be to collect her remains. He doesn’t focus on what exactly happened to her; she wouldn’t want him to dwell. “I no longer wake up thinking about Gerry’s disappearance every morning,” he says. “Now it takes a holiday or an anniversary or a certain Neil Diamond song on the radio.”

This autumn, wardens advised George to increase the reward for information. It now stands at $25,000. Along with volunteers, wardens also returned to the woods surrounding Poplar Ridge. They didn’t find anything, but all that says to Deborah Palman is that they weren’t close enough for any scent to register.

Norm Lewis is more circumspect about Clyde and the other canine teams. “They found something that first summer,” he says, “but we just don’t know it was Largay.”

Gerry’s hiking friends continue to mull over details of the case. They say there are gaps and inconsistencies that need more attention.

Early on, Jane Lee speculated that her hiking partner could have gotten lost on the trail. But when she hiked Poplar Ridge last year, she changed her mind. “The AT is like a superhighway in that section,” says Lee. “And it’s really, really well marked. There’s no way she got turned around.”

Lee thinks a lot about Gerry’s trail habits, too. Like most thru-hikers, she would always leave her backpack on the trail when she stepped off to relieve herself. Even if she had gotten disoriented while doing so, her pack would have been found.

Gerry was also religious about stopping for breakfast, usually between 9 and 10 a.m., and would check her phone for messages then, as well. On the day she disappeared, her phone was on to receive the text from the relative around that time.

As for the possibility of an injury, really the only place where Gerry could have fallen and gone unnoticed is that precipitous spot where Rust and Clark stopped before meeting her at the lean-to. But Lee says she has a hard time believing her friend would have stepped off the trail there — Gerry was an exceedingly cautious hiker. Besides, she should have reached that area less than an hour into her hike. Why, then, was her phone turned on and receiving texts hours later?

Gerry’s friends want to know more about the mysterious phone call, too. The person on the line knew really specific information about Gerry, including her trail name and where George was waiting. You’d only know that kind of thing if you had spoken with her. Neither Rust nor Clark made the call. So who did? And why?

They also point to the logging roads Gerry would have crossed. Inchworm was small, just 5-5 and 115 pounds. Could someone have abducted her?

Kevin Adam says he’s far from done trying to answer these questions. The case still wakes him up in the middle of the night, and he’s replayed every scenario a million times. He knows crime is rare on the trail. Since the Appalachian Trail’s completion in 1937, only a handful of people are known to have been murdered on it. In each of those instances, bodies of the slain were found near where they died.

Gerry is out there somewhere, says Adam. He just hasn’t looked in the right spot yet. Until he

How the Devil Married Three Sisters

and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 311
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2010

Contents

1. How the Devil Married Three Sisters (Italy).
2. The Cobbler and His Three Daughters (Blue Beard) (Basque).
3. Your Hen Is in the Mountain (Norway).
4. Fitcher's Bird (Germany).
5. Link to The Hare's Bride (Germany). This tale is contained in a separate file and will open in a new window.
6. The Three Chests: The Story of the wicked Old Man of the Sea (Finland).
7. The Widow and Her Daughters (Scotland).
8. Peerifool (Scotland).
9. The Secret Room (New York, USA).
10. Zerendac (Palestine).
11. The Tiger's Bride (India).
12. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

How the Devil Married Three Sisters

Italy

Once upon a time the devil was seized with a desire to marry. He therefore left hell, took the form of a handsome young man, and built a fine large house. When it was completed and furnished in the most fashionable style he introduced himself to a family where there were three pretty daughters, and paid his addresses to the eldest of them. The handsome man pleased the maiden, her parents were glad to see a daughter so well provided for, and it was not long before the wedding was celebrated.

When he had taken his bride home, he presented her with a very tastefully arranged bouquet, led her through all the rooms of the house, and finally to a closed door. "The whole house is at your disposal," said he, "only I must request one thing of you; that is, that you do not on any account open this door."

Of course the young wife promised faithfully; but equally, of course, she could scarcely wait for the moment to come when she might break her promise. When the devil had left the

bread. He touched her, and she was forced to jump into his pack basket. Then he carried her to his house where everything was splendid, and he gave her everything that she wanted.

One day he said, "I have to take care of something away from home. I will be away for a while. Here is an egg. Take good care of it. Carry it with you at all times. And here is a key, but at the risk of your life, do not go into the room that it opens. But as soon as he had gone, she unlocked the door and went into the room. In the middle there was a large basin. In it there were dead and dismembered people. She was so terrified that she dropped the egg, which she was holding in her hand, into the basin. She quickly took it out again and wiped off the blood, but it reappeared in an instant. She could not get the egg clean, no matter how much she wiped and scrubbed.

When the man returned, he asked for the egg and the key. He looked at them and knew that she had been in the blood chamber. "You did not heed my words," he said angrily, "and now you are going into the chamber against your will." With that he seized her, led her into the room, cut her up in pieces, and threw her into the basin with the others.

Sometime later the man went begging again. He captured the second daughter from the house, and the same thing happened to her as to the first one. She too opened the forbidden door, dropped the egg into the blood, and was cut to pieces and thrown into the basin.

Then the sorcerer wanted to have the third daughter. He captured her in his pack basket, carried her home, and at his departure gave her the egg and the key. However, the third sister was clever and sly. First of all, she put the egg in a safe place, and then she went into the secret chamber. When she saw her sisters in the basin, she found all of their parts and put each one back in its right place: head, body, arm, and leg. The parts started to move, and then they joined together, and the two sister came back to life. She took them both out of the room and hid them.

When the man returned and found that the egg was free of blood, he asked her to become his bride. She said yes, but told him that first he would have to carry a basket filled with gold on his back to her parents, and that meanwhile she would be getting ready for the wedding. Then she told her sisters to get help from home. She put them into the basket and covered them over with gold. Then she said to the man, "Carry this away. And don't you dare stop to rest. If you do, I'll be able to see through my window." He lifted the basket onto his back and started off, but it was so heavy that the weight nearly killed him. He wanted to rest a little, but one of the girls inside the basket called out, "I can see through my window that you are resting. Walk on at once!" He thought it was his bride calling out, so he got up and walked on. Every time he wanted to rest, he heard the call, and had to continue on.

Meanwhile, back at his house, his bride dressed up a skull and placed it in the attic window. Then she invited all the sorcerer's friends to the wedding. Then she dipped herself in a barrel of honey, cut open the bed, and rolled in the feathers so that no one would be able to recognize her. In this strange disguise, she left the house and started down the path. Soon she met some of the guests, who said, "You, Fitcher's bird, where are you coming from?"

"I'm coming from Fitcher's house."

"And what is his young bride doing?"

"She's cleaning the house from bottom to top. Right now she is looking out of the attic window."

Then she also met the bridegroom, who was returning home.

"You, Fitcher's bird, where are you coming from?"

"I'm coming from Fitcher's house."

"And what is my young bride doing?"

"She's cleaning the house from bottom to top. Right now she is looking out of the attic window."

The bridegroom looked up, and saw the disguised skull. Thinking it was his bride, he waved to it. But after he arrived home, and all his friends were there as well, the help came that the sisters had sent. They closed up the house and set it afire, and because no one could get out, they all perished in the flames.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Fitchers Vogel," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 1st ed., vol. 1 (Berlin: Realschulbuchhandlung, 1812), no. 46, pp. 200-203.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- The Grimm brothers modified this tale stylistically in succeeding editions.
- Link to the German text of the first edition: Fitchers Vogel (1812).
- Link to the German test of the final edition: Fitchers Vogel (1856).
- Link to a translation of the final (1856) version of Fitcher's Bird.
- Return to the table of contents.

Finland

There was once an honest old farmer who had three daughters. His farm ran down to the shores of a deep lake. One day as he leaned over the water to take a drink, wicked old Wetehinen reached up from the bottom of the lake and clutched him by the beard.

"Ouch! Ouch!" the farmer cried. "Let me go!"

Wetehinen only held on more tightly. "Yes, I'll let you go," he said, "but only on this condition: that you give me one of your daughters for wife!"

"Give you one of my daughters? Never!"

"Very well, then I'll never let go!" wicked old Wetehinen declared and with that he began jerking at the beard as if it were a bell rope.

"Wait! Wait!" the fanner spluttered. Now he didn't want to give one of his daughters to wicked old Wetehinen -- of course not! But at the same time he was in Wetehinen's power and he

realized that if he didn't do what the old reprobate demanded he might lose his life and so leave all three of his daughters orphans. Perhaps for the good of all he had better sacrifice one of them.

"All right," he said, "let me go and I'll send you my oldest daughter. I promise."

So Wetehinen let go his beard and the farmer scrambled to his feet and hurried home.

"My dear," he said to his oldest daughter, "I left a bit of the harness down at the lake. Like a good girl will you run down and get it for me."

The eldest daughter went at once and when she reached the water's edge, old Wetehinen reached up and caught her about the waist and carried her down to the bottom of the lake where he lived in a big house.

At first he was kind to her. He made her mistress of the house and gave her the keys to all the rooms and closets. He went very carefully over the keys and pointing to one he said, "That key you must never use for it opens the door to a room which I forbid you to enter."

The eldest daughter began keeping house for old Wetehinen and spent her time cooking and cleaning and spinning much as she used to at home with her father. The days went by and she grew familiar with the house and began to know what was in every room and every closet.

At first she felt no temptation to open the forbidden door. If old Wetehinen wanted to have a secret room, well and good. But why in the world had he given her the key if he really didn't want her to open the door? The more she thought about it the more she wondered. Every time she passed the room she stopped a moment and stared at the door. It looked just exactly like the doors that led into all the other rooms.

"I wonder why he doesn't want me to open just that door?" she kept asking herself.

Finally one day when old Wetehinen was away she thought, "I don't believe it would matter if I opened that door just a little crack and peeped in once! No one would know the difference!"

For a few moments she hesitated, then mustered up courage enough to turn the key in the forbidden lock and throw open the door. The room was a storeroom with boxes and chests and old jars piled up around the wall. That was unexciting enough, but in the middle of the floor was something that made her start when she saw what it was. It was blood -- that's what it was, a pool of dark red blood! She was about to slam the door shut when she saw something else that made her pause. This was a lovely shining ring that lay in the midst of the pool.

"Oh!" she thought to herself, "what a beautiful ring! If I had it I'd wear it on my finger!"

The longer she looked at it, the more she wanted it. "If I'm very careful," she said, "I know I could reach over and pick it up without touching the blood."

She tiptoed cautiously into the room, wrapped her skirts tightly about her legs, knelt down on the floor, and stretched her arm over the pool. She picked up the ring very carefully but even so she got a few drops of blood on her fingers.

"No matter!" she thought. "I can wash that off! And see the lovely ring!"

But later, after she had the door again locked, when she tried to wash the blood off, she found she couldn't. She tried soap, she tried sand, she tried everything she could think of, but without success.

"I don't care!" she thought to herself. "If Wetehinen sees the blood, I'll just tell him I cut my finger by accident."

So when Wetehinen came home, she hid the ring and pretended nothing was the matter.

After supper Wetehinen put his head in her lap and said, "Now, my dear, scratch my head and make me drowsy for bed."

She began scratching his head as she had many nights before but, at the first touch of her fingers, he cried out, "Stop! You're burning my ear! There must be some blood on your fingers! Let me see!"

He reached up and caught her hand and, when he saw the blood stains, he flew into a towering rage. "I thought so! You've been in the forbidden room!" He jumped up and without allowing her time to say a word he just cut off her head then and there with no more concern than if she had been a mosquito! After that he took the body and the severed head and threw them into the forbidden room and locked the door.

"Now then," he growled, "*she* won't disobey me again!"

This was all very well but now he had no one to keep house for him and cook and scratch his head in the evening and soon he decided he'd have to get another wife. He remembered that the farmer had two more daughters, so he thought to himself that now he'd marry the second sister.

He waited his chance and one day when the farmer was out in his boat fishing, old Wetehinen came up from the bottom of the lake and clutched the boat. When the poor old farmer tried to row back to shore he couldn't make the boat move an inch. He worked and worked at the oars and wicked old Wetehinen let him struggle until he was exhausted.

Then he put his head up out of the water and over the side of the boat and as though nothing were the matter he said, "Hullo!"

"Oh!" the farmer cried, wishing he were safe on shore, "it's you, is it? I wondered what was holding my boat."

"Yes," wicked old Wetehinen said, "it's me and I'm going to hold your boat right here on this spot until you promise to give me another of your daughters."

What could the farmer do? He pleaded with Wetehinen but Wetehinen was firm and the upshot was that before the farmer again walked dry land he had promised Wetehinen his second daughter.

Well, when he got home, he pretended he had forgotten his ax in the boat and sent his second daughter down to the lake to get it. Wicked old Wetehinen caught her as he had caught her sister and carried her home with him to his house at the bottom of the lake.

Wetehinen treated the second sister just exactly as he had the first, making her mistress of the house and telling her she might use every key but one. Like her sister she, too, after a time gave way to the temptation of looking into the forbidden room and when she saw the shining ring lying in the pool of blood of course she wanted it and of course when she reached to get it she dabbled her fingers in the blood. So that was the end of her, too, for wicked old Wetehinen when he saw the blood stains just cut her head right off and threw her body and the severed head into the forbidden room beside the body and head of her sister and locked the door.

Time went by and the farmer was living happily with his youngest daughter when one day while he was out chopping wood he found a pair of fine birch bark brogues. He put them on and instantly found himself, walking away from the woods and down to the lake. He tried to stop but he couldn't. He tried to walk in another direction but the brogues carried him straight down to the water's edge and out into the lake until he was in waist deep.

Then he heard a gruff voice saying, "Hullo, there! What are you doing with my brogues?"

Of course it was wicked old Wetehinen who had played that trick to get the farmer into his power again.

"What do you want this time?" the poor farmer cried.

"I want your youngest daughter," Wetehinen said.

"What! My youngest daughter!"

"Yes."

"I won't give her up!" the farmer declared. "I don't care what you do to me. I won't give her up!"

"Oh, very well!" Wetehinen said, and immediately the brogues which had been standing still while they talked started walking again. They carried the farmer out into the lake farther and farther until the water was up to his chin.

"Wait -- wait a minute!" he cried.

The brogues stopped walking and Wetehinen said, "Well, do you promise to give her to me?"

"No!" the farmer began. "She's my last daughter and -- "

Before he could say more, the brogues walked on and the water rose to his nose.

In desperation he threw up his hands and shouted, "I promise! I promise!"

So when he got home that day he said to his youngest daughter whose name was Lisa, "Lisa, my dear, I forgot my brogues at the lake. Like a good girl won't you run and get them for me?"

So Lisa went to the lake and Wetehinen of course caught her and carried her down to his house as he had her two sisters. Then the same old story was repeated. Wetehinen made Lisa mistress of the house and gave her keys to all the doors and closets with the same prohibition against opening the door of the forbidden room.

"If I am mistress of the house," Lisa said to herself, "why should I not unlock every door?"

She waited until one day when Wetehinen was away from home, then went boldly to the forbidden room, fitted the key in the lock, and flung open the door.

There lay her two poor sisters with their heads cut off. There in the pool of blood sparkled the lovely ring, but Lisa paid no heed to it.

"Wicked old Wetehinen!" Lisa cried. "I suppose he thinks that ring will tempt me, but nothing will tempt me to touch that awful blood!"

Then she rummaged about, opening boxes and chests, and turning things over. In a dark corner she found two pitchers, one marked *Water of Life*, the other *Water of Death*.

"Ha! This is what I want!" she cried, taking the pitcher of the Water of Life. She set the severed heads of her sisters in place and then with the magic water brought them back to life. She used up all the *Water of Life*, so she filled the pitcher marked *Water of Life* with the water from the other pitcher, the *Water of Death*. She hid her sisters each in a big wooden chest, she shut and locked the door of the forbidden room, and Wetehinen when he came home found her working at her spinning wheel as though nothing unusual had happened.

After supper Wetehinen said, "Now scratch my head and make me drowsy for bed."

So Lisa scratched his wicked old head and she did it so well that he grunted with satisfaction.

"Uh! Uh!" he said. "That's good! Now just behind my right ear! That's it! That's it! You're a good girl, you are! You're not like some of them who do what they're told not to do! Now behind the other ear! Oh, that's fine! Yes, you're a good girl, and if there's anything you want me to do just tell me what it is."

"I want to send a chest of things to my poor old father," Lisa said. "Just a lot of little nothings -- odds and ends that I've picked up about the house. I'd be ashamed to have you open the chest and see them. I do wish you'd carry the chest ashore tomorrow and leave it where my father will find it."

"All right, I will," Wetehinen promised. He was true to his word. The next morning he hoisted

one of the chests on his shoulder, the one that had in it the eldest sister. He trudged off with it, and tossed it up on shore at a place where he was sure the farmer would find it.

Lisa then wheedled him into carrying up the second chest that had in it the second sister. This time Wetehinen wasn't so good-natured.

"I don't know what she can always be sending her father!" he grumbled. "If she sends another chest I'll have to look inside and see."

Now Lisa, when the second sister was safely delivered, began to plan her own escape. She pulled out another empty chest and then one evening after she had succeeded in making old Wetehinen comfortable and drowsy she begged him to carry this also to her father. He grumbled and protested but finally promised.

"And you won't look inside, will you? Promise me you won't!" Lisa begged.

Wetehinen said he wouldn't, but he intended to just the same.

Well, the next morning as soon as Wetehinen went out, Lisa took the churn and dressed it up in some of her own clothes. She carried it to the top of the house and perched it on the ridge of the roof before a spinning wheel. Then she herself crept inside the third chest and waited.

When Wetehinen came home he looked up and saw what he thought was Lisa spinning on the roof.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "What are you doing up there?"

Lisa, in the chest, answered in a voice that sounded as if it came from the roof: "I'm spinning. And you, Wetehinen, my dear, don't forget the chest that you promised to carry to my poor old father. It's standing in the kitchen."

Wetehinen grumbled but because of his promise he hoisted the chest on his shoulder and started off. When he had gone a little way he thought to put it down and take a peep inside.

Instantly Lisa's voice, sounding as if it came from the roof, cried out, "No! No! You promised not to look inside!"

"I'm not looking inside!" Wetehinen called back. "I'm only resting a minute!"

Then he thought to himself, "I suppose she's sitting up there so she can watch me!"

When he had gone some distance farther, he thought again to set down the chest and open the lid but instantly Lisa's voice, as from a long way off, called out: "No! No! You promised not to look inside!"

"Who's looking inside?" he called back, pretending again he was only resting.

Every time he thought it would be safe to put down the chest and open the lid, Lisa's voice cried out: "No! No! You promised not to !"

"Mercy on us!" old Wetehinen fumed to himself, "who would have thought she could see so far!"

On the shore of the lake when he threw down the chest in disgust he tried one last time to raise the lid.

Instantly Lisa's voice cried out: "No! No! You promised not to!"

"I'm not looking inside!" Wetehinen roared, and in a fury he left the chest and started back into the water.

All the way home He grumbled and growled, "A nice way to treat a man, always making him carry chests! I won't carry another one no matter how much she begs me!"

When he came neat home he saw the spinning wheel still on the roof and the figure still seated before it.

"Why haven't you got my dinner ready?" he called out angrily.

The figure at the spinning wheel made no answer.

"What's the matter with you?" Wetehinen cried. "Why are you sitting there like a wooden image instead of cooking my dinner?"

Still the figure made no answer and in a rage Wetehinen began climbing up the roof. He reached out blindly and clutched at Lisa's skirt and jerked it so hard that the churn came clattering down on his head. It knocked him off the roof and he fell all the way to the ground and cracked his wicked old head wide open.

"Ouch! Ouch!" he roared in pain. "Just wait till I get hold of that Lisa!"

He crawled to the forbidden room and poured over himself the water that was in the pitcher marked *Water of Life*. But it wasn't the *Water of Life* at all, it was the *Water of Death*, and so it didn't help his wicked old cracked head at all. In fact it just made it worse and worse *and* worse.

Lisa and her sisters were never again troubled by him nor was any one else that lived on the shores of that lake.

"Wonder what's become of wicked old Wetehinen?" people began saying.

Lisa thought she knew but she didn't tell.

- Source: Parker Fillmore, *Mighty Mikko: A Book of Finnish Fairy Tales and Folk Tales* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Company, 1922), pp. 47-65.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Widow and Her Daughters

Scotland

There was formerly a poor widow, and she had three daughters, and all she had to feed them was a kailyard.

There was a great gray horse who was coming every day to the yard to eat the kail.

Said the eldest of the daughters to her mother, "I will go to the yard today, and I will take the spinning-wheel with me, and I will keep the horse out of the kail."

"Do," said her mother.

She went out. The horse came; she took the distaff from the wheel and she struck him. The distaff stuck to the horse, and her hand stuck to the distaff.

Away went the horse till they reached a green hill, and he called out, "Open, open, oh green hill, and let in the king's son; open, open, oh green hill, and let in the widow's daughter."

The hill opened, and they went in. He warmed water for her feet, and made a soft bed for her limbs, and she lay down that night. Early on the morrow, when he rose, he was going to hunt.

He gave her the keys of the whole house, and he said to her that she might open every chamber inside but the one. "By all she ever saw not to open that one." That she should have his dinner ready when he should come back, and that if she would be a good woman that he would marry her.

When he went away she began to open the chambers. Every one, as she opened it, was getting finer and finer, till she came to the one that was forbidden. It seemed to her, "What might be in it that she might not open it too."

She opened it, and it was full of dead gentlewomen, and she went down to the knee in blood. Then she came out, and she was cleaning her foot; and though she were cleaning it, still she could not take a bit of the blood off it.

A tiny cat came where she was, and she said to her, "If she would give a little drop of milk that she would clean her foot as well as it was before.

"Thou! Ugly beast! Be off before thee. Dost thou suppose that I won't clean them better than thou?"

"Yes, yes, take thine own way. Thou wilt see what will happen to thee when himself comes home."

He came home, and she set the dinner on the board, and they sat down at it.

Before they ate a bit he said to her, "Wert thou a good woman today?"

"I was," said she.

"Let me see thy foot, and I will tell thee whether thou wert or wert not."

She let him see the one that was clean.

"Let me see the other one," said he. When he saw the blood, "Oh! ho!" said he.

He rose and took the axe and took her head off, and he threw her into the chamber with the other dead people.

He laid down that night, and early on the morrow he went to the widow's yard again.

Said the second one of the widow's daughters to her mother, "I will go out today, and I will keep the gray horse out of the yard."

She went out sewing. She struck the thing she was sewing on the horse. The cloth stuck to the horse, and her hand stuck to the cloth. They reached the hill. He called as usual to the hill; the hill opened, and they went in. He warmed water for her feet, and made a soft bed for her limbs, and they lay down that night.

Early in the morning he was going to hunt, and he said to her that she should open every chamber inside but one, and "by all she ever saw" not to open that one.

She opened every chamber till she came to the little one, and because she thought, "What might be in that one more than the rest that she might not open it?" She opened it, and it was full of dead gentlewomen, and her own sister amongst them. She went down to the knee in blood.

She came out, and she was cleaning herself, and the little cat came round about, and she said to her, "If thou wilt give me a tiny drop of milk I will clean thy foot as well as it over was."

" Thou! Ugly beast! Begone. Dost thou think that I will not clean it myself better than thou?"

"Thou wilt see," said the cat, "what will happen to thee when himself comes home."

When he came she set down the dinner, and they sat at it.

Said he, "Wert thou a good woman today?"

"I was," said she.

"Let me see thy foot, and I will tell thee whether thou wert or wert not."

She let him see the foot that was clean.

" Let me see the other one," said he.

She let him see it.

"Oh! ho!" said he, and he took the axe and took her head off.

house the next morning, under pretence of going hunting, she ran hastily to the forbidden door, opened it, and saw a terrible abyss full of fire that shot up towards her, and singed the flowers on her bosom. When her husband came home and asked her whether she had kept her promise, she unhesitatingly said "Yes." But he saw by the flowers that she was telling a lie, and said, "Now I will not put your curiosity to the test any longer. Come with me. I will show you myself what is behind the door." Thereupon he led her to the door, opened it, gave her such a push that she fell down into hell, and shut the door again.

A few months after he wooed the next sister for his wife, and won her; but with her everything that had happened with the first wife was exactly repeated.

Finally he courted the third sister. She was a prudent maiden, and said to herself, "He has certainly murdered my two sisters; but then it is a splendid match for me, so I will try and see whether I cannot be more fortunate than they." And accordingly she consented. After the wedding the bridegroom gave her a beautiful bouquet, but forbade her, also, to open the door which he pointed out.

Not a whit less curious than her sisters, she, too, opened the forbidden door when the devil had gone hunting, but she had previously put her flowers in water. Then she saw behind the door the fatal abyss and her sisters therein. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "poor creature that I am; I thought I had married an ordinary man, and instead of that he is the devil! How can I get away from him?" She carefully pulled her two sisters out of hell and hid them. When the devil came home he immediately looked at the bouquet, which she again wore on her bosom, and when he found the flowers so fresh he asked no questions; but reassured as to his secret, he now, for the first time, really loved her.

After a few days she asked him if he would carry three chests for her to her parents' house, without putting them down or resting on the way. "But," she added, "you must keep your word, for I shall be watching you."

The devil promised to do exactly as she wished. So the next morning she put one of her sisters in a chest, and laid it on her husband's shoulders. The devil, who is very strong, but also very lazy and unaccustomed to work, soon got tired of carrying the heavy chest, and wanted to rest before he was out of the street on which he lived; but his wife called out to him, "Don't put it down; I see you!"

The devil went reluctantly on with the chest until he had turned the corner, and then said to himself, "She cannot see me here; I will rest a little."

But scarcely had he begun to put the chest down when the sister inside cried out, "Don't put it down; I see you still!" Cursing, he dragged the chest on into another street, and was going to lay it down on a doorstep, but he again heard the voice, "Don't lay it down, you rascal; I see you still!"

"What kind of eyes must my wife have," he thought, "to see around corners as well as straight ahead, and through walls as if they were made of glass!" and thus thinking he arrived, all in a perspiration and quite tired out, at the house of his mother-in-law, to whom he hastily

He lay down that night.

Early on the morrow, said the youngest one to her mother, as she wove a stocking, "I will go out with my stocking today, and I will watch the gray horse. I will see what happened to my two sisters, and I will return to tell you."

"Do," said her mother, "and see thou dost not stay away."

She went out, and the horse came. She struck the stocking on the horse. The stocking stuck to the horse, and the band stuck to the stocking. They went away, and they reached the green hill. He called out as usual, and they got in. He warmed water for her feet, and made a soft bed for her limbs, and they lay down that night.

On the morrow he was going to hunt, and he said to her, "If she would behave herself as a good woman till he returned, that they would be married in a few days."

He gave her the keys, and he said to her that she might open every chamber that was within but that little one, "but see that she should not open that one."

She opened every one, and when she came to this one, because she thought, "what might be in it that she might not open it more than the rest?"

She opened it, and she saw her two sisters there dead, and she went down to the two knees in blood. She came out, and she was cleaning her feet, and she could not take a bit of the blood off them.

The tiny cat came where she was, and she said to her, "Give me a tiny drop of milk, and I will clean thy feet as well as they were before."

"I will give it, thou creature; I will give thee thy desire of milk if thou will clean my feet"

The cat licked her feet as well as they were before.

Then the king came home, and they set down his dinner, and they sat at it Before they ate a bit, he said, to her, "Wert *thou* a good woman today?"

"I was middling," said she; I have no boasting to make of myself."

"Let me see thy feet," said he.

She let him see her feet.

"Thou wert a good woman," said he; "and if thou holdest on thus till the end of a few days, thyself and I will be married."

On the morrow he went away to hunt.

When he went away the little cat came where she was.

"Now, I will tell thee in what way thou wilt be quickest married to him," said the cat. "There are," said she, "a lot of old chests within. Thou shall take out three of them; thou shalt clean them. Thou shalt say to him next night, that he must leave these three chests, one about of them, in thy mother's house, as they are of no use here; that there are plenty here without them; thou shalt say to him that he must not open any of them on the road, or else, if he opens, that thou wilt leave him; that thou wilt go up into a tree top, and that thou wilt be looking, and that if he opens any of them that thou wilt see. Then when he goes hunting, thou shalt open the chamber, thou shalt bring out thy two sisters; thou shalt draw on them the magic club, and they will be as lively and whole as they were before; thou shalt clean them then, and thou shall put one in each chest of them, and thou shalt go thyself into the third one. Thou shalt put of silver and of gold, as much in the chests as will keep thy mother and thy sisters right for their lives. When he leaves the chests in thy mother's house, and when he returns he will fly in a wild rage; he will then go to thy mother's house in this fury, and he will break in the door; be thou behind the door, and take off his head with the bar; and then he will be a king's son, as precious as he was before, and he will marry thee. Say to thy sisters, if he attempts the chests to open them by the way, to call out, 'I see thee, I see thee,' and that he will think that thou wilt be calling out in the tree."

When he came home he went away with the chests, one after one, till he left them in her mother's house. When he came to a glen, where he thought she in the tree could not see him, he began to let the chest down to see what was in it; she that was in the chest called out, "I see thee, I see thee!"

" Good luck be on thy pretty little head," said he, " if thou canst not see a long way!"

This was the way with him each journey, till he left the chests altogether in her mother's house.

When he returned home on the last journey, and saw that she was not before him, he flew in a wild rage; he went back to the widow's house, and when he reached the door he drove it in before him. She was standing behind the door, and she took his head off with the bar. Then he grew a king's son, as precious as ever came; there he was within, and they were in great gladness. She and himself married, and they left with her mother and sisters, of gold and silver, as much as left them well for life.

- Source: John Francis Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 2 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), pp. 265-70.
- Campbell's source: "From Mrs. MacGeachy, Farmer's Wife, Islay."
- Campbell gives another version of this story on pp. 274-75.
- Return to the table of contents.

Peerifool

Scotland

There was once a king and queen in Rousay who had three daughters. The king died and the queen was living in a small house with her daughters. They kept a cow and a kale yard; they

found their cabbage was all being taken away. The eldest daughter said to the queen, she would take a blanket about her and would sit and watch what was going away with the kale. So when the night came she went out to watch. In a short time a very big giant came into the yard; he began to cut the kale and throw it in a big cubby [straw basket]. So he cut till he had it well filled.

The princess was always asking him why he was taking her mother's kale. He was saying to her, if she was not quiet he would take her too.

As soon as he had filled his cubby he took her by a leg and an arm and threw her on the top of his cubby of kale and away home he went with her.

When he got home he told her what work she had to do; she had to milk the cow and put her up to the hills called Bloodfield, and then she had to take wool, and wash and tease it and comb and card, and spin and make claith [cloth].

When the giant went out she milked the cow and put her to the hills. Then she put on the pot and made porridge to herself. As she was supping it, a great many peerie [little] yellow-headed folk came running, calling out to give them some. She said:

> Little for one, and less for two,
> And never a grain have I for you.

When she came to work the wool, none of that work could she do at all.

The giant came home at night and found she had not done her work. He took her and began at her head, and peeled the skin off all the way down her back and over her feet. Then he threw her on the couples [rafters] among the hens.

The same adventure befell the second girl. If her sister could do little with the wool she could do less.

When the giant came home he found her work not done. He began at the crown of her head and peeled a strip of skin all down her back and over her feet, and threw her on the couples beside her sister. They lay there and could not speak nor come down.

The next night the youngest princess said she would take a blanket about her and go to watch what had gone away with her sisters. Ere long, in came a giant with a big cubby, and began to cut the kale.

She was asking why he was taking her mother's kale. He was saying if she was not quiet he would take her too. He took her by a leg and an arm and threw her on the top of his cubby and carried her away.

Next morning he gave her the same work as he had given her sisters.

When he was gone out she milked the cow and put her to the high hills. Then she put on the pot and made porridge to herself. When the peerie yellow-headed folk came asking for some

she told them to get something to sup with. Some got heather cows and some got broken dishes; some got one thing, and some another, and they all got some of her porridge.

After they were all gone a peerie yellow-headed boy came in and asked her if she had any work to do; he could do any work with wool. She said she had plenty, but would never be able to pay him for it. He said all he was asking for it was to tell him his name. She thought that would be easy to do, and gave him the wool.

When it was getting dark an old woman came in and asked her for lodging. The princess said she could not give her that, but asked her if she had any news. But the old woman had none, and went away to lie out.

There is a high knowe [knoll] near the place, and the old woman sat under it for shelter. She found it very warm. She was always climbing up, and when she came to the top she heard someone inside saying, " Tease, teasers, tease; card, carders, card; spin, spinners, spin, for Peerie Fool, Peerie Fool is my name." There was a crack in the knowe, and light coming out. She looked in and saw a great many peerie folk working, and a peerie yellow-headed boy running round them calling out that.

The old woman thought she would get lodging if she went to give this news, so she came back and told the princess the whole of it.

The princess went on saying "Peerie Fool, Peerie Fool," till the yellow-headed boy came with all the wool made into claith.

He asked what was his name, and she guessed names; and he jumped about and said, "No."

At last she said, "Peerie Fool is your name." He threw down the wool and ran off very angry.

As the giant was coming home he met a great many peerie yellow-headed folk, some with their eyes hanging on their cheeks, and some with their tongues hanging on their breasts. He asked them what was the matter. They told him it was working so hard pulling wool so fine. He said he had a good wife at home, and if she was safe, never would he allow her to do any work again.

When he came home she was all safe, and had a great many webs lying all ready, and he was very kind to her.

Next day when he went out she found her sisters, and took them down from the couples. She put the skin on their backs again, and she put her eldest sister in a cazy [basket], and put all the fine things she could find with her, and grass on the top.

When the giant came home she asked him to take the cazy to her mother with some food for her cow. He was so pleased with her he would do anything for her, and took it away.

Next day she did the same with her other sister. She told him she would have the last of the food she had to send her mother for the cow ready next night. She told him she was going a bit from home, and would leave it ready for him. She got into the cazy with all the fine things

she could find, and covered herself with grass. He took the cazy and carried it to the queen's house. She and her daughters had a big boiler of boiling water ready. They couped [overturned] it about him when he was under the window, and that was the end of the giant.

- Source: G. F. Black and Northcote W. Thomas, *County Folk-Lore, vol. 3: Examples of Printed Folk-Lore concerning the Orkney and Shetland Islands* (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 1903), pp. 222-26.
- Black's and Thomas's source: "Taken down from the recitation of an Orkney woman by Mr. D. J. Robertson. Printed in *Longman's Magazine*, vol. xiv. pp. 331-34."
- The episode concerning Peerifool's name is a type 500 folktale, best known in the Grimm brothers' version Rumpelstiltskin.
- Rousay is a small island north of the mainland island of Orkney.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Secret Room

New York, USA

Once upon a time there lived a mother with three daughters, whose duty it was to guard the cabbage patch in front of the cottage in which they lived. One day they were all sitting in the sun, spinning, when they saw a bull in the cabbage-patch. "Take your distaff and run, child, run!" said the mother to the eldest daughter. So the girl took her distaff and ran. The bull ran and she ran, and she ran and the bull ran, until they came to a great house standing on the edge of a wood.

There the bull gave her a large bunch of keys, and told her that she could go anywhere in the house she liked except one room. He showed her the key to this room, and told her that she must not unlock the door to which it belonged. Then the bull went away and left her. The girl took the keys and roamed from one beautiful room to another, until she had seen all except the forbidden room. This she wanted to see more than she had any of the others. At last her curiosity became so great that she opened the door and went inside. What was her horror to discover that the room was full of headless bodies hung on all sides. Quickly she locked the door and ran downstairs. But she had some blood on the key, on her hand, and on her shoes.

As she was trying the best she knew how to get the blood off, along came a big black cat, which said to her, "Mew, mew, mew! Give me a dish of bread and milk, and I will tell you how to get the blood off your shoes."

"Go away, you old black thing! I am not going to bother with you."

So the cat went away, and pretty soon the bull came. "Let me see your keys!" said he. "How came the blood on this one?" Then he asked to see her hands and her shoes. When he saw blood on them too, he knew that she had disobeyed him; so, as he had done with all the others who had disobeyed him, he cut her head off and hung her body up with the others in the forbidden room.

The next day, when the mother and her two remaining daughters again sat spinning in the

sun, they again saw the bull in the cabbage-patch. The mother sent the second daughter just as she had sent the first, and exactly the same things happened to her.

The third day the mother and the youngest daughter sat spinning in the sun, when the mother looked up and saw the bull a third time in the cabbage patch. "Take your distaff and run, child, run!" cried the mother.

So the youngest daughter ran, and the bull ran. The bull ran and she ran until they came to the great house on the edge of the wood. There the bull gave her a bunch of keys, and told her that she might open every door in the house except the one whose key he showed her. Then the bull went away. The youngest daughter did just as her sisters had done, and went into all the rooms except the forbidden one. She kept wondering what could be in there, until her curiosity became so great that she unlocked the door and went in. She, too, was so horrified that she quickly shut the door and ran downstairs, but with the tell-tale blood on the key, on her hand, and on her shoes.

To her came the big black cat, who said, "Mew, mew, mew! Give me a dish of bread and milk, and I will tell you how to get the blood off your shoes."

Instead of telling the cat to go away, as her sisters had done, she went and got some bread and milk for him. When the cat had finished eating, he said, "If you will go into the attic, you will find there a sickle. Take it, rub it on the key, on your hand, and on your shoes, while you say, 'Blood, be gone! Blood, be gone!'"

The girl went to the attic, found the sickle, and did with it as the cat had told her to do, saying, "Blood, be gone! blood, be gone!" Even as she spoke the last word, the blood-stains disappeared.

Then the girl went downstairs, where she found the bull waiting for her. "Let me see your keys," he said, "and your hands and your shoes!"

When he saw that she had no blood-stains upon her, he suddenly changed from a bull into a beautiful prince. "I was bewitched," he said, "by a girl who loved me, but whom I wouldn't marry because I didn't love her. I killed many a girl when I was a bull; but now we will have the bodies taken care of, and then we will be married."

So they buried the bodies, and then were married and lived happily ever after.

- Source: Emelyn E. Gardner, "Folk-Lore from Schoharie County, New York," *Journal of American Folklore*, vol. 27, no. 105 (July-September, 1914), pp. 310-11.
- Gardner's source: Mrs. William Buell. Mrs. Buell heard the story from her mother, believed to be from Germany.
- This story is unusual in that the heroine marries her erstwhile captor. This turn illustrates a "contamination" of a traditional animal bridegroom tale with a type 311 (How the Devil Married Three Sisters) or type 312 (Bluebeard) tale.
- Return to the table of contents.

Zerendac

Palestine

There was once a poor woodcutter, who had a wife and three daughters dependent on him. One day, while he was working in the forest, a stranger passed that way and stopped to talk with him. Hearing he had three daughters the stranger persuaded him, for a large sum of money, which he paid on the spot, to let him have the eldest girl in marriage.

When the woodcutter went home at dusk, he boasted of the bargain to his wife, and next morning, took the girl to a certain cave and there gave her over to the stranger, who said that his name was Abu Freywar.

As soon as the woodman was gone, Abu Freywar said to her, "You must be hungry, eat these."

So saying, he took a knife and cut off both his ears, which he gave to her together with a nasty-looking loaf of black bread.

The girl refusing such food, he hung her up by the hair from the ceiling of a chamber in the cave, which had meanwhile become a magnificent palace.

Next day, Abu Freywar went again to the forest and found the woodcutter. "I want your second daughter for my brother," he said. "Here is the money. Bring her to the cave tomorrow."

The woodcutter, delighted at his great good fortune, brought his second daughter to Abu Freywar, and directly he had gone, Abu Freywar gave the girl his ears, which had grown afresh, to eat. She said she was not hungry just then, but would keep them to eat by-and-by. When he went out of the room, she tried to deceive him by hiding his ears under a carpet on the floor.

When he returned and asked if she had eaten them, she said "Yes."

But he called out, "Ears of mine, are you hot or cold? "and they answered promptly, "Cold as ice, and lying under the carpet."

Whereupon Abu Freywar, in a rage hung her up beside her sister.

He then went and asked for the youngest daughter, whose name was Zerendac, saying, that he wanted her for another brother. But the girl, a spoilt child, refused to go unless she might take with her a pet kitten and a box in which she kept her treasures. Hugging those, she went with Abu Freywar to the cave.

She proved wiser than her sisters. When her husband's back was turned, she gave his ears to the cat which devoured them eagerly, while she ate some food which she had brought from home.

When the ogre returned and cried as of wont, "Ears of mine, are you hot or cold?"

He received the answer, "As hot as can be in this snug little stomach," and this pleased him so that from that time he began to grow very fond of Zerendac.

After she had lived some days with him, he said, "I must go on a journey. There are forty rooms in this palace. Here are the keys, with which you may open any door you please except that to which this golden key belongs," and with that he took his departure.

Zerendac amused herself in his absence with opening and examining the locked- up rooms. On entering the thirty-ninth, she happened to look out of the window which opened on to a burial ground, and was terrified to see her husband, who was a ghoul, devouring a corpse that he had just dug out of a grave with his long claw- like nails. She was so fascinated with the sight that (hidden behind the window curtain), she watched him at his horrible repast. A few minutes later she saw him start and hide himself behind a monument in the cemetery. He had been disturbed by the approach of a funeral.

As the procession approached she heard one of the bearers say, "Let us be off as soon as possible, lest the ghoul which haunts this place get hold of us," and she could see that the whole company seemed very anxious.

This discovery caused the girl great uneasiness. She was anxious to know what was in the fortieth room, and the discovery she had made as to the real character of her husband prompted her to solve the mystery at any cost. She took the golden key and opened the door. She found her two sisters still alive and dangling from the ceiling by their hair. She cut them down, fed them, and as soon as their health was restored, sent them back to her parents.

Abu Freywar returned next day, but not for long. He left home a few days later, telling his wife she might invite any of her relations whom she cared to see. Accordingly she invited many of her friends and relatives, who came to see her, but heard nothing of her troubles. It was well for her that she did not complain, for her visitors were not the persons they seemed to be, but simply her husband in various shapes assumed in order to entrap her.

He succeeded at last in the form of her grandmother to whom she was beginning to tell all her sorrows; when the old woman became Abu Freywar and, taking a poisoned nail, drove it into her breast. The wound did not kill her, but it caused her to swoon away. No sooner was she unconscious than the monster put her into a chest and sank it in the sea.

Now the son of the sultan of that land was fond of boating and fishing, and this prince happened to cast a large net from a boat close to the place where the chest in which she was lay at the bottom of the sea. The net, happening to enclose the chest, was hauled in with the greatest difficulty. The sultan's son had it drawn into the boat, and, before opening it, said to his attendants, "If it contains money or jewels, you may have them all; but should it contain anything else, it is mine."

He was greatly shocked when he saw its actual contents, and mourned the sad fate of that lovely girl. He had her body carried to his mother's chamber, to be honorably prepared for

burial. During the process, the nail being found and removed, Zerendac sneezed and came to life again.

She married the prince, and in course of time bore him a daughter. But one day, when she was alone with the child, the wall of her room suddenly split open, and Abu Freywar appeared. Without a word to the mother, he snatched up the infant and swallowed it, disappearing as suddenly as he had come. Zerendac was so bewildered by this fresh misfortune that, when asked where the baby had gone, she could only weep despairingly.

Her second child, a son, and the third, another daughter, were torn from her in the same horrible manner. On this last occasion, the cruel ogre smeared the poor mother's face with her child's blood. She washed it off, but, in her hurry and anguish, missed a slight stain beneath her under lip. Her husband and her mother-in-law, already very suspicious, judged of course that she was a ghoul and had devoured her offspring.

Zerendac told her story, but no one would believe it. Her husband, being loth to put her to death, ordered her to be imprisoned in a small underground chamber, and, at his mother's suggestion, sought another bride. Hearing of the beauty of the daughter of a neighboring sultan, he went to ask for her. But before setting out he sent for the mother of his lost children, and asked her what she would like him to bring her when he came back. She asked for a box of aloes [Arabic *sebr*, also meaning "patience"], for a box of henna [the same word means "tenderness"], and a dagger.

Her request was granted, and when the prince returned from his betrothal to the sultan's daughter, he brought with him these things for Zerendac. She opened the boxes, one by one, saying, "O box of *sebr*, you have not in you more patience than I have shown. O box of henna, you cannot be gentler than I have been," and was just going to stab herself with the dagger, when the wall of her prison opened and Abu Frey war appeared, leading a handsome boy and two lovely girls.

"Live!" he cried, "I have not killed your children. Here they are."

He then by his magic made a secret staircase connecting her dungeon with the great hall of the palace. Having done this, he seized the dagger and slew himself.

When the festivities in connection with the prince's marriage began, Zerendac sent the three children, richly dressed in clothes which Abu Freywar had left with her, up the staircase, telling them to amuse themselves without respect for the guests or the furniture. Accordingly they did all the damage they could think of; but the mother of the prince was slow to punish them, because they were pretty, and reminded her of her son at their age.

But at last, losing patience, she was going to strike one of them when they all shouted at once, "*Ya sitt Ubdûr, shun keyf el kamr btadûr*," which means, "O Lady Full-Moon, look how the moon is turning round."

Everyone rushed to the window, and while their backs were turned the children vanished.

On the actual wedding day the children appeared again when their father was present, ran about, breaking china and glass, and did all the damage they could think of. The prince forbade them.

They replied haughtily, "This is our house, and everything here belongs to us and to our parents."

"What do you mean by that?" inquired the prince.

The children answered by leading their father down the secret staircase to Zerendac, who explained who they really were and how they came there. The prince, greatly moved, embraced her tenderly and swore to be true to her till his life's end.

The sultan's daughter was returned, with excuses and a satisfactory present, to her father; and the prince and Zerendac lived happy ever after.

- Source: J. E. Hanauer, *Folk-Lore of the Holy Land: Moslem, Christian, and Jewish* (London: Duckworth and Company, 1907), pp. 221-28.
- Hanauer does not give this story a title.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Tiger's Bride

India

One day a woman went to cut thatching grass and she cut such a quantity that when she tied it up, the bundle was too big for her to lift on to her head; so she stood and called for some one to help her, but no one was within hearing and no one came. She called and called and at last began to promise that she would give her daughter in marriage to any one who would help her.

After she had called out this a few times, a tiger suddenly appeared and asked what she wanted; she explained her difficulty and the tiger undertook to lift the load on to her head, if she would really give him her daughter in marriage. She promised and with the help of the tiger took up the bundle and went home.

Two or three days after, the tiger presented himself at her house and was duly married to the daughter. After the wedding the couple started for the tiger's home; all the way the unhappy bride wept und sang: "How far off is our home, big head?"

"You can just see the mouth of the cave," answered the tiger and in a short time they came to a large cave.

Then the tiger told her to set to work and cook a feast while he went off and invited his friends to come and share it. But the bride when left alone caught a cat and killed it and hung it over the fire, so that its blood dropped slowly into the pan and made a fizzling noise, as if cooking were going on; and then she ran off to her mother's house and climbed a tree which grew near it and began to sing:

delivered the chest, and then hurried home to strengthen himself with a good breakfast.

The same thing was repeated the next day with the second chest. On the third day she herself was to be taken home in the chest. She therefore prepared a figure which she dressed in her own clothes, and placed on the balcony, under the pretext of being able to watch him better; slipped quickly into the chest, and had the maid put it on the devil's back. "The deuce!" said he; "this chest is a great deal heavier than the others; and today, when she is sitting on the balcony, I shall have so much the less chance to rest." So by dint of the greatest exertions he carried it, without stopping, to his mother-in-law, and then hastened home to breakfast, scolding, and with his back almost broken.

But quite contrary to custom, his wife did not come out to meet him, and there was no breakfast ready. "Margerita, where are you?" he cried, but received no answer. As he was running through the corridors, he at length looked out of a window and saw the figure on the balcony. "Margerita, have you gone to sleep? Come down. I am as tired as a dog, and as hungry as a wolf." But there was no reply. "If you do not come down instantly I will go up and bring you down," he cried, angrily; but Margerita did not stir. Enraged, he hastened up to the balcony, and gave her such a box on the ear that her head flew off, and he saw that the head was nothing but a milliner's form, and the body, a bundle of rags. Raging, he rushed down and rummaged through the whole house, but in vain; he found only his wife's empty jewel box. "Ha!" he cried; "she has been stolen from me and her jewels, too!" and he immediately ran to inform her parents of the misfortune. But when he came near the house, to his great surprise he saw on the balcony above the door all three sisters, his wives, who were looking down on him with scornful laughter.

Three wives at once terrified the devil so much that he took his flight with all possible speed.

Since that time he has lost his taste for marrying.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (London: Macmillan and Company 1885), no. 16, pp. 78-81.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cobbler and His Three Daughters (Blue Beard)

Basque

Like many others in the world, there was a cobbler who had three daughters. They were very poor. He only earned enough just to feed his children. He did not know what would become of him. He went about in his grief, walking, walking sadly on, and he meets a gentleman, who asks him where he is going, melancholy like that.

He answers him, "Even if I shall tell you, I shall get no relief."

"Yes, yes; who knows? Tell it."

"I have three daughters, and I have not work enough to maintain them. I have famine in the house."

You married me to a ti-ti-tiger:
You threw me to a bear:
Take back the necklace you gave me
Take back the bracelet and the diamonds and the coral.

Meanwhile the tiger returned with his friends and sat down outside the cave and told his wife to be quick with the cooking of the cakes for he heard the hissing over the fire and thought that she was cooking. At last as she did not come out, he got tired of waiting and went in to fetch her. Then he saw that she had disappeared and had to go and tell his friends. They were very angry at being cheated out of a feast, and fell upon the tiger and beat him, till he ran away and was seen no more; but his bride was left to flit from tree to tree singing:

You married me to a ti-ti-tiger:
You threw me to a bear:
Take back the necklace you gave me
Take back the bracelet and the diamonds and the coral.

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 45, pp. 154-55..
- Although the heroine does not rescue previously captured sisters in this tale, it otherwise shows most characteristics of a traditional type 311 folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

Targets open in new windows.

1. Blue Beard. Folktales of types 312 and 312A about women whose brothers rescue them from their ruthless husbands or abductors.
2. The Robber Bridegroom and Other Tales Type 955.
3. The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales).
4. Grimm Brothers' Home Page.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised July 19, 2010.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

"If it is only that, we will manage it. You will give me one of your daughters, and I will give you so much money."

The father was, very grieved to make any such bargain; but at last he comes down to that. He gives him his eldest daughter. This gentleman takes her to his palace, and, after having passed some time there, he said to her that he has a short journey to make -- that he will leave her all the keys, that she might see everything, but that there is one key that she must not make use of -- that it would bring misfortune on her. He locks the door on the young lady.

This young girl goes into all the rooms, and finds them very beautiful, and she was curious to see what there was in that which was forbidden. She goes in, and sees heaps of dead bodies. Judge of her fright! With her trembling she lets the key fall upon the ground. She trembles for the coming of her husband. He arrives, and asks her if she has entered the forbidden chamber.

She tells him "Yes."

He takes her and puts her into an underground dungeon; hardly, hardly did he give her enough to eat (to live on), and that was human flesh.

This cobbler had finished his money, and he was again melancholy.

The gentleman meets him again, and says to him, "Your other daughter is not happy alone; you must give me another daughter. When she is happy, I will send her back; and I will give you so much money."

The father did not like it; but he was so poor that, in order to have a little money, he gives him his daughter.

The gentleman takes her home with him, like the other. After some days he said to her too, "I must take a short journey. I will give you all the keys of the house, but do not touch such a key of such a room."

He locks the house door, and goes off, after having left her the food she needed. This young girl goes into all the rooms, and, as she was curious, she went to look into the forbidden chamber. She was so terribly frightened at the sight of so many dead bodies in this room, that she lets the key fall, and it gets stained. Our young girl was trembling as to what should become of her when the master should come back.

He arrives, and the first thing he asks, "Have you been in that room?"

She told him "Yes."

He takes her underground, like her other sister.

This cobbler had finished his money, and he was in misery; when the gentleman comes to him again, and says to him, "I will give you a great deal of money if you will let your daughter come to my house for a few days; the three will be happier together, and I will send you the

two back again together."

The father believes it, and gives him his third daughter. The gentleman gives him the money, and he takes this young girl, like the others.

At the end of some days he leaves her, saying that he is going to make a short journey. He gives her all the keys of the house, saying to her, "You will go into all the rooms except this one," pointing out the key to her.

He locks the outside door, and goes off. This young girl goes straight, straight to the forbidden chamber; she opens it, and think of her horror at seeing so many dead people. She thought that he would kill her too, and, as there were all kinds of arms in this chamber, she takes a sabre with her, and hides it under her dress. She goes a little further on, and sees her two sisters almost dying with hunger, and a young man in the same condition. She takes care of them as well as she can till the gentleman comes home.

On his arrival, he asks her, "Have you been in that room?"

She says, "Yes;" and, in giving him back the keys, she lets them fall on the ground, on purpose, and at the instant that this gentleman stoops to pick them up, the young lady cuts off his head (with her sword).

Oh, how glad she was! Quickly she runs to deliver her sisters and that young man, who was the son of a king. She sends for her father, the cobbler, and leaves him there with his two daughters, and the youngest daughter goes away with her young gentleman, after being married to him.

If they lived well, they died well too.

- Source: Wentworth Webster, *Basque Legends*, 2nd edition (London: Griffith and Farran, 1879), pp. 173-75.
- Return to the table of contents.

Your Hen Is in the Mountain

Norway

Once upon a time there was an old widow who lived, with her three daughters, far away from the rest of the world, next to a mountain. She was so poor that her only animal was a single hen, which she prized as the apple of her eye. It was always cackling at her heels, and she was always running to look after it. One day, all at once, the hen was gone. The old woman went out, and walked around and around the cottage, looking and calling for her hen, but it was gone, and could not be found.

So the woman said to her oldest daughter, "You must just go out and see if you can find our hen, for we must have it back, even if we have to fetch it out of the mountain."

The daughter was ready enough to go, so she set off and walked up and down, and looked

and called, but she could not find the hen. Suddenly, just as she was about to give up the hunt, she heard someone calling out from a cleft in the rock:

Your hen is in the mountain!
Your hen is in the mountain!

So she went into the cleft to see what it was, but she had barely set foot inside, when she fell through a trapdoor, deep, deep down, into an underground cavern. When she got to the bottom she went through many rooms, each finer than the one before it; but in the innermost room of all, a large ugly troll came to her and asked, "Will you be my sweetheart?"

"No! I will not," she said. She wouldn't have him for any price! All she wanted was to get above ground again as fast as ever she could, and to find her lost hen. Then the troll got so angry that he picked her up, twisted her head off, and then threw both the head and body into the cellar.

While this was going on, her mother sat at home waiting and waiting, but no daughter came. After she had waited a bit longer, and neither heard nor saw anything of her daughter, she told her middle daughter to go out and look for her sister, and, she added, "Give our hen a call at the same time."

So the second sister had to set off, and the very same thing happened to her. She was looking and calling, and suddenly she too heard a voice calling from from the cleft in the rock:

Your hen is in the mountain!
Your hen is in the mountain!

She thought that this was strange, and went to see what it was. She too fell through the trapdoor, deep, deep down, into the cavern. She too went from room to room, and in the innermost one the troll came to her and asked if she would be his sweetheart? No, she would not. All she wanted was to get above ground again, and hunt for her lost hen. The troll got angry, and picked her up, twisted her head off, and threw both head and body into the cellar.

Now, when the old woman had sat and waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her second daughter, and could neither see nor hear anything of her, she said to the youngest, "Now, you must go out and look for your sisters. It was silly to lose the hen, but it would be sillier still to lose both your sisters. Of course, you can give the hen a call at the same time." You see, the old woman's heart was still set on her hen.

Yes, the youngest was ready to go, and she walked up and down, hunting for her sisters and calling the hen, but she could neither see nor hear anything of them. She too came to the cleft in the rock, and heard something say:

Your hen is in the mountain!
Your hen is in the mountain!

She thought that this was strange, so she too went to see what it was, and she too fell through the trapdoor, deep, deep down, into a cavern. When she reached the bottom she

went from one room to another, each grander than the one before it; but she wasn't at all afraid, and took time to look carefully about her. As she was peeping into this and that, she saw the trapdoor into the cellar, and looked down it, and what should she see there but her dead sisters. She barely had time to slam to the trapdoor before the troll came to her and asked, "Will you be my sweetheart?"

"With all my heart," answered the girl, for she saw very well how it had gone with her sisters. When the troll heard that, he brought her the finest clothes in the world. Indeed, she had only to ask, and she got whatever she wanted, because the troll was so glad that someone would be his sweetheart.

One day, after she had been there a little while, she was looking very gloomy and downcast, so the troll asked her what was the matter, and why she was so sad.

"Ah!" said the girl, "it's because I can't get home to my mother. I know that she has very little to eat and drink, and she has no one with her."

"Well!" said the troll, "I can't let you go to see her; but just stuff some meat and drink into a sack, and I'll carry it to her."

With many thanks, she said that she would do that. However, she put a lot of gold and silver into the bottom of the sack, then laid a little food on top. She told the ogre the sack was ready, but that he must be sure not to look into it. He gave his word not to look inside, and set off. As the troll walked off, she peeped out at him through a chink in the trapdoor. When he had gone a little way, he said, "This sack is very heavy. I'll just see what is inside." He was about to untie the the sack, when the girl called out to him, "I can still see you! I can still see you!"

"The devil you can!" said the troll; "you must have mighty sharp eyes!" And the troll did not try to look into it again. When he reached the widow's cottage, he threw the sack in through the cottage door, saying, "Here you have meat and drink from your daughter; she doesn't want for anything."

After the girl had been in the mountain a good bit longer, one day a billy goat fell down the trapdoor.

"Who sent for you, you long bearded beast!" said the troll, in an awful rage, and he picked up the goat, twisted his head off, and threw him into the cellar.

"Oh!" said the girl, "why did you do that? I might have had the goat to play with down here."

"Well!" said the troll, "you don't need to be so down in the mouth about it. I can bring the billy goat back to life again."

So saying, he took down a flask that was hanging on the wall, put the billy goat's head on his body again, and smeared it with some ointment from flask, and he was as well and as lively as before.

"Aha!" said the girl to herself; "that flask is worth something -- that it is."

When she had been in the mountain some time longer, on a day when the troll was away, she took her oldest sister, put her head on her shoulders, smeared her with some of the ointment from the flask, just as she had seen the troll do with the billy goat, and in an instant her sister came to life again.

The girl stuffed her into a sack, laid a little food over her, and when the troll came home, she said to him, "Dear friend! Now do go home to my mother with a morsel of food again. I'm certain that the poor thing is both hungry and thirsty, and besides that, she's all alone in the world. But you must not look into the sack."

He said that he would carry the sack, and that he would not look into it. But when he had gone a little way, he thought that the sack was getting very heavy; and when he had gone a bit further he said to himself, "Come what will, I must see what's inside this sack, for however sharp her eyes may be, she can't see me all this way off."

But just as he was about to untie the sack, the girl inside the sack called out, "I can still see you! I can still see you!"

"The devil you can!" said the ogre; "then you must have mighty sharp eyes," for he thought it was the girl inside the mountain who was speaking. So he didn't dare so much as to peep into the sack again, but carried it straight to her mother as fast as he could, and when he got to the cottage door he threw it in through the door, and cried out, "Here you have meat and drink from your daughter; she wants for nothing."

When the girl had been in the mountain a while longer, she did the very same thing with her other sister. She put her head on her shoulders, smeared her with ointment from the flask, brought her to life, and put her into the sack. This time she crammed in also as much gold and silver as the sack would hold, laying just a little food on top.

"Dear friend," she said to the troll, "you really must run home to my mother with a little food again; and don't look into the sack."

Yes, the troll was eager to do as she wished, and he gave his word too that he wouldn't look into the sack; but when he had gone a little way he began to think that the sack was getting very heavy, and when he had gone a bit further, he could scarce stagger along under it, so he set it down, and was just about to untie the string and look into it, when the girl inside the sack cried out, "I can still see you! I can still see you!"

"The devil you can," said the troll, "then you must have mighty sharp eyes."

Well, he did not dare to try to look into the sack, but hurried straight to the girl's mother. When he got to the cottage he threw the sack in through the door, and roared out, "Here you have food from your daughter; she wants for nothing!"

After the girl had been there a good while longer, on a day when the troll had decided to go out for the day, the girl pretended to be sick. She moaned and complained. "There's no need

for you to come home before twelve o'clock tonight," she said, "for I won't be able to have supper ready before then. I'm just too sick!"

As soon as the troll was out of the house, she stuffed some of her clothes with straw, and stood this straw girl in the corner by the chimney, with a broom in her hand, so that it looked just as though she herself were standing there. After that she stole off home, and got a marksman to stay in the cottage with her mother.

So when the clock struck twelve, or thereabouts, the troll came home, and the first thing he said to the straw girl was, "Give me something to eat."

But she did not answer him.

"Give me something to eat, I say!" called out the troll, "for I am almost starved."

But she did not have a word for him.

"Give me something to eat!" roared out the ogre the third time. "I think you'd better open your ears and hear what I say, or else I'll wake you up, I will!"

But the girl stood just as still as ever; so he flew into a rage, and gave her such a slap in the face, that the straw flew all about the room. When he saw that he had been tricked, he began to hunt everywhere. When he came to the cellar, and found both the girl's sisters missing, he soon figured out what had happened, and ran off to the cottage, saying, "I'll soon pay her for this!"

But when he reached the cottage, the marksman fired off his piece. The troll did not dare go into the house, for he thought it was thunder [Thor]. So he set off for home again as fast as he could run; but just as he reached the trapdoor, the sun rose and he exploded.

There's a lot of gold and silver down there still, if you only knew where the trapdoor is!

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, Popular Tales from the Norse, translated by George Webbe Dasent (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1859), pp. 16-24.
- Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman. Note that Dasent changes the title of this story to "The Old Dame and Her Hen." A literal translation of the original title would be "The Hen Is Tripping in the Mountain."
- Link to the text in the original Norwegian: Høna tripper i berget, *Norske Folkeeventyr* (Christiania [Oslo], 1842-1852).
- Return to the table of contents.

Fitcher's Bird

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Once upon a time there was a sorcerer who was a thief. He disguised himself as a poor man and went begging from house to house. A girl came to the door and brought him a piece of

There lived alone one winter a hunter, his wife and their only child, a little boy of four years. Deep snow covered the ground, and game was scarce. One day the hunter discovered the track of a buffalo and followed it but he failed to overtake the animal. Late at night he returned to his tipi and, before entering, stopped to scrape the snow from his moccasins. But as he stood outside in the snow, he heard his little boy crying from hunger within the tent, and the voice of his wife trying to comfort him.

"Don't cry, my son", she said. "Perhaps your father has killed a buffalo. That may be why he is late in coming home."

Resolutely the man turned back into the night and prayed for help as he resumed his hunting. Just before dawn he came upon other buffalo tracks and followed them. Suddenly a wolf ran up to him, and said, "My son, why are you weeping?"

"I am in sore need. My wife and child are starving."

"Hide behind these bushes here", said the wolf, "and use my bow and arrows. I will drive the buffalo toward you. But be sure to use my bow and arrows, not your own."

The wolf disappeared, and the hunter examined the bow that had been given him. It was much smaller than his own, and seemingly much inferior. Yet he remembered the wolf's instructions and when he heard it driving the buffalo toward him, he took up the small bow and shot six animals, one after another. When the seventh and last buffalo approached him, however, he took up his own box and shot. The animal escaped. Now the wolf returned.

"What luck did you have?" it asked.

"I killed six with your bow and arrows. For the last one I used my own bow, and it escaped."

"I warned you not to use it", the wolf said. "However, we have meat enough."

Together they butchered the animals, and at the wolf's request the hunter set aside portions of two buffalo for his companion's children. He then carried as much meat as he could pack on his back to his starving wife and child.

That same evening, after they had satisfied their hunger, they dismantled their tent and moved to where the carcasses lay. There the wolf joined them with all its family and lingered fearlessly around their camp. The woman fed the animals with waste cuts of meat until they became quite tame. They would even allow her to harness travois to their backs. Thereafter they always remained with the Indians and became their dogs.

Hungary: Gloomy Sunday song revived over shopping curbs

bbc.com

A decades-old song has been given a new lease of life in Hungary thanks to recently introduced legislation curbing shopping on Sundays.

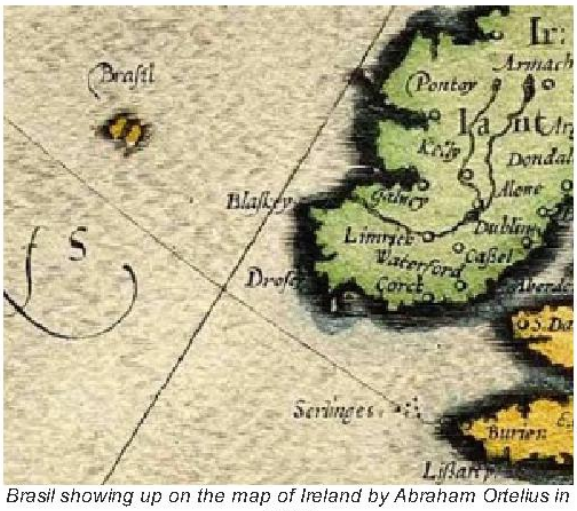
New rules banning larger retailers from opening on Sundays came into force on 15 March, and while small family-run shops are exempt, supermarkets including Tesco aren't allowed to trade. Several critics of the move have responded by taking a famous Hungarian song from the 1930s - Gloomy Sunday - and updating it with shopping-themed lyrics. Two versions of the song have appeared, both despairing over the new regulations, with one penned by well-known poet Bela Rigo. Another version features the lyrics: "Next Sunday, Tesco will be closed. From then on, every Sunday will be gloomy." There's even a melancholy violin solo.

The original version of Gloomy Sunday was nicknamed the "Hungarian suicide song", owing to its undeniably bleak lyrics. A version in English was popularised by Billie Holliday in the 1940s, and an urban myth grew claiming that many people killed themselves while listening to it. Sad songs aside, the new shopping restrictions have gone down badly with many Hungarians who say they enjoy having the freedom to shop where they like on a Sunday. "I work every day of the week including Saturday, so Sunday is my only chance to come out with the family," one man told the Index news website before the new rules came in. "In the smaller shops everything's very expensive."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Hy-Brasil, the other Atlantis - Historic Mysteries

December 31, 2010 historicmysteries.com



Brasil showing up on the map of Ireland by Abraham Ortelius in 1572

[dropcap]W[/dropcap]hen discussing underwater lore and legends, Atlantis is an obvious subject of interest. However, the lost island of *Hy-Brasil* is just as intriguing and has more first-person accounts.

Hy-Brasil is also spelled *Hy-Breasal, Hy-Brazil, Hy-Breasil, Brazir* and related variations. It may be the reason that the South American country, Brazil, was so named. The central image on the Brazilian flag, a circle with a channel across the center, is the symbol for Hy-Brasil on early maps.

The name of Hy-Brasil may come from the Middle Ages term *brazil,* which seems to indicate a source of rare red dye. The dye may have acquired its name from the legendary island, or vice versa.

Or, the name Hy-Brasil, also called the Fortunate Island, may originate with the old Irish word, *breas,* meaning noble or fortunate.

In folklore, this island country takes its name from *Breasal,* the High King of the World, in Celtic history.

(He may or may not be related to *Bresal Echarlam mac Echach Baethlaim,* from the stories of Lugh at Tara. He was not St. Breasal, although pre-Christian folklore may be the foundation for that saint's legends.)

Hy-Brasil was noted on maps as early as 1325, when Genoese cartographer Dalorto placed the island west of Ireland. On successive sailing charts, it appears southwest of Galway Bay.

On some 15th century maps, islands of the Azores appear as *Isola de Brazil,* or *Insulla de Brazil.*

After 1865, Hy-Brasil appears on few maps since its location could not be verified.

Regardless of the name or location, the island's history is consistent: It is the home of a wealthy and highly advanced civilization. Those who visited the island returned with tales of gold-roofed towers and domes, healthy cattle, and opulent citizens.

The lore of Hy-Brasil is equally fascinating. For example, it is shrouded in fog or perhaps beneath the ocean, and appears only briefly, once every seven years.

The island has been visited by many people for centuries. Both Saint Barrind and Saint Brendan found the island on their respective voyages, and returned home with nearly identical descriptions of Hy-Brasil, which they dubbed the "Promised Land."

One of the most famous visits to Hy-Brasil was in 1674 by Captain John Nisbet of Killybegs, Co. Donegal, Ireland. He and his crew were in familiar waters west of Ireland, when a fog came up. As the fog lifted, the ship was dangerously close to rocks. While getting their bearings, the ship anchored in three fathoms of water, and four crew members rowed ashore to visit Hy-Brasil.

They spent a day on the island, and returned with silver and gold given to them by an old man who lived there. Upon the return of the crew to Ireland, a second ship set out under the command of Alexander Johnson.

They, too, found the hospitable island of Hy-Brasil and returned to Ireland to confirm the tales of Captain Nisbet and crew.

The last documented sighting of Hy-Brasil was in 1872, when author T. J. Westropp and several companions saw the island appear and then vanish. This was Mr. Westropp's third view of Hy-Brasil, but on this voyage he had brought his mother and some friends to verify the existence of Hy-Brasil.

Researchers and archaeologists have searched in the most likely locations west of Ireland, and there is evidence that islands existed there. Shallow-water shells have been found at Porcupine Bank, somewhat northwest of the most likely location of Hy-Brasil. Even further north, similar shells were discovered at Rockhall.

So, there is evidence of land mass changes in that part of the Atlantic Ocean.

The most distinctive geographical feature of Hy-Brasil, is that it appears on maps as a perfect circle, with a semi-circular channel through the center. The circular perimeter of the island was confirmed by both Saints Barrind and Brendan, who separately walked the shore to determine where the island ended, but never found it. Most likely, they were walking in circles.

Although Hy-Brasil does not have the fame of Atlantis, outside role-playing games, it is a story worth exploring.

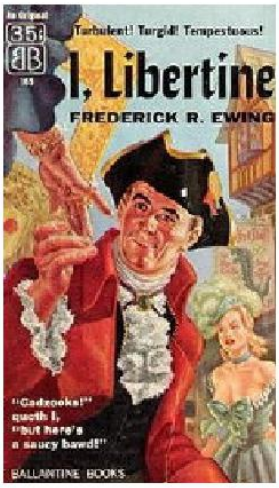
Other names for Hy-Brasil: *Tir fo-Thuin* (Land Under the Wave), *Mag Mell* (Land of Truth), *Hy na-Beatha* (Isle of Life), and *Tir na-m-Buadha* (Land of Virtue). Fourteeth and Fifteenth century maps spell Hy-Brasil as Ysole Brazil, Bracir, and Hy Breasail.

References:

- *Phantom Islands of the Atlantic,* by Donald S. Johnson
- *Dictionary of Celtic Mythology,* by Peter Berresford Ellis
- *Celtic Myth and Legend,* by Mike Dixon-Kennedy

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

On September 20, 1956 Ballantine Books published *I, Libertine*, a novel by Frederick R. Ewing. It was advertised as a "turbulent, turgid, tempestuous" tale of eighteenth-century court life in London. However, Ewing didn't actually exist. Both he and the book were the creation of nighttime deejay Jean Shepherd, devised as an elaborate hoax upon "day people."



When Jean Shepherd started out as a deejay at WOR in New York City in the early 1950s, the only timeslot he could get was from 12-5 in the morning, the graveyard shift. But Shepherd didn't mind. In fact, he liked it because it gave him the freedom to experiment with the concept of radio entertainment. Alone in the studio at night, he threw out the scripted, highly packaged format that had been the norm up until that time, and began talking off the top of his head, delivering dark, comedic monologues about whatever was on his mind that day.

Soon he had developed a devoted following. People called in with comments of their own. His listeners enjoyed a sense of belonging to a secret, close-knit community that existed on the margins of normal society. Shepherd called his listeners the "night people." They even had their own password, "Excelsior," with which they could identify each other out in public. The appropriate response was "seltzer bottle."

Shepherd frequently mused on the difference between night people and day people. Night people, he said, were more creative because "night is the time people truly become individuals because all the familiar things are dark and done; all the restrictions on freedom are removed."

Day people, on the other hand, were bound by rules, lists, and schedules. They were, he said, the victims of "creeping meatballism," and the inventors of red tape.

One day in April 1955, Shepherd walked into a Doubleday Book Shop on Fifth Avenue and asked the clerk if the store carried the script of the old radio serial "Vic and Sade." The clerk consulted a list of published books and told Shepherd that not only did they not have it, but that the book didn't exist. Shepherd insisted the book did exist. He was sure of it. But the clerk insisted it didn't because it wasn't on the list.

The incident enraged Shepherd. He felt it epitomized the difference between day people and night people because the bookstore clerk, evidently a day person, couldn't imagine a book might exist if it wasn't on his list of published books.

As Shepherd later shared these thoughts with his listeners, a practical joke occurred to him. All the night people, he suggested, should descend on bookstores, en masse, and request a book that truly didn't exist. The day people would be driven mad searching for this non-existent book. It would shake their faith in their lists.

Shepherd's listeners embraced his plan with a passion. One of them came up with a name for the fake novel: *I, Libertine*. Someone else suggested it should be written by an expert on eighteenth-century erotica, and someone else came up with a name for this expert: Frederick R. Ewing.

As the conversation continued, an entire biography was invented for Ewing. He was to have been an Oxford graduate, a retired Royal Navy Commander and a scholar "well remembered" for his series of BBC talks on "Erotica of the 18th century."

On the day after Shepherd first proposed the idea, 27 requests were placed at the 5th Avenue Bookstore for *I, Libertine*. And in the following weeks, Shepherd's fans made their way to bookstores throughout the United States to order the book. One of his listeners, a steward on the Queen Mary, even placed requests for it at stores in England and in Scandinavia.

Some listeners created fake library cards and snuck them into the card catalogs at libraries. A student at Tufts was said to have turned in a book report about *I, Libertine*. His professor, who also happened to be a fan of Shepherd, gave it a B+ and wrote "Excelsior!" on the bottom.

Puzzled bookstore owners didn't know what to make of the multiple requests for *I, Libertine*. They contacted publishers, to inquire when this novel that everyone was talking about would be released. And in this way, word of the book eventually made its way to the publisher Ian Ballantine, who traced it back to Shepherd.

Ballantine thought it would be an interesting idea to capitalize on the hoax by publishing the book for real. Shepherd agreed to the idea, and science-fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon, who was also a fan of Shepherd, was commissioned to write the text.

Sturgeon wrote the novel in 30 days, and it was released on September 20, 1956 with a print run of 130,000 copies. Shepherd posed as Frederick Ewing for the author photo on the back cover. In a postscript, special thanks were given to the night people, "whose battle cry is Excelsior, and whose humor and forbearance are really responsible for the work."

The hoax had been revealed a month before the publication date, and the resulting publicity helped sales, even though reviews of the novel itself were generally lukewarm. One reviewer wrote, "Despite a couple of ingenious twists, there is one spot where the novel almost comes to a halt, and the loving is pretty sleazy." Another said, "Throughout, the characters are depicted in a manner that suggests, at time, that they might have descended not from English nobility but contemporary spacemen." Copies of the book are now considered collector's items and can fetch hundreds of dollars.

- Henderson, Carter. (Aug 1, 1956). "Night people's hoax on day people makes hit with book folks." The Wall Street Journal.

Iceland's 'elf church' rock moved to end road row

bbc.com

A long-running dispute in Iceland about a new road blocked by a large rock some consider to be an "elf church" has finally been put to rest - by moving the offending 70-tonne mass.

A large crane was used to relocate the outcrop in two pieces - the larger one weighing 50t - closer to similar "elf-dwellings", the Morgunbladid daily reports. Work on the highway project on the Alftanes peninsula, near Reykjavik, was halted by Iceland's Supreme Court in 2013 after campaigners said it would disturb a protected area of untouched lava and culturally important "elf habitat". According to the Friends of Lava group, this included the 12-foot-long jagged rock considered to be the legendary Ofeigskirkja - a church or chapel used by the Huldufolk ("hidden folk"), derived from the elves of pagan Norse myth.

The deadlock was broken through the mediation of a local woman and self-declared seer, Ragnhildur Jonsdottir, who called for a "pact between elves and men". "The rock will be moved next to other beautiful and similar rock formations, thus creating a unified whole," Iceland's roads commission said in a press release announcing the work, which was carried out on Wednesday. Commenting to Morgunbladid, Ms Jonsdottir said the elves had one and half years to prepare for their church's transfer, and would be happy in their new surroundings.

The "elf church" in its new home

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

In 1948, Idaho Airlifted 76 Beavers to a New Habitat and Dropped Them Via Parachute

Natalie Matthews-Ramo, Mike Pesca, Amanda Hess, and Jeremy Stahl
Jan. 16 2015 7:55 PM

slate.com

Screen

allen press
PUBLISHING SERVICES

Transplanting Beavers by Airplane and Parachute
Author(s): Elmo W. Heter
Reviewed work(s):
Source: *The Journal of Wildlife Management*, Vol. 14, No. 2 (Apr., 1950), pp. 143-147
Published by: Allen Press
Stable URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/3796322
Accessed: 01/12/2011 14:27

shot/Martinezbeavers.org

Boise State Public Radio has an outstanding story about a great moment in Idaho ecological history: A 1948 beaver airlift that transported 76 beavers to a new, more secluded habitat by dropping them out of planes in wooden boxes attached to parachutes.

The endeavor was directed by an Idaho Fish and Game employee named Elmo Heter who needed to move some beavers away from an area where homes were being built. The location that Heter felt would be best for the beavers was inaccessible by road.

First he tried to move the beavers via equine transportation. But that didn't work, he wrote in the later report "Transplanting Beavers by Airplane and Parachute" in the *Journal of Wildlife Management*:

> Horses and mules become spooky and quarrelsome when loaded with a struggling, odorous pair of live beavers. These problems involve further handling and too frequently result in a loss of beavers.

Then he tried parachutes, and it worked.

The airlifted beavers' descendents now live in what is "the largest protected roadless forest in the lower 48 states." You can see the whole story—which includes some outstanding pictures and answers the question of how the beavers got out of the boxes once they hit the ground—at Boise State Public Radio's website.

Ben Mathis-Lilley edits the Slatest. Follow @Slatest on Twitter.

Impoverished Victorians revealed in photographs

17:21 EST, 5 January 2015 |
17:21 EST, 5 January 2015
dailymail.co.uk

When poverty meant poverty: Impoverished Victorians revealed in photographs of workhouse residents eating their dinner and 'coffin beds' inside shelter

- **Upcoming museum exhibition explores the varied experiences of those living on the streets in Victorian London**
- **Photographs, paintings and first-hand accounts bring dank shelters and over-crowded workhouses to life**
- **Look into lives of those who sometimes struggled lived day-to-day shows viewers what it really meant to be poor**

By Stephanie Linning for MailOnline

Sitting on long wooden benches in a dimly-lit hall, rows of men - scruffy and unwashed - look grimly at the camera as they ready for another night in the shelter.

Every one of them has paid one penny - roughly 32p today - for a space on the bench or on the floor. Their night will be spent sitting up, or leaning against a cold, dank wall.

This shelter in Blackfriars, London, was set up by the Salvation Army in the early 1890s - one of a number of places that provided temporary housing to thousands who were poor or homeless.

The bleak scene is just one of the images included in an upcoming museum exhibition that seeks to explore the places inhabited by London's most deprived at the turn of the last century.

Home for the night: Each man in this photo paid one penny - roughly 32p today - for a space on the bench or on the floor of this London shelter

Benefits: While this scene of a workhouse mealtime might look bleak, reports suggest that some men were simply grateful for food

Through photographs, paintings and first-hand accounts, Homes of the Homeless: Seeking Shelter in Victorian London, which opens at The Geffrye in London, shows what it really meant to be poor.

While today the term can describe Britons who live comfortably, 110 years ago it covered the men, women and children who only had a few pennies to their name - if any.

But despite their poverty, their experiences were not always the desperate tales immortalised in Dickensian novels, explained Hannah Fleming, a curator at The Geffrye.

Your fate depended on who you were, where you stayed - and how much you could scrape together.

Beginning in the 1840s, the exhibition charts how, as the century wore on, the problems of accommodating London's poor became more acute.

Slum clearance and the demolition of housing to make way for the railways pushed the poor into ever decreasing areas. Rents soared and living conditions plummeted.

The exhibition starts with the street, looking at where the homeless slept rough in the city.

This, said Fleming, drew some interesting comparisons to the present-day, with many of the same 'hotspots' for homelessness remaining today.

It then looks at where the destitute, or those who were able to make only a precarious living might seek shelter.

'Coffin beds': These cramped bunks weren't particularly comfortable, but they did offer visitors a dry and clean place to sleep

Celebrities look back at their families lives in workhouses

While popular accounts of the shelters and workhouses, often by middle-class observers, make them seem bleak and uninhabitable, they are often seen in a more favourable light by their lower-class visitors.

One of the sketches in the collection, for example, illustrates a group of men settling in for a night in so-called 'coffin boxes' - wooden bunks that were barely long enough to fit a body.

This scene shows life inside Medland Hall, in the former London borough of Ratcliff.

The establishment opened in 1893 and, by the early 1900s, attracted hundreds of men hoping to secure a stay in one of the 450 bunks.

While the cramped and uncomfortable conditions might provoke shock in middle-class

Victorians and modern-day viewers, the 'coffin beds' - clean, dry and sheltered from the elements - were a welcome sight for most homeless Victorians.

And a meal in one of these shelters - captured in another depressing image that shows men sat side-by-side at long tables - meant food and a roof over their heads.

Sleeping rough: This painting, titled 'A Recess on a London Bridge', by Augustus Edwin Mulready shows a poor Victorian boy on the streets

A night at one of these shelters, which were often run by charitable or philanthropic organisations, would cost one penny. Visitors also had the option of completing a work task to earn their keep.

But shelters weren't meant as long-term solutions, said Fleming, so those who ran them had to keep them from feeling too inviting.

She said: 'They didn't want to be seen to be encouraging homelessness so they implemented things like mandatory washing with shared bathwater when you entered.'

Those who had slightly more money - perhaps earned from intermittent work - could pay threepence for a room in a common lodging.

These simply-furnished rooms, situated in houses owned by private landlords, would include not much more than a simple bedframe, but they did offer more privacy than a shelter or workhouse.

For sixpence, one could afford a bed in a model lodging house - with private rooms and slightly more luxury.

The dirty and cramped conditions in these lodging houses excited both sympathy and disapproval from contemporary observers.

Scraping a living: Thomas Benjamin Kennington's painting, The Pinch of Poverty, shows a young girl selling bunches of flowers on the street

Later in the century more efforts were made to provide housing for the poor, for families and for single men living by themselves, as well as specialist accommodation for children.

Experiences also varied greatly on whether you were a man, woman or child, explained Fleming.

Records of meals and sleeping arrangements reveal that slightly more care was given to the most vulnerable - 'invalids', women and children - while fit, working-aged men often had the worst deals.

While our way of measuring - and handling - poverty and homelessness might have changed since the Victorian era, the issue remains a contemporary one.

That is why a parallel exhibition will run along side Homes for the Homeless, one that engages with contemporary homelessness in London.

Homes of the Homeless: Seeking Shelter in Victorian London opens at the Geffrye, London 24 March - 12 July

THEN AND NOW: HOW THE MEASURE OF POVERTY HAS CHANGED IN BRITAIN

Now

The main measure used by the Government to define poverty in the UK today is whether or not the household income is below 60 per cent of the median income. This is calculated Before Housing Costs (BHC) such as council tax and rent are taken into consideration.

The UK's average salary, as of January 2014, is £26,500. The latest figures on poverty from 2012/2013, released by the Department for Work and Pensions in July this year, shows the average household income Before Housing Costs is £440 per week.

Based on that figure, the report found 15 per cent (9.7m) of Britons are living in poverty.

There have also been other types of poverty introduced which are recognised by the Government. These include fuel poverty and material deprivation, the latter of which refers to the 'self-reported inability of individuals or households to afford particular goods and activities that are typical in society at a given point in time'.

The Government also recognises 'persistent poverty', seen as those living in households where income is less than 60 per cent of median household, for at least three out of the last four years.

In 2011, each person's disposable income in the UK was around £14,000.

The 60 per cent measure is criticised because it is relative to the current economic state of

the country - meaning there could effectively be 'less people' living in poverty during a recession.

Then

During the 1800s, a great proportion of Londoners lived in terrible poverty. Victorian cities were overcrowded, filthy and bleak. But it was often not known exactly how many were 'poor' - and how they should be classed.

Charles Booth, a successful businessman, thought social reformers had exaggerated London's poverty levels, which were said to be about a quarter. In 1886, he decided to find out the truth. As part of his research Booth lived with working-class families for several weeks at a time. It revealed the level of want was even worse than generally thought: as many as one third of Londoners lived in poverty.

He took into account a wide variety of subjects including working conditions, education, wage levels, workhouses, religion, and police.

Booth's work was instrumental in establishing the old age pension, an idea which had been around since Thomas Paine's Rights of Man in 1791. The first pensions were paid on 1 Jan 1909 (2 January in Scotland).

The census also provided some information on the country's most deprived

---

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

In rare feat, Sweden's Gävle Goat makes it through the holidays unscathed

mnn.com

The giant straw ruminant reaches 2015, Year of the Goat, without falling victim to arson, abduction or vehicular homicide. Cloven hoofed high-fives all around!

Fri, Jan 09, 2015 at 04:15 PM

The 2011 Gävle Goat during happier times ... it was destroyed by arsonists several weeks after this photo was taken. (Photo: Wikimedia Commons)

As those who have spent time in and around Scandinavia (or an IKEA store) around the holiday season can tell you, the bleating four-legged lawnmower otherwise known as the goat is considered to be as Christmas-y as a trio of camels, a herd of nine flying reindeer, two turtle doves and a golden retriever puppy wearing a Santa hat.

And while the Yule goat — a previously terrifying holiday symbol that now takes the form of a caprine-shaped effigy made from straw and bound with red ribbon — is usually found adorning Christmas trees, the small Swedish port city of Gävle boasts a Yule goat — the *Gävlebocken* — that's truly in a league of its own. Erected each year on the first Sunday of Advent in Gävle's central square since 1966, the Gävle Goat, a straw goat sculpture standing over 40 feet tall and weighing over 3 metric tons, is a festive, tourist-snaring holiday tradition — a postcard-perfect symbol of peace, goodwill and holiday cheer.

Gävle Goat is also a magnet for destruction, deviancy and bad, no-good, not-very-Christmas-y behavior.

You see, Gävle Goat is best known for meeting an unfortunate demise, almost every year since it was first erected in 1966 after being proposed by a local adman as a way to drum up business for local shops during the holiday season. Some years, the massive sculpture, originally (and ironically) constructed by the town's fire department, makes it through Christmas and New Year's Day without incident.

This is usually not the case.

This past year, however, was a bit different: Gävle Goat miraculously survived nary a scratch and was dismantled on Dec. 29. Shortly thereafter, it was shipped from Sweden to China where it will help to ring in the Chinese New Year, the Year of the Goat, when it begins on Feb. 19.

The very much discouraged act of murdering the Gävle Goat (faux goaticide?) dates back to its very first appearance nearly 50 years ago when it was burned to the ground by an arsonist at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve.

As detailed by Atlas Obscura's The Unfortunate Fates of the Gävle Goat Timeline, quiet years have been few and far between. On 24 occasions, arson has been the method of elimination, transforming the giant straw beast into a Wicker Man-esque fireball (minus the human sacrifice, of course).

Sometimes the Gävle Goat makes it through Christmas without being torched. Sometimes it doesn't. On several occasions, the goat has gone up in smoke just hours after its annual unveiling. A handful of times, the goat has been burned down and replaced with a new sculpture. These replacements have been set ablaze by lighter-wielding baddies, too.

galvegoat

The charred remains of 1998's Gävle Goat. (Wikimedia Commons)

In addition to arson, the Gävle Goat has been assaulted by drunk people, rammed into with a Volvo, kicked at, shot at with fireworks and had its legs chopped off. In 2010, the goat escaped incineration but was the target of an attempted abduction via helicopter. The next year, it was set ablaze by a tourist from Cleveland who figured it was perfectly acceptable to commit goat arson. He was jailed for 18 days and ordered to pay a fine. In 2005, mysterious assailants dressed as the gingerbread man and Santa Claus shot flaming arrows at the oversized browsing animal.

Over the years, bullheaded but good-humored event organizers have taken numerous steps to protect the Gävle Goat, its fate the subject of many a betting pool across Europe and even online: the sculpture has been treated with an anti-flammable liquid, coated with ice, blocked-off by perimeter fences, guarded by volunteers, watched over by security cameras. Sometimes these measures work; mostly, they don't. The fact that the Gävle Goat was dismantled this past season on Dec. 29 signals that organizers likely wanted to avoid the risk of any New Year's Eve carnage.

So what was so different about this past year? How did the Gävle Goat manage to beat the odds and not be burnt to a crisp despite numerous arson attempts? (To be clear, the sculpture was *not* sprayed with a flame retardant in 2014 as it has in years past).

Perhaps potential vandals found it their hearts to spare the poor creature because, after all,

2015 is *its year.* In 2002 and 1990, both years leading into Year of the Goat, the Gävle Goat also managed to survive. An astrological trend or just a coincidence?

The organizing committee behind the Gävle Goat believe that a 24-hour webcam, the presence of additional security personnel and the relocation of a highly trafficked taxi stand to the city's main square as a method of discouraging potential arsonists is what did the trick.

Gävle Goat on Dec. 21, 2009. It was completely destroyed by fire two days later. (Wikimedia Commons)

Johan Adolfsson, the goat's official spokesperson, explains the taxi tactic to English-language Swedish news website The Local: "Moving the taxis to be close to the goat has made a huge difference as there is a lot more people moving around it. That seems to have kept the arsonists at bay."

Adolfsson goes on to addresses a couple of close calls: "There have been four possible attempts with people climbing the fence and on each occasion the people have had lighters in their pockets. We haven't drawn up a hitlist though!"

Gävle Goat 2014, a true survivor, has already arrived in Zhuhai, a touristy coastal city in China's Guangdong province, where it will remain on display until the time comes for it to be dismantled and shipped back to Sweden. Hopefully it will steer clear of errant fireworks ignited during Chinese New Year celebrations.

"We see the Gävle goat as our strongest brand and we are trying to evolve the brand year-on-year. Some people think it's us burning it every year to get PR but that isn't the case at all," explains Adolfsson to The Local. "The goat will then come back to Sweden next September or so and we'll prepare for the Christmas period then. Let's hope it makes it through 2015 too."

For updates on Gävle Goat's hopefully catastrophe-free Chinese sojourn, you can follow it on its cheeky, at times harrowing blog ("I've been under attack three times, but my guards repelled every attack," reads a post from Dec. 22) blog. You can also keep tabs on the Gävle Goat on Instagram and at the 8,000 follower-strong Gävlebocken Twitter account in which the profile reads: "I'm the biggest straw goat in the world, follow my struggle to survive arson attacks."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

SM has been studied since the '90s

By Kate Seamons, Newser Staff
Posted Jan 21, 2015 6:46 AM CST

– Would it be like to live a life completely void of fear? NPR's Invisibilia tackled that question in its second episode by talking to Antonio Damasio, a University of Southern California neuroscientist who has treated a woman—referred to as SM—with an inability to feel fear. SM suffers from Urbach-Wiethe disease, placing her among a group of only about 400 people on the planet with the condition. It's one that could leave her vulnerable to threats, so much so that SM has never spoken with a journalist out of concern her identity would somehow leak. But she had been the subject of published studies: One that ran in in 2011 confirmed her fearlessness even after exposing her to snakes, a haunted house, and horror films; another study a year earlier explored her willingness to make risky gambling moves

But in a first, SM did participate in the NPR interview, answering a list of questions penned by Invisibilia hosts and posed to her by another of her doctors, who recorded her answers. The disease caused SM's amygdala (a part of the brain whose function relates to fear) to be completely calcified sometime in her teens; she reveals she has one memory of being slightly afraid, while not wanting to touch a catfish caught while fishing as a child. Her amygdala can't tell her that her palms should be sweating—even when she's been held at gunpoint (twice) and knifepoint (also twice). But she does have logic, so she understands that if a car is barreling down the street, she should try to get out of its way. Damasio explains that because she doesn't register these moments as traumatic, she's hasn't experienced trauma—mostly. In a 2013 study that touched on the threat of suffocation, SM inhaled carbon dioxide via gas mask and panicked after feeling like she couldn't breathe

Izman15
The problem is this study is going to be used to make a fearless drug. Imagine giving police, soldiers, or firefighters this drug to help them cope with or avoid all together trauma. Sounds like a good thing, until you realize fear saves lives by preventing you from taking risks you probably shouldn't. By removing the trauma from warfare we give free reign to it's horrors. Air combat, and drone warfare in particular, has made war safer for the soldiers but more gruesome for the civilians. If we remove the fear that's one less barrier to barbarism.
Bill Sparkington
I may have seen a lady like this before. It was in downtown Dallas at the Dart/Amtrak/Trinity station. It is an at grade terminal for all trains. I got off the Trinity train from Fort Worth and was headed in to wait for Amtrak. I stopped short as a Dart was headed in on another track. This lady walks right out on the pedestrian crossing that goes right on the tracks. She looks at the incoming Dart train thinking it will stop. I yell to her to run and she finally picks up the pace and gets out of the way just moments ahead of the train passing that spot.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Is This A Dragon Skull On Mars?

Posted: 02/21/2015 10:56 am EST Updated: 39 minutes ago

No.

No, this is probably not a dragon skull on Mars, and we're not going to pretend to give it consideration as such. But we can add it to the ever-growing compendium of Things That Are Probably Rocks But Look Like Other Cool Things On Mars!

People perusing NASA's photos of the red planet's surface have found plenty of weird looking rocks. Those rocks have been confused for faces, lizards, rats, *lizard-rat*s, and even a beautiful woman! But one Twitter user's submission to the compendium takes the cake:

Scott Waring of the UFO Sightings Daily blog says this rock looks like either a horse or dragon head, and that it could have survived wear from the red planet for millions of years despite being exposed.

"Here we have an ancient carving of a face that looks similar to a horse or dragon head," he writes. "The detail is still high even though its been beaten by the sun and dust storms that ravage Mars over thousand or millions of years."

What's the weirdest rock you've seen in NASA's photos?

Like Us On Facebook |
Follow Us On Twitter |
Contact The Author

Related on HuffPost:

- Oh, NASA rover Curiosity, you make us so curious. Curious about images like this, which appear to show either camouflaged or fossilized lizards running around on Mars. A blogger caught this image, what do you think?

- OK, this really does look like some sort of rodent. NASA's Mars rover Curiosity shot a photo of this little guy earlier this year. But after a closer look, and a little common sense, it's probably a rock.

- The rock rats and rock lizards have begun to breed. It is only a matter of time before they... wait... WAIT, WHAT IS THAT?!

UFO Sightings Daily

- Oh no. It's too late. The rock rat lizards are already here.

- The Internet has long been crazy about this photo, snapped by the NASA rover Spirit. She has a terrible choice in dress color though, doesn't she?

- The conspiracies go back to July 25, 1976, when this shot of the "Face on Mars" was taken by an orbiter. Do you believe yet?

- Awwww. These are real photos taken of Mars' surface. But were they designed by extraterrestrials who know the human concept of love? Only the ETs know.

- If it's a skull, it appears to have several eye sockets, a nose, and an embarrassingly large forehead. If it's a rock, it's probably not even a rock. IT'S A ROCK... LOBSTER!

UNLIKELY STRANGE SCARY

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Is this a Snapchat ghost staring through the window of girl's bedroom?

mirror.co.uk

- 13:48, 10 March 2015
- By Claire Healy

Grainne Dowdall spotted what looks like a ghostly female figure peering in the window as the picture is being taken

Irish Mirror

G-g-g-ghost! Grainne Dowdall was just sending a standard picture to her friend

Here is a spooky Snapchat image that will really send shivers down your spine.

A teenage girl was sending a picture to her pal, but what seems to appear behind her in the image will have you questioning whether ghosts exist.

Grainne Dowdall's sister Sinead explained that the 14-year-old was just sending a standard picture to her friend from an upstairs bedroom in their home when the creepy presence was spotted.

It looks like a ghostly female figure is peering in the window as the picture is being taken, reports the Irish Mirror.

Sinead said: "It was sent on Snapchat and her friend saw it straight away, took a screenshot and sent it back in shock."

She added that the family have started to notice strange happenings at their Co Down home in recent months.

"It's so creepy.

"Our house is only around 10 years old but we have had stuff happen in the past couple of months like noises and footsteps and people being tipped."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Is this the world's oldest horse as Orchid celebrates 49th birthday?

Caters

She may be going grey and struggle to clear a fence but this 49-year-old could be the world's OLDEST horse.

Orchid the Arab-Thoroughbred cross is almost completely blind - and more than double the age of most of her stable mates - but still enjoys a good gallop and roll in her field.

Despite being completely emaciated when she arrived at the Remus horse sanctuary in Brentwood, Essex, after being rescued two years ago, she has stunned vets when not only did she make an incredible recovery - but they realised she was almost half a century old.

Sue Burton, founder of the sanctuary, said: "When Orchid was originally found she was laying on the floor, emaciated and full of sores and had given up. To see her today running, bucking and rolling is so heart-warming.

"She's almost totally blind but it doesn't seem to bother her too much. She's a very happy horse nowadays, full of energy and has a great attitude.

"Orchid knows her own mind which is great to see for a horse of her age. Every morning when we go down to the stables, she will bang on the door waiting for her breakfast and doesn't stop until we give her what she wants."

Rescuers knew that Orchid was an old mare, but were stunned when vets and equine dental specialists revealed that Orchid is 48 years old - with staff celebrating her birthday on New Year's Day, as she has no official equine passport - because she was born before they became obligitary in 1998.

The average horse's life span is between 25 and 30 years.

Orchid has a carrot-free diet but goes through four to five cabbages a week - more than 200 cabbages throughout the course of the year.

Sue added: "I'd say that her lifestyle in retirement is the secret to her old age. She's a very relaxed horse and lives a very stress-free life. She's also really determined and shows

tremendous grit.

“We don’t work our oldest horses. Orchid’s day consists of waking up, having breakfast and then we leave her to do as she pleases in the paddock until dinner time. She’s certainly enjoying her retirement.

“Horses are living much longer nowadays. When I first set up this sanctuary 31 years ago, 15 was a good age for a horse but now it’s normal for them to live to the age of 30.

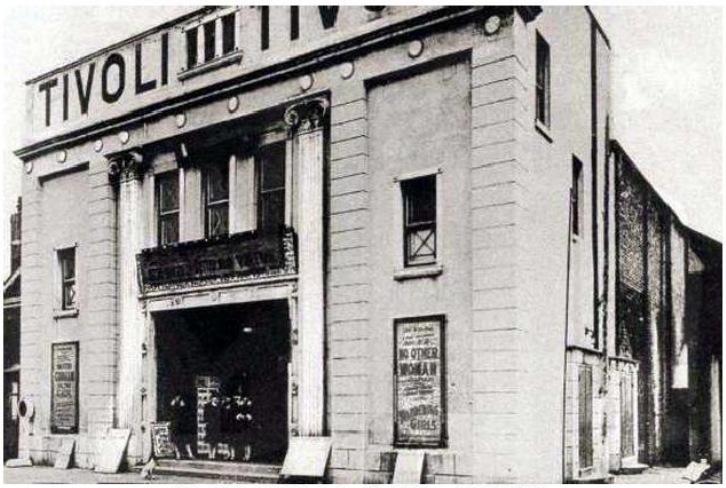
“There’s been so many veterinary advancements in the past few years that we’re a lot better equipped to treat the animals but it’s also a matter of lifestyle. Orchid’s very happy and relaxed. We think that’s why she’s lived to such a good age.”

Orchid takes up the mantle from previous record holder Shayne, a 51-year-old liver chestnut Irish Draught cross thoroughbred who died in September 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Is the Tivoli Venue in Flintshire Wales' most haunted building?

walesonline.co.uk



The Tivoli Venue, Buckley, Flintshire

Staff at a former theatre in North Wales are scared to be left alone in the spooky old building following a series of ghostly incidents.

Bosses at the Tivoli Venue in Flintshire decided to call in the paranormal experts behind popular TV series Most Haunted to shed some light on the eerie goings on.

Manager Leighton Openshaw, who has been working at the venue for five years, said: "When I first started working here, I had a glass thrown at me.

"There was no one else here, but it was like someone or something picked the glass off the floor and hurled it across the room at me.

"I thought someone was playing a joke, but everyone was downstairs – it was really creepy. I couldn't wait to finish my shift and get out."

The Tivoli opened as a theatre in 1925 and has since been transformed into a cinema and, most recently, a live music venue.

According to local legends, the building is haunted by the ghost of a projectionist who died in a fire in the 1940s.

"One night, I was looking at one of our CCTV cameras and I saw a person hanging from the ceiling of a room upstairs," recalled Leighton.

"I thought my eyes were playing up, so I called some of my colleagues over and about six of us all saw it.

"We went to investigate, but there was nothing there. When we came back down, the image had disappeared from the monitor – it was quite sinister."

Most Haunted host Yvette Fielding

Staff believe there are at least half a dozen ghosts haunting the 90-year-old building – some good, some playful and some malign.

Most Haunted host Yvette Fielding

"Stuff happens here that we have no way of explaining," said the manager.

"There's been a lot of weird stuff going on. We know the building is haunted and that's why we decided to get in touch with the guys at Most Haunted, so they could come and investigate."

The film crew visited the building on Brunswick Road in Buckley last month and spent a full day filming, staying late into the night in the hope of catching any paranormal activity on camera.

"A lot of spooky stuff happened while they were here, but we're not allowed to say what, said Leighton.

The episode will be shown on UKTV channel Really next spring, but since the filming, members of staff have reported more ghostly occurrences.

The venue today

The venue today

"Some of the staff think we've annoyed the spirits by letting the cameras in," explained the 32-year-old manager.

"Ghost hunters in the past have suggested there are good spirits and bad spirits here. They say the good spirits are protecting us from the bad ones."

Some staff members have now admitted they are now too scared to be in the building alone.

"Since the film crew left, it's woken up a few things we didn't actually know about," said Leighton.

"A few people have reported hearing footsteps downstairs while they're working. One night, they were so scared, they ran out of the building.

"A lot of people get a shivery feeling in here too. I've had it myself – it's like a cold tingling all down your spine.

"It's really weird and hard to explain, but we're convinced it's the projectionist who lives here. It's the stuff of nightmares.

"Up until the film crew came, I've never been scared here, but I'd never work alone now. It's much too creepy."

The new series of Most Haunted will be shown on UKTV channel Really next May.

JS29702189JPG.jpg

Wales Online

Join us on social media.

For the latest local news straight to your Twitter, Facebook feed, e-mail inbox or tablet.

Twitter

E-Editions

Download our e-editions here.

Newsletter

Sign up to our daily newsletter.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Wooden Ferrari 'drives' the canals of Venice

Livio De Marchi said his previous aquatic car projects included a 1937 Jaguar, a Volkswagen Beetle and a Mercedes.

By Ben Hooper | Jan. 2, 2015 at 10:01 AM

VENICE, Italy, Jan. 2 (UPI) -- An Italian craftsman is making a splash on the "streets" of Venice with a wooden Ferrari F50 he created to float the city's famous canals.

Livio De Marchi said he spent 5 months carving a block of pine wood into a 2,000-pound replica of a Ferrari F50 complete with logos and outfitted the final product with a Yamaha boat engine.

De Marchi said he is now the proud owner of the only car that can "drive" in Venice alongside the city's famed gondolas and water taxis.

The craftsman said his previous aquatic car projects included wooden recreations of a 1937 Jaguar, a Volkswagen Beetle, a Mercedes and a Cinderella-inspired pumpkin carriage for his daughter to use at her wedding.

© 2015 United Press International, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Any reproduction, republication, redistribution and/or modification of any UPI content is expressly prohibited without UPI's prior written consent.

ITALIAN QUESTS FOR ETHIOPIA'S LEGENDS

By jim-h on FEBRUARY 11, 2010

Original Painting of Menelik I and the arrival of the Ark to Axum, St. Mary of Zion

The Ark of the Covenant, the holiest of artifacts known to house the Ten Commandments, was last mentioned to exist over 2,400 years ago.

It is thought that it was taken away and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar when the Babylonians sacked Jerusalem and plundered King Solomon's Temple in 586 BC. However, rumors continue to exist that the Ark of the Covenant was saved and still exists today.

One of the most credible theories of the Ark of the Covenant's location is in Ethiopia.

It all begins with Menelik I, son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Menelik I was educated in Jerusalem until he was 19 years of age. When Menelik was to return to Abyssinia (Ethiopia) with a group of Jews, King Solomon wanted Menelik I to take a copy of the Ark for prayer since Ethiopia was so far away from the Temple in Jerusalem.

However, Prince Menelik I was concerned about the sanctity of the Ark, since Solomon had allowed idols to be placed in the Temple along with the Ark to please his pagan wives. Menelik and his followers formulated a plan and swapped the Arks after they ensured the attending priests were drunk from wine during his departure festivities.

The real Ark of the Covenant arrived with Menelik I in Ethiopia and resided at the Lake Tana Cherkos monastery for the next 800 years. It eventually found its resting place at the Church of Saint Mary of Zion in Axum, Ethiopia. From that point to the present, the church is staffed by just one Monk known as the "Guardian of the Ark", who is appointed to this sacred position for life. The monk is quick to inform all curious visitors that he, along with the rest of Axum, would give their lives to protect the Ark. Only the Guardian is allowed to view the Ark and all others, regardless of position or wealth, are turned away.

Italian policy of the 20th century considered Ethiopia to be in its sphere of influence. It was one of the few remaining African countries which still preserved its independence, free from European domination. Ethiopia had also skirmished with Italy in the past and won the engagement decisively. This occurred in 1896 when 14,500 Italian soldiers suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of 80,000 Ethiopians in Adwa.

Field Marshal Rodolfo Graziani: Viceroy of Ethiopia

Fueled by the need for revenge and expansion by colonization, Mussolini sent his newly mechanized legions under the command of Field Marshal Rodolfo Graziani across the Abyssinian border from Italian Somaliland and Eritrea on October 3, 1935.

Abyssinia was quickly overran. Protests were issued by the League of Nations. It seemed that only the Vatican kept quiet.

Some may speculate that the Vatican blessed the Italian invasion of Abyssinia for its own selfish reasons. The Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church had every right to call itself the original Christian faith just as much as the Roman Catholics at the Vatican. And it certainly didn't sit well when the Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church refused to accept the Pope as the supreme leader of the Christian faith.

Pope Pius XI was careful to not personally endorse the Italian invasion on Abyssinia. The potential backlash from Catholics worldwide would be enough reason to not support this war publicly. But it is rumored that Mussolini obtained Vatican support for the invasion because it would allow the Vatican to submit the Ethiopian Orthodox Church to its will.

Although Pope Pius XI was fairly quiet during Italy's occupation of Abyssinia, other members of the Vatican were much more vocal. Archbishop of Torano was quoted as saying:

> *"The war against Ethiopia should be considered as a holy war, a crusade (as Italian victory would) open Ethiopia, a country of infidels and schismatics, to the expansion of the Catholic Faith."*

Ethiopia, with its long, rich history of Judaism and Christianity, claimed to possess the one artifact most desired by all the major religions; the Ark of the Covenant. The Vatican was certainly aware of this claim. And it would be extremely difficult for the Vatican to justify itself as the representative of Christianity if the world's Holiest artifact still remained in the possession of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church.

Removal of the Stele of Axum by the Italian military

Did Fascist Italy, with the blessing of the Vatican, attempt to locate and remove the Ark from St. Mary's church in Axum, Ethiopia? There are no official records that confirm this. But Italian forces did seek Ethiopian national treasures and Italian soldiers did occupy Axum. In fact, the great Stele (or Obelisk) of Axum was removed and reassembled in the heart of Rome. This feat alone shows that money was not an option, since the transportation of this large object was an engineering feat unheard of at the time.

The Ethiopian Orthodox Church has a long history of moving the Ark for safe keeping. After residing in the Lake Tana Islands for more than 800 years, it was eventually moved to Axum in 333. On multiple occasions when the Ark was threatened, it was returned to Lake Tana. In some instances, it was placed in other areas such as in Gonder, the caves of the Semien mountain, in Shewa, the Zeway Islands and elsewhere. And as expected, Ethiopian religious officials claim the Ark was moved from Axum during the Italian occupation. To make matters even more confusing, the Amhara tradition also states that an exact copy of the Ark is in St. Mary of Zion church and the original Ark of the Covenant is the Ambesà (the Lion) mine

Regardless of the confusion, the Italian forces in Ethiopia during 1935-41, left no stone unturned. Some estimates state over 1 million Ethiopians were killed; over 300 monks, nuns, and clergy were murdered, 2,000 churches were destroyed along with 525,000 homes and 14 million livestock. Were the churches burned down to subdue the Orthodox Church or to search for the Ark? Official records do not address this.

But it was in Axum that the mystery of the Ark was solved, at least for the Italians. There was not just one Ark, but over one hundred of them scattered throughout the country. To the Italians, this was a typical Ethiopian trick to hide the real Ark (if it truly existed) by having copies located in almost every church. To the Ethiopians, this was another victory in keeping their most holy possession in Ethiopian hands.

The rebuilt Church of St. Mary of Zion

The Ark is only one of many biblical ties Ethiopia has with Israel. It is interesting to note that many prominent Italian officials traveled to areas in Abyssinia either known for their historic relationship to the Ark's location or because of their religious significance. Alessandro Pavolini, a Leiutenant in 1936 and appointed to Minister of Popular Culture in 1939, was documented as traveling to Lake Tana. Lake Tana, as mentioned earlier, was the original location where the Ark was kept in Ethiopia. The lake is also supposedly where the Ark was kept for safekeeping in times of turmoil. In 1936, just after the Italian invasion of Abyssinia, Pavolini traveled to Lake Tana via some water landing crafts long before Italian forces could arrive and secure the area. One can only speculate why he took the risk of getting there as soon as possible prior to Italian forces securing the area. Did he suspect the Ark had been moved there? Original letters of Pavolini's trip to Lake Tana was documented by Giordao Bruno Guerri in *Storia Illustrata*. Galeazzo Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, traveled that same year to Gondar. After Axum, Gondar is the second most holy city in Ethiopia. Gondar is also famous for it's monks, who profess the legend of Lilith and Cain of Hebrew Jewish texts. For those who may be unfamiliar with this story, Lilith was the first woman created for Adam and Cain was the first born of Adam and Eve. Cain was condemned to the Land of the Wandering and met Lilith east of Eden by the Red Sea.

The intentions of Pavolini and Ciano can't be confirmed. Officially, their travel was business related, other say it was of a personal nature. But another surprising motive recently coming to light was their quest for another biblical subject; the search for the legendary King Solomon's mines.

King Solomon's mines have long been thought to be located in East Africa by archaeologists and biblical scholars. In the new book "*Il Mistero di San Pietro in Ciel d'oro*", scheduled to be released in the summer 2010, Enrico Cernuschi points out that the search for King Solomon's mines was a top priority for the invading Italians.
According to Cernuschi, the Italian search for King Solomon's mines started in 1930 during an air photographic mission conducted by Italian and British personnel mapping the border region between British and Italian Somaliland. This area was of interest to the Italian's because it was speculated the mines would be there. The British sent the negatives to a geologist at the University of Leeds and the Italians forwarded the maps to the Military Geographic Institute in Florence.

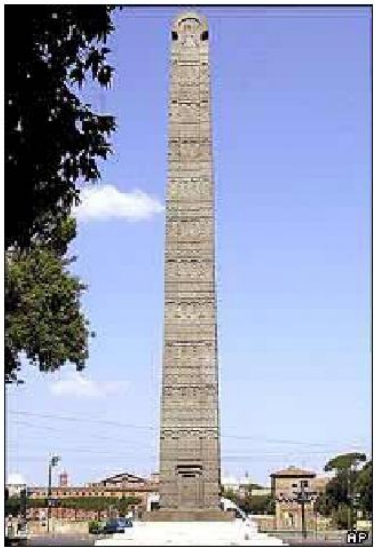
Sir Henry Rider Haggard (22 June 1856 – 14 May 1925), was the English writer of adventure novels, who first wrote the novel "*King Solomon's Mines"* in 1885 during his travels in Africa. Haggard became aware of this legend while marching with Lord Napier's army against Negus Theodore II in 1866 in the Haud region.

After the Italian invasion, an expedition privately funded, but backed by the Italian fascist party was conducted in 1937 and 1938 in an attempt to locate the fabled King Solomon's mines. In 1940, the expedition eventually stumbled across rich mineral deposits in the very same Haud region.

The Italian Cogne Minery Company began mining this region for its large quantities of Platinum. Up until 1941, the precious metal was transported by plane to Italy for the production of Fivre valves used in the Italian EC3/ter radar systems. But in January 1941, the Cogne miners were slaughtered by bandits and Commonwealth forces during the liberation of Abyssinia and the secret location of this mine died with them.

However, Abyssinian tradition states that the oldest of the Axum obelisks contained the cryptic map location of King Solomon's mines and many believed the obelisk most likely to hold this secret was the very same one wisked away to Rome.

The University of Leeds, which never stopped searching for these mines since 1930, also felt that the Obelisk in Italy held the key to King Solomon's mines. The British had lobbied hard for over 65 years to sway the Italian government to return the stele to Ethiopia, and furthermore, volunteered to fund its restoration in Axum.



Axum's Stele in Rome

Cernuschi states that the Italian government was aware of this cryptic cipher in the obelisk. For 65 years this code had never been broken. And as fate would have it, a portion of the map was damaged in a lightning storm two weeks after the obelisk was dismantled in Rome, rendering the Obelisk useless for the lobbying Brits.

According to "*Il Mistero di San Pietro in Ciel d'oro*", the British were only funding the restoration of the stele just so they could finally decipher the crypted location of King Solomon's mines. Once the map was damaged, the British decided to no longer fund the restoration project.
Is this just a wild story made up by Haggard and others? It is not known. But the stele, divided into three pieces, remained in Djibouti for 3 years due to this loss in funding. It wasn't until Italy finally decided to allocate the additional money to restore it in its original location in Axum that the Obelisk finally came back home.

For the Italians occupiers, the opportunity to search the many myths and legends of the ancient land of Abyssinia was not taken for granted. In an unrelated, yet interesting attempt by Italians to explore mystical Abyssinia, were at least 2 private Italian expeditions to Gimma in search of the legendary Cemetery of Elephants, long considered a mystery to the people of East Africa. Nowadays, more is known about these strange and rare cemeteries where the bones of elephants lay scattered on the ground. Once considered a myth, studies now show that when elephants prepare to die, they seek a flat location near food and water. These locations in East Africa are usually hard to come by so the elephants tend to congregate to the same location and die with the others.

With the research of Cernuschi and others slowly providing details of this often overlooked chapter of Italian imperialism, some interesting details are beginning to emerge. Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark may be a fictional movie, but the Italian exploits in Abyssinia is a historical event . The measures taken to obtain the biblical secrets of Abyssinia is a part of that history that needs to be explored further.

References: Email correspondence with Enrico Cernuschi, author of "Il Mistero di San Pietro in Ciel d'oro", The Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church Faith and Order, Global Alliance for Ethiopia,Ethiopian Review, La Stele di Axum, Nile Trip, Comando Supremo: Italy at War, Keepers of the Lost Ark?, Haile Sellasie's War, by Anthony Mockler

Edited by

D. L. Ashliman

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of the sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,

And smiles as she never smiled:
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

The child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

- Source: James Russell Lowell, *The Poetical Works* (Cambridge: Riverside, 1904), vol. 1 (*The Complete Writings of James Russell Lowell*, vol. 9), pp. 251-253.

- Return to the top of this document.
- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- "The Changeling" by John Greenleaf Whittier.
- Changelings: An essay by D. L. Ashliman.

Revised July 24, 1997.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Native language

Native American cultures What's new on our site today!

Name: Katshituashku
Tribal affiliation: Innu, Cree
Alternate spellings: Katshituasku, Katcitowack, Katcheetohuskw, Katci-to'wack'w, Katcitowackw, Katciitowackw, Katshitushk, Katcitowu'sk, Ka'gitowa'sko, Kacitowaskw, Katshituseu, Katshituask, Kakatshwa, Katshitushk, Katcheetohuskw, Katshitushku
Pronunciation: varies depending on dialect: usually kah-chee-too-ahshk or kah-jee-toh-wahsk.
Also known as: Stiff-Jointed Bear, Misi-Maskwa
Type: Monster, stiff-legged bear

Related figures in other tribes: Great Naked Bear, Yakwawi'ak, Man-Eater, Hairless Bear

Katshituashku was described as a monstrous, man-eating creature resembling an enormous stiff-legged hairless bear with a large head. Its names literally mean "stiff-jointed bear" or "stiffly walking bear." (Misi-Maskwa means "giant bear.") Some folklorists believe this creature may have been inspired by mammoths or mastodon fossils. You can visit our stiff-legged bear site to read some opinions about that.

Katshituashku Stories

- **Mammoth or Stiff-Legged Bear:**
  Academic discussion of stiff-legged bear mythology including Cree and Naskapi stories.
- **Tshakapesh and the Elephant Monster:**
  Innu myth about the culture hero fighting the monster Katcheetohuskw.

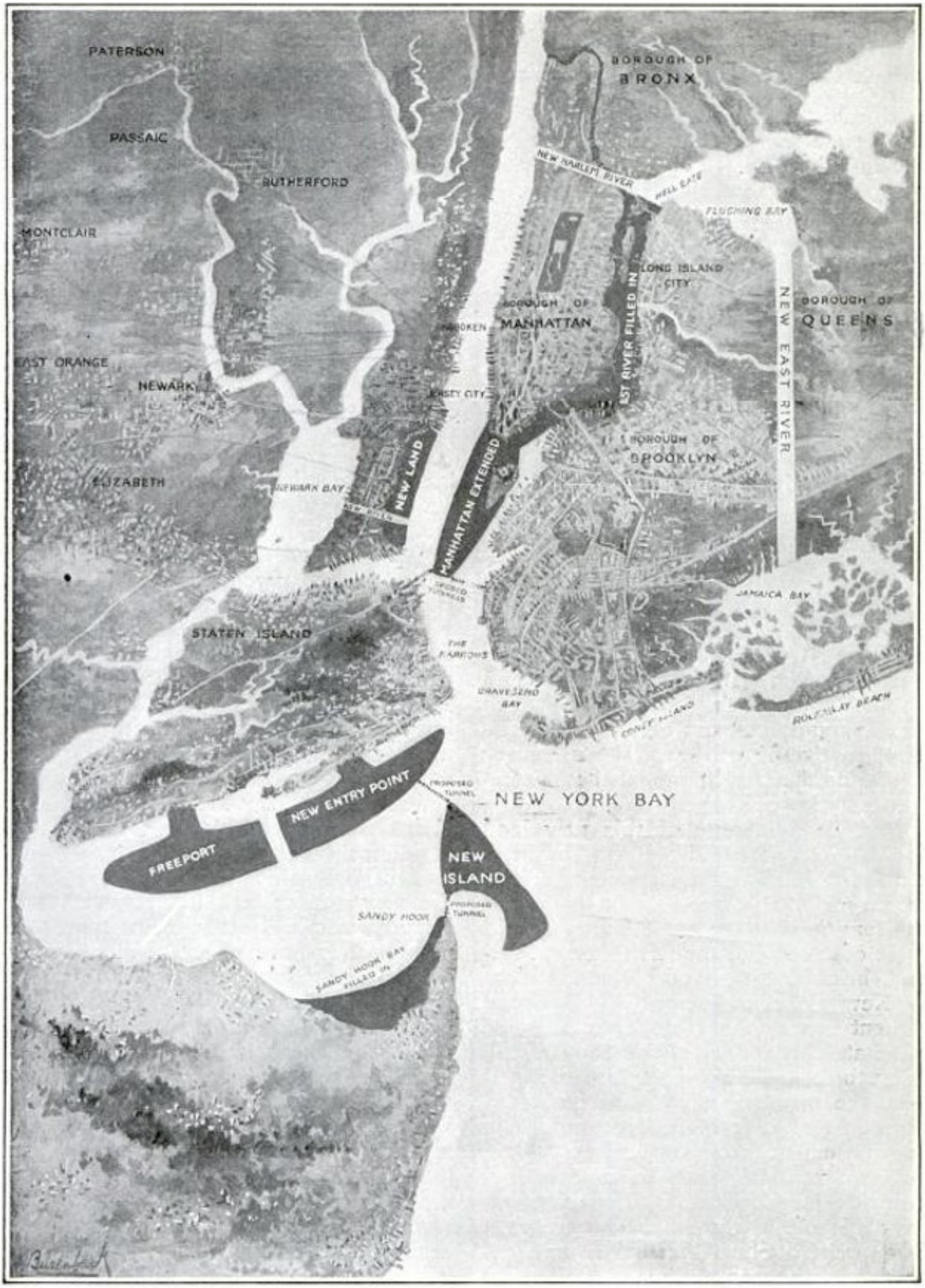
Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **When the Chenoo Howls: Native American Tales of Terror:**
  Spooky collection of Native American ghost stories and monster tales, told by a Native storyteller.
- **Wolverine Creates The World:**
  Collection of Innu legends and folktales from Labrador.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

It's Like the Legend
Innu stories



An Engineer's Plan to Make New York Bigger

A bird's eye view of the Really Greater New York as it will appear if Dr. T. Kennard Thomson's project is completed. The black spaces show new land of immense value recovered from the harbor and the East River

The method of **Bender** could not be more expedient. **The young Kate Bender** , a beautiful tall brunette with dark eyes, had developed a reputation as a medium and healer. "Professor **Kate Bender** known cure disease, blindness, seizures and deafness, "read the ad.

Kate was promoted acting in spiritual sessions by surrounding villages. Also stated that for an extra who wished could sleep with her. Under the guise of helping their victims, sat with his back to a red curtain and mesmerized.

One, a strong sign from him, "Now!", Appeared a deadly arm with a hammer descended upon the unsuspecting to kill them. The staging of the family included paranormal manifestations that prepared the members of the family.

Kate , a beautiful woman, was the leader of the family. She was responsible for attracting their "patients" and also thanks to its beauty to the men who wanted to see her again and thus became its victims. In the family farm meals are also served and owned a business selling groceries.

It was a good cover for some murderers when it was discovered that all in 1873, fled without ever knowing them, much as there were bounty hunters and games vengeful relatives who wanted to find them.

The procedure to kill the unwary and make them disappear, chosen carefully so that they were men who Possible worth stealing, was as strong as simple. Once dead by the terrible hammer to beat **Papa Bender** or brother of **Kate** , threw them into the basement through a trap waiting for the ideal moment for burial. The discovered Colonel **Alexander York** , who came to the farm in search of his brother, Dr. **William York** , alerted by the latter's wife. The **Bender** said

William had been there a while and then was gone.

The colonel suspected of them because he found under a bed a gold chain with a medallion that had images of women within her brother and her daughter. He left the farm and returned the next day with reinforcements. No longer met the **Bender** .

On the grounds of the family 24 bodies were found, although the disappearances recorded in the area between 1871 and 1873, it is suspected that the victims were many more.

GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

$2,000 REWARD

State of Kansas, Executive Department.

WHEREAS, several atrocious murders have been recently committed in Labette County, Kansas, under circumstances which fasten, beyond doubt, the commissions of these crimes upon a family known as the "Bender family," consisting of

JOHN BENDER, about 60 years of age, five feet eight or nine inches in height, German, speaks but little English, dark complexion, no whiskers, and sparely built;

MRS. BENDER, about 50 years of age, rather heavy set, blue eyes, brown hair, German, speaks broken English;

JOHN BENDER, Jr., alias John Gebardt, five feet eight or nine inches in height, slightly built, gray eyes with brownish tint, brown hair, light moustache, no whiskers, about 27 years of age, speaks English with German accent;

KATE BENDER, about 24 years of age, dark hair and eyes, good looking, well formed, rather bold in appearance, fluent talker, speaks good English with very little German accent:

AND WHEREAS, said persons are at large and fugitives from justice, now therefore I, Thomas A. Osborn, Governor of the State of Kansas, in pursuance of law, do hereby offer a REWARD OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the apprehension and delivery to the Sheriff of Labette County, Kansas, of each of the persons above named.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed.

Done at Topeka, this 17th day of May, 1873.

[L. S.]

THOMAS A. OSBORN,

Governor.

By the Governor:

W. H. SMALLWOOD,

Secretary of State.

Three of the hammers used lethal family can now be seen at the Museum of **Cherryvale** (Kansas). There was a successful museum **Bender** , after a bitter controversy, was closed in 1978 to preserve the good name of the city. After closing, no less famous meeting, "was held for several years **Bender Days** ".

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

This article has been archived from the now-defunct Creation Myths site (http://www.amherst.k12.wi.us/USERWEBS/faculty/faculty/gorddebr/myths.htm) for educational purposes. Contents are the sole property of the authors. Please visit our Article Archive Index for further information. If you are the author of this article and would like to make changes to it, or if you are the author of another article you would like us to add to our archives, please contact us.

Knisteneaux flood myth

NOTE: This story was also reported by Catlin.

Many centuries ago a great flood covered the earth, destroying all the nations. At that time, all of the tribes of the Coteau des Prairies climbed up the Coteau, a ridge emerging out of the prairie, in order to escape the rising waters. After the tribes had gathered, the water rose to cover them all, turning their bodies into a mass of red pipestone rock. From that day on, the Coteau has been considered neutral ground to all the tribes, and there they could meet in safety to smoke the peace pipe.

While the people were all drowning, a young virgin named K-wap-tah-w grabbed the foot of a very large bird who was flying over the Coteau. The bird carried her up to a high cliff, safely above the flood waters. Here the girl had twins fathered by the war-eagle. From those twins the world was repopulated.

Sponsored links:

More stories to read:

American Indian flood stories
Mythological giant birds

Learn more about:

Cree mythology
Cree language
The Cree nation

Lady Godiva

the legend from Coventry, England
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2002

1. Lady Godiva (Roger of Wendover).
2. Godiva (Alfred, Lord Tennyson).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Roger of Wendover

The Countess Godiva, who was a great lover of God's mother, longing to free the town of Coventry from the oppression of a heavy toll, often with urgent prayers besought her husband that, from regard to Jesus Christ and his mother, he would free the town from that service and from all other heavy burdens; and when the Earl sharply rebuked her for foolishly asking what was so much to his damage, and always forbade her evermore to speak to him on the subject; and while she, on the other hand, with a woman's pertinacity, never ceased to exasperate her husband on that matter, he at last made her this answer: "Mount your horse and ride naked, before all the people, through the market of this town from one end to the other, and on your return you shall have your request."

On which Godiva replied, "But will you give me permission if I am willing to do it?"

"I will," said he.

Whereupon the Countess, beloved of God, loosed her hair and let down her tresses, which covered the whole of her body like a veil, and then, mounting her horse and attended by two knights, she rode through the marketplace without being seen, except her fair legs, and having completed the journey, she returned with gladness to her astonished husband and obtained of him what she had asked, for Earl Leofric freed the town of Coventry and its inhabitants from the aforesaid service, and confirmed what he had done by a charter.

- Source: Edwin Widney Hartland, *English Fairy and other Folk Tales* (London: Walter Scott Publishing Company, n.d. [ca. 1890], pp. 55-56.
- Hartland's source: Roger of Wendover (d. 1236), *Chronica* (under the year 1057).
- The incident of "Peeping Tom" was not added to this legend until the seventeenth century.
- The Old English form of Lady Godiva's name is Godgifu. She lived in Coventry, Warwickshire, between about 1040 and 1080. Her husband was Earl Leofric of Mercia.
- According to some accounts Saint George the Dragon Slayer was also born in

Coventry.

- Return to the table of contents.

Godiva

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?" -- "But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul;
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"Oh ay, ay, ay, you talk!" -- "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose

The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The Gateway, there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's foot-fall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field,
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd -- but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivel'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

- This poem was written in 1842 by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892).
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised April 6, 2002.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

LARD FROM LIVE PIGS!

Prussian Solution of Food Problem.

THE NEW "SURGERY."

Ready for operation.

Daily News - May 1921

In May 1921, a story ran in the British *Daily News* about an unusual advance in pig farming. A German farmer living in the town of Schleichegrieben had, the paper said, figured out a way to have his pigs but eat them too, by developing a method of obtaining lard and rashers from live pigs.

The technique was made possible by surgical innovation using novocaine (a local anesthetic), which at the time was still something of a novelty, having first been synthesized in 1905.

The farmer began the procedure by strapping a pig to a table. Then he had a veterinary surgeon inject novocaine into the parts of the pig from which the rashers were to be obtained. Once the pig was insensible to pain, incisions were made on its back and abdomen. A layer of fat was cut out, and then the skin was sewn back up.

After the operation, the pig was bandaged up, and four months later it was ready to be operated on again, yielding more lard. In this way, the farmer was able to obtain lard from each pig three times a year.

The British paper marveled at this "Prussian solution of food problem," noting that it had made true the "old pantomine jest about keeping a pig and having fresh home-grown rashers of bacon every morning."

The Story Spreads

Half a year later, the same story, distributed by a wire service, appeared in numerous American newspapers, now accompanied by an illustration showing the pig "ready for the knife" and "after the operation."

Fresh Lard From Live Pigs

Surgery has hurdled over the ancient formula, "first kill your pig," and solved an important food problem; that of obtaining fresh lard from live porkers.

A German farmer at Schleichegrieben is the first to carve lumps of fat off swine without sacrificing the animals. This is how it is done:

After the four-footed patient has been fattened up, a veterinary surgeon applies a local anaesthetic—an injection of novocain—to the parts about to be sliced up.

This injection is said to make the flesh of the pig insensible to the knife. An incision is made on the back and on the abdomen, a layer of fat is cut out and the skin then sewn up.

Before the operation the pig is strapped to a table and after the slicing is done he is bandaged up to rush healing of the parts operated on.

Each pig, the farmer estimates, can be operated on three times a year.

READY FOR THE KNIFE

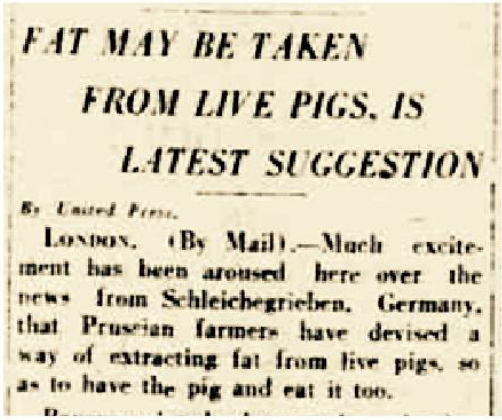
AFTER THE OPERATION

The Topeka Daily Capital - Oct 9, 1921

Magazines also picked up on the news, such as the *Engineering and Mining Journal* (Feb 25 1922), which noted that the technique seemed "essentially Teutonic" — highly efficient, yet slightly cruel.

Then the story recrossed the Atlantic, and in early 1922 was reported again in many London papers. However, now more criticism of the scheme was voiced, as well as some skepticism:

Interviews with prominent English raisers of pigs revealed that this method had not yet been tried in England and probably would not, because of its roughness on the pig.



FAT MAY BE TAKEN FROM LIVE PIGS, IS LATEST SUGGESTION

By United Press.

London, (By Mail).—Much excitement has been aroused here over the news from Schleichegrieben, Germany, that Prussian farmers have devised a way of extracting fat from live pigs, so as to have the pig and eat it too.

January 1922

A skeptic has, however, given these revolutionary ideas a setback. He observed that the name of the German village mentioned means in English, "Sneaking fat."

Debunked

The skeptic was right to question the authenticity of the town of Schleichegrieben. It didn't exist and was a joke. The German verb "schleichen" means to approach with stealth, or sneak, and "Grieben" are rashers or crackling (the fatty skin of roast pork).

In fact, the entire story was a joke. The news of the strange Prussian method of obtaining lard from live pigs had first appeared in the April 1921 issue of the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*, a German news magazine. It was an April Fool's Day spoof. The magazine had a tradition of running a few such stories every April 1st.

The British *Daily News*, not realizing the story was a joke, had reported it as real news a month later. And none of the other British and American publications that subsequently reprinted the story ever realized that they were falling for an April Fool's Day hoax.

Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung - April 1921

In the early 20th Century, German papers were far more enthusiastic about running spoof April Fool's Day stories than were their English-language counterparts, and there were a number of instances in which the American and British press was taken in by these German April Fool jokes. (By contrast, today it's the British media that's most associated with April Fool fakes.) The German papers frequently illustrated their spoofs with fake or misleading photos (such as in the 'lard from live pigs' story), which added to their verisimilitude.

The most notorious case of a German April Fool spoof fooling the American and British press occurred in 1934 when the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* (again!) reported that a German pilot had invented a machine that allowed him to fly using his own lung power as a means of propulsion. This story was subsequently widely reprinted as fact throughout the world. Even *The New York Times* fell for it.

April Fools Day

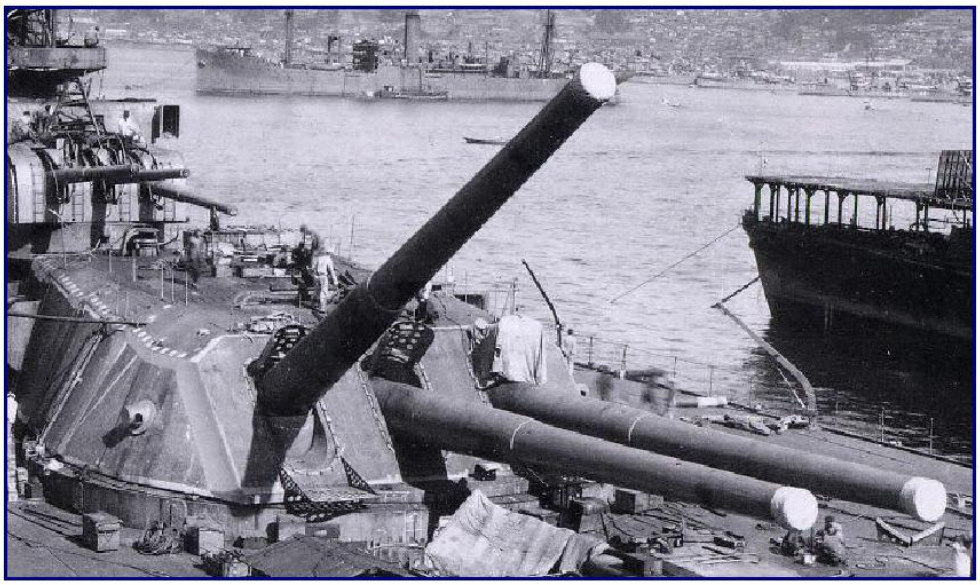
Posted by The Curator on *Sun Jan 11, 2015*

In fact, there is an old Russian joke about a peasant whose pig had prosthetic legs because

he needed some jelly and did not want to kill the pig. I heard it in 1980s from my father who could have heard it as early as in 1960s. Its origin may be even pre-Soviet. However, nobody has taken it as anything other than joke.
Posted by Russian Skeptic on Mon Jan 12, 2015 at 07:43 AM
Member Login/Password?

All text Copyright © 2014 by Alex Boese, except where otherwise indicated. All rights reserved.

peashooter85
January 3rd 2015, 5:30:00 pm



The Largest Naval Guns in History —- The Japanese "40cm"/45 Type 94 Naval Gun.

The largest caliber gun ever mounted on a warship, they Type 94 naval gun was an 18.1 inch (45cm) behemoth that was mounted on the most powerful battleships in history. By contrast, the mighty *Bismark* was armed with relatively puny 15 inch guns, while most British and American battleships typically were armed with 14-16 inch guns. Called the "40cm/45 Type 94 Naval Gun, they were labeled as 40cm guns (15.7 inch) in order to keep the gun's real size a secret. At best it could fire twice a minute, lobbing 3,000 lb shells at a velocity of 2,600 feet per second with a maximum range of around 26 miles. The massive guns themselves weighed over 147 tons.

27 Type 94 guns were produced, of which 18 would be manned on battleships. 9 were mounted on the *Yamato* while another 9 were mounted on the *Musashi*. With these guns, the *Yamato* and *Musashi* were the most powerful battleships ever built in human history, displacing almost 70,000 tons. Again by contrast the puny *Bismark* wasaround 50,000 tons. The Yamato class battleship was the pinnacle of battleship innovation. Unfortunately for the Japanese it was an obsolete innovation by World War II. Whereas the battleship was the dominant warship of World War I, by World War II the battleship proved vulnerable against the aircraft carrier and air power. Both the *Yamato* and *Musashi* were sunk by American carrier based dive bombers and torpedo planes.

By Charlie Hintz on February 11, 2015

**

It came to light late last year that the pine coffin which once held the remains of JFK assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, was the subject of a court battle in Texas. After the 1981 exhumation to confirm the identity of the remains and silence conspiracy claims, Oswald was reburied in a different coffin due to deterioration of the original.

Oswald's brother Robert, who purchased the original coffin in 1963, believed it had then been destroyed. He had no idea it was sitting in storage at the Baumgardner Funeral Home in Fort Worth until Allen Baumgardner Sr., an assistant at the exhumation, put it on the auction block in 2010 along with other relics from Oswald's funeral.

The coffin, a grim reminder of the Oswald family's dark and tragic past, sold for $87,468.

In court proceedings, Baumgardner claimed the coffin was a gift from Robert to his brother, and therefore belonged to the funeral home. Last month, however, a Tarrant County, Texas judge ruled in favor of Oswald. He said the coffin was intentionally saved and its existence concealed because Baumgardner understood the value of the object. He ordered the coffin be returned to the family and awarded $87,468 in damages.

Robert's lawyer said Oswald will probably have the coffin destroyed "as soon as possible."

via New York Times

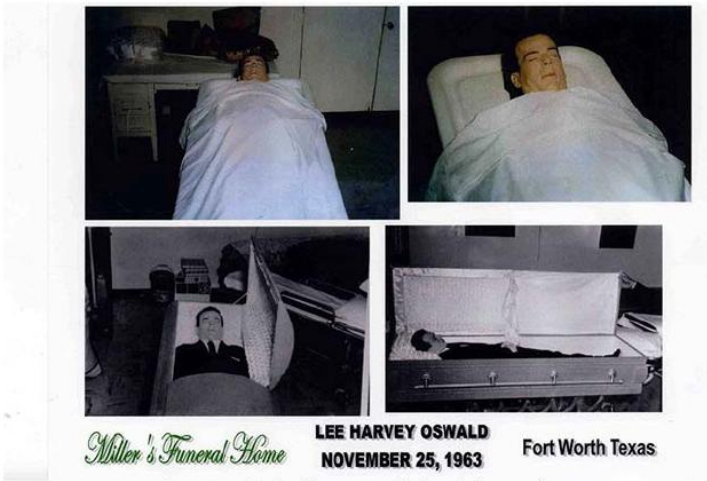
Lee Harvey Oswald's Coffin

Regardless of its condition, the coffin of a presidential assassin would surely make a great addition to anyone's macabre collection.

Here is the description from the original auction listing:

> Original pine coffin that held the body of Lee Harvey Oswald from his burial on 25 November 1963 until his exhumation on 4 October 1981. Amidst conspiracy theories that a look-alike Russian agent was actually buried in place of Oswald, a fierce legal battle erupted between Robert and Marina Oswald with the former trying to stop the exhumation and the latter pushing it forward. Marina's side

<*img src="http://www.cultofweird.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/02/lee-harvey-oswald-coffin-3.jpg" alt="Side view of Lee Harvey Oswald's coffin" width="640" height="286" class="alignnone size-full wp-image-4617" />*



<*img src="http://www.cultofweird.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/02/lee-harvey-oswald-funeral.jpg" alt="The body of Lee Harvey Oswald in the original pine coffin" width="640" height="427" class="alignnone size-full wp-image-4616" />*

prevailed, forcing an exhumation to determine who was actually buried in Oswald's grave. As Lee Harvey Oswald's coffin was lifted, evidence of extensive water damage to the casket was apparent — the cover was weak in many areas and in one place had caved in partially exposing the remains. The coffin's wood exterior was very soft from moisture damage, and had dark areas of discoloration. Visible along the sides were the tarnished original metallic ornamentation. The interior of the casket also showed splotchy dark discoloration and moisture-softening of the wood. A portion of the original fabric that lined the top of the casket had fallen upon the decomposed remains. After a thorough medical examination, the pathologists assigned to the case officially identified the body as Oswald's as dental records positively matched. At a press conference later that day the following famous statement was made, "The remains in the grave marked as Lee Harvey Oswald are indeed Lee Harvey Oswald." After the news conference, Oswald's remains were transported back to Rose Hill Cemetery for re-interment in a new casket and vault. The original deteriorated coffin offered here, measures 80" long x 24" deep, with the thickness of the sides of the casket approximately one inch. Sitting on wood crate which measures 84" x 24". Accompanied by a Letter of Authenticity by Funeral Director Allen Baumgardner, who assisted at the original embalming of Lee Harvey Oswald and later purchased the Miller Funeral Home along with all of its property.

**

Charlie Hintz

About Charlie Hintz

Cult of Weird founder and curator of the bizarre. Send weird news, photos and videos to: info@cultofweird.com Follow on: Facebook | Twitter | Pinterest | Google+

Copyright ©2015 Cult of Weird. Weird news and oddities. Contact: info@cultofweird.com

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Posted 29 November 2004 - 01:38 AM

Recently I copied an old article from a local newspaper onto my computer so that I can keep it on record. I just thought I would it fair to present the tale of Onionhead to anyone here who is from Southeast Louisiana...

St Tammany Times Picayune
Oct 30, 1993
"Lingering Legends"

by Sara Shipley, St Tammany Bureau

Somewhere amid the twisted, moss covered oaks of Haaswood lies something deeper and darker than soft marsh grasses and swampy pools that catch the moon.
In the heart of the sleepy community northeast of Slidell, a legend creeps larger than life.
Ask anyone who has ventured down a gravel road at night to a secluded civil war cemetery, and they will tell you more than memories haunt these parts.
The legend of Onionhead is alive.
Onionhead, locals say, is a man whose tragic life has chained him to this cemetery.
The story varies – some say he cared for children who died at his own hands. Others say he witnessed the deaths in a fire. His name is said to come from a disease that distorted his head.
He is now the perpetual caretaker of this cemetery, legends says, and he waits to capture those who wander into it.
The cemetery, which has no clear owner since it was donated by the Edmundson family decades ago as a public burial site, has become a favorite haunt in recent years for teen-agers seeking the ghoul.
No one reports ever seeing him, but that doesn't stop teens from looking around Haaswood and other secluded locations where he has been reported to lurk.
Slidell High School sophomore Teresa Fotar, who said the cemetery is a popular gathering place on Halloween, said she's been looking for Onionhead. "I as with a bunch of people. I didn't see anything," she said. "But still, it was spooky. I was scared," she said.
Christy Brown, a Slidell sophomore, said she was frightened by her experience there last year. "The people I was with drove off and left me," she said. "I started running down the road. I was so scared."
Jarrod Lajaunie, a Slidell High junior, said he's never ventured out, but he's heard enough to curdle his blood. "The man killed (his kids), and wrote a sign in blood, 'If you come here, I'll kill you too,'" he said. "I think a lot of people take Ouija boards out there."
One Salmen High graduate said he'd been looking for Onionhead for years ago, but added, "I don't believe in that scary stuff now."
Northshore High senior Rachel Wilhelm dismissed the legend. "It's for a thrill, it's for a high. You go there to get scared," she said.
The tale has been popular for teens for at least 10 to 15 years, but Haaswood hasn't always

been Onionhead's alleged stomping ground, Other places include the old Camp Salmen, Our Lady of Lourdes cemetery, and Greenwood cemetery.
Julius Hale, who has been maintaining the Haaswood cemetery since vandals broke into a tomb last year, said Onionhead has never been associated with Haaswood. "Last year and years back it would have been a good cemetery to get scared in because it was all shaggy, but now it's kept up," he said.
Hale said he and another man plan to keep post at the locked cemetery on Halloween night to make sure no one disturbs it.
A spokeswoman for the St. Tammany Sheriff's Office said deputies will patrol near cemeteries that night as well.
Junior Crowe of Pearl River, who has relatives buried in Haaswood, said he never heard of Onionhead, but that the cemetery has been the setting for many a ghost story.
"I think it's an excuse for these young boys to take these girls out there," he said.

Posted 29 November 2004 - 12:30 PM

Nice article. The Onionhead seems similar to the Melonheads of Ohio and Connecticut. The legend with those is that a doctor ran an orphanage and performed "experiments" on the children, causing their heads to enlarge. Supposedly, the offspring of these big headed children live in the woods and terrorize teenagers at night.

Head of E.S.P.

Posted 17 September 2007 - 08:26 PM

I live in the general area and even visited one of the cementeries mentioned and never seen any Onionhead. It's just a legend.

Posted 18 September 2007 - 11:29 AM

The article doet mention anyone who has actually seen him only people who have got spooked because of the reason that there in a grave yard, its a shame its a good legend.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Legend tells several stories Concerning the **Barranco de Badajoz** famous place located in **Guimaras** Island Tenerife- -in Which are güimar Also very famous pyramids.

History

Currently, if you visit the gorge we can find a vast landscape of vegetation and even some old abandoned mine machinery With still mounted.

Legends of the gorge are several, the first one-and Discusses the known-white Beings or Entities, appearance and enigmatic figures of human form That give off a bright white color, and Have Been seen near.

About the year 1912, two miners Were working in one of the galleries of water from the ravine Nearest **Izaña,** When the wall of the gallery in Which They Were working them collapsed, leading to a rather long passage, Where They Observed three Completely white Beings Began to approach them.

. Needless to say That Should Also be racing miners remove EXTENSIVE The second of These stories is the Barranco de Badajoz girl pears:

We go back to early 1900. It is Said That the parents of a girl sent her daughter to the ravine in search of Disappeared and fruit but it not He Went home. The area was Completely tracked by neighbors and friends of parents, desperate ones looking for her daughter not find her anywhere. Finally, They discouraged, Gave it as missing.

Several years later, she returned home, surprisingly With The same look I HAD to leave That Day to find fruit, as if the years HAD not elapsed for her. The girl Told His parents astonished Who Had Reached the ravine looking fruit That her parents HAD charged him and fell asleep at the foot of a pear tree. There was Awakened by a very tall Being dressed in white.

I Told the girl That this be not inspire him no fear, and Agreed to follow him When I asked for it. The girl Accompanied to be white to a cave Where They Had stairs Why They dropped down to a kind of garden That HAD more Beings like him.

Finally Being escorted back to the entrance of the cave and Said goodbye to her, picking pears and was on his way home. She only thought She Had Been a few hours, but HAD spent more than 20 years.

Many stories of people Who Have spent nights in the ravine or have Entered the cave That exists in the ravine and Heard the voice of the girl as Currently hear murmurs.

There are two more stories on the precipice of Badajoz, as of winged Beings.

On the night of July 1, 1991 a group of people Went into the ravine snooping hearing acerca ITS mysteries. It is Said That climbing up the ravine, Reached a point where They Heard a

sort of fluttering pretty close, just above Their Heads. Almost reflexively , One That Had the camera in hand, but saw nothing started shooting the camera. , Although They Were scared and did not see anything, They Gave Greater Importance to the event, at Least Until They revealed the photo and saw quite blurred form a kind of winged person.

I remember hearing acerca de este a TV show in the early morning some years ago, third dimension or something, I do not remember the name because i usually we do not watch much TV. Also I found this story in a forum. , Although it May be . Hard to believe, is rather curious Finally, the last of the stories: The island of glass.

A mid-90s there was a spate of **UFO sightings** in the **Barranco de Badajoz** . It is Said That from the inside of the cliff overlooking the sea and an island That Could Be Looked like glass and it did not fit With any of the other Canary . Islands

You may also like: The Legend of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl

From this island took off vertically as a light ship and when the light HAD Reached Rushed to Un certain height at high speed Towards the ravine and ended up crashing Against one of the walls of esta, disintegrating and disappearing.

It is said that from the inside of the cliff and overlooking the sea could be an island that looked like glass and it did not fit with any of the other Canary Islands. You may also like: Legend of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl

*/ * Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. * / .in-Markup-crop-options {top: 18px! important; left: 50%! important; margin-left: -100px! important; width: 200px! important; border: 2px rgba (255,255,255, .38) solid! important; border-radius: 4px! important; } .in-Markup-crop-options div div: first-of-type {margin-left: 0px! Important; }*

Legendary Origins

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2003-2010

Contents

1.
2. The Origin of the Wrekin (England).
3. Bomere Pool (England).
4. The Origin of Tis Lake (Denmark).
5. The Origin of the Island Hiddensee (Germany).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Origin of the Wrekin

England

Long, long ago, in the days when there were giants in the land, two of them were turned out by the rest and forced to go and live by themselves, so they set to work to build themselves a hill to live in. In a very short time they had dug out the earth from the bed of the Severn, which runs in the trench they made to the present time, and with it they piled up the Wrekin, intending to make it their home.

Those bare patches on the turf, between the Bladderstone and the top of the hill, are the marks of their feet, where from that day to this the grass has never grown. But they had not been there long before they quarrelled, and one of them struck at the other with his spade, but failed to hit him, and the spade descending to the ground cleft the solid rock and made the "Needle's Eye."

Then they began to fight, and the giant with the spade (for they seem to have had only one between them -- perhaps that was what they quarrelled about!) was getting the best of it at first, but a raven flew up and pecked at his eyes, and the pain made him shed such a mighty tear that it hollowed out the little basin in the rock which we call the Raven's Bowl, or sometimes the Cuckoo's Cup, which has never been dry since, but is always full of water even in the hottest summers.

And now you may suppose that it was very easy for the other giant to master the one who had the spade, and when he had done so, he determined to put him where he could never trouble anyone again. So he very quickly built up the Ercall Hill beside the Wrekin, and imprisoned his fallen foe within it. There the poor blind giant remains until this day, and in the dead of night you may sometimes hear him groaning.

There is another and a better-known legend of this famous Wreken:

Once upon a time there was a wicked old giant in Wales who, for some reason or other, had a very great spite against the Mayor of Shrewsbury and all his people, and he made up his mind to dam up the Severn, and by that means cause such a flood that the town would be drowned.

So off he set, carrying a spadeful of earth, and tramped along mile after mile trying to find the way to Shrewsbury. And how he missed it I cannot tell, but he must have gone wrong somewhere, for at last he got close to Wellington, and by that time he was puffing and blowing under his heavy load, and wishing he was at the end of his journey. By and by there came a cobbler along the road with a sack of old boots and shoes on his back, for he lived at Wellington, and went once a fortnight to Shrewsbury to collect his customers' old boots and shoes, and take them home with him to mend.

And the giant called out to him. "I say," he said, "how far is it to Shrewsbury?"

"Shrewsbury?" said the cobbler; "what do you want at Shrewsbury?"

"Why," said the giant, "to fill up the Severn with this lump of earth I've got here. I've an old grudge against the mayor and the folks at Shrewsbury, and now I mean to drown them out, and get rid of them all at once."

"My word!" thought the cobbler. "This'll never do! I can't afford to lose my customers!" And he spoke up again. "Eh!" he said, "you'll never get to Shrewsbury -- not today *nor* tomorrow. Why look at me! I'm just come from Shrewsbury, and I've had time to wear out all these old boots and shoes on the road since I started." And he showed him his sack.

"Oh!" said the giant, with a great groan. "Then it's no use! I'm fairly tired out already, and I can't carry this load of mine any farther. I shall just drop it here and go back home."

So he dropped the earth on the ground just where he stood, and scraped his boots on the spade, and off he went home again to Wales, and nobody ever heard anything of him in Shropshire after. But where he put down his load, there stands the Wrekin to this day; and even the earth that he scraped off his boots was such a pile that it made the little Ercall by the Wrekin's side.

- Source: Charlotte S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore: A Sheaf of Gleamings* (London: Trübner and Company, 1883), pp. 2-3.
- The Wrekin is a prominent peak (1334 feet high) just south of Wellington and Shrewsbury in western England, near the Welsh border.
- Return to the table of contents.

Bomere Pool

England

Many years ago a village stood in the hollow which is now filled up by the mere. But the

inhabitants were a wicked race, who mocked at God and his priest. They turned back to the idolatrous practices of their fathers, and worshipped Thor and Woden. They scorned to bend the knee, save in mockery, to the White Christ who had died to save their souls.

The old priest earnestly warned them that God would punish such wickedness as theirs by some sudden judgment, but they laughed him to scorn. They fastened fish bones to the skirt of his cassock, and set the children to pelt him with mud and stones. The holy man was not dismayed at this; nay, he renewed his entreaties and warnings, so that some few turned from their evil ways and worshipped with him in the little chapel which stood on the bank of a rivulet that flowed down from the mere on the hillside.

The rains fell that December in immense quantities. The mere was swollen beyond its usual limits, and all the hollows in the hills were filled to overflowing. One day when the old priest was on the hillside gathering fuel he noticed that the barrier of peat, earth, and stones, which prevented the mere from flowing into the valley, was apparently giving way before the mass of water above. He hurried down to the village and besought the men to come up and cut a channel for the discharge of the superfluous waters of the mere. They only greeted his proposal with shouts of derision, and told him to go and mind his prayers, and not spoil their feast with his croaking and his killjoy presence.

These heathen were then keeping their winter festival with great revelry. It fell on Christmas Eve. The same night the aged priest summoned his few faithful ones to attend at the midnight mass, which ushered in the feast of our Savior's nativity. The night was stormy, and the rain fell in torrents, yet this did not prevent the little flock from coming to the chapel. The old servant of God had already begun the holy sacrifice, when a roar was heard in the upper part of the valley. The server was just ringing the Sanctus bell which hung in the bell cot, when a flood of water dashed into the church, and rapidly rose till it put out the altar lights. In a few moments more the whole building was washed away, and the mere, which had burst its mountain barrier, occupied the hollow in which the village had stood.

Men say that if you sail over the mere on Christmas Eve, just after midnight, you may hear the Sanctus bell tolling.

Here is another variant of the same legend, related to me by a lady in the parish of Condover, 1881:

In the days of the Roman empire, when Uriconium was standing, a very wicked city stood where we now see Bomere Pool. The inhabitants had turned back from Christianity to heathenism, and though God sent one of the Roman soldiers to be a prophet to them, like Jonah to Nineveh, they would not repent. Far from that, they ill-used and persecuted the preacher.

Only the daughter of the governor remained constant to the faith. She listened gladly to the Christian's teaching, and he on his part loved her, and would have had her to be his wife. But no such happy lot was in store for the faithful pair. On the following Easter eve, sudden destruction came upon the city. The distant Caradoc [a hill] sent forth flames of fire, and at the same time the city was overwhelmed by a tremendous flood, while the sun in the heavens

danced for joy, and the cattle in the stalls knelt in thanksgiving that God had not permitted such wickedness to go unpunished.

But the Christian warrior was saved from the flood, and he took a boat and rowed over the waters, seeking for his betrothed, but all in vain. His boat was overturned, and he too was drowned in the depths of the mere. Yet whenever Easter eve falls on the same day as it did that year, the form of the Roman warrior may be seen again, rowing across Bomere in search of his lost love, while the church bells are heard ringing far in the depths below.

- Source: Charlotte S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore: A Sheaf of Gleamings* (London: Trübner and Company, 1883), pp. 64-66.
- Bomere Pool is a lake near Shrewsbury in western England.
- The word *mere* (akin to the German *Meer*, sea) can refer to a sea, an inlet, or a lake.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Origin of Tis Lake

Denmark

A troll had once taken up his abode near the village of Kund, in the high bank on which the church now stands; but when the people about there had become pious, and went constantly to church, the troll was dreadfully annoyed by their almost incessant ringing of bells in the steeple of the church. He was at last obliged, in consequence of it, to take his departure; for nothing has more contributed to the emigration of the troll folk out of the country than the increasing piety of the people, and their taking to bell ringing. The troll of Kund accordingly quitted the country, and went over to Funen, where he lived for some time in peace and quiet.

Now it chanced that a man who had lately settled in the town of Kund, coming to Funen on business, met on the road with this same troll. "Where do you live?" said the troll to him.

Now there was nothing whatever about the troll unlike a man, so he answered him, as was the truth, "I am from the town of Kund."

"So?" said the troll. "I don't know you then! And yet I think I know every man in Kund. Will you, however," continued he, "just be so kind to take a letter from me back with you to Kund?"

The man said, of course, he had no objection. The troll then thrust the letter into his pocket, and charged him strictly not to take it out till he came to Kund church, and then to throw it over the churchyard wall, and the person for whom it was intended would get it.

The troll then went away in great haste, and with him the letter went entirely out of the man's mind. But when he was come back to Zealand he sat down by the meadow where Tis Lake now is, and suddenly recollected the troll's letter. He felt a great desire to look at it at least. So he took it out of his pocket, and sat a while with it in his hands, when suddenly there began to dribble a little water out of the seal. The letter now unfolded itself, and the water came out faster and faster, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the poor man was enabled to save his life, for the malicious troll had enclosed an entire lake in the letter.

The troll, it is plain, had thought to avenge himself on Kund church by destroying it in this manner; but God ordered it so that the lake chanced to run out in the great meadow where it now flows.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of Various Countries* (London: H. G. Bohn, 1850), pp. 111-12.
- Tis Lake (Danish, *Tissø*) is in western Zealand
- Return to the table of contents.

Germany

When in the ninth century the monks of Corvei were attempting to convert the heathens of Rügen to the Christian faith, one of the missionaries traveled to Hiddensee. Late one evening he stopped at the door of a hut in a fishing village and asked to be allowed inside. The woman of the house rejected him as a beggar, sending him away with harsh words. He then turned to her poor neighbor, where he at once received shelter and nourishment.

The next morning he thanked the poor widow, then departed from her with these words, "I have neither gold nor silver to pay for the lodging, but the first thing you do today shall be blessed!"

Thinking nothing of these words, she began to measure a little piece of linen that she had woven. But it had no end. She measured and measured throughout the whole day, until the sun went down, and thus filled her entire house with linen. Remembering the words of the apostle, she revealed the source of her good fortune to her envious neighbor.

The latter remembered the words exactly, and when, some time later, the missionary once again knocked on her door, she received him with the greatest eagerness.

The next morning, after the guest had departed saying the familiar words, she decided to immediately count the money she had saved in a jar. However, first of all she had to go outside to answer an unexpected call of nature. Suddenly the holy man's blessing took effect, and with such force that the land was flooded and became separated from Rügen.

- Source: A. Haas, "Urspring der Insel Hiddensee," *Rügensche Sagen und Märchen* (Stettin: Johs. Burmeister's Buchhandlung, 1903), no. 201, pp. 178-79.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2003.
- Rügen is a large German island in the Baltic Sea. Hiddensee is a smaller island off the west coast of Rügen.
- Link to a home page for Hiddensee (in the German language).
- The episode of the wish with its unanticipated bad consequences is classified as an Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 750A folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 22, 2013.

Let in the Light: Ancient Roman Fort Designed for Celestial Show

livescience.com

by Owen Jarus, Live Science Contributor | January 05, 2015 06:50am ET

Hardknott Roman Fort

The fort was constructed during the rule of Roman Emperor Hadrian (reign A.D. 117-138). It was part of a system of fortifications that protected the frontier of Roman Britain.
Credit: PHB.cz (Richard Semik) | Shutterstock.com
View full size image

The gateways of an ancient Roman fort in Britain are roughly aligned with the light from the sun during the summer and winter solstices — a design that would have resulted in a striking scene on the shortest and longest days of the year, a researcher says.

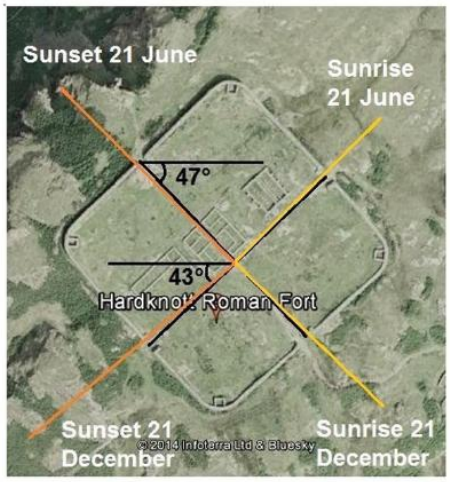
The fort had four gateways facing one another. During the summer solstice, the sun would rise in alignment with the fort's northeastern and southwestern gates, and set in alignment with its northwestern and southeastern gates, the researcher reported in the new study.

During the winter solstice, the sun would rise in line with the fort's southeastern and northwestern gates, and set in line with the fort's southwestern and northeastern gates. [In Photos: Amazing Ruins of the Ancient World]

"Moreover, the four towers of the garrison seem aligned to cardinal directions," Amelia Carolina Sparavigna, a physics professor at the Politecnico di Torino (Polytechnic University of Turin) in Italy, wrote in the study, published Dec. 17 in the journal Philica.

The ruins of the Roman fort in Britain by Hardknott Pass are roughly aligned with the light of the solstice sun.
Credit: Satellite image copyright Infoterra Ltd & Bluesky, courtesy Amelia Carolina Sparavigna
View full size image

The fort's ruins are located near Hardknott Pass in Cumbria, England, and offer a commanding view of the sprawling Eskdale Valley. Built during the reign of Emperor Hadrian,



Roman Fort Alignments

who ruled from A.D. 117 to 138, the structure was part of a series of fortifications that once guarded the Roman frontier in Britain.

Sparavigna used online software to calculate the angles at which the solstice sun rises and sets at the fort. She then used satellite maps available on Google Earth to determine how the rising and setting solstice sun compares to the fort's features.

"This image is very interesting, because we can easily imagine the sun passing through the four gates on solstices," Sparavigna said.

The summer solstice (which last occurred on June 21, 2014) represents the longest day of the year, when the sun appears at its highest point in the sky. The winter solstice (which last occurred on Dec. 21, 2014) represents the shortest day of the year, when the sun appears at its lowest point in the sky.

Roman Fort on Google Earth

High-resolution images of the fort and its topography are available through Google Earth. These images were used along with the solstice sunrise/sunset calculations to discover the alignments. Credit: Satellite image copyright Infoterra Ltd & Bluesky, copyright Google
View full size image

Sun gods?

But the reason for the fort's celestial alignment remains unclear. In her paper, and in an email to Live Science, Sparavigna noted that she is not an expert on Roman religion. However, she did offer some ideas that might help to explain the alignment.

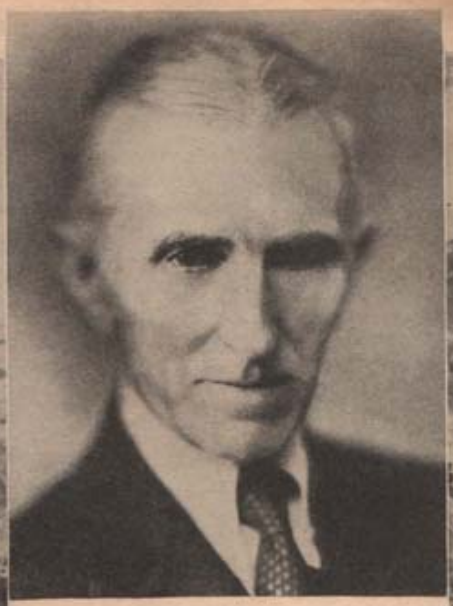
"An orientation of sacred places to sun and sky is common to several religions," Sparavigna told Live Science in an email. It is "quite possible that the Hardknott fort has a symbolic homage to the sun," she said. "The god could be Sol, the ancient Roman god of the sun, which evolved [into] Sol Invictus (a deity whose name means "unconquered sun")."

Another possible link could be with Mithra, a god of light, "whose mysteries were a religion popular in the Roman army," Sparavigna wrote in the study. The worship of Mithra originated in Persia but became popular throughout the Roman Empire.

Sparavigna also noted that there are several Roman towns in Italy that have alignments with the solstice sun. Additionally, the town of Timgad, in northern Africa, is aligned with the direction of the sunrise on the birthday of the Roman Emperor Trajan, who reigned from A.D. 98 to 117.

Copyright © 2015 All Rights Reserved.

Painting by Harry T. Fisk



Tesla. "It seems," he says, "that I have always been ahead of my time."

A MACHINE to END WAR

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A Famous Inventor, Picturing Life 100 Years from Now, Reveals an Astounding Scientific Venture Which He Believes Will Change the Course of History

by NIKOLA TESLA

AS TOLD TO

George Sylvester Viereck

EDITOR'S NOTE: Nikola Tesla, now in his seventy-eighth year, has been called the father of radio, television, power transmission, the induction motor, and the robot, and the discoverer of the cosmic ray. Recently he has announced a heretofore unknown source of energy present everywhere in unlimited amounts, and he is now working upon a device which he believes will make war impracticable.

Tesla and Edison have often been represented as rivals. They were rivals, to a certain extent, in the battle between the alternating and direct current in which Tesla championed the former. He won; the great power plants at Niagara Falls and elsewhere are founded on the Tesla system. Otherwise the two men were merely opposites. Edison had a genius for practical inventions immediately applicable. Tesla, whose inventions were far ahead of the time, aroused antagonisms which delayed the fruition of his ideas for years.

However, great physicists like Kelvin and Crookes spoke of his inventions as marvelous. "Tesla," said Professor A. E. Kennelly of Harvard University when the Edison medal was presented to the inventor, "set wheels going round all over the world. . . . What he showed was a revelation to science and art unto all time."

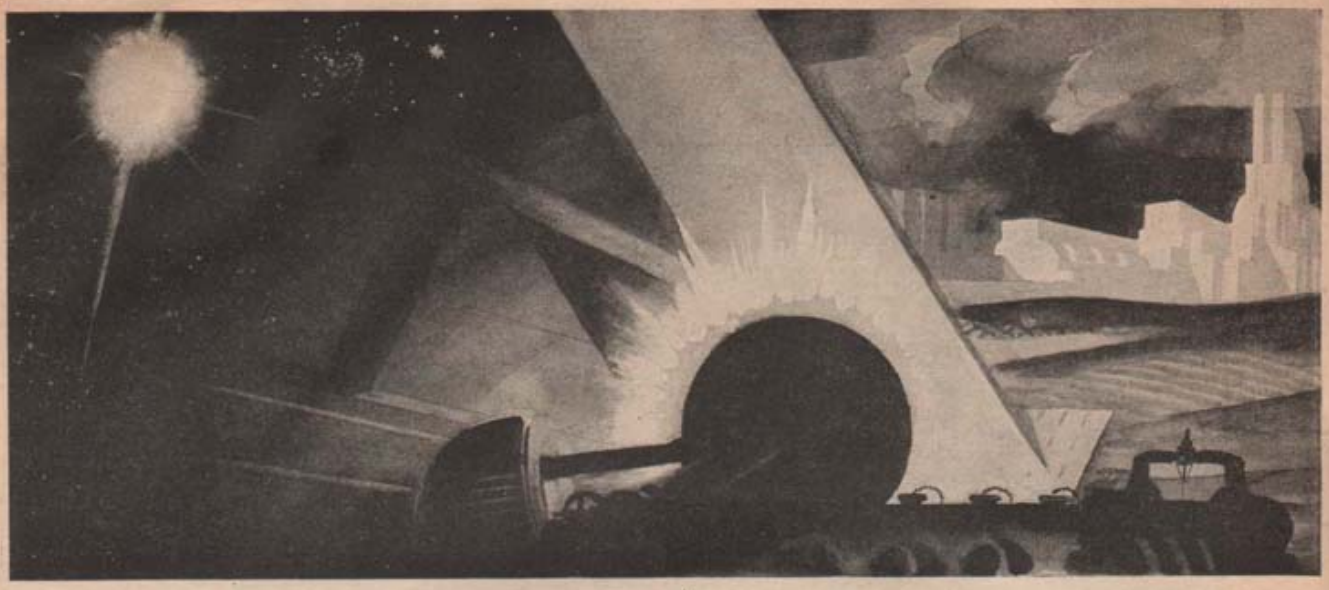
"Were we," remarks B. A. Behrend, distinguished author and engineer, "to seize and to eliminate the results of Mr. Tesla's work, the wheels of industry would cease to turn, our electric cars and trains would stop, our towns would be dark, our mills would be dead and idle."

FORECASTING is perilous. No man can look very far into the future. Progress and invention evolve in directions other than those anticipated. Such has been my experience, although I may flatter myself that many of the developments which I forecast have been verified by events in the first third of the twentieth century.

It seems that I have always been ahead of my time. I had to wait nineteen years before Niagara was harnessed by my system, fifteen years before the basic inventions for wireless which I gave to the world in 1893 were applied universally. I announced the cosmic ray and my theory of radio activity in 1896. One of my most important discoveries — terrestrial resonance — which is the foundation of wireless power transmission and which I announced in 1899, is not understood even today. Nearly two years after I had flashed an electric current around the globe, Edison, Steinmetz, Marconi, and others declared that it would not be possible to transmit even signals by wireless across the Atlantic. Having anticipated so many important developments, it is not without assurance that I attempt to predict what life is likely to be in the twenty-first century.

Life is and will ever remain an equation incapable of solution, but it contains certain known factors. We may definitely say that it is a movement even if we do not fully understand its nature. Movement implies a body which is being moved and a force which propels it against resistance. Man, in the large, is a mass urged on by a force. Hence the general laws governing movement in the realm of mechanics are applicable to humanity.

There are three ways by which the energy which determines human progress can be increased: *First*, we



may increase the mass. This, in the case of humanity, would mean the improvement of living conditions, health, eugenics, etc. *Second*, we may reduce the frictional forces which impede progress, such as ignorance, insanity, and religious fanaticism. *Third*, we may multiply the energy of the human mass by enchaining the forces of the universe, like those of the sun, the ocean, the winds and tides.

The first method increases food and well-being. The second tends to bring peace. The third enhances our ability to work and to achieve. There can be no progress that is not constantly directed toward increasing well-being, peace, and achievement. Here the mechanistic conception of life is one with the teachings of Buddha and the Sermon on the Mount.

While I am not a believer in the orthodox sense, I commend religion, first, because every individual should have some ideal—religious, artistic, scientific, or humanitarian—to give significance to his life. Second, because all the great religions contain wise prescriptions relating to the conduct of life, which hold good now as they did when they were promulgated.

There is no conflict between the ideal of religion and the ideal of science, but science is opposed to theological dogmas because science is founded on fact. To me, the universe is simply a great machine which never came into being and never will end. The human being is no exception to the natural order. Man, like the universe, is a machine. Nothing enters our minds or determines our actions which is not directly or indirectly a response to stimuli beating upon our sense organs from without. Owing to the similarity of our construction and the sameness of our environment, we respond in like manner to similar stimuli, and from the concordance of our reactions, understanding is born. In the course of ages, mechanisms of infinite complexity are developed, but what we call "soul" or "spirit," is nothing more than the sum of the functionings of the body. When this functioning ceases, the "soul" or the "spirit" ceases likewise.

I expressed these ideas long before the behaviorists, led by Pavlov in Russia and by Watson in the United States, proclaimed their new psychology. This apparently mechanistic conception is not antagonistic to an ethical conception of life. The acceptance by mankind at large of these tenets will not destroy religious ideals. Today Buddhism and Christianity are the greatest religions both in number of disciples and in importance. I believe that the essence of both will be the religion of the human race in the twenty-first century.

The year 2100 will see eugenics universally established. In past ages, the law governing the survival of the fittest roughly weeded out the less desirable strains. Then man's new sense of pity began to interfere with the ruthless workings of nature. As a result, we continue to keep alive and to breed the unfit. The only method compatible with our notions of civilization and the race is to prevent the breeding of the unfit by sterilization and the deliberate guidance of the mating instinct. Several European countries and a number of states of the American Union sterilize the criminal and the insane. This is not sufficient. The trend of opinion among eugenists is that we must make marriage more difficult. Certainly no one who is not a desirable parent should be permitted to produce progeny. A century from now it will no more occur to a normal person to mate with a person eugenically unfit than to marry a habitual criminal.

Hygiene, physical culture will be recognized branches of education and government. The Secretary of Hygiene or Physical Culture will be far more important in the cabinet of the President of the United States who holds office in the year 2035 than the Secretary of War. The pollution of our beaches such as exists today around New York City will seem as unthinkable to our children and grandchildren as life without plumbing seems to us. Our water supply will be far more carefully supervised, and only a lunatic will drink unsterilized water.

MORE people die or grow sick from polluted water than from coffee, tea, tobacco, and other stimulants. I myself eschew all stimulants. I also practically abstain from meat. I am convinced that within a century coffee, tea, and tobacco will be no longer in vogue. Alcohol, however, will still be used. It is not a stimulant but a veritable elixir of life. The abolition of stimulants will not come about forcibly. It will simply be no longer fashionable to poison the system with harmful ingredients. Bernarr Macfadden has shown how it is possible to provide palatable food based upon natural products such as milk, honey, and wheat. I believe that the food which is served today in his penny restaurants will be the basis of epicurean meals in the smartest banquet halls of the twenty-first century.

There will be enough wheat and wheat products to feed the entire world, including the teeming millions of China and India, now chronically on the verge of starvation. The earth is bountiful, and where her bounty fails, nitrogen drawn from the air will refertilize her womb. I developed a process for this purpose in 1900. It was perfected fourteen years later under the stress of war by German chemists.

Long before the next century dawns, systematic reforestation and the scientific management of natural resources will have made an end of all devastating droughts, forest fires, and floods. The universal utilization of water power and its long-distance transmission will sup-

ply every household with cheap power and will dispense with the necessity of burning fuel. The struggle for existence being lessened, there should be development along ideal rather than material lines.

Today the most civilized countries of the world spend a maximum of their income on war and a minimum on education. The twenty-first century will reverse this order. It will be more glorious to fight against ignorance than to die on the field of battle. The discovery of a new scientific truth will be more important than the squabbles of diplomats. Even the newspapers of our own day are beginning to treat scientific discoveries and the creation of fresh philosophical concepts as news. The newspapers of the twenty-first century will give a mere "stick" in the back pages to accounts of crime or political controversies, but will headline on the front pages the proclamation of a new scientific hypothesis.

"It will be possible to destroy anything approaching within 200 miles. My invention will provide a wall of power," declares Tesla.

PROGRESS along such lines will be impossible while nations persist in the savage practice of killing each other off. I inherited from my father, an erudite man who labored hard for peace, an ineradicable hatred of war. Like other inventors, I believed at one time that war could be stopped by making it more destructive. But I found that I was mistaken. I underestimated man's combative instinct, which it will take more than a century to breed out. We cannot abolish war by outlawing it. We cannot end it by disarming the strong. War can be stopped, not by making the strong weak but by making every nation, weak or strong, able to defend itself.

Hitherto all devices that could be used for defense could also be utilized to serve for aggression. This nullified the value of the improvement for purposes of peace. But I was fortunate enough to evolve a new idea and to perfect means which can be used chiefly for defense. If it is adopted, it will revolutionize the relations between nations. It will make any country, large or small, impregnable against armies, airplanes, and other means for attack. My invention requires a large plant, but once it is established it will be possible to destroy anything, men or machines, approaching within a radius of 200 miles. It will, so to speak, provide a wall of power offering an insuperable obstacle against any effective aggression.

If no country can be attacked successfully, there can be no purpose in war. My discovery ends the menace of airplanes or submarines, but it insures the supremacy of the battleship, because battleships may be provided with some of the required equipment. There might still be war at sea, but no warship could successfully attack the shore line, as the coast equipment will be superior to the armament of any battleship.

I want to state explicitly that this invention of mine does not contemplate the use of any so-called "death rays." Rays are not applicable because they cannot be produced in requisite quantities and diminish rapidly in intensity with distance. All the energy of New York City (approximately two million horsepower) transformed into rays and projected twenty miles, could not kill a human being, because, according to a well known law of physics, it would disperse to such an extent as to be ineffectual.

My apparatus projects particles which may be relatively large or of microscopic dimensions, enabling us to convey to a small area at a great distance trillions of times more energy than is possible with rays of any kind. Many thousands of horsepower can thus be transmitted by a stream thinner than a hair, so that nothing can resist. This wonderful feature will make it possible, among other things, to achieve undreamed-of results in television, for there will be almost no limit to the intensity of illumination, the size of the picture, or distance of projection.

I do not say that there may not be several destructive wars before the world accepts my gift. I may not live to see its acceptance. But I am convinced that a century from now every nation will render itself immune from attack by my device or by a device based upon a similar principle.

At present we suffer from the derangement of our civilization because we have not yet completely adjusted ourselves to the machine age. The solution of our problems does not lie in destroying but in mastering the machine.

Innumerable activities still performed by human hands today will be performed by automatons. At this very moment scientists working in the laboratories of American universities are attempting to create what has been described as a "thinking machine." I anticipated this development.

I actually constructed "robots." Today the robot is an accepted fact, but the principle has not been pushed far enough. In the twenty-first century the robot will take the place which slave labor occupied in ancient civilization. There is no reason at all why most of this should not come to pass in less than a century, freeing mankind to pursue its higher aspirations.

And unless mankind's attention is too violently diverted by external wars and internal revolutions, there is no reason why the electric millennium should not begin in a few decades.

THE END

Lifetime Movie Network to air story about vampire killings

2015-02-16 orlandosentinel.com

Yet another program about Lake County's infamous vampire murder case is about to air nationally, this one on the Lifetime Movie Network. The 1996 murders of Eustis residents Richard and Ruth Wendorf will be explored in a segment of "Killer Kids," airing at 9 p.m. Wednesday and 1 a.m. Thursday. Show promos call the vampire cultists a "gang of outcasts" and convicted killer Rod Ferrell their "cruel leader."

cComments

"This was not a clean crime," says Candace Hawthorne, who was Ferrell's defense attorney, in a clip on mylifetime.com. "This was a crime that just exploded."

The story has been recounted in numerous programs including, most recently, in August as part of Investigation Discovery's "Handsome Devils" series.

Staff report

Copyright (c) 2015Orlando Sentinel

Lucia Zarate, the smallest woman in the world

Her name was **Lucia Zarate** . She was a small woman, small enough to fit inside a suitcase, dollhouses for her were like ordinary houses, their **50 centimeters** in height was truly incredible. Nacióo in Mexico in Veracruz called fences village of san carlos. on January 2, 1864.

When was **average 7 inches** . Logic of the time doctors were amazed and did not give much of life. but Lucia proved them wrong. Although only grew to 8 years and so am very tiny in stature forever.

The then governor of Veracruz realized that **Lucia Zarate** was a human wonder and advise the family "Take her to Mexico, there will be famous and triumph" when I get **Porfirio Diaz** I remain pleased with her and took her into the Oval Office. but if whoever was responsible for making it known to the world and especially in the United States, was an American that led to the show's centennial.

I call there much public attention and Barnum's circus impresario joined the cast. at normal circus Lucia towards housewife with another dwarf named " **overall limit** "to mean 22 inches tall.

The owner of **Barnum** wanted to add the plot of a possible affair between the two.

After being joined by United I traveled to Europe where I delight kings and queens

alike coming to Russia where the Tsar applauded

her. unfortunately when walking in these places as distant and cold it is said that the train overturned and Lucia died frozen. after it became official: **Lucia Zarate** died of hypothermia on January 28, 1890. ceased to exist the smallest woman in the world.

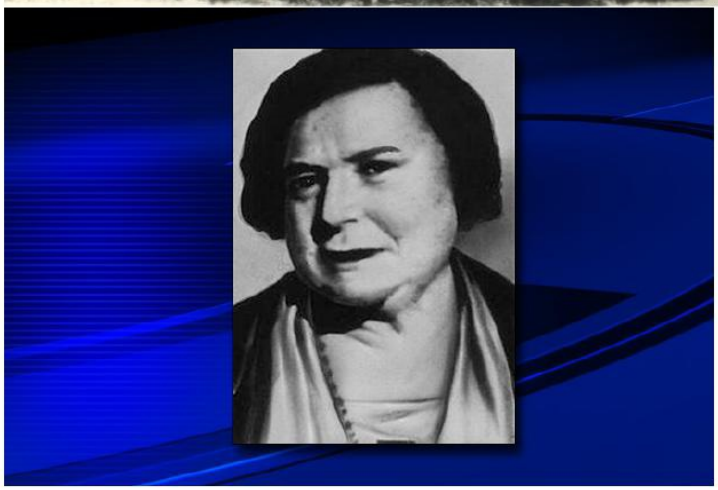
PRINCESS PAULINA.

Princess Paulina, who has "exhibited" in most civilized countries, is a midget of very amiable disposition. We are not aware of the exact number of inches in her height, but this can be fairly guessed by comparison with the ornamental jug placed beside her on the table on which she stands.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Ma Barker hideout, site of FBI shootout, may become museum

LAKE WEIR -- mynews13.com



By Dave D'Marko, Marion County Reporter
Last Updated: Friday, January 16, 2015, 11:28 PM

- The haunted history of the Ma Barker house
- **Vintage photos from Marion County Tax Collectors Office** (WARNING: Graphic Photos)

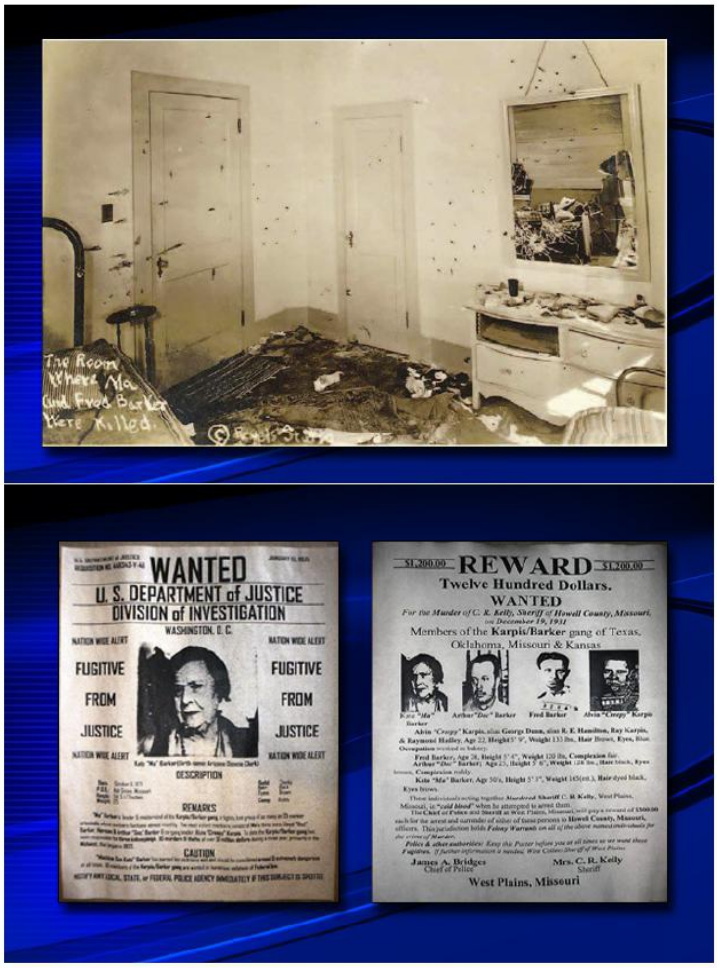
Friday marks the 80th anniversary of the FBI's longest gun battle with gangsters in history. It took place in **Marion County** at Ma Barker's hideout.

"Everything is like it was — it's almost like it happened yesterday, from bullet holes in the walls and the furniture," Ocklawaha resident Charlene Yarborough said.

Those bullet holes are from the shootout between FBI agents and the infamous Karpis-Barker gang. It all took place on the shores of Lake Weir at a rented home.

When the gunfire finally ended, notorious gangsters Ma and Fred Barker were dead.

"This was one of the watershed moments, Jan. 16, 1935, where the FBI, the good guys won,"



George Albright said.

Before Albright became a state legislator and now Marion County tax collector, he had another job as caretaker of the home. He and his family are longtime Ocklawaha neighbors of the hideout.

Albright said his grandfather crouched behind a tree during the shootout as bullets were whizzing by. He split his pants as he avoided the gunfire. It went on long enough that he had time to walk to a hardware store, buy a new pair, and return to see the end of the shootout.

Now 80 years later, Albright wants to buy the home that's been in the possession of the same Miami family the entire time.

"There's a big concern because the property is zoned in land-use high density residential," Albright said. "So, you could knock the house down or move it and build condominiums there."

Albright has asked state legislators for $1 million to turn the home into a museum, which Marion County would run.

“The condition is wonderful, the original furnishings to the time are still in it so from a biographical and historical standpoint this is a perfect property to showcase the gun battle itself, the rise and the fall of the gangster movement and the rise of the FBI and their successes. It’s still a defining event in American history and it deserves to be protected,” Albright said.

Legislators are expected to make a decision this spring.

A haunted house?

Aside from being a historical landmark, the Barker house also has a reputation for the supernatural.

The owners of the house have long traded stories of furniture moving on its own and conversations in empty rooms.

A Medium held a seance in the 1970s, and told the owners that she had convinced Fred Barker to leave. But Ma Barker refuses to be evicted.

The medium also said the home was a playground of sorts for all kinds of dead mobsters -- including Al Capone.

Bright House Networks | ©2015 News 13. All rights reserved.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Man Sells "World's Largest BBQ Pit" on eBay

By Todd L. Davis
Updated at 1:14 PM EST on Friday, Jan 23, 2015

nbcmiami.com

NBC 5 News

They say everything is bigger in Texas, so, naturally, the proclaimed "world's largest barbecue pit" is being sold on eBay by a Brenham man.

Terry Folsom listed "Undisputable Cuz," the 40-ton, 76-foot barbecue pit, on eBay for $350,000. The 24-door pit also features:

- A walk-in cooler
- Beer taps
- Places for television and stereo equipment
- A 40 kW diesel generator

Folsom is also selling the truck pictured in the listing (and above) for an additional $50,000.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 5, 2015

Man Stabs Mom, Cuts Off Own Penis And Tells Police 'I Can See The Vampires'

A man in England was in drug-fueled frenzy when he attacked his mother and cut off his own penis before surrendering himself to police. Believe it or not, self-amputated penis issues seem to be on the rise, as the *Inquisitr* has reported about several incidents, including a jilted lover that cut off his own member. You can read about that here.

Charles Mann was obviously a troubled young man who had a history of drug use. The 21-year-old from West Sussex was using marijuana, alcohol, and mephedrone, which is called "Meow Meow" on the street in England, when he stabbed his mother fourteen times before Emily Mann managed to run from him and lock herself in a bathroom, where she called police, according to the BBC. She was able to survive despite suffering from a punctured lung from one of the stab wounds, although she spent weeks in the hospital recovering from stab wounds all over her body. When police arrived, a frenzied and hysterical Charles admitted what he had done, although he was completely naked and trying to escape through a window. When subdued by officers, he said that he was a pedophile.

> "I have stabbed her multiple times, I have killed her. I have stabbed my mum and I need to be punished for what I have done. I am a pedophile, I do not want to live. Take me to the light, I can see the vampires."

At some point, Charles Mann chopped off his own penis, but it was retrieved by officials and transported with him to the hospital where it was reattached. The success of penis reattachment over the long-term depends on several factors, but it's not uncommon to regain a fully functional penis if it is reattached shortly after it was severed. After his physical injuries were stabilized and healed, Mann was transferred to a psychiatric unit where he was charged with inflicting grievous bodily harm, to which he pleaded guilty at a court hearing on January 19, although the incident happened two years prior. He took responsibility for the attack but admitted he was taking drugs and they were the culprit behind his attack, his attorney said.

> "His parents even sent him to work on a kibbutz in Israel but the problems would come when he came home and fell in with the same crowd and began taking drugs again."

Judge David Rennie sentenced Mann to 16 months behind bars and told him that he had already served seven months while awaiting trial, so he could expect to be released on parole on or around April 7. The judge then said of mother Emily Mann that she was to be commended and had shown an “extraordinary degree of loving, understanding and compassion.” Mrs. Mann refused to comment as she left the courtroom. Charles Mann will be a free man in approximately one month.

[Photo credit to *gossoponthis.com*]

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Man's Booze Ban After 999 Nicki Minaj Call

By David Blevins, Ireland Correspondent sky.com

A man has been banned from drinking alcohol after dialling 999 and saying he was pop star Nicki Minaj.

Steven Brown, 23, from Cairn Walk in Crumlin, Co Antrim, made two calls in breach of a previous ASBO banning him from using the emergency number.

Belfast High Court heard a man first called at 10.15 am on Christmas Day claiming two men were making threats to kill him but was too intoxicated to provide further information.

Five minutes later, the same man rang 999 again and told operators he wanted to cancel the first call, the prosecution said.

It was during this second call that the man claimed to be the rapper Minaj and said there was a poltergeist in his house.

When police arrested him, Brown did not deny making the calls and told officers he felt there really was an emergency when he dialled the number.

The prosecution said he had recently been released "after serving a sentence for offences of a similar nature" and that he was an alcoholic.

A defence barrister said Brown had just been released from hospital, was taking medication and had consumed alcohol, against the advice of doctors.

The judge released Brown on his own bail of £250, banned him from possessing and consuming alcohol and from dialling 999, except in an emergency.

Lord Justice Coghlin, who also imposed a 10pm-7am curfew, said: "This man is essentially a nuisance, which no doubt is a product of his alcoholism."

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Marguerite de La Rocque

15 February, 2015 - 01:16mrreese

Marguerite de La Rocque: 16th Century Noblewoman Stranded on the Isle of Demons

Marguerite de la Rocque was a French noblewoman who is well-known for surviving several years alone on a deserted island known as the Isle of Demons. Marguerite was marooned on the island by her cousin, Jean-Francois de Roberval. Some say that Roberval acted out of anger, due to Marguerite's 'scandalous' behavior. Others say that he acted out of greed, in hopes of receiving a portion of inheritance. Regardless of Roberval's reason for stranding Marguerite on the Isle of Demons, the time she spent there was certainly harrowing. She went from a life of luxury, to one of survival. She witnessed the death of several people, including her infant child. Due to some good fortune, Marguerite was eventually rescued from the Isle of Demons, and survived to tell her tale.

Marguerite de la Rocque was born sometime around the year 1515 in France. By the age of 20, Marguerite had acquired an immense wealth and lived a life of privilege and luxury. She owned a great deal of land in Southern France in an area known as Languedoc. In addition to her individually owned lands, she also owned a substantial amount of land jointly with her cousin Jean-Francois de Roberval. As a woman of means, Marguerite's life was relatively carefree.

Marguerite de la Rocque owned substantial amounts of land in Languedoc, France (Wikimedia Commons)

Marguerite's cousin, Roberval, was viewed by many as a "social-climber." He would affiliate himself with anyone he believed would be useful to him, engaging in social activities. One of his associations was with King Francis I of France. Roberval befriended King Francis, and the two would spend their time together womanizing and game hunting. Through

Marguerite de la Rocque owned substantial amounts of land in Languedoc, France

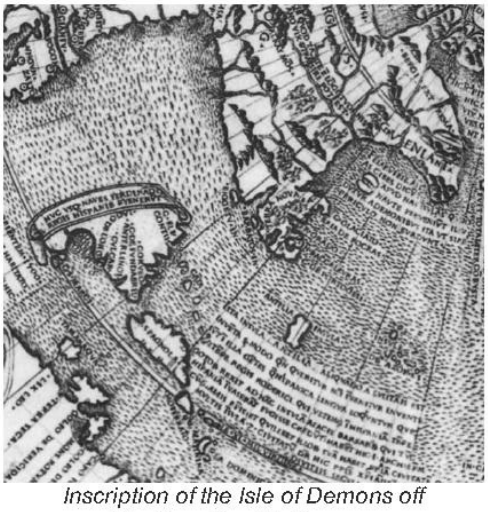
this close relationship, Roberval convinced King Francis to appoint him Lieutenant-General of New France, the area which is now known as Canada.

Portrait of King Francis I of France by Joos van Cleve c. 1530

Portrait of King Francis I of France by Joos van Cleve c. 1530 (Wikimedia Commons)

In 1542, Roberval was to set sail on one of three ships headed towards New France. The ships were carrying hundreds of colonist, livestock, and equipment to New France. Roberval was to travel aboard the ship known as the Valentine, and Marguerite decided to travel with him. It is unclear why a woman of means would choose to travel aboard these ships en route to New France. This has remained an unanswered question over the years, as a woman of such means would have no reason to embark on such a journey. She did, however, and what happened next had become a legendary tale of a lone survivor struggling to survive on a deserted island. After the ship set sail, Roberval marooned Marguerite and two others on the Isle of Demons, a legendary land once believed to exist on Quirpon Island, Newfoundland in Canada, leaving them behind to perish.

The Isle of Demons began appearing on maps in the beginning of the 16th century, but had disappeared by the mid-17th century. According to legend, the island was populated by demons and wild beasts, which would attack any ships that passed or anyone that was foolish enough to wander onto the island.



Inscription of the Isle of Demons off Newfoundland in the map

Inscription of the Isle of Demons off Newfoundland in the map. (Wikimedia Commons)

The reason for Roberval's actions has been disputed. According to some accounts, Roberval was not happy with Marguerite's behavior aboard the Valentine. The 27-year old Marguerite had become pregnant after having an affair with a young man on the ship. Roberval viewed Marguerite's actions with the young man as scandalous, and as disrespectful to her family. Other accounts illustrate Roberval acting not out of anger, but out of greed, hoping to inherit from Marguerite. Regardless of his motive, and acting under the authority in his role as Lieutenant-General, Roberval ordered the ship to take Marguerite to a deserted island – the Isle of Demons. There, Roberval marooned her on the island, along with the young man with whom she had become smitten, and her maid, Damienne. By some accounts, Roberval marooned Marguerite, and her lover opted to join her. In other accounts, it was the young man who was marooned and Marguerite that chose to join him.

The trio was given a few supplies, including a gun, gunpowder, an assortment of knives, and a Bible. Together they found a cave within which to take shelter. Unfortunately, Damienne and Marguerite's lover both perished on the island, prior to the infant's birth. Marguerite was forced to endure the pregnancy and the birth on her own. Sadly, the infant died as well, and Marguerite was left alone on the island, struggling to survive on the very meager supplies left to her by Roberval.

As a noblewoman, Marguerite would have faced many struggles in her attempts to survive the harsh conditions of the island. Food, shelter, and water, all items that had been readily available to her back in France, would now have been a daily struggle for her. At one point she used the gun to shoot a bear. She skinned the bear, and used its skin for warmth. Her desire for survival remained strong, and she pushed forward on the lonely island for more than two years before being rescued. In 1544, she was discovered by a group of fishermen. Thanks to the fishermen, Marguerite's ordeal on the Isle of Demons was over.

Little is known about the details of Marguerite's time on the Isle of Demons, or what happened when she returned to France. There is no record that she took any action against Roberval, although he lived in France until he was approximately 60 years old, when he was beaten to death by a mob. Marguerite founded a private school for girls, and lived out her life in Nontron in the Chateau de la Mothe.

Featured image: Depiction of Marguerite de la Rocque on the Island of Demons (Taringa.net)

Sources:

France's Robinson Crusoe was a woman – Southern Highland News. Available from: http://www.southernhighlandnews.com.au/story/2872831/frances-robinson-crusoe-was-a-woman/

Marguerite de la Rocque, Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Available from: http://www.biographi.ca/en/bio/la_roque_marguerite_de_1E.html

Marguerite de la Rocque, The Canadian Encyclopedia. Available from: http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/marguerite-de-la-rocque/

Women at Sea: Mademoiselle de la Rocque – Pauline's Pirates and Privateers. Available from: http://paulinespiratesandprivateers.blogspot.com/2012/08/women-at-sea-mademoiselle-de-la-rocque.html

By M R Reese

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Name: Memegwesi
Tribal affiliation: Ojibway, Algonquin, Ottawa, Cree, Metis, Innu, Menominee
Alternate spellings: Memengwesi, Memegweshi, Memegwesì, Memekwesiw, Memegawansi, Omemengweshii, Maymaygwayshi, Memekwesi, Memekwesiw, Memekwisiw, Memegwecio, Memegwicio, Mannegeshi, Mannegishi, Memekueshu, Mimakwisi, Mamagwasi, Mamakwasew, Memegawensi, Maymaygwayshi, Memengweshii, Mee'megwee'ssi, Memogouissiouis, Mimikwisi, Mimikwisiw, Mîmîkwîsi, Memegwe'ju, Mee'megwee'ssio, Memegwe'djo, Memekwe'zu, Memegwedjo
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: may-may-gway-see, may-mane-gway-see, or uh-may-mane-gway-shee
Also known as: Memegwesiwag is the plural form of their name, also spelled Memegwesiwak, Memengweswag, Mamagwasewug, Memekwesiwak, Maymaygwaysiwuk, Mimakwisiwuk, Mimikwisiwak, Mîmîkwîsiwak, Meymeykweysiwak, May-may-quay-she-wuk, May-may-quay-so-wuk, or Ma-ma-kwa-se-sak. Sometimes also known as Apa'iins, Pai'iins, or Pa'iins, which literally means "little people."
Type: Little people, river spirits

Related figures in other tribes: Wanagemeswak (Passamaquoddy), Wiklatmu'j (Micmac), Mikumwes (Wabanaki), Makiawisug (Mohegan)

Memegwesi are small riverbank-dwelling water spirits. They are generally benign creatures, but sometimes blow canoes astray or steal things when they are not shown proper respect. In some Ojibwe traditions, Memegwesi can only be seen by children and medicine people; in others, they can appear to anyone, and may help humans who give them tobacco and other gifts. Most often Memegwesi are described as being child-sized and hairy with a large head and a strange voice that sounds like the whine of a dragonfly. The Cree and Innu describe them as having narrow faces, and some Menominee storytellers have said that they have no noses. It is sometimes said that Memegwesi were originally created from the bark of trees. Memegwesi are said to carve symbols on rocks and sometimes carve small canoes for themselves out of stone. Some people believe that their name comes from the Ojibwe word for "hairy," *memii*, since Memegwesi are usually described as having hairy faces and bodies. Other people believe that their name is related to the word for butterfly, *memengwaa*.

Memegwesi Stories

- **Me``megwe``s`i:**
  Algonquin Indian legends about the Memegwesiwag.
- **Mannegishi:**
  Encyclopedia article about the Mannegishi of Cree folklore.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **Ojibway Tales:**
  A good collection of traditional folktales told by an Ojibway author.
- **The Mishomis Book: Voice of the Ojibway:**
  Excellent book by a Native author exploring Ojibway legends and traditions.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Ojibwe and other Algonquian tribes.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

We Look in All Directions
Ojibwe mythology
Ojibwe language
Ojibwa words
Minnesota language
Eastern Woodlands
The Algonquian Indians

Back to
American Indian Mythological Figures
Back to American Indian Legends for Kids

Learn more about the Chippewa Indian tribe.

Native American words Nanticoke homes Cheyenne moccasins Native herb

Native American tattoos

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Menominee Oral Tradition

Story of Manabush

There once was an old woman called Nokomis (Grandmother) who had an unmarried daughter. The daughter gave birth to twin boys and during the birth, one of the boys died and so did the mother. Nokomis wrapped the surviving boy in soft grass and laid him on the ground at one side of her wigwam and placed a wooden bowl over him to protect him. She buried her daughter and the other grandchild a ways from her wigwam. She mourned them for four days and at the end of that she heard a small sound in the wigwam and it was coming from underneath the wooden bowl. The bowl moved, and suddenly she remembered her little grandchild, whom she had forgotten in her mourning.

Lifting up the bowl, she saw a little white rabbit with quivering ears, and she picked it up, saying "Oh! My dear rabbit, my Manabush." She loved the rabbit and it grew. One day the rabbit sat up and hopped slowly across the wigwam, causing the earth to tremble. The spirits underneath said to one another, "What was that? A great spirit has been born somewhere." To protect their own power, they began to scheme how to be rid of Manabush.

As Manabush grew up to be a young man, he thought about how he could prepare himself to assist his uncles, the people. He said to Nokomis, "Grandmother, make me two sticks, so that I can sing." Nokomis made the sticks, then Manabush left the wigwam and built a larger longhouse near the wigwam. He began to sing, calling his uncles together, and told them that he would give them the Medicine Lodge and the Medicine Dance so they could cure diseases. He saw that they were hungry, so he gave them plants for food. He also gave them medicine bags made from the skins of mink, weasel, rattlesnakes, and the panther. Into each of these bags, he put samples of all the medicines, and taught the people how to use them. Manabush lived for many years after this and taught the Menominee many useful things.

(Adapted from W.J. Hoffman, 1890, "Mythology of the Menomini Indians," *American Anthropologist* 3[3]:243-58.)

Manabush and his Brother

When Manabush had accomplished the works which the Great Spirit had sent him to do, he moved far away and built his wigwam on the northeast shore of a large lake. Since he was alone, the spirits wanted to give him a companion in the form of his twin brother. The spirits brought his brother to life. Manabush's brother looked like a human being but could also assume the shape of a Wolf, which he used when he hunted. Since Manabush had always been aware of the jealousy of the evil spirits from under the earth and the water, he warned his brother the Wolf never to return come home across the lake but rather to always go around it by shore. One day, after the Wolf had been hunting all day, he found himself directly

alarmed. She traveled twenty days looking for the Sun. Finally he returned, bringing with him a bear which he had shot.

The Sun's sister still comes up into the sky and travels for twenty days. Then she dies, and for four days nothing is seen of her. At the end of that time, however, she returns to life and travels twenty days more.

(Adapted from Robert E. Ritzenthaler and Pat Ritzenthaler, 1983, *The Woodland Indians of the Western Great Lakes*, Prospect Heights IL: Waveland Press.)

The Catfish

Once when the Catfish were assembled in the water, an old chief said to them, "I have often seen a moose come to the edge of the water to eat grass. Let us watch for him and kill and eat him. He always comes when the sun is a little way up in the sky."

The Catfish who heard this agreed to go and attack the moose. They were scattered everywhere among the grass and rushes, then the moose came slowly along picking grass. He waded down into the water, where he began to feast. The Catfish all watched to see what their old chief would do, and presently one of them worked his way slowly through the grass to where the moose's leg was, when he thrust his spear into it. Then the moose said, "What is it that has thrust a spear into my leg?"

Looking down he saw the Catfish; he immediately began to trample on them with his hoofs, killing a great number of them, while those that escaped swam down the river as fast as they could. The Catfish still carry spears, but their heads have never recovered from the flattening they received when they were trampled into the mud by the moose.

(Adapted from Robert E. Ritzenthaler and Pat Ritzenthaler, 1983, *The Woodland Indians of the Western Great Lakes*, Prospect Heights IL: Waveland Press.)

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

across the lake from his wigwam, and so he decided to cross directly over the frozen lake. When he was partly across the lake, the ice broke and he fell through. He was seized by the bad underwater spirits and destroyed.

Manabush immediately knew what had happened to his brother, and he mourned his brother for four days. Every time Manabush sighed it made the earth tremble, forming the hills and valleys. The spirit of his brother the Wolf appeared before Manabush and Manabush realized that his brother would not return to him. He told the wolf's spirit to go to the west to become the chief of all the departed spirits. Sadly, Manabush gave up his home by the lake and hid himself inside a large rock near Mackinaw.

For many years, the people would visit Manabush there and hold the Medicine Dance which he had taught them. And when Manabush wanted to interact with the people but did not want to show himself in human form, he appeared to them in the shape of a little white rabbit with trembling ears, just as he had appeared to Nokomis when he was a baby.

(Adapted from W.J. Hoffman, 1890, "Mythology of the Menomini Indians," *American Anthropologist* 3[3]:243-58.)

The Origin of Fire and the Canoe

When Manabush was still young, he once said to his grandmother Nokomis, "Grandmother, we have no fire and it is cold in here. Let me go and get some fire." Nokomis tried to make him forget the idea of getting fire because it was dangerous, but Manabush insisted.

Manabush knew he had a long journey ahead, so he made a canoe made of bark-the very first canoe. He took on the shape of a rabbit so he wouldn't be recognized and started east across a large body of water. He knew that there was an old man living on an island who had fire. As Manabush-in the form of a Rabbit-approached the island it was still dark, and he pulled his canoe ashore and hopped along until he came to the wigwam of the old man. The old man had two daughters, who came out of the wigwam and saw the little Rabbit, all wet and cold. They picked him up and took him inside, setting him down next to the fire to get warm.

The girls went about their evening duties while the Rabbit sat by the fire. He hopped a little nearer to the fire to try to pick up a coal but as he moved, the earth shook and disturbed the old man, who was napping in the wigwam. "What was that?" said the old man. The daughters said it was nothing, and told him that they were only trying to warm up the poor little rabbit they had found. When the girls went back to their work, the Rabbit grabbed a burning stick and ran out of the wigwam, going as fast as he could back to the place where he had left his canoe. The girls and the old man dashed out of the wigwam chasing the Rabbit who had stolen the fire.

The Rabbit reached his canoe safely and pushed off into the water, leaving the old man and his daughters on shore. He paddled as fast as he could toward his grandmother's home. The air rushing past the canoe made the stick burn fiercely, and by the time he reached home,

Nokomis could see that his fur was badly burned in several places. She took the burning stick from him and made a fire with him, and then dressed his wounds so his fur would grow back.

(Adapted from W.J. Hoffman, 1890, "Mythology of the Menomini Indians," *American Anthropologist* 3[3]:243-58.)

Grasshopper and the Origin of Tobacco

One day Manabush was walking past a high mountain when he smelled a delightful fragrance which seemed to be coming from a crevice in the cliffs. He went closer and found that the mountain was home to a Giant who was known to be the keeper of tobacco. Manabush found a cavern in the side of the mountain and went inside, following a passage which led into the center of the mountain where the Giant lived. The Giant asked Manabush very sternly what he wanted. Manabush answered that he had come for some tobacco, but the Giant told him that the spirits had just been there for their smoke. Since the ceremony only happened once a year, the Giant told Manabush to come back in a year. Manabush found this difficult to believe, because when he looked around the Giant's cavern, he saw bags and bags of tobacco all around it. So he snatched one of the bags and dashed out of the mountain, closely pursued by the Giant. Manabush reached the top of the mountain and leaped from peak to peak. The Giant followed him closely, and when Manabush reached the edge of a cliff, he fell down flat and the Giant leaped over him and fell over the cliff and into the chasm.

The Giant was badly bruised, but managed to climb up the face of the cliff, where he hung at the top with all of his fingernails torn off. Then Manabush grabbed the giant by the back and threw him to the ground and said, "For your stinginess, you will become the Grasshopper, and everyone will know you by your stained mouth. You will become a pest and bother all those who raise tobacco."

Then Manabush took the tobacco home and divided it among the people and gave them the seed so they could grow it themselves and use it for offerings and blessings.

(Adapted from W.J. Hoffman, 1890, "Mythology of the Menomini Indians," *American Anthropologist* 3[3]:243-58.)

Manabush and the Birds

Once Manabush was walking along the shore of a lake and saw a long narrow sand bar surrounded by all kinds of waterfowl. He was tired and hungry, so he was very interested in the waterfowl. He was not carrying his bow and arrows and instead had only his medicine bag, and he wasn't sure how he could hunt or trap the waterfowl. He walked back into the woods and hung his medicine bag on a tree and collected a lot of tree bark which he rolled into a bundle and took back with him to the shore. He walked slowly along within sight of the birds and pretended to pass by them. Some of the swans and ducks moved away from the shore. They recognized Manabush and were afraid of him.

One of the swans called out to him, "Manabush, where are you going?" He replied, "I am

going to sing. As you see, I have all my songs with me written on this bark." Manabush then called out, "Come, my brothers, let's sing and dance." The birds agreed, because they liked to sing and dance, and swam to shore. Together, they all went a little way from the lake to an open space where they could dance. Manabush put his bundle of bark down, got out his singing sticks, and said to the birds, "Now, I will drum and you can dance! All of you sing as loudly as you can and keep your eyes closed. The first bird to open his eyes will always have red, sore eyes." Then Manabush beat time on the bundle of bark while the birds, with their eyes closed, circled around him singing as loud as they could. Beating time with one hand, Manabush suddenly caught a swan by the neck, but before he could kill it the bird screamed, and Manabush said, "That's right, sing as loud as you can" As Manabush continued drumming, he also caught and killed the birds. One bird-a grebe-realized that they were not singing as loudly as they had, and opened his eyes to see Manabush and the heap of his bird victims and cried "Manabush is killing us! Manabush is killing us!" The grebe ran for the water, followed by the other birds. Since the grebe is a poor runner, Manabush soon caught him and said, "I won't kill you, but you will always have red eyes!" Manabush gave the grebe a kick and knocked off his tail, and that's why the grebe looks as he does.

Manabush then gathered up all the birds he had killed by his trick and carried them out onto the sandbar. He buried them there, with some with their heads sticking out of the sand and some with their feet sticking out. He built a fire to roast the birds in the sand, but since this would take a long time, he decided to take a nap. He slapped his thigh and told it to be on the lookout in case someone should come near the birds and try to steal them while they were cooking. Then he laid down with his back to the fire and went to sleep.

Some time later, a party of Indians came along in their canoes. Seeing the birds roasting and Manabush fast asleep, they quietly took all the birds and put the heads and feet back the way they had found them. Then they paddled quietly away. A little while later, Manabush woke up. He was very hungry and was looking forward to enjoying the roast birds. He grabbed one of the baked swans by its neck but got nothing but the neck and the head. He tried all the others and found the same.

Then he struck his thigh and said, "Who has robbed me of my feast? Didn't I tell you to keep watch in case anyone came?" And his thigh answered, "Yes, but I fell asleep too because I was tired, but I did see some people paddling away quickly in their canoes. They were probably the thieves." Then Manabush ran out to the point of the sandbar and saw the people paddling away in their canoes and laughing at him for the trick they had played on him.

(Adapted from W.J. Hoffman, 1890, "Mythology of the Menomini Indians," *American Anthropologist* 3[3]:243-58.)

The Origin of Night and Day

One time Manabush (the Rabbit) was traveling through the forest and came to a clearing on the bank of a river. He saw the Saw Whet Owl perched on a twig, but it was almost dark and Rabbit could not see very well. He said to Saw whet, "Why do you like it dark? I don't like it to

be dark, so I will make the daylight." Then the Saw whet said, "If you think you are strong enough, then do it. But let us have a contest to see who is stronger and whoever wins can have it the way that he likes."

Then Rabbit and Owl called all the animals and birds together. Some wanted Rabbit to win so that it would always be light. Others liked the dark and wanted Saw Whet to win.

The contest began. Rabbit began repeating "Light, Light," while Owl kept repeating "Night, Night." If one of them make a mistake and said his opponent's word, he would lose. So Rabbit kept saying "Light, Light," and Saw whet continued "Night, Night." The birds and animals cheered on their heroes. Finally Owl accidentally repeated Rabbit's word "Light" and he lost the contest.

Rabbit decided that it should be light, but he also decided that night should have a chance for the benefit of the loser and all of the animals and birds he represented. This pleased everyone.

(Adapted from "Some Menominee Indian Folk Tales," 1974, *Manitowoc County Historical Society Monograph* 23: 6-8.)

Manabush and the Tree Holders

Manabush was once traveling along carrying his kettle. He saw a moose and killed it, and then cooked it in the kettle. When it was done, he took the meat out of the kettle to cool. While he was waiting, he heard a noise up above him. He called out "Stop your noise while I'm eating!" It did not stop and he went outside to look and saw that it was only two trees rubbing together in the wind. The trees would not stop their noise so Manabush climbed up to make it quiet. He tried to pull the limbs apart, but got caught between them and could not escape. As he looked around him, he saw a pack of wolves coming and called out "Come here brothers! Come here! Don't go into my house!"

The wolves began to laugh and smile at one another. "Perhaps Manabush has something in the house that he doesn't want us to see," thought the wolves. They hurried into the house and saw all of the moose meat all cooked and laid out, ready to eat. They ate it all up and ran away laughing, leaving Manabush stuck in the tree.

As soon as they were gone Manabush twisted and turned and managed to free himself. He ran back into the house, but of course there was nothing left from the wolves' feast but the bare bones of the moose. So Manabush packed his kettle on his back and started off to see if he could find another moose. It was very windy and he left the forest to get out into the open. When he got there, he saw a great crowd dancing and whooping. Manabush loved to dance so he threw down his kettle and joined them and danced until he was tired. He lay down and fell asleep. When he woke up, he realized that he had not been dancing with a group of Indians at all! What he thought were Indians were just reeds by the lake. He packed his kettle on his back and started off again.

(Adapted from Alanson B. Skinner and John Satterlee, 1915, "Folklore of the Menomini Indians," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History* XIII:217-542). span>

The Origin of Corn

The Menominee did not have corn and squash until after their animal ancestors became human. Once a holy man had a vision in which he was told to go to war. He gathered the young men and they set out as they were directed in his dream. The leader had another dream which told of a gift intended for them. In the morning, after he had eaten, he cut up some tobacco, and told his men to fill their pipes and smoke. After they had smoked, her told the other warriors of his dream that they would travel through the day and find a gift at noon.

They set out, wondering what they could find. When the sun was directly overhead, they looked about but did not know what they were looking for. At last the leader saw something standing on the plains. He and his men hurried to the spot and found something unlike anything they had ever seen before. "This is corn," said the leader. "We will call it Wapi'min (white kernel). The others agreed that they had heard of it and that it was good to eat, and they all tasted it.

It was good, and they brought home some seed. When they got home, they waited until spring and planted the corn so it could grow. This is how the Menominee got corn.

(Adapted from Dorothy Moulding Brown, 1940, "Wisconsin Indian Corn Origin Myths," *Wisconsin Archeologist* 21[1]:19-27.)

The Origin of the Dream Dance

Some Sioux people lived at the edge of a lake. While they lived there, some soldiers came to fight them. To escape them, a woman took her child on her back and ran down to the lake to hide in the water. There were many reeds at the edge of the lake, and she went there and hid in the water. She lay for four days in the water while her people were killed and she hid from the soldiers. The soldiers were camped by the shore of the lake, and she could get nothing to eat. At night she nursed her child to keep it from crying and by day she could only keep their mouths above water to prevent the soldiers from finding them.

After four days in the water, a Spirit came to her. It told her to get out of the water and go among the soldiers and eat. The Spirit made sure that the soldiers would not see her. She got out of the water and went to the place where the soldiers were eating. She sat down and ate with them and they did not see her. When she was finished eating, she went outside. A metal washtub was lying by the door.

The Spirit told her to take the washtub back to her people and to instruct the men to kill a deer and prepare the hide to use as a drum head. It also told her that when the drum was completed, the men should dance together around it while the women could sing along but

not dance and prepare food so the men could eat after the dance. The Spirit told her that if the people were faithful to the drum and did not fight the soldiers, then they would live. The same peace that they kept with the soldiers they should keep with each other, and from that point forward there should be no fighting among the different Indian tribes who followed the Dream Drum.

(Adapted from Leonard Bloomfield, 1928, "Menomini Texts," *Publications of the American Ethnological Society* Vol. XII, 105-107.)

Porcupine's Revenge

One day, some Menominee girls found a porcupine sleeping in the woods at the base of a tree. They tried to wake up the porcupine by calling him names and insulting him, but he continued to sleep. They picked up some sticks and began to poke at him and beat him. This woke the porcupine up and he was angry. He ran away but used his magic power to punish them. As he ran, snow began to fall. Soon the girls could no longer see the path and became lost. They were exhausted and sank down in the snow and froze to death. This is how the porcupine had his revenge for they way they had mistreated him.

(Adapted from Dorothy Moulding Brown, 1941, "Indian Winter Legends," *Wisconsin Archeologist* 22[4]:49-53.)

Fox Plays a Trick

Once Fox and Wolf were traveling in the winter. The only food they had with them was a birchbark basket full of maple sugar. They came to a frozen lake, and Fox suggested that some fish would go very well with the sugar they had. They cut a hole in the ice and Fox suggested that wolf use his tail for bait and stick it down through the hole in the ice. The fish would bite his tail and then he could toss them up on the ice by flicking his tail. So wolf put his tail down into the water and waited for the fish to nibble at it. But it was so cold that the ice froze around his tail and he could not pull it out. While Wolf was trying to get his tail free, Fox ate up all of the maple sugar and ran away.

(Adapted from Dorothy Moulding Brown, 1941, "Indian Winter Legends," Wisconsin Archeologist 22[4]:49-53.)

How Dogs Came to Live With the Indians

We often hear the saying that the dog is man's best friend. But before the dog came to live with humans, it belonged to the dog family, and there among the wolves the dogs had to do all the errands. One cold day, the wolves ordered the dog to go to a man's wigwam to get fire. This was the only place that the wolves knew that they could get fire but it was very dangerous for any wolf to go there. The wolves had often gone to Indian villages to get fire, but they would always drop the coals and the humans would get the fire back. Or as they carried a burning stick it would burn brighter and they would have to drop it or otherwise be

singed by the flames.

The dog knew all this and decided that it would be a very difficult job to get fire from humans. So the dog decided that he would just pretend to try to steal fire from humans but not really go through with it. But the dog knew that if he failed in the mission to get the fire, life with the wolves would be unbearable, and instead he decided he would just leave the wolves and go live with the humans.

The dog left the wolves' country and went through the forest to the Indian village. He saw smoke coming out of the smokeholes of the wigwams and went toward one of the houses. He stood in the doorway and looked inside, and realized that the hunters were not home: only the women and children were there. The people had always feared the wolves, so the dog decided that it would be good to show that he himself was afraid of the humans. So he lowered his tail and his head and looked up at the people with his eyes wide to show that he was afraid of them and crept over to the fire and lay down.

The dog was lucky, because the man who lived in the wigwam had often dreamed of wolves, and had in fact dreamed that he would receive a gift from the wolves. In his hunting, he had also appealed to the Wolf spirit and been assisted by it to feed his family. When he returned to the wigwam and saw the harmless wolf dog lying there by his fire, he decided to make friends with him. Remembering his dreams, the Indian man told the dog that they would be brothers forever, and to prove this he would take the dog as his companion when he went hunting for his family and share the meat that they got together.

(Adapted from Phebe Jewell Nichols as told by Chief Reginald Oshkosh, n.d., *Tales From An Indian Lodge: Menominee Indian Reservation, Wisconsin.*)

The Master of Night

There is a little man who is three or four feet high and who looks like a human being but is invisible. He may be a spirit or he may serve a spirit, but in any case, he does only one kind of work. He is the master of night and is the one who brings sleep to human beings.

When dusk comes, he goes to work. His magic works well on some, and they cannot help but fall asleep easily. He stares at a person and they cannot help but fall asleep. For those who are already in their beds, he knocks them on the head with something soft like a pillow. He visits babies first, and then the children, and then on up to the old people. It is said that those who are struck by the master of night live to a very old age.

(Adapted from Alanson B. Skinner and John Satterlee, 1915, "Folklore of the Menomini Indians," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History* XIII:217-542.)

Beaver and Muskrat

In the beginning, Beaver was jealous of the fine flat tail that Muskrat had. Beaver had only a very skinny tail, and he did not think it was very attractive. When Muskrat dove in the water,

he could slap his tail and make a big noise and scared people and the other animals. So Beaver begged and coaxed Muskrat over and over, and called him his dear little brother, and asked him to trade tails for a while so Beaver could see what it was like to have a broad, flat tail. At last Muskrat agreed, but Beaver cheated him and never gave Muskrat back his broad, flat tail. Now Muskrat has the skinny tail and is jealous of Beaver.

(Adapted from Alanson B. Skinner and John Satterlee, 1915, "Folklore of the Menomini Indians," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History* XIII:217-542.)

How Women Were Given Menstruation

Manabush was jealous of the attentions the Bear showed to Nokomis, his grandmother. One day, when he returned he noticed his grandmother had combed her hair and put on clean clothes. He suspected that someone had been there, but she made no reply which satisfied him. He went into the woods on the following day and again, when he returned grandmother had combed her hair and put on clean clothes. This went on for several days. Manabush suspected that it was the Bear who was visiting his grandmother, so he waited near the wigwam very quietly. Soon he heard the Bear coming along the trail, snorting and grunting. He made straight for the wigwam and entered it.

Manabush was furious. He got a piece of dry birchbark and lit it. With the torch in his hand, he crept up to the door of the wigwam, pulled the cover aside and saw the Bear with his grandmother. He threw the torch at the Bear and struck him on the back, just above the groin. Frantic with pain, the Bear rushed out into the woods and down the hill to the stream. But the flames kept burning him and finally he dropped dead. When Manabush came up to the dead body, he carried the carcass back to his grandmother's wigwam and said: "Here, grandmother, I have killed a bear; now we can have something to eat."

His grandmother asked him how he killed the Bear, but he just mumbled something, not wanting her to know how the Bear had been killed.

Then Manabush cut up the Bear and offered a piece to his grandmother, but she refused, saying: "No, my grandson, I cannot eat this. He was my husband." Angry, Manabush caught up a clot of the Bear's blood and threw it at Nokomis, hitting her in the abdomen. She replied: "For that act, your aunts will always have trouble every moon." And that is why Indian women menstruate every month.

(Adapted from Robert E. Ritzenthaler and Pat Ritzenthaler, 1983, *The Woodland Indians of the Western Great Lakes*, Prospect Heights IL: Waveland Press.)

The Moon

Once, the Sun and his sister, the Moon, lived together in a wigwam in the east. The Sun dressed himself to go hunting and took his bow and arrows and left. He was absent such a long time that when his sister came out into the sky to look for her brother, she became

Meoto Iwa

atlasobscura.com

Mie, Japan

This pair of small sea rocks has been "wed" using rope and ancient Shinto tradition

- Meoto Iwa
Photo by donuts head on Flickr | Copyright: Creative Commons

- Photo by 投稿者/Wikimedia | Copyright: Public Domain
- Meoto Iwa
Photo by donuts head on Flickr | Copyright: Creative Commons

Located just off the shore of Futami, Japan, a pair of oceanic rock stacks have come to represent a holy union that created the spirits of the world in the Shinto faith.

The two rocks, known as Izanagi and Izanami respectively, are together called Meoto Iwa and are connected at all times by a thick rope that tether the lovers together. The stones are seen as a representation of paired dualities, hence the outcroppings have gained nicknames such as the "lover's rocks" and the "wedded rocks."

Physically, the stones are not remarkably large, with the larger of the two (Izanagi) standing just nine meters tall and the smaller one (Izanami) just over three meters. However the key feature of the site is the *shimenawa,* a thick rope made of rice straw that has been braided in a specific way that is sacred to the Shinto religion. The huge rope wraps around both rocks and is said to weigh at least a ton. The cord is continually eroded by sea water and the elements, but it replaced three times a year in a special ceremony.

Meoto Iwa is also near to a Shinto food shrine in which frogs are an important symbol, so in addition to the camling wonder of the wedded stones, visitors are also surrounded by curious looking frogs.

Edited by: Allison (Admin), EricGrundhauser (Admin)
Share on Facebook (-) Twitter (-) Share

freely translated
from Old High German by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1998

Return to:

- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts
- Germanic Myths, Legends, and Sagas
- Charms against sprains collected during the nineteenth century in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. These spells bear a strong resemblance to the second Merseburg Incantation.

1.

Once the Idisi set forth, to this place and that;
Some fastened fetters; some hindered the horde,
Some loosed the bonds from the brave --
Leap forth from the fetters! Escape from the foes!

2.

Phol and Wodan rode into the woods,
There Balder's foal sprained its foot.
It was charmed by Sinthgunt, her sister Sunna;
It was charmed by Frija, her sister Volla;
It was charmed by Wodan, as he well knew how:
Bone-sprain, like blood-sprain,
Like limb-sprain:
Bone to bone; blood to blood;
Limb to limb -- like they were glued.

Revised September 23, 1998.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Mexico: Drug Cartel Forced Members To Eat Human Hearts

Reuters huffingtonpost.com

Posted: 01/06/2015 11:24 am EST Updated: 01/06/2015 12:59 pm EST

MICHOACAN

A policeman stands guard at the crime scene after 11 people were killed in La Ruana, Michoacan state, Mexico on December 17, 2014. (STR/AFP/Getty Images) | STR via Getty Images

By Gabriel Stargardter

MEXICO CITY, Jan 6 (Reuters) - A vicious Mexican drug gang forced some members to eat the hearts of murder victims as part of a gruesome initiation rite to root out infiltrators, a government security official said on Tuesday, citing witness testimony.

For much of the past year, Michoacan, a mountainous, agricultural state in western Mexico, has been ravaged by fighting between drug gang henchmen and vigilantes who took up arms against the cartels but have since splintered into violent factions.

A mid-December shootout between two rival groups that killed 11 people has reignited fears the government is failing to control the state after flooding it with federal troops and pressing vigilantes into a fledgling rural police force.

The renewed fighting in Michoacan comes as President Enrique Pena Nieto faces his deepest crisis since taking office, following the apparent murder of 43 trainee teachers by a drug gang working with corrupt police in neighboring Guerrero state.

The incident sparked widespread protests against the government, compounded by conflict-of-interest scandals enveloping the president and his finance minister. Pena Nieto was expected to discuss Mexico's chronic violence with U.S. President Barack Obama in Washington on Tuesday.

The main gangs operating in Michoacan, La Familia Michoacana, and later offshoot the Knights Templar cartel, were founded by Nazario Moreno, or "The Craziest One," a cultish crime boss who was finally killed in March 2014 after the previous government declared him

dead in 2010.

Interviewed on local television, Alfredo Castillo, Michoacan's federal security commissioner, denied cannibalism was widespread, but said there were various testimonies indicating heart-eating was part of a macabre initiation Moreno used to root out moles or test his men's loyalty.

"The ritual ranged from dismembering people they intended to kill to sometimes serving up the heart," Castillo said.

He did not elaborate on who provided the testimony and did not specify when and where the alleged initiation rituals took place. Castillo could not immediately be reached for comment.

More than 100,000 people have been killed in gang-related violence in Mexico since 2007.

(Reporting by Gabriel Stargardter; Editing by Simon Gardner and Tom Brown)

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Michael Mosley: Why I consumed my own blood

- 4 hours ago
- From the section Magazine

Michael Mosley with his blood sausage

Human blood is an extraordinary substance that manages simultaneously to nourish, sustain protect and regenerate our bodies, but despite decades of research we are only just beginning to exploit its full potential. Michael Mosley has been putting his own blood through a series of rigorous tests.

In 1897 Bram Stoker's Dracula was published, helping fan an interest in blood-drinking human vampires that has never gone away. In the novel, Count Dracula feeds on human blood and transforms himself from a little old man with white hair into a dark-haired super-athlete.

Stoker's novel, and others that came before it (such as "Carmilla", a novel about a lesbian vampire) were in turn inspired by centuries of mythology that have surrounded blood, mainly focused on its alleged powers to heal and restore.

In Roman times the sick, particularly epileptics, were encouraged to attend gladiatorial combats in the hope that they would be able to cure their illnesses by drinking the blood of a freshly killed gladiator

In later centuries, medical practice focused more often on blood letting than blood consumption, but the belief in the power of blood to restore and rejuvenate persisted.

Bloodletting

- Bloodletting was a common medical practice for nearly 2,000 years
- In medieval times, the person who cut your hair and gave you a shave also did the bloodletting
- On barber poles the white represents fresh clean bandages, and the red represents blood
- Originally you'd have had a basin on top to hold the leeches, and one underneath to hold the blood
- George Washington, first president of the US, is just one of many people bled to death by their doctor
- Draining "overheated blood" from a patient deprived them of critical infection fighters -

white blood cells

A 16th century Hungarian Countess, Elizabeth Bathory, is said to have bathed in the blood of 650 slaughtered virgins in the hope that their fresh blood would somehow help her cling on to her own fading youth.

This is clearly nonsense. Or is it?

Blood transfusions have been saving lives for decades and blood itself is certainly extremely nutritious. To demonstrate, I decided to make a blood pudding out of my own blood and then eat it. Rich in iron, protein and vitamin C, it is also quite calorific. In fact there's almost twice as many calories per ml of blood as, say, beer.

Preparationsforthebloodpudding

But the legends claim that fresh blood can do far more than simply nourish us - that it has a transformative power. And modern science - at least when it comes to transfusions - seems to back that up.

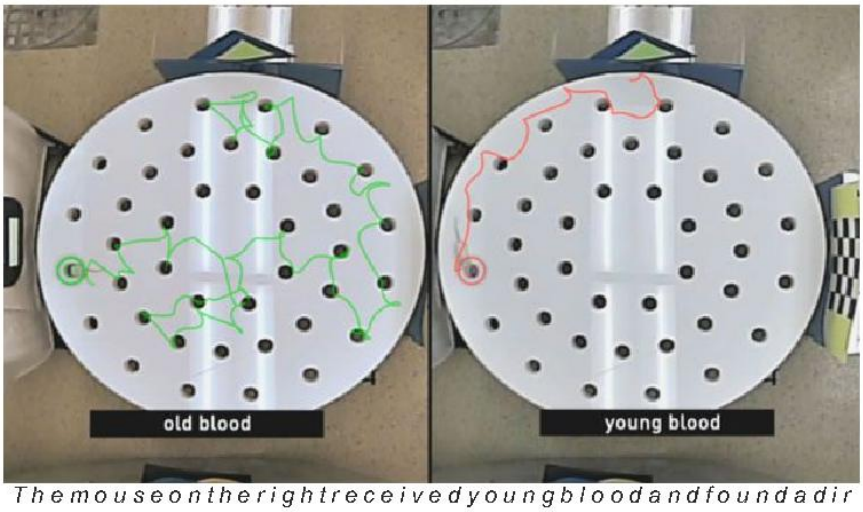
A few months ago I met Dr Saul Villeda, a biologist at the University of California, who has been doing some extraordinary research looking at what happens if you inject blood from young mice into old mice. This is not being done simply to replace elderly blood but to transform it.

After an infusion of young blood the old mice perform significantly better in memory tests, such as finding their way through back to their nest.

The effects of young blood on elderly brains is particularly striking when you look at the brain cells themselves. When mice - like humans - age, the neurons end up looking like tired, shrivelled peanuts.

Once the brain cells from an elderly mouse have been infused with young blood, however, they start sprouting new connections to fellow neurons and become much more like those of a young , smart, mouse.

Villeda thinks that something in young blood triggers increased activity in the stem cells of old mice, cells that then give rise to new, younger neurons.



The mouse on the right received young blood and found a direct route back to the nest

Although most studies so far have been done in rodents, trials have begun at Stanford University in which patients with early signs of Alzheimer's get infusions of blood from young volunteers. So can Villeda imagine a time when elderly people with fading memories are regularly infused with blood from young people?

"My hope," Villeda says, "is that we can identify the youthful factors in blood that we want to raise and the ageing factors we have to lower. And I think that'll be a much better way, a much more controlled way."

Understandably I wasn't allowed to take part in the trial and my children were strangely reluctant to donate their blood, so instead I tried a different form of blood-based rejuvenation therapy - an infusion of PRP (platelet rich plasma), more popularly known as the Vampire Facelift.

Championed by the likes of Kim Kardashian, it consists of taking your own blood, spinning it down, extracting the plasma and and injecting it back into your face. Strange as it sounds, the use of PRP to heal and repair is currently a very hot area of scientific research.

Janet Hadfield, director of a company called Biotherapy Services, which does research into PRP, says that PRP has been used for years to promote wound healing and to treat sports injuries. Fans are said to include the golfer Tiger Woods and the tennis player Rafael Nadal.

Michael Mosley gets a Vampire Facelift

More recently there have been trials of PRP at the Royal London Hospital to see if it will help to speed up wound repair in type-2 diabetics, who are particularly prone to developing wounds that won't heal. The results so far suggest it does.

No-one is sure how it works, but a study published some years ago in the Journal of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery found that extracting plasma by centrifuging it leads to the release of significant levels of growth factors which may promote wound healing and collagen

growth.

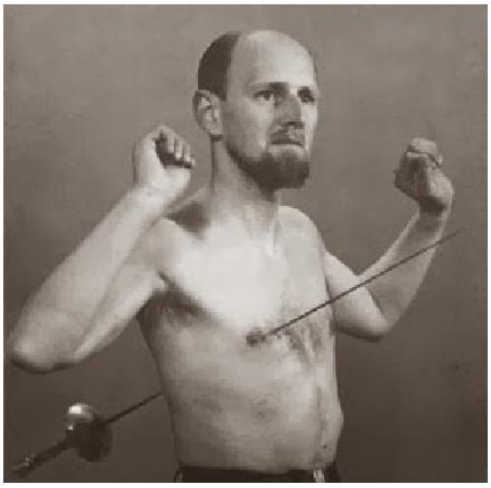
When I asked Hadfield what changes I could expect, she replied: "After a couple of weeks you should be able to feel a difference in the tone and texture of your skin. Hopefully it will become more like a baby's bum."

So I did it and a couple of weeks later, just as promised, there were some subtle changes. But it is expensive and the improvement was not impressive enough to make me want to do it again.

Nonetheless, after doing a range of other fascinating experiments, I was left with a huge respect for this very special fluid.

Subscribe to the BBC News Magazine's email newsletter *to get articles sent to your inbox.*

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*



A rare type

Mirin Dajo was the pseudonym of a fakir of Dutch origin born on August 6, 1912 with the name of **Gerrit Arnold Henske** , his career as a fakir was short since the May 26, 1948 he died of a tear in the aorta.

His fame became world was due to the seeming invulnerability of your body and as it was able to cross your body with all kinds of objects without suffering significant damage. The medical community was shocked by his own prowess that on more than one occasion were labeled assemblies. But he could never prove any "trick" involved.

Born in Rotterdam, **Mirin Dajo** was a successful person who left his job at a design firm owned to meet the "calls" inside. And that Mirin **claimed to have dreams and paranormal experiences** that led him 33 years to leave his past life and travel to Amsterdam where he began to make money sticking sharp objects leaving clubs in the body, swallowing glass and razor blades.

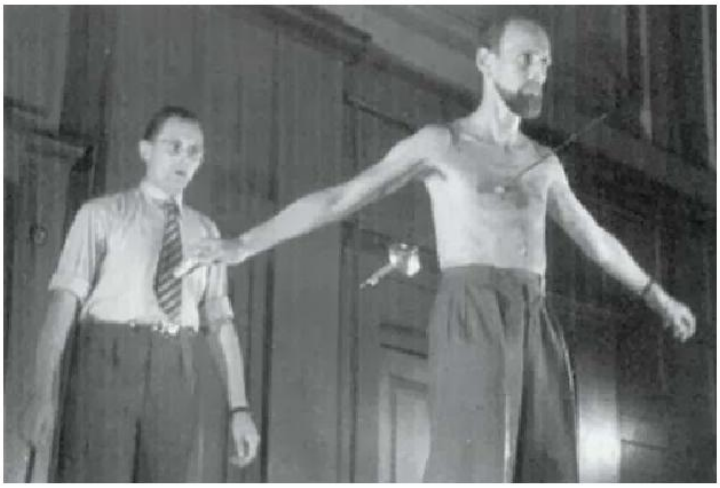
Gerrit Arnold Henske then changed its name to Mirin Dajo which means "Great" in Esperanto, a universal language that aims to unite all cultures, is that Dajo had a vision of the reality in which he said God was using him and had given him his invulnerability to send a message of peace. The men must abandon all materialistic attitude and accept that there is a higher power and that his materialism only lead them to war and misery

His most famous trick - **be pierced by a sword**

The following video shows his most famous stunt, be pierced by a sharp object, it is speculated that through the body of Mirin could be a number of artificial conduits that would have required years to achieve, have documented several holes at different angles of entry and exit. This theory is the most common due to lack of blood in his "performances".

Performances of Fame World

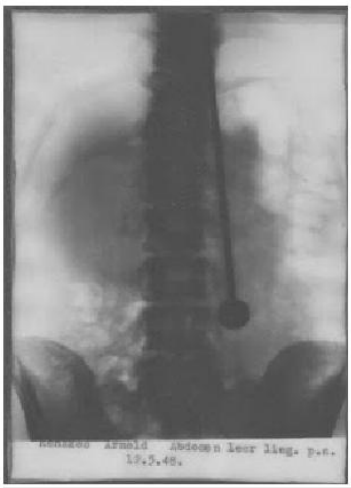
Because for the show required a license, **Mirin Dajo** was taken to **Professor Carp** , Dr. Bertholt and also Dr.**Stokvis** at the University of Leiden. They authorized their show but not



their "prophetic mission".

Besides its well documented ability to be pierced by swords, they claimed that his invulnerability had been tested in other tests like drinking boiling water bars burning steel and even received two bullet wounds in his head, showing two scars it claimed were the impacts, one on his right eye and another in the center of the forehead.
In 1947 he traveled to Switzerland where he initially got a license to do his show provided they do not speak or "preach" his message during his performance. His assistant in the show, **Dirk Jan de Groot** , claimed that he was protected by several guardian angels and possessed telepathic powers and could heal people.

On 11 May 1948 the voices in his head had told him that he should swallow a steel needle, the needle had to be surgically removed on May 13. Ten days later he entered a trance of course never came out, his death was ruled as a result of a tear in the aorta. Both his assistant and the surgeon who operated denied the result of the autopsy, his death was the ultimate proof that there was no trick in their performances.



Contacto Paranormal US © 2013. All Rights Reserved. Powered by TIN

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Name: Misiginebig
Tribal affiliation: Ojibway, Algonquin, Ottawa, Menominee, Shawnee, Cree
Alternate spellings: Mishiginebig, Mishi-Ginebig, Meshkenabec, Msi-Knebik, Kichikinebik, Kichiginebig, Mishi-Kinebig, Mishikinebik, Misikinebik, Meshkenabec, Mshignebig, Kchiknebig, Mshiknebik, Kchiknebik, Kichiknebik, Kchiknebig, Kchiginebig, Mshiginebig, Misi-Ginebig, Misiganebic, Miciginabik, Miciginabig, Micikinebik, Mecikenäpikwa, Maeci-Kenupik, Maec-Kenupik, Meqsekenaepik, Misikinubick, Misikinubik, Meshe-Kinebik, Meshekenabek, Misi-Kinebik, Mi'shikine'bik, Mi'siki'nipik, Misikinebik, Msi-Kinepikwa, Msí kinépikwa, Misi-Kinopik, Ktchi-Kinepikwa, Me'cigenepigwa, Misiganebic, Mi:'s-kenu:pik, Msi-kinepeikwa, Kinepikwa, Misikinipik, Psikinepikwa, Psikinépikwa, Genay-big, Mah-she-ken-a-peck
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: usually mih-sih-gih-nay-big, kih-chih-gih-nay-bick, or mih-shih-gih-nay-big.
Also known as: Great Serpent, Wewiwilemita Manetu
Type: Lake monster, serpent

Related figures in other tribes: Pitaskog (Abenaki), Kitchi-at'Husis (Maliseet), Jipijka'm (Micmac), Maneto (Fox), Mehne (Cheyenne)

Misiginebig is an underwater horned serpent, common to the legends of most Algonquian tribes, which is said to lurk in lakes and eat humans. Their sworn enemies are the Thunder Birds, who can kill them with bolts of thunder. The name *misiginebig* literally means Great Serpent in the Anishinabe languages.

Misiginebig Stories

- **Iyash and the Horned Serpent:**
  Severn Ojibwe legend about Kicikinepek and the Thunderbirds.
- **Great Serpent and the Great Flood:**
  Chippewa story about Nanabozho slaying Mishi-Ginebig.
- **Thunder Mountain:**
  Potawatomi legend about a battle between a thunderbird and a great serpent.
- **Shawnee Mythology:**
  Overview of Shawnee oral traditions, including two tales of the Great Horned Serpent.
- **Thunder Son:**
  Shawnee story about a woman who unwittingly married a Great Serpent.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **Ojibway Tales:**
  Good collection of traditional folktales retold by an Ojibway author.
- **The Mishomis Book: Voice of the Ojibway:**
  Excellent book by a Native author exploring Ojibway legends and traditions.

Mortuary School Sues NYC: Give Us More Cadavers!

Published at 6:48 PM EDT on Mar 6, 2015 nbcmiami.com

A Manhattan mortuary school has sued New York City to demand it resume a long-standing practice of sending unclaimed cadavers for its students to study.

The American Academy McAllister Institute of Funeral Service says it could lose its accreditation without more bodies.

The school's lawyer says students must participate in at least 10 clinical embalmings to earn their degree.

The lawsuit was filed against the city Health Department on Thursday.

It says the city medical examiner stopped sending bodies to the school in June. It says it's a violation of state law requiring the city to release cadavers to mortuary and medical schools promptly.

The city's Law Department said Friday it is reviewing the suit.

Copyright Associated Press

Mourning the Death of a Spouse

chain tales of Aarne-Thompson type 2022
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2002-2006

1. Little Louse and Little Flea (Germany).
2. Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse (England).
3. The Cock Who Fell into the Brewing Vat (Norway).
4. The Cat and the Mouse (Italy).
5. The Death and Burial of Poor Hen-Sparrow (Pakistan).
6. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Germany

A little louse and a little flea kept house together. They were brewing beer in an eggshell when the little louse fell in and burned herself to death. At this the little flea began to cry loudly.

Then the little parlor door said, "Why are you crying, little flea?"

"Because little louse has burned herself to death."

Then the little door began to creak.

Then a little broom in the corner said, "Why are you creaking, little door?"

"Why should I not be creaking?

> Little louse has burned herself to death.
> Little flea is crying."

Then the little broom began to sweep furiously.

Then a little cart came by and said, "Why are you sweeping, little broom?"

"Why should I not be sweeping?

> Little louse has burned herself to death.
> Little flea is crying.
> Little door is creaking."

A cuckoo went to drink at the fountain, and asked, "Fountain, why have you dried up?" And the fountain told him all that had happened.

"And I, as cuckoo, will put my tail in the fire."

A monk of St. Nicholas passed by, and said, "Cuckoo, why is your tail in the fire?"

When the monk heard the answer he said, "And I, as monk of St. Nicholas, will go and say mass without my robes."

Then came the queen, who, when she heard what the matter was, said, "And I, as queen, will go and sift the meal."

At last the king came by, and asked, " 0h Queen! Why are you sifting the meal?"

When the queen had told him everything, he said: "And I, as king, am going to take my coffee."

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1885), no. 82, pp. 257-259.
- The episode of the cat choosing a mate is classified as Aarne-Thompson type 2023.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Death and Burial of Poor Hen-Sparrow

Pakistan

Once upon a time there lived a cock-sparrow and his wife, who were both growing old. But despite his years the cock-sparrow was a gay, festive old bird, who plumed himself upon his appearance, and was quite a ladies' man. So he cast his eyes on a lively young hen, and determined to marry her, for he was tired of his sober old wife.

The wedding was a mighty grand affair, and everybody as jolly and merry as could be, except of course the poor old wife, who crept away from all the noise and fun to sit disconsolately on a quiet branch just under a crow's nest, where she could be as melancholy as she liked without anybody poking fun at her.

Now while she sat there it began to rain, and after a while the drops, soaking through the crow's nest, came drip-dripping onto her feathers. She, however, was far too miserable to care, and sat there all huddled up and peepy till the shower was over. Now it so happened that the crow had used some scraps of dyed cloth in lining its nest, and as these became wet the colors ran, and dripping down on to the poor old hen-sparrow beneath, dyed her feathers until she was as gay as a peacock.

Fine feathers make fine birds, we all know, and she really looked quite spruce; so much so, that when she flew home, the new wife nearly burst with envy, and asked her at once where she had found such a lovely dress.

"Easily enough," replied the old wife; "I just went into the dyer's vat."

The bride instantly determined to go there also. She could not endure the notion of the old thing being better dressed than she was, so she flew off at once to the dyer's, and being in a great hurry, went pop into the middle of the vat, without waiting to see if it was hot or cold. It turned out to be just scalding. Consequently the poor thing was half boiled before she managed to scramble out.

Meanwhile, the gay old cock, not finding his bride at home, flew about distractedly in search of her, and you may imagine what bitter tears he wept when he found her, half drowned and half boiled, with her feathers all awry, lying by the dyer's vat.

"What has happened?" quoth he.

But the poor bedraggled thing could only gasp out feebly:

> The old wife was dyed --
> The nasty old cat!
> And I, the gay bride,
> Fell into the vat!

Whereupon the cock-sparrow took her up tenderly in his bill and flew away home with his precious burden. Now, just as he was crossing the big river in front of his house, the old hen-sparrow, in her gay dress, looked out of the window, and when she saw her old husband bringing home his young bride in such a sorry plight, she burst out laughing shrilly, and called aloud, "That is right! That is right! Remember what the song says:

> Old wives must scramble through water and mud,
> But young wives are carried dry-shod o'er the flood."

This allusion so enraged her husband that he could not contain himself, but cried out, "Hold your tongue, you shameless old cat!"

Of course, when he opened his mouth to speak, the poor draggled bride fell out, and, going plump into the river, was drowned. Whereupon the cock-sparrow was so distracted with grief that he picked off all his feathers until he was as bare as a plowed field. Then, going to a pipal tree, he sat all naked and forlorn on the branches, sobbing and sighing.

"What has happened?" cried the pipal tree, aghast at the sight.

"Don't ask me!" wailed the cock-sparrow. "It isn't manners to ask questions when a body is in deep mourning."

But the pipal would not be satisfied without an answer, so at last poor bereaved cock-sparrow replied:

> The ugly hen painted.
> By jealousy tainted,

The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair!

On hearing this sad tale, the pipal became overwhelmed with grief and, declaring it must mourn also, shed all its leaves on the spot.

By and by a buffalo, coming in the heat of the day to rest in the shade of the pipal tree, was astonished to find nothing but bare twigs.

"What has happened?" cried the buffalo. "You were as green as possible yesterday!"

"Don't ask me!" whimpered the pipal. "Where are your manners? Don't you know it isn't decent to ask questions when people are in mourning?"

But the buffalo insisted on having an answer, so at last, with many sobs and sighs, the pipal replied:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Bewailing his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves!"

"Oh dear me!" cried the buffalo. "How very sad! I really must mourn too!"

So she immediately cast her horns, and began to weep and wail. After a while, becoming thirsty, she went to drink at the riverside.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the river, "What is the matter? And what have you done with your horns?"

"How rude you are!" wept the buffalo. "Can't you see I am in deep mourning? And it isn't polite to ask questions."

But the river persisted until the buffalo, with many groans, replied:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves

By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns!

"Dreadful!" cried the river, and wept so fast that its water became quite salt [salty].

By and by a cuckoo, coming to bathe in the stream, called out, "Why, river! What has happened? You are as salt as tears!"

"Don't ask me!" mourned the stream. "It is too dreadful for words!" Nevertheless, when the cuckoo would take no denial, the river replied:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns;
The stream, weeping fast,
Grows briny at last!

"Oh dear! Oh dear me!" cried the cuckoo. "How very, very sad! I must mourn too!" So it plucked out an eye, and going to a corn [grain] merchant's shop, sat on the doorstep and wept.

"Why, little cuckoo! what's the matter?" cried Bhagtu the shopkeeper. "You are generally the pertest of birds, and today you are as dull as ditchwater!"

"Don't ask me!" sniveled the cuckoo. "It is such terrible grief! Such dreadful sorrow! Such-such horrible pain!"

However, when Bhagtu persisted, the cuckoo, wiping its one eye on its wing, replied:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns;

The stream, weeping fast,
Grows briny at last;
The cuckoo with sighs
Blinds one of its eyes!

"Bless my heart!" cried Bhagtu, "But that is simply the most heartrending tale I ever heard in my life! I must really mourn likewise!" Whereupon he wept, and wailed, and beat his breast, until he went completely out of his mind. And when the queen's maidservant came to buy of him, he gave her pepper instead of turmeric, onion instead of garlic, and wheat instead of pulse.

"Dear me, friend Bhagtu!" quoth the maidservant. "Your wits are wool-gathering! What's the matter?"

"Don't! please don't!" cried Bhagtu. "I wish you wouldn't ask me, for I am trying to forget all about it. It is too dreadful -- too, too terrible!"

At last, however, yielding to the maid's entreaties, he replied, with many sobs and tears:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns;
The stream, weeping fast,
Grows briny at last;
The cuckoo with sighs
Blinds one of its eyes;
Bhagtu's grief so intense is,
He loses his senses!

"How very sad!" exclaimed the maidservant. "I don't wonder at your distress. But it is always so in this miserable world! Everything goes wrong!"

Whereupon she fell to railing at everybody and everything in the world, until the queen said to her, "What is the matter, my child? What distresses you?"

"Oh!" replied the maidservant, "The old story! Everyone is miserable, and I most of all! Such dreadful news! --

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,

The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns;
The stream, weeping fast,
Grows briny at last;
The cuckoo with sighs
Blinds one of its eyes;
Bhagtu's grief so intense is,
He loses his senses;
The maidservant wailing
Has taken to railing!

"Too true!" wept the queen, "Too true! The world is a vale of tears! There is nothing for it but to try and forget!" Whereupon she set to work dancing away as hard as she could.

By and by in came the prince, who, seeing her twirling about, said, "Why, mother! what is the matter?"

The queen, without stopping, gasped out:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns;
The stream, weeping fast,
Grows briny at last;
The cuckoo with sighs
Blinds one of its eyes;
Bhagtu's grief so intense is,
He loses his senses;
The maidservant wailing
Has taken to railing;
The queen, joy enhancing,
Takes refuge in dancing!

"If that is your mourning, I'll mourn too!" cried the prince, and seizing his tambourine, he began to thump on it with a will. Hearing the noise, the king came in, and asked what was the matter.

"This is the matter!" cried the prince, drumming away with all his might:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Lamenting his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns;
The stream, weeping fast,
Grows briny at last;
The cuckoo with sighs
Blinds one of its eyes;
Bhagtu's grief so intense is,
He loses his senses;
The maidservant wailing
Has taken to railing;
The queen, joy enhancing,
Takes refuge in dancing;
To aid the mirth coming,
The prince begins drumming!

"Capital! capital!" cried the king, "That's the way to do it!" So, seizing his zither, he began to thrum away like one possessed.

And as they danced, the queen, the king, the prince, and the maidservant sang:

The ugly hen painted.
By jealousy tainted,
The pretty hen dyed.
Bewailing his bride,
The cock, bald and bare,
Sobs loud in despair;
The pipal tree grieves
By shedding its leaves;
The buffalo mourns
By casting her horns;
The stream, weeping fast,
Grows briny at last;

The cuckoo with sighs
Blinds one of its eyes;
Bhagtu's grief so intense is,
He loses his senses;
The maidservant wailing
Has taken to railing;
The queen, joy enhancing,
Takes refuge in dancing;
To aid the mirth coming,
The prince begins drumming;
To join in it with her
The king strums the zither!

So they danced and sang till they were tired, and that was how everyone mourned poor cock-sparrow's pretty bride.

- Source: Flora Annie Steel (1847-1929), *Tales of the Punjab: Told by the People* (London: The Bodley Head, 1973), no. 18, pp. 100-107.
- This collection was first published under the title of *Wide-Awake Stories* (London: Trubner and Company, 1884). A new edition appeared under the title *Tales of the Punjab: Told by the People* (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1894).
- Steel's source for this story: "Hajjan, a Pathan girl at Muzaffargarh."
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

- The Death of a Child. Folktales about excessive mourning.
- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales).
- The Grimm Brothers' Home Page.
- Aging and Death in Folklore. An essay by D. L. Ashliman, with supporting texts from proverbs, folktales, and myths from around the world.
- Texts of additional chain tales.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Return to the table of contents.

Revised April 29, 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Then the little cart said, "Then I will run," and it began to run furiously.

It ran by a little manure pile, which said, "Why are you running, little cart?"

"Why should I not be running?

Little louse has burned herself to death.
Little flea is crying.
Little door is creaking.
Little broom is sweeping."

Then the little manure pile said, "Then I will burn furiously," and it began to burn in bright flames.

A little tree that stood near the little manure pile said, "Little manure pile, why are you burning?"

"Why should I not be burning?

Little louse has burned herself to death.
Little flea is crying.
Little door is creaking.
Little broom is sweeping.
Little cart is running."

Then the little tree said, "Then I will shake myself," and it began to shake itself until all its leaves fell off.

A girl who came up with her water pitcher saw that, and said, "Little tree, why are you shaking?"

"Why should I not be shaking?

Little louse has burned herself to death.
Little flea is crying.
Little door is creaking.
Little broom is sweeping.
Little cart is running.
Little manure pile is burning."

Then the girl said, "Then I will break my little water pitcher." And she broke her little water pitcher.

Then the little spring from which the water was flowing said, "Girl, why did you break your little water pitcher?"

"Why should I not break my little water pitcher?

Little louse has burned herself to death.
Little flea is crying.
Little door is creaking.
Little broom is sweeping.
Little cart is running.
Little manure pile is burning.
Little tree is shaking."

"Oh," said the spring, "then I will begin to flow," and it began to flow furiously. And everything drowned in the water: the girl, the little tree, the little manure pile, the little cart, the little broom, the little door, the little flea, and the little louse, all together.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Läuschen und Flöhchen, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales), no. 30.
- The Grimms' source: Dorothea Catharina Wild (1752-1813). This tale was introduced to the Grimms' collection in the first edition (1812).
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2002.
- Translator's notes:
    1. From the German-language original it is impossible to determine the genders of the louse and the flea. I have arbitrarily made the deceased louse a female and the grieving flea a male, although it could also have been the other way around.
    2. Most English translators have ignored the diminutive endings in the Grimms' title *Läuschen und Flöhchen,* thus translating the title as "The Louse and the Flea."
- Link to the text of this tale in a single file: Little Louse and Little Flea.
- Return to the table of contents.

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse

England

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse both lived in a house. Titty Mouse went a leasing and Tatty Mouse went a leasing, so they both went a leasing.

Titty Mouse leased an ear of corn, and Tatty Mouse leased an ear of corn, so they both leased an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a pudding, so they both made a pudding.

And Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the pot to boil, but when Titty went to put hers in, the pot tumbled over, and scalded her to death.

Then Tatty sat down and wept. Then a three-legged stool said, "Tatty, why do you weep?"

"Titty's dead," said Tatty, "and so I weep."

"Then," said the stool, "I'll hop," so the stool hopped.

Then a broom in the corner of the room said, "Stool, why do you hop?"

"Oh!" said the stool, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and so I hop."

"Then," said the broom, "I'll sweep," so the broom began to sweep.

"Then," said the door, "Broom, why do you sweep?"

"Oh!" said the broom, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep."

"Then," said the door, "I'll jar," so the door jarred.

Then said the window, "Door, why do you jar?"

"Oh!" said the door, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and so I jar."

"Then," said the window, "I'll creak," so the window creaked.

Now there was an old form outside the house, and when the window creaked, the form said, "Window, why do you creak?"

"Oh!" said the window, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and so I creak."

"Then," said the old form, "I'll run round the house." Then the old form ran round the house.

Now there was a fine large walnut tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said to the form, "Form, why do you run round the house?"

"Oh!" said the form, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I run round the house."

"Then," said the walnut tree, "I'll shed my leaves," so the walnut tree shed all its beautiful green leaves.

Now there was a little bird perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when all the leaves fell, it said, "Walnut tree, why do you shed your leaves?"

"Oh!" said the tree, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, and so I shed my leaves."

"Then," said the little bird, "I'll molt all my feathers," so he molted all his pretty feathers.

Now there was a little girl walking below, carrying a jug of milk for her brothers' and sisters' supper, and when she saw the poor little bird molt all its feathers, she said, "Little bird, why do you molt all your feathers?"

"Oh!" said the little bird, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut tree sheds its leaves, and so I molt all my feathers."

"Then," said the little girl, "I'll spill the milk," so she dropped the pitcher and spilled the milk.

Now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder thatching a rick, and when he saw the little girl spill the milk, he said, "Little girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk? Your little brothers and sisters must go without their supper."

Then said the little girl, "Titty's dead, Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut tree sheds all its leaves, the little bird molts all its feathers, and so I spill the milk."

"Oh!" said the old man, "then I'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck," so he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck. And when the old man broke his neck, the great walnut tree fell down with a crash, and upset the old form and house, and the house falling knocked the window out, and the window knocked the door down, and the door upset the broom, and the broom upset the stool, and poor little Tatty Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*, 3rd ed. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons and David Nutt, 1898), no. 16, pp. 77-80.
- Jacobs lists his source as "Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 115." This volume is presumable *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales* by James Orchard Halliwell (London, 1843). Halliwell also used the name Halliwell-Phillips.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cock Who Fell into the Brewing Vat

Norway

Once upon a time there was a cook and a hen, who were out in a field scratching and scraping and pecking.

All at once the hen found a barleycorn, and the cock found a bur of hops, and so they made up their minds they would make some malt and brew beer for Christmas.

"I plucked the barley and I malted the corn and brewed the beer, and the beer is good," cackled the hen.

"Is the wort strong enough?" said the cock, and flew up to the edge of the vat to taste it; but when he stooped down to take a sip he began flapping with his wings and fell on his head into the vat and was drowned.

When the hen saw this she was quite beside herself. She flew onto the hearth and began to scream and cry, "Got, got, got, drowned! Got, got, got, drowned!" And this she went on crying all the time and would not stop.

"What is the matter with you, Mother Tup, since you are crying and grieving so?" asked the hand-quern.

"Oh, Father Tup has fallen into the brewing vat and got drowned and there he lies dead!" said the hen. "That's the reason I cry and grieve."

"Well, if I can't do anything else I will grind and groan," said the hand-quern, and began grinding as fast as it could.

When the stool heard this it said, "What's the matter with you, quern, since you groan and grind so fast?"

"Oh, Father Tup has fallen into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth, crying and grieving; therefore I grind and groan," said the hand-quern.

"Well, if I can't do anything else I shall creak," said the stool, and began creaking and cracking.

This the door heard, so it said, "What's the matter with you? Why are you creaking, stool?"

"Oh, Father Tup has fallen into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth crying and grieving and the hand-quern is grinding and groaning; therefore I creak and crack and crackle," said the stool.

"Well, if I can't do anything else I'll bang and slam and whine and whistle" said the door, and began opening and shutting and slamming and banging till it went through one's bones and marrow to hear it.

This the dustbin heard.

"Why are you slamming and banging like that, door?" said the bin.

"Oh, Father Tup fell into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth crying and grieving; the hand-quern is grinding and groaning; the stool is creaking and cracking; therefore I keep slamming and banging," said the door.

"Well, if I can't do anything else I'll fume and smoke," said the dustbin, and began fuming and smoking and sending the dust up in clouds all over the room.

This the hay-rake saw, as it stood peeping in through the window.

"Why are you raising the dust like that, dustbin?" asked the rake.

"Oh, Father Tup fell into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth crying and grieving; the hand-quern is grinding and groaning; the stool is creaking and cracking; the door is slamming and banging; therefore I keep fuming and smoking," said the dustbin.

"Well, if I can't do anything else I'll rake and rend," said the rake, and began rending and

raking.

This the aspen tree saw as it looked on.

"Why do you rend and rake like that, rake? said the tree.

"Oh, Father Tup fell into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth crying and grieving; the hand-quern is grinding and groaning; the stool is creaking and cracking; the door is slamming and banging; the dustbin is fuming and smoking; therefore I keep rending and raking," said the rake.

"Well, if I can't do anything else," said the aspen, "I will quiver and quake."

This the birds noticed. "Why do you quiver and quake like that?" said the birds to the tree.

"Oh, Father Tup fell into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth crying and grieving; the hand-quern is grinding and groaning; the stool is creaking and cracking; the door is slamming and banging; the dustbin is fuming and smoking; the rake is rending and raking; therefore I quiver and quake," said the aspen.

"Well, if we can't do anything else we will pluck off our feathers," said the birds, and began pecking and plucking till the feathers flew about the farm like snow.

The farmer stood looking on, and when he saw the feathers flying about he asked the birds, "Why are you plucking off your feathers like that, birds?"

"Oh, Father Tup fell into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth crying and grieving; the hand-quern is grinding and groaning; the stool is creaking and cracking; the door is slamming and banging; the dustbin is fuming and smoking; the rake is rending and raking; the aspen is quivering and quaking; therefore we keep pecking and plucking," said the birds.

"Well, if I can't do anything else I will pull the besoms to pieces," said the farmer, and began tugging and pulling the besoms to pieces, so that the twigs flew about, both east and west.

His wife was boiling the porridge for supper when she saw this. "Why are you pulling the besoms to pieces, husband?" said she.

"Oh, Father Tup fell into the brewing vat and got drowned; Mother Tup is sitting on the hearth crying and grieving; the hand-quern is grinding and groaning; the stool is creaking and cracking; the door is slamming and banging; the dustbin is fuming and smoking; the rake is rending and raking; the aspen is quivering and quaking; the birds are pecking and plucking off their feathers; therefore I am pulling the besom to pieces," said the man.

"Well, then I'll daub the walls all over with porridge," she said. And she set about it there and then, and took one ladleful after another and smeared the porridge all over the walls, so that no one could see what they were made of.

Then they kept the burial feast of the cock who fell into the brewing vat. And if you don't believe it, you had better go there and taste both the beer and the porridge.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen, *Fairy Tales from the Far North,* translated by H. L. Brækstad (New York: A. L. Burt Company, 1897), pp. 172-177.
- Link to the story in the original Norwegian: Hanen som falt I bryggekaret.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cat and the Mouse

Italy

Once upon a time there was a cat that wanted to get married. So she stood on a corner, and every one who passed by said, "Little Cat, what's the matter?"

"What's the matter? I want to marry."

A dog passed by and said, "Do you want me?"

"When I see how you can sing."

The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

"Fy! What horrid singing! I don't want you."

A pig passed. "Do you want me, Little Cat?"

"When I see how you sing."

"Uh! uh!"

"Fy! You are horrid! Go away! I don't want you."

A calf passed and said, "Little Cat, will you take me?"

"When I see how you sing."

"Uhm!"

"Go away, for you are horrid! What do you want of me?"

A mouse passed by: "Little Cat, what are you doing ?"

"I am going to get married."

"Will you take me?"

"And how can you sing?"

"Ziu, ziu!"

The cat accepted him, and said, "Let us go and be married, for you please me." So they were married.

One day the cat went to buy some pastry, and left the mouse at home.

"Don't stir out, for I am going to buy some pastry."

The mouse went into the kitchen, saw the pot on the fire, and crept into it, for he wanted to eat the beans. But he did not; for the pot began to boil, and the mouse stayed there. The cat came back and began to cry; but the mouse did not appear. So the cat put the pastry in the pot for dinner. When it was ready the cat ate, and put some on a plate for the mouse also. When she took out the pastry she saw the mouse stuck fast in it.

"Ah! my little mouse! Ah! my little mouse!" So she went and sat behind the door, lamenting the mouse.

"What is the matter," said the door, "that you are scratching yourself so and tearing out your hair?"

The cat said, "What is the matter? My mouse is dead, and so I tear my hair."

The door answered, "And I, as door, will slam."

In the door was a window, which said, "What's the matter, door, that you are slamming?"

"The mouse died, the cat is tearing her hair, and I am slamming."

The window answered, "And I, as window, will open and shut."

In the window was a tree, that said, "Window, why do you open and shut?"

The window answered, "The mouse died, the cat tears her hair, the door slams, and I open and shut."

The tree answered and said, "And I, as tree, will throw myself down."

A bird happened to alight in this tree, and said: "Tree, why did you throw yourself down?"

The tree replied, "The mouse died, the cat tears her hair, the door slams, the window opens and shuts, and I, as tree, threw myself down."

"And I, as bird, will pull out my feathers."

The bird went and alighted on a fountain, which said, "Bird, why are you plucking out your feathers so?"

The bird answered as the others had done, and the fountain said, "And I, as fountain, will dry up."

Mummified meditating monk: Perfectly preserved man found 200 years after death

mirror.co.uk

The mummified remains of a Mongolian monk, sitting in the Lotus position, believed to be over 200 hundred years old

These are the amazingly intact remains of a monk meditating that have lay undiscovered since sometime in the 1800s.

The discovery of the man sat in the lotus position has sparked a forensic investigation into the unknown religious devotee - with experts' initial evaluation suggesting the mummified remains are at least 200 years old.

The human relic, which had been preserved in animal skin, was found this week in Songinokhairkhan province, according to Mongolia's Morning Newspaper.

The mummified remains of a Mongolian monk, sitting in the Lotus position, believed to be over 200 hundred years old

Preserved: Experts believe the monk has sat undiscovered for at least 200 years

Investigators are now studying the remains in the capital Ulaanbataar.

In Koh Samui, Thailand, a mummified monk wearing sunglasses - Luong Pordaeng, who died in 1973 – provides an unusual tourist attraction.

Pordaeng sits upright in a glass case at Wat Khunaram temple.

Mummy unearthed when cotton was king goes on display

Maev Kennedy
Sunday 1 February 2015
theguardian.com

London exhibition features treasures and oddities that Lancashire industrialists gave to museums

A Peruvian mummy at the Cotton to Gold exhibition. Photograph: Linda Nylind for the Guardian

There must have been a sharp intake of breath at Towneley Hall in 1913 when the latest consignment of travel souvenirs from William T Taylor was opened. The museum in Burnley, Lancashirewas founded just 11 years earlier in a medieval mansion acquired by the local authority, but was already used to crates arriving from the electrical engineer as he trotted the globe, including textiles from Kashmir and ceramics from Mexico.

This time he had sent something extraordinary: the mummy of a 12th century Peruvian nobleman, snatched from what his relatives must have hoped would be eternal rest when they buried him deep in a cave in the Andes. He was buried with a selection of beautiful pottery: Taylor took that too.

The mummy, which normally lives in a cardboard box at Towneley Hall, is now the strangest object in an exhibition in London of the treasures and oddities Lancashire industrialists and entrepreneurs gave to local museums in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, including: Turner watercolours; Millais drawings; a set of coins of English monarchs and Roman emperors unrivalled outside the British Museum; Greek icons; stuffed birds, and beetles. A local paper feared the beetles might terrify lady visitors.

The gifts came when the region was booming on cotton, but it now includes some of the areas of greatest deprivation in the country, and as local authority funding is relentlessly squeezed, the museums are suffering. Curator Cynthia Johnston says many of the treasures are rarely on display at their Lancashire homes, which have been hit by repeated cuts in budgets, staff and opening hours.

“I really fear for the future of these places, and I hope this exhibition may make more people realise what wonderful things they hold,” she said.

Their treasures, from Towneley Hall and from museums in Blackburn and Accrington, are now on display until 19 April in the annual free winter exhibition at Two Temple Place, one of London’s most startling Victorian buildings, a Gothic fantasy originally created as the London

headquarters for the American-born millionaire Lord Astor.

The fantastic illuminated manuscripts and early printed books in the exhibition, including a Shakespeare third folio, were collected by Robert Edward Hart, who came from a rope-making family.

Typically, he once travelled by train to Maggs Bros book dealers in London with £5,000 in pound notes in a carpet bag: if the bookseller had wanted £5,001, Johnston said, Hart would have gone away again.

When Maggs' owners complained that it was going to take its clerk hours to count the cash, Hart explained he had not wanted his bank to know how much he was spending on books.

Co–curator Jack Hartnell said the best insight into the mummy snatcher came from Taylor's diary, on display beside his prize. The diary is visually startling, bound in the shaggy fur of a llama, but singularly un-illuminating, he said.

"Taylor clearly thought of himself as an Indiana Jones figure, scrambling down into the darkness, bones everywhere, attacked by bats, his candle repeatedly going out. But I'm afraid he's really a bit dull. The only change in him by the end of the diary is that he has lost his moustache."

The mummy had a reputation at Towneley for being haunted, and when the curators came to collect it for the London exhibition, one of the volunteers warned them solemnly that every time it was moved, blood was shed.

"Sure enough, one of the helpers did gash his thumb," Hartnell said cheerfully, adding: "So far, nothing more dire."

Cotton to Gold, 2 Temple Place, London WC2, free, until 19 April

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Murder of Lord Darnley - Historic Mysteries

He lived like a king, but died like a peasant.

The mysterious death of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, puzzles Scottish history researchers to this day.
Darnley came from a family that gave him claims to both the Scottish and English thrones via family ties with James II of Scotland and Henry VII of England. Darnley, in his younger years, enjoyed the childhood of the privileged few of the 16th century.

In February of 1565, at the age of 20, he traveled to Scotland and met the queen, Mary. She was smitten, and one chronicler said she "*took well with him, and said that he was the lustiest and best proportioned long man that she had seen.*"

Mary apparently continued to be smitten, as they were married that July and he became King of the Scots.

It was soon apparent that he would not handle himself regally. He made enemies at every turn with his bad temper, arrogant manner, and drunkenness. Even Mary tired of his company and the couple were often apart, although they got along well enough to produce a son — James — who would later rule both Scotland and England.

Their rocky marriage continued. As Mary was a Roman Catholic, divorce was out of the question. She may have turned to another solution.

In February of 1567, the royal couple were staying at Kirk o' Field, a large church house in Edinburgh. In the early hours of the 10th, there were two huge explosions which were heard for miles around. The Kirk was nearly destroyed. It was later determined that two barrels of gunpowder had been secreted under Darnley's bedroom, where he was recovering from smallpox (although other sources say he had syphilis).

People came from all over the vicinity to see the catastrophe.

But Darnley's body was not found in the rubble. After some cursory searching by the crowd, a soldier found the remains of Darnley and a servant on the grounds of the Kirk. It was apparent to everyone that the death wounds inflicted on Darnley and his servant were not from the explosion. The two men had clearly been strangled after the gunpowder had done its work.

Suspicion ran rampant. The noble families of Scotland wanted answers. That soldier who had come across the bodies was initially found innocent of the assassination, but then, on second thought, was brought to trial, found guilty, and summarily executed.

And where was Mary? She had been living at the Kirk along with Darnley, but (perhaps too

conveniently) was away at a wedding on the fateful night.

The facts cannot be ignored: somebody placed the gunpowder under Darnley's room. Shortly before it was set to explode, Darnley apparently learned of the threat and fled into the night (his body was found clothed only in a nightshirt), where somebody overpowered and strangled him.

The case has not closed.

The guilty parties could have been any of a number of Scottish nobles (with the Queen possibly in collusion) who were unhappy with the power Darnley wielded or who just didn't like the man. Later researchers would dismiss the notion that the executed soldier had any involvement in the murder of Lord Darnley.

Mary would soon have her own problems, as she would flee to England only to be imprisoned by Elizabeth I and eventually executed in 1587.

Whatever she knew about the death of her husband, she took it to the grave.

Sources:
"Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley" Wikipedia, pulled 6/12/12
"Lord Darnley" NNDB website, pulled 6/12/12
"The Murder of Lord Darnley" trot website, pulled 6/12/12

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Mysterious Photocopied Cats Popping Up Around University Library (UPDATED)

The Huffington Post | By Hilary Hanson huffingtonpost.com

Mysterious Photocopied Cats Popping Up Around University Of Wisconsin-Madison's Steenbock Library (UPDATED)

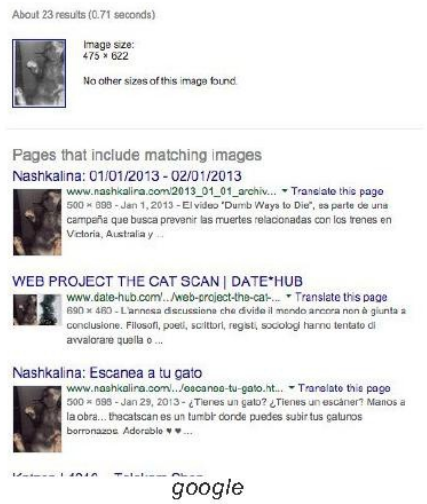
Posted: 03/18/2015 4:06 pm EDT Updated: 03/23/2015 11:59 am EDT

UPDATE: Images of photocopied cats have been popping up around a University of Wisconsin-Madison library, but the felines in the pictures were almost certainly not photocopied there.

The photo published in the Badger Herald was not originally taken at Steenbock Library, according to Natasha Veeser, Head of Communications at UW-Madison Libraries. She says the photo is at least four years old.

However, Veeser told HuffPost, the Badger Herald staff member did indeed find the photo at Steenbock earlier this week. The picture is one of many photocopied cat images that have been spotted around the library recently, she said.

Another image, which was emailed to HuffPost by a different Steenbock employee, is as old as at least 2013 and was likely not taken at Steenbock, based on a reverse Google image search.



google

EARLIER:

The case of the mysterious cat scan has staff baffled at a University of Wisconsin library.

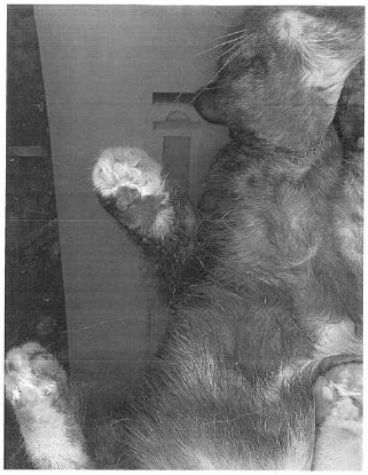
Multiple images of a photocopied cat have been popping up around Steenbock Memorial Library, the institution's library of agriculture and life sciences, veterinary medicine and human ecology.

"We don't really know what the situation is," a Steenbock employee, who wished to remain anonymous, told The Huffington Post.

The Badger Herald broke the story when one of the Herald's staff members happened to stumble across this picture at the library on Tuesday:

But that's not the only image that's been found. The Steenbock employee told HuffPost that, last week, library workers found this image of the copied cat stuffed behind a sign:

It's apparent that the image was made at the library because of the light fixture in the photo, the staff member said.



cat

Apparently, feline-related rumors have circulated around the library for some time now. HuffPost's source told us that, "a while ago," a student came into Steenbock and said, "Oh, I heard there was a cat in the library."

It's unclear whether the student was referring to photocopies or an actual cat in the flesh.

"They could have seen a cat, could have heard a cat, could have seen a picture," the staff member said.

Barry Kellogg, senior veterinary advisor for The Humane Society Veterinary Medical Association, told HuffPost there are probably no long-term ill health effects of photocopying a cat, but that the cat probably doesn't enjoy the process all that much.

"There are no known real risks to this," Kellogg said in an email. "There may be some discomfort to the eyes because of the bright light, but that is temporary only. There's no real worry from a health point of view."

Kellogg also noted that restraining the cat, or attempting to partially close the photocopier lid, could be stressful for the feline.

CORRECTION: *A previous version of this article stated that ASPCA veterinarians said that the flashing light from a photocopier could damage a cat's eyes. ASPCA veterinarians actually stated they were unsure if the light would cause harm or not, and that only a veterinary ophthalmologist could say for sure.*

Like Us On Facebook |
Follow Us On Twitter |
Contact The Author

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Myths and legends. The sacamantecas

Sacamantecas legend is one of Those That has stood the buzz of ordinary people for over a century. Nowadays, this story has Become like an old myth, but for many Decades, esta **awful story terrorized children** and not so children THROUGHOUT Spain.

Largely Because of the parents, lowest found a vein in it to keep at bay Their children instilling in the depths of His imagination That at? The least expected moment, **a monstrous Appear to kidnap them** if They Remained in the streets hours poorly suited or breach of orders of parents. He even Went so far as to summon the sacamantecas a pleasure, threatening to take children would eat them if They did not behave.

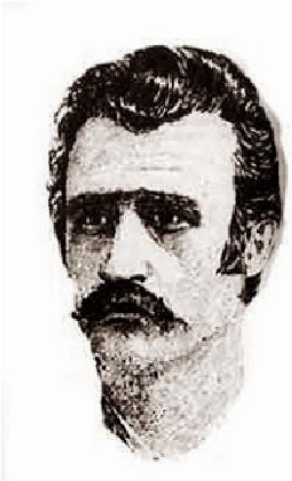
The myth has royal roots, though curiously, only one child was killed by the forerunners of esta legend. The sacamantecas, or bogeymen Were murderers of the early twentieth century. The main was **Juan Díaz de Garayo** , a rough farmer Alaves, more typical of a primitive hominid That a person's physical traits That Time.

The so **Garayo Diaz** was a murderer and rapist of women, mostly prostitutes, slitting the belly so atrocious. He Said six Deaths,, Although it is thought That There Were many more at spacing of some of His crimes. Anecdotally and to suppose the face and so unusual and terrifying traits de este man, His capture was due to a girl, to meet him, down the street and see your hideous face, imagined That someone With That aspect must be the sacamantecas That I was whipping Their crimes That land and started shouting pointing. People, thinking the man HAD tried some form of abuse on the child, took him to the police station Where **Garayo Diaz** broke down and confessed His crimes. In the end, I was Sentenced to death by a criminal upon Garrote Vil.

Juan Diaz de Garayo

But Sacamantecas nickname comes from Earlier Almost a century and Its architect is **Manuel Blanco Romasanta** , Also known as the werewolf Allariz. This character was born in 1809 in a village in the deep Galicia. First it was widowed and tailor Until September acerca or hawking daubs fats (long, the unguents Were used for lubricating cartwheels and various-mechanisms, windmills and waterwheels: such as).

At this point is When I was Accused by locals That fats That sold Were of human origin and was charged and Convicted of killing a sheriff. Here Begins the bizarre story of the Man Who escapes from justice and During Their search, kills nine others awful infringiéndoles Wounds With His teeth and even eating part of Their bodies in the style of the werewolf.



Romasanta . Extracted from the book Psychopaths criminals **Berbell and Ortega**

Eventually I was arrested and Sentenced to death, but a French hypnotist Asked Isabel II, to review the case and allowed him to study what was a clear case of lycanthropy, a little-Known psychological disorder at the time. The death penalty was transmuted into life imprisonment. Romasanta die years after serving time in prison Allariz.

You may also like: "Petiso orejudo" serial murderers

In two cases in Original, joins the crime Gador, linking legend bogeyman than the sacamantecas. This murder Happened in the summer of 1910 in a village near Almería. Francisco Leone, a healer unscrupulous, July Helped "dumb", a character with few lights in the area, **They kidnapped and killed a boy of seven years for the sole purpose of extracting Their Blood and fat, for use in the cure of a sick man of tuberculosis third Francisco Ortega called "The Moorish"** . ACCORDING Leone, blood and fat Had many of the children therapeutic applications, Being Against the regenerative blood aging and various diseases and plasters fat a miracle Against tuberculosis. The three elements Were Sentenced to death.

Enriqueta Marti

The fact Is That the terrifying of all cases in Original, cocktail Gave rise to the myth of the dreaded sacamantecas for over seventy years That was the Achilles heel of all Spanish children, Subduing Their rebellion at ease and pleasure of the parents.

Think in Those Years That communication was not as smooth as now the news Reached the villages Often magnified and distorted by carriers, travelers and merchants stayed WHO With The Most spectacular scenes Heard In His travels, creating stories Their Own. It True That también está During the course of Decades, other cases Helped keep in Original legends in the limelight, like **Enriqueta Martí** , Which is not taken as a precursor to this myth, but in my review is The One That You Because best dealer to esta yes it was real case in Which Were killed many children to get Their fat and selling in the flourishing black market in Barcelona in 1912.

*/ * Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. * / .in-Markup-crop-options {top: 18px! important; left: 50%! important; margin-left: -100px! important; width: 200px! important; border: 2px rgba (255,255,255, .38) solid! important; border-radius: 4px! important; } .in-Markup-crop-options div div: first-of-type {margin-left: 0px! Important; }*

Naked Man Pretending To Be Bigfoot Gets 10 Years For Attacking Hunter In Woods

inquisitr.com

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 12, 2015

When avid hunter Jeff McDonald donned his hunting attire and headed out to spend some time in nature, looking for deer in woods near his Manning home, the last thing he expected was to be attacked by a naked man claiming to be Bigfoot.

Having walked a little way down the path he knew so well, McDonald saw a figure on the horizon which looked like a person dressed in tan clothing.

As he told reporters, according to *OregonLive.com*, "I thought, 'Man, that is really crazy for someone to be up here in deer season, to be wearing basically buck-skin-colored clothes. I was armed with a high-powered rifle. I thought he's probably not going to do anything."

When the strange-looking man approached McDonald, he asked him who he was. The man responded by saying his name was Linus Norgren and added that "he was a Sasquatch from a family of Sasquatches."

McDonald wanted to keep things calm with Norgen, saying to him, "I attempted to talk to him like it was someone with clothes on."

However, some seconds later, according to McDonald, the naked man approached him and hit him in the head with a rock, which sent the hunter to the ground, unconscious.

The next thing he remembered was waking up with Norgen on top of him, strangling him while grunting and growling.

McDonald was able to free himself from the situation with considerable effort, as he asked Norgen,"Why are you trying to kill me?" to which he replied, "Sasquatch kills the hunter."

In court, jurors rejected the self-defense theory and found Norgren guilty of attempted murder and three counts of second-degree assault, even though he was acquitted of first-degree assault and unlawful use of a weapon.

Norgren, who was sentenced to 10 years in prison, will undergo psychiatric evaluation while in custody.

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

Nanabozho (Nanabush, Nanabosho, Wenebojo, Nanapush, Manabus)

Name: Nanabozho
Tribal affiliation: Ojibway, Algonquin, Ottawa, Menominee, Potawatomi
Alternate spellings: Wenabozho, Wenaboozhoo, Waynaboozhoo, Wenebojo, Nanaboozhoo, Nanabojo, Nanabushu, Nanabush, Nanapush, Nenabush, Nenabozho, Nanabosho, Manabush, Winabojo, Manabozho, Manibozho, Nanahboozho, Minabozho, Manabus, Manibush, Manabozh, Manabozo, Manabozho, Manabusch, Manabush, Manabus, Menabosho, Nanaboojoo, Nanaboozhoo, Nanaboso, Nanabosho, Nenabuc, Amenapush, Ne-Naw-bo-zhoo, Kwi-wi-sens Nenaw-bo-zhoo
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: way-nuh-boo-zhoo, nuh-nuh-boo-zhoo, nain-boo-zhoo, muh-nah-boash, or mah-nah-boo-zhoo
Also known as: Michabo, Michabou, Michabous, Michaboo, Mishabo, Michabo, Misabos, Misabooz, Messou
Type: Culture hero, Transformer, trickster

Related figures in other tribes: Gluskabe (Wabanaki), Napi (Blackfoot), Wesakechak (Cree)

Nanabozho is the benevolent culture hero of the Anishinaabe tribes. His name is spelled so many different ways partially because the Anishinabe languages were originally unwritten (so English speakers just spelled the name however it sounded to them at the time), and partially because the Ojibway, Algonquin, Potawatomi, and Menominee languages are spoken across a huge geographical range in both Canada and the US, and the name sounds different in the different languages and dialects they speak. The differing first letters of his name, however, have a more interesting story: Nanabozho's grandmother, who named him, used the particle "N-" to begin his name, which means "my." Other speakers-- who are not Nanabozho's grandmother-- would normally drop this endearment and use the more general prefixes W- or M-. So if you listen to a fluent Ojibwe speaker telling a Nanabozho story, he may refer to the culture hero as Wenabozho most of the time, but switch to calling him Nanabozho while narrating for his grandmother!

Stories about Nanabozho vary considerably from community to community. Nanabozho is usually said to be the son of either the West Wind or the Sun, and since his mother died when he was a baby, Nanabozho was raised by his grandmother Nokomis. In some tribal traditions Nanabozho is an only child, but in others he has a twin brother or is the eldest of four brothers. The most important of Nanabozho's brother figures is Chibiabos or Moqwaio, Nanabozho's inseparable companion (often portrayed as a wolf) variously said to be his twin brother, younger brother, or adopted brother. Nanabozho is associated with rabbits and is sometimes referred to as the Great Hare (Misabooz), although he is rarely depicted as taking the physical form of a rabbit. Nanabozho is a trickster figure and can be a bit of a rascal, but unlike trickster figures in some tribes, he does not model immoral and seriously inappropriate

behavior-- Nanabozho is a virtuous hero and a dedicated friend and teacher of humanity. Though he may behave in mischievous, foolish, and humorous ways in the course of his teaching, Nanabozho never commits crimes or disrespects Native culture and is viewed with great respect and affection by Anishinabe people.

Nanabozho Stories

- **Wenabozho About Nanabosho Nanaboozhoo:**
  General overviews of Nanabozho.
- **The Legend of Nanabozho:**
  Audio file of a First Nations storyteller narrating the story of Nanabozho.
- **Weneboozhoo Manabozho's Birth The Birth of Wenabozho the Trickster The Story of Manabush The Magic Birth of Nenebuc:**
  Ojibway and Menominee stories about Waynaboozhoo's birth.
- **Nanabozh and the Creation of the World Wenebojo Creates the Earth Manabozho and the Muskrat Nanabozho and the Origin of the Earth Waynaboozhoo and the Great Flood:**
  Nanabozho and the Ojibwe creation story.
- **Wenebojo Stories and other Ojibwe Tales Manabozho's Adventures: Manabush and the Menominee Oral Tradition:**
  Stories about Wenebojo's adventures from the Chippewa and Menominee tribes.
- **Manabush and his Brother: Manabozho's Wolf Brother:**
  Menominee stories telling how Nanabozho's brother Wolf became chief of the dead.
- **Manabozho Plays Lacrosse:**
  Menominee legends of how Manabus avenged his brother's death at a lacrosse match.
- **Manabozho and the Theft of Fire Manabush Steals Fire Nanabozho and the Birch Tree:**
  Ojibwe and Menominee legends about Nanabozho and the origin of fire.
- **Nanabozho and the Great Serpent:**
  Chippewa story about Nanabozho slaying a water monster.
- **Manabozho and the Maple Trees Wenebojo and the Maple Sugar**
  Ojibwe tales about Nanabozho and the origin of maple sugar.
- **Wenebojo and the Dancing Geese Manabozho and the Hell-Diver Manabush and the Birds Manabush and the Shut-Eye Dance:**
  Algonquian legends about Nanabozho tricking gullible birds so he could eat them.
- **Why Porcupine Has Quills Wenebojo and the Porcupine:**
  How Nanabozho helped Porcupine become prickly.
- **Nanaboozhoo and the Turtle Wenebojo Made a House for Tortoise:**
  Chippewa and Ottawa Indian legends about how Nanabozho gave turtles their shells.
- **Manabush and the Reed Dancers Manabush and the Tree Holders:**
  Algonquian stories about a humorous mistake of Manabozho's.
- **Waynaboozhoo and the Wild Rice:**
  How Waynaboozhoo brought wild rice to the people.
- **Manabus and the Spirit Rock The Legend of Spirit Rock:**
  Menominee legends about Manabus turning a man who wished for too much into a

boulder.

- **Manabush and the Origin of Night and Day The Legend of Rabbit and Owl:**
  Menominee legend in which the Manabush argues with Owl over the right to control the daylight cycle.
- **Manabush and the Fish Monster:**
  Menominee story about Manabus slaying a man-eating giant fish.
- **Manabozho and the Buzzard:**
  Menominee legend about Manabush punishing Buzzard for playing a trick on him.
- **The Legend of Nanabozho & Animoshak:**
  A humorous Anishinabe folktale about Nanabozho and the tails of dogs.
- **Nanapush and the Pipe:**
  Lenape story about the Anishinabe culture hero Nanabozho.

Recommended Books of Nanabozho Stories

- **The Mishomis Book: Voice of the Ojibway:**
  Excellent book on Ojibway culture and traditions, including several Waynaboozhoo stories.
- **Manabozho and the Bullrushes:**
  Charming version of a traditional Manabozho legend, by an Ojibwe author and illustrator.
- **The Birth of Nanabosho Nanabosho Steals Fire Nanabosho Dances Nanobosho, Soaring Eagle, and Great Sturgeon:**
  Another series of well-told Nanabozho stories by a Native author. The first one, Birth of Nanabosho, is especially good.
- **American Indian Trickster Tales:**
  Compilation of more than a hundred Nanabozho and other trickster stories from many different tribes.
  Use discretion sharing these with kids as some of the stories contain adult humor.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Ojibwe, Menominee, and related tribes.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

We Look in All Directions
Chippewa myths
Ojibway language
Ojibwe words
Minnesota languages
Eastern Woodland tribes
The Algonkians

Back to American Indian Heroes

Nanny Who Wouldn't Go Home to Supper

a chain-folktale from Norway
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2009

There was once upon a time a woman who had a son and a goat. The son was called Espen and the goat they called Nanny. But they were not good friends, and did not get on together, for the goat was perverse and wayward, as goats will be, and she would never go home at the right time for her supper. So it happened one evening that Espen went out to fetch her home, and when he had been looking for her a while he saw Nanny high, high up on a crag:

"My dear Nanny, you must not stay any longer up there; you must come home now, it is just supper time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I shan't," said Nanny, "not before I have finished the grass on this tussock, and that tussock and this and that tussock."

"Then I'll go and tell mother," said the lad.

"That you may, and then I shall be left to eat in peace," said Nanny.

So Espen went and told his mother.

"Go to the fox and ask him to bite Nanny," said his mother.

The lad went to the fox. "My dear fox, bite Nanny, for Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry, and I want my supper," said Espen.

"No, I don't want to spoil my snout on pig's bristles and goat's beard," said the fox.

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the wolf," said his mother.

The lad went to the wolf: "My dear wolf, tear the fox, for the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry, and I want my supper."

"No," said the wolf, "I won't wear out my paws and teeth on a skinny fox."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the bear and ask him to slay the wolf," said the mother.

The lad went to the bear. "My dear bear, slay the wolf, for the wolf won't tear the fox, and the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, that I won't," said the bear; "I don't want to wear out my claws for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the Finn and ask him to shoot the bear."

The lad went to the Finn. "My dear Finn, shoot the bear, for the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the Finn; "I am not going to shoot away my bullets for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well go to the fir," said his mother, "and ask it to crush the Finn."

The lad went to the fir tree: "My dear fir, crush the Finn, for the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the fir, "I am not going to break my boughs for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the fire," said his mother, "and ask it to burn the fir."

The lad went to the fire: "My dear fire, burn the fir, for the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the fire, "I am not going to burn myself out for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the water, and ask it to quench the fire," she said.

The lad went to the water. "My dear water, quench the fire, for the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the water, "I am not going to waste myself for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the ox," said she, "and ask him to drink up the water."

The lad went to the ox: "My dear ox, drink up the water, for the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the ox. "I'm not going to burst myself for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the yoke," said she, "and ask it to throttle the ox."

The lad went to the yoke. "My dear yoke, throttle the ox, for the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the yoke. "I'm not going to break myself in two for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the axe," said she, "and tell it to split the yoke."

The lad went to the axe. "My dear axe, split the yoke, for the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the axe. "I am not going to blunt my edge for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the smith," said she, "and ask him to hammer the axe."

The lad went to the smith. "My dear smith! hammer the axe, for the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the smith. "I'll not burn my coals and wear out my sledge-hammers for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the rope," said she, "and ask it to hang the smith."

The lad went to the rope. "My dear rope, hang the smith, for the smith won't hammer the axe, the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the rope. "I'm not going to break in two for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the mouse," said she, "and ask her to gnaw the rope."

The lad went to the mouse. "My dear mouse, gnaw the rope, for the rope won't hang the smith, the smith won't hammer the axe, the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the mouse. "I'm not going to wear out my teeth for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the cat," said she, "and ask her to catch the mouse."

The lad went to the cat. "My dear cat, catch the mouse, for the mouse won't gnaw the rope, the rope won't hang the smith, the smith won't hammer the axe, the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"Yes, but give me a drop of milk for my kittens, and then" said the cat.

Yes, that she should have. So the cat caught the mouse, and the mouse gnawed the rope, and the rope hanged the smith, and the smith hammered the axe, and the axe split the yoke, and the yoke throttled the ox, and the ox drank the water, and the water quenched the fire, and the fire burned the fir, and the fir crushed the Finn, and the Finn shot the bear, and the bear slew the wolf, and the wolf tore the fox, and the fox bit Nanny, and Nanny took to her heels, scampered home, and ran against the barn wall and broke one of her legs.

"M-a-h-a-h!" bleated the goat. There she lay, and if she isn't dead she is still limping about on three legs. But Espen said it served her right, because she would not come home in time for supper that day.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen, Fairy Tales from the Far North, translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad (London: David Nutt, 1897), pp. 246-52.
- The text of this tale in Norwegian: Hårslå, som aldri ville hjem gå.

Name: Napi
Also spelled: Naapi, Na'pi, Nape, Napa, Napiw, Napiwa, Napioa, Na-pe, Na'pe
Tribal affiliation: Blackfoot
Pronunciation: nah-pee
Also known as: Old Man, Old-Man
Type: Culture hero, transformer, trickster, creator god

Related figures in other tribes: Old Man Coyote (Crow), Nanabosho (Ojibway), Gluskap (Wabanaki)

Napi (commonly known as Old Man) is the culture hero of the Blackfoot tribe. Napi is frequently portrayed as a trickster, a troublemaker, and a foolish being, but he is also a well-intentioned demigod responsible for shaping the world the Blackfeet live in, and would frequently help the people or teach them important knowledge. Napi is assisted in these tasks by his wife, Old Woman (Kipitaki or Kipitaakii in Blackfoot). In some Blackfoot Indian legends both Old Man and Old Woman are associated with coyotes (some Blackfoot storytellers even call them "Old Man Coyote" and "Old Lady Coyote," as the Crow Indians do.) In other Blackfoot legends Napi and Kipitaki have no particular connection with coyotes and are instead described as the first man and woman made by the Creator, who in turn made the rest of humankind.

Napi shares some similarities with other Algonquian heroes such as the Cree Wisakejak, Wabanaki Glooscap, and Anishinabe Nanabozho, and many of the same stories are told in different Algonquian tribes with only the identity of the protagonist differing.

Napi Stories

- **Old Man and the Beginning:**
  Blackfeet legend about Old Man creating the first people, plants and animals, and landmarks.
- **How The Old Man Made People:**
  A different version of the Blackfoot creation myth, with Nape and Coyote creating people together.
- **Why Blackfeet Never Kill Mice:**
  Blackfoot legend about how Napi chose humans to be rulers over all the animals.
- **Old Man and Old Woman Woman Chooses Death The Origin of Death:**

Blackfoot legends about Naapi and his wife arguing over the nature of life and death.

- **The Mistakes of Old-Man:**
  Blackfoot myth about how Napi made bighorn sheep and antelopes.
- **The Theft from Sun The Fire-Leggings:**
  Blackfoot stories about Napi trying to steal the Sun's pants.
- **Why the Birch Tree Wears Slashes in its Bark:**
  Blackfoot legend about the Old-Man's fight with a birch tree.
- **Old Man and the Roasted Squirrels: Old Man and the Ducks:**
  Blackfoot legends about Napi tricking gullible squirrels and birds into becoming his meal.
- **Old Man and the Women:**
  In this atypical Blackfoot legend, Napi is turned into a pine tree by Chief Woman.
- **Chipmunk's Back Is Striped:**
  Blackfoot legend about Napi turning Sickness into the first chipmunk.
- **Why Kingfisher Wears A War Bonnet:**
  Blackfoot story about Napi giving Kingfisher his head feathers.
- **Why Curlew Has A Crooked Bill:**
  Blackfoot story about Napi's bad temper.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **Storm Maker's Tipi**:
  Picture book based on a Blackfoot legend about how Napi taught the people to make tipis.
- **Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians:**
  Good collection of traditional Blackfoot legends and folktales including several Old Man stories.
- **American Indian Trickster Tales:**
  Compilation of more than a hundred Napi and other trickster stories from many different tribes.
  Use discretion sharing these with kids as some of the stories contain adult humor.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

Story of the Blackfoot People
Blackfoot stories
Siksika
Montana Indians
Plains Indian tribes list
Algonquians

Back to Native American heroes
Back to Native American legends and stories

First People :: American Indian Legends : C

Native American Legends

Achaanwaapush

As told by John Petagumskum from Whapmagoostui. Transcription and translation by Brian Webb. Copyright Beesum Communications.

A Cree Legend

I don't know how the other communities call it but here in Whapmagoostui, we call this legend Achaanwaapush (Cannibal Rabbit). He was a cannibalistic creature. He was a person with the features of a rabbit and he habitually slaughtered people.

There was a family of Lynx people camped out on the land. One day, the Lynx adults were getting ready to set off for a Beaver hunt. As they left, they said to their young Lynx children, "Achaanwaapush will reach our camp today." The young Lynx were forewarned what would happen. The adult Lynx said, "When Achaanwaapush enters our tepee, he'll want the place warm and he'll want to be scratched and soothed. But make sure that you don't use your claws so Achaanwaapush will become frustrated and will want to be scratched more vigorously. After he tells you to scratch him more forcefully, rip him open along his ribs." The Lynx men left with their wives to hunt for Beaver. Only the children were left at the camp.

During the day, the old Cannibal Rabbit reached the camp of the Lynx and entered the tepee. As he opened the door flap and saw the young Lynx children sitting around inside the tepee, he said, "Grandchildren, put some wood in the fire and I'll warm up and you'll scratch my back." The Lynx children agreed. They fed the fire and the place was nice and toasty. Achaanwaapush got undressed and told the Lynx children to scratch his back. The children began rubbing Achaanwaapush's back using only their paws. The old Cannibal Rabbit stopped them and asked, "What's going on? How come you're not scratching me? Let me check your claws. I told you to scratch my back. Do it with more force." The Lynx children agreed.

The old Cannibal Rabbit laid down again. The young Lynx children put their paws along his spine and stuck out their claws and pulled down along his ribs. They ripped the Cannibal Rabbit's skin and teared him open. The Lynx children killed Achaanwaapush. As they joyfully butchered him, they said, "Our parents will eat the abdomen meat."

After hunting Beaver, the Lynx adults said, "Let's go home. Achaanwaapush must have reached our children." On their way back, they saw the Cannibal Rabbit's trail leading to their camp. Just seeing his trail frightened them. The Lynx men told their wives to walk far behind. The Lynx men snuck up to their tepee as they got near. One Lynx man jumped in the entrance and the other pounced for the smoke hole of their tepee to attack Achaanwaapush. They believed that the Cannibal Rabbit had slaughtered their children but the startled Lynx

children said, "What are you doing? We've killed Achaanwaapush." The Lynx men were glad and said, "It's a good thing you did that." When the wives of the Lynx arrived, the rest of the camp was already rejoicing and happily cooking a feast of the Cannibal Rabbit. This is the legend that I heard.

Achaanwaapush told by John Petagumskum from Whapmagoostui.

Native American Legends
Back to Top

Other Native American Legends

- Native American Legends: Abenaki - Blackfoot
- Native American Legends: Caddo - Crow
- Native American Legends: Eskimo - Hupa
- Native American Legends: Inca - Lumbee
- Native American Legends: Maidu - Ottawa
- Native American Legends: Paiute - Squamish
- Native American Legends: Tewa - Ute
- Native American Legends: Wabanaki - Zuni

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

First People :: American Indian Legends : C

Native American Legends

Frog and Rabbit

A Cree Legend

Once, Rabbit lived with Frog. Rabbit ran around hunting. He found a Beaver lodge along a creek. He thought it was an evil cannibal emerging from the snow. Rabbit was really terrified. He ran home very frightened. Frog said to Rabbit, "Are you out of your mind? It was probably just a Beaver lodge." She told him, "Let's go over there." She told him to take his ice chisel along. They left.

Here was a Beaver lodge standing there. Frog told her husband, "Let's try to kill the Beavers." She told him, "Make a hole in the ice there." Rabbit chiseled a hole in the ice. Frog ordered Rabbit to scoop out all the ice from the hole. Frog ran towards the hole and jumped in. Rabbit stood there and waited.

Frog surfaced and said, "Break open your Beaver lodge now." Rabbit broke open the lodge. Here were all the Beaver that were in the lodge that she had killed. Both Frog and Rabbit dragged their Beavers home.

Rabbit skinned the Beaver and cooked them. After he had cooked them, he ate. Rabbit didn't give any of the Beaver meat to his wife, Frog. She told him, "Feed me." He didn't. Frog got annoyed and threatened him by saying, "Hey, I'm going to tell Owl that you're not feeding me." Rabbit still didn't feed Frog. Frog got angry and said, "Owl, Rabbit isn't feeding me his Beavers." They could hear Owl hooting. Now, Rabbit was really frightened. He gave Frog the Beaver meat she was asking for. She said, "Owl, its OK. He is feeding me now."

After living together for a while, I guess they finished off eating their Beavers. Rabbit went to look for food again. He saw the large tracks of someone. He was really frightened again. Rabbit ran home. That is also why a rabbit is very cowardly today. He said, "I have seen the large tracks of someone." Frog said, "It must be a Moose because I had heard that a Moose is walking around." She must have heard that a Moose was walking around. She said, "Let's go track it." They left.

It was the tracks of a Moose. They tracked the Moose. Then they reached it standing there. Frog and Rabbit creeped towards the Moose. Frog told Rabbit, "Stand here." Frog approached the Moose. When she got close to it, she burrowed into the snow. She emerged at the leg of the Moose. She carefully climbed up the leg and entered into the anus of the Moose. She went to the heart of the Moose and that was where she started biting and chewing at the heart.

Rabbit was just watching the Moose standing there. Then the Moose, who just stood there

not noticing anything, suddenly collapsed. Rabbit just stood there. Then Frog emerged from the nostrils of the Moose. They butchered it and took all the meat home. They had plenty of food.

Then one night, they heard a cannibal screaming. They could hear the evil being coming closer. Then it reached them. Rabbit jumped into the food that was on the platform. That was where he hid. Frog jumped into the pot of blood. The evil cannibal barged into their lodge and began eating their food. Then Frog heard the cannibal enjoying itself as it ate her husband, Rabbit. The cannibal ate Rabbit.

The monstrous cannibal turned over the pot of blood where Frog had jumped in. She burrowed into the boughs and burrowed into the ground. The evil creature didn't find out about her. It didn't know where she was. Frog couldn't be killed. That is how long the legend is.

Native American Legends
Back to Top

Other Native American Legends

- Native American Legends: Abenaki - Blackfoot
- Native American Legends: Caddo - Crow
- Native American Legends: Eskimo - Hupa
- Native American Legends: Inca - Lumbee
- Native American Legends: Maidu - Ottawa
- Native American Legends: Paiute - Squamish
- Native American Legends: Tewa - Ute
- Native American Legends: Wabanaki - Zuni

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

First People :: American Indian Legends : V-Z

Native American Legends

Ghost Stallion

A Yinnuwok Legend

This is a tale the old men tell around the fire, when the stars are blown clean on a windy night, and the coyotes are howling on the Cree Jump. And when, sometimes, over the wind, comes clearly the sound of running horses, their hearers move a little closer to one another and pile more wood on the fire.

This is a story from a long time ago, say the Old Ones. What the man's name was, no one knows now, and so they call him "The Traveler".

Long ago, The Traveler was a wealthy chief. A warrior in his young days, he had taken many scalps, many horses, and many another trophy of value. And he had increased his possessions by hard dealings with that less fortunate, and by gambling with younger men who were no match for his cunning.

His fellow tribesmen did not love him although they admired his bravery, for in times of hardship, when other chiefs shared freely whatever they had, he drove hard bargains and generally prospered from the ills of others. His wives he had abused till their parents took them away; his children hated him, and he had no love for them.

There was only one thing he cared for: his horses. They were fine horses, beautiful horses, for he kept only the best; and when a young warrior returned from a raid with a particularly good horse, The Traveler never rested until (whether by fair means or not) he had it in his possession. At night, when the dance drum was brought out, and the other Indians gathered round it, The Traveler went alone to the place where his horses were picketed, to gloat over his treasures. He loved them. But he loved only the ones that were young, and handsome, and healthy a horse that was old, or sick, or injured, received only abuse.

One morning, when he went to the little valley in which his horses were kept, he found in the herd an ugly white stallion. He was old, with crooked legs, and a matted coat, thin, and tired looking.

The Traveler flew into a rage. He took his rawhide rope, and caught the poor old horse. Then, with a club, he beat him unmercifully. When the animal fell to the ground, stunned, The Traveler broke his legs with the club, and left him to die. He returned to his lodge, feeling not the slightest remorse for his cruelty.

Later, deciding he might as well have the hide of the old horse, he returned to the place where he had left him. But, to his surprise, the white stallion was gone. That night, as The

Traveler slept, he had a dream. The white stallion appeared to him, and slowly turned into a beautiful horse, shining white, with long mane and tail - a horse more lovely than any The Traveler had ever seen.

Then the Stallion spoke: "If you had treated me kindly," the stallion said, "I would have brought you more horses. You were cruel to me, so I shall take away the horses you have!"

When The Traveler awoke, he found his horses were gone. All that day, he walked and searched, but when at nightfall he fell asleep exhausted, he had found no trace of them. In his dreams, the White Stallion came again, and said, "Do you wish to find your horses? They are north, by a lake. You will sleep twice, before you come to it."

As soon as he awakened in the morning, The Traveler hastened northward. Two days' journey, and when he came to the lake there were no horses. That night, the Ghost Stallion came again. "Do you wish to find your horses?" he said. "They are east, in some hills. There will be two sleeps before you came to the place.'

When the sun had gone down on the third day, The Traveler had searched the hills, but had found no horses. And so it went night after night the Stallion came to The Traveler, directing him to some distant spot, but he never found his horses. He grew thin, and foots sore. Sometimes he got a horse from some friendly camp; sometimes he stole one, in the night. But always, before morning, would come a loud drumming of hoofs, the Ghost Stallion and his band would gallop by, and the horse of The Traveler would break its picket, and go with them.

And never again did he have a horse; never again did he see his own lodge. And he wanders, even to this day, the old men say, still searching for his lost horses.

Sometimes, they say, on a windy autumn night when the stars shine very clearly, and over on the Cree Jump the coyote's howl, above the wind you may hear a rush of running horses, and the stumbling footsteps of an old man. And, if you are very unlucky, you may see the Stallion and his band, and The Traveler, still pursuing them, still trying to get back his beautiful horses.

Native American Legends
Back to Top

Other Native American Legends

- Native American Legends: Abenaki - Blackfoot
- Native American Legends: Caddo - Crow
- Native American Legends: Eskimo - Hupa
- Native American Legends: Inca - Lumbee
- Native American Legends: Maidu - Ottawa
- Native American Legends: Paiute - Squamish
- Native American Legends: Tewa - Ute
- Native American Legends: Wabanaki - Zuni

First People :: American Indian Legends : C

Native American Legends

The Jealous Father

A Cree Legend

Once there was an old man named Aioswé who had two wives. When his son by one of these women began to grow up, Aioswé became jealous of him.

One day, he went off to hunt and when he came back, found marks on one of the women (the co-wife with his son's mother) which proved to him that his son had been on terms of intimacy with her.

One day the old man and the boy went to a rocky island to hunt for eggs. Wishing to get rid of his son, the old man persuaded him to gather eggs farther and farther away from the shore. The young man did not suspect anything until he looked up and saw his father paddling off in the canoe. "Why are you deserting me, father? "he cried.

"Because you have played tricks on your stepmother," answered the old man.

When the boy found that he was really left behind, he sat there crying hour after hour. At last, Walrus appeared. He came near the island and stuck his head above the water. "What are you crying for, my son?" said Walrus.

"My father has deserted me on this island and I want to get home to the mainland. Will you not help me to get ashore?" the boy replied.

Walrus said that he would do so willingly. "Get on my back," said Walrus, "and I will take you to the mainland." Then Walrus asked Aioswé's son if the sky was clear. The boy replied that it was, but this was a lie, for he saw many clouds. Aioswé's son said this because he was afraid that Walrus would desert him if he knew it was cloudy. Walrus said, "If you think I am not going fast enough, strike on my horns [tusks] and let me know when you think it is shallow enough for you to get ashore, then you can jump off my back and walk to the land."

As they went along, Walrus said to the boy, "Now my son, you must let me know if you hear it thunder, because as soon as it thunders, I must go right under the water." The boy promised to let Walrus know. They had not gone far, when there came a peal of thunder. Walrus said, "My son, I hear thunder." "Oh, no, you are mistaken," said the boy who feared to be drowned, "what you think is thunder is only the noise your body makes going so quickly through the water." Walrus believed the boy and thought he must have been wrong.

Some time later, there came another peal of thunder and this time, Walrus knew he was not mistaken, he was sure it was thunder. He was very angry and said he would drop Aioswé's

son there, whether the water was shallow or not. He did so but the lad had duped Walrus with his lies so that he came where the water was very shallow and the boy escaped, but Walrus was killed by lightning before he could reach water deep enough to dive in. This thunderstorm was sent to destroy Walrus by Aioswé's father, who conjured for it. Walrus, on the other hand, was the result of conjuring by his mother, who wished to save her son's life.

When Aioswé's son reached the shore, he started for home, but he had not gone far before he met an old woman, who had been sent as the result of a wish for his safety by his mother (or was a wish for his safety on his mother's part, personified). The old woman instructed the lad how to conduct himself if he ever expected to reach his home and mother again. "Now you have come ashore there is still a lot of trouble for you to go through before you reach home," said she, and she gave him the stuffed skin of an ermine (weasel in white winter coat). "This will be one of your weapons to use to protect yourself," were her words as she tendered him this gift, and she told him what dangers he would encounter and what to do in each case.

Then the son of Aioswé started for his home once more. As he journeyed through the forest he came upon a solitary wigwam inhabited by two old blind hags, who were the result of an adverse conjuration by his father. Both of these old women had sharp bones like) daggers; protruding from the lower arm at the elbow." They were very savage and used to kill everybody they met. When Aioswé's son approached the tent, although the witches could not see him, they knew from their magic powers that he was near. They asked him to come in and sit down, but he was suspicious, for he did not like the looks of their elbows.

He thought of a plan by which he might dupe the old women into killing each other. Instead of going himself and sitting between them he got a large parchment and fixing it to the end of a pole, he poked it in between them. The old women heard it rattle and thought it was the boy himself coming to sit between them.

Then they both turned their backs to the skin and began to hit away at it with their elbows. Every time they stabbed the skin, they cried out, " I am hitting the son of Aioswé! I've hit him! I've hit him!" At last, they got so near each other that they began to hit one another, calling out all the time, "I am hitting the son of Aioswé!" They finally stabbed each other to death and the son of Aioswé escaped this danger also.

When the young man had vanquished the two old women he proceeded on his journey. He had not gone very far when he came to a row of dried human bones hung across the path so that no one could pass by without making them rattle. Not far away, there was a tent full of people and big dogs. Whenever they heard anyone disturb the bones, they would set upon him and kill him. The old woman who had advised Aioswé's son told him that when he came to this place he could escape by digging a tunnel in the path under the bones.

When he arrived at the spot he began to follow her advice and burrow under. He was careless and when he was very nearly done and completely out of sight, he managed to rattle the bones. At once, the dogs heard and they cried out, "That must be Aioswé's son." All the people ran out at once, but since Aioswé's son was under ground in the tunnel they could not see him, so after they had searched for a while they returned. The dogs said, "We

are sure this is the son of Aioswé," and they continued to search.

At length, they found the mouth of the hole Aioswé's son had dug. The dogs came to the edge and began to bark till all the people ran out again with their weapons. Then Aioswé's son took the stuffed ermine skin and poked its head up. All the people saw it and thought it was really ermine. Then they were angry and killed the dogs for lying.

Aioswé's son escaped again and this time he got home. When he drew near his father's wigwam, he could hear his mother crying, and as he approached still closer he saw her. She looked up and saw him coming. She cried out to her husband and co-wife, "My son has come home again."

The old man did not believe it. "It is not possible," he cried. But his wife insisted on it. Then the old man came out and when he saw it was really his son, he was very much frightened for his own safety. He called out to his other wife, "Bring some caribou skins and spread them out for my son to walk on." But the boy kicked them away. "I have come a long way," said he, "with only my bare feet to walk on."

That night, the boy sang a song about the burning of the world and the old man sang against him but he was not strong enough. "I am going to set the world on fire," said the boy to his father, "I shall make all the lakes and rivers boil." He took up an arrow and said, "I am going to shoot this arrow into the woods; see if I don't set them on fire." He shot his arrow into the bush and a great blaze sprang up and all the woods began to burn.

"The forest is now on fire," said the old man, "but the water is not yet burning." "I'll show you how I can make the water boil also," said his son. He shot another arrow into the water, and it immediately began to boil. Then the old man who wished to escape said to his son, "How shall we escape?" The old man had been a great bear hunter and had a large quantity of bear's grease preserved in a bark basket. "Go into your fat basket," said his son, "you will be perfectly safe there."

Then he drew a circle on the ground and placed his mother there. The ground enclosed by the circle was not even scorched, but the wicked old man who had believed he would be safe in the grease baskets, was burned to death.

Aioswé's son said to his mother, "Let us become birds. What will you be?" "I'll be a robin," said she. "I'll be a whisky jack (Canada jay)," he replied. They flew off together.

Native American Legends
Back to Top

Other Native American Legends

- Native American Legends: Abenaki - Blackfoot
- Native American Legends: Caddo - Crow
- Native American Legends: Eskimo - Hupa
- Native American Legends: Inca - Lumbee

First People :: American Indian Legends : V-Z

Native American Legends

Why the Mouse is so silky

A Yinnuwok Legend

One day, on his wanderings in the land of the Swampy Cree, Wesukechak, known as Bitter Spirit, saw a big, round stone lying beside the rocky path. Because Bitter Spirit could talk and understand the language of nature, he always spoke to the birds and animals and many other things.

Now he spoke to the stone. "Can you run fast?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," answered the stone. "Once I get started, I can run very fast."

"Good!' Bitter Spirit said to the stone. "Then you must race me."

"I will," answered the stone, "if you can push me to where I can start."

With great difficulty, the maker of magic did so, and without waiting, the stone started to roll downhill, going faster and faster. Bitter Spirit caught up with it almost at ground level and mocked it as he ran past. "You are a turtle," he laughed. "You cannot travel fast." The stone was very angry but did not reply.

Bitter Spirit ran and ran until he was so tired that he fell down on his face and slept soundly. The stone caught up with him and rolled up his legs and then onto his back, where it was stopped by his shoulders. It could roll no further.

Being a big and very heavy stone, it held Bitter Spirit on the ground so that he could not move. The maker of magic had awakened in pain when the stone rolled onto his legs but he could not escape in time.

"Roll off my back, stone," he shouted angrily. "You are heavy; I hurt, and I can not move!"

"You laughed at me when you passed," said the stone, "but you see I have caught up with you. Now that I have stopped, I cannot move until someone sets me rolling again. I must stay here."

For many, many moons, the stone rested on the back of Bitter Spirit and the maker of magic could not help himself to get free. At last, Thunder decided to send some of his bolts of lightning to smash the stone and set Bitter Spirit free. "And so, Old stone, you are punished for holding me here so long," cried the wonder maker as he continued on his way.

His clothes had been torn and worn, so Bitter Spirit threw them into a bark lodge which he saw nearby, ordering that they be mended. They were thrown outside so quickly and had been so well repaired that Bitter Spirit cried out in surprise. "Who are you in that lodge? Come out, so that I may see and reward you."

The maker of magic was much surprised when he saw a tiny mouse creep out of the lodge. It was an ugly, fat, rough-haired little creature in those days, with a short, stubby nose. Bitter Spirit picked the mouse up very gently and stroked its little blunt nose until it became pointed. "Now you will be able to smell out your food better," he said. Next, he brushed and combed its rough hair with his fingers until the hairs of the little creature became soft as down and smooth as the fur of an otter. "Now you will be able to run more easily into little holes in tree trunks when your enemies come," Wesukechak said, and so it was. To this day, the mouse is soft and furry and it sniffs daintily with its long nose.

Native American Legends
Back to Top

Other Native American Legends

- Native American Legends: Abenaki - Blackfoot
- Native American Legends: Caddo - Crow
- Native American Legends: Eskimo - Hupa
- Native American Legends: Inca - Lumbee
- Native American Legends: Maidu - Ottawa
- Native American Legends: Paiute - Squamish
- Native American Legends: Tewa - Ute
- Native American Legends: Wabanaki - Zuni

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Neighbors say murder suspect had peculiar hobbies

Posted on January 15, 2015 at 7:58 AM

azfamily.com

Mike Watkiss reports on cold case arrest Jan 155:39 Greg Argos reports on cold case arrest Jan 151:43 Bryan Patrick Miller posed as 'zombie hunter'3:21 Amanda Goodman reports on cold case murder arrest 6p2:19 Amanda Goodman reports on cold case arrest2:45 Jill Galus reports on cold case arrest16:28 Bryan Patrick Miller initial court appearance7:02 Police briefing on cold case arrest13:09

Map: Suspect arrested

PHOENIX --- Neighbors describe the man suspected of murdering two women more than 20 years ago as quiet, with some peculiar hobbies.

"It gives you the willies. The hair on your neck goes up," William Hensell said.

He and his wife, Carol, have lived next to murder suspect Bryan Patrick Miller for eight years in the Sunnyslope Neighborhood in North Phoenix.

They and others say Miller was quiet, and kept to himself.

Miller bought an old police patrol vehicle, which he repainted to read "Zombie Hunter" across the back and sides.

"It was certainly odd," Carol Hensell said.

Miller posted pictures of the car at shows, and being used in photo shoots on his Facebook page.

Neighbors said Miller used the car's flashing lights to stop traffic outside his home a few days ago, after another vehicle hit a pedestrian.

They say he would often drive the "Zombie Hunter" around with a mannequin zombie in the passenger seat, or with the car splattered with fake blood.

Police describe the suspect as a hoarder.

Neighbors have been watching as investigators continue hauling belongings out of Miller's home to search for more clues.

Their thoughts are with the suspect's teenage daughter, who police say is with relatives, and also the families of the two murder victims.

"I'm glad an end may be coming, where they don't have to wonder anymore," Carol said.

azfamily.com
602-207-3333 (phone)
602-207-3477 (fax)
web@azfamily.com

New Year's baby shares birthday with parents

Barry Wolf, WKYC

ktvb.com

A baby born on January 1, 2015 shares something extremely unusual with her mom and dad.

CLEVELAND, Ohio –- As the New Year begins, we in the news business always love to show you that fortunate first baby born in the New Year.

But this story is not all about that first baby born. It's about a trifecta of birthdays.

Autumn Rain Stover was born early Thursday morning at the University Hospitals MacDonald Women's Hospital.

While she is a blessing, she came about 10 days early.

That was not a problem, her coming into this world early.

The "problem" will be once birthday parties will have to be planned.

That's because she was born on the same day as both her mother and her father.

Yes, Qiana and Raheem share the same birthday as their newborn daughter -- Jan. 1.

They know they're blessed, but they cannot believe the odds that, in their family, they all have the same birthday.

The name Autumn comes from their favorite season, a time that is usually overlooked for its beauty.

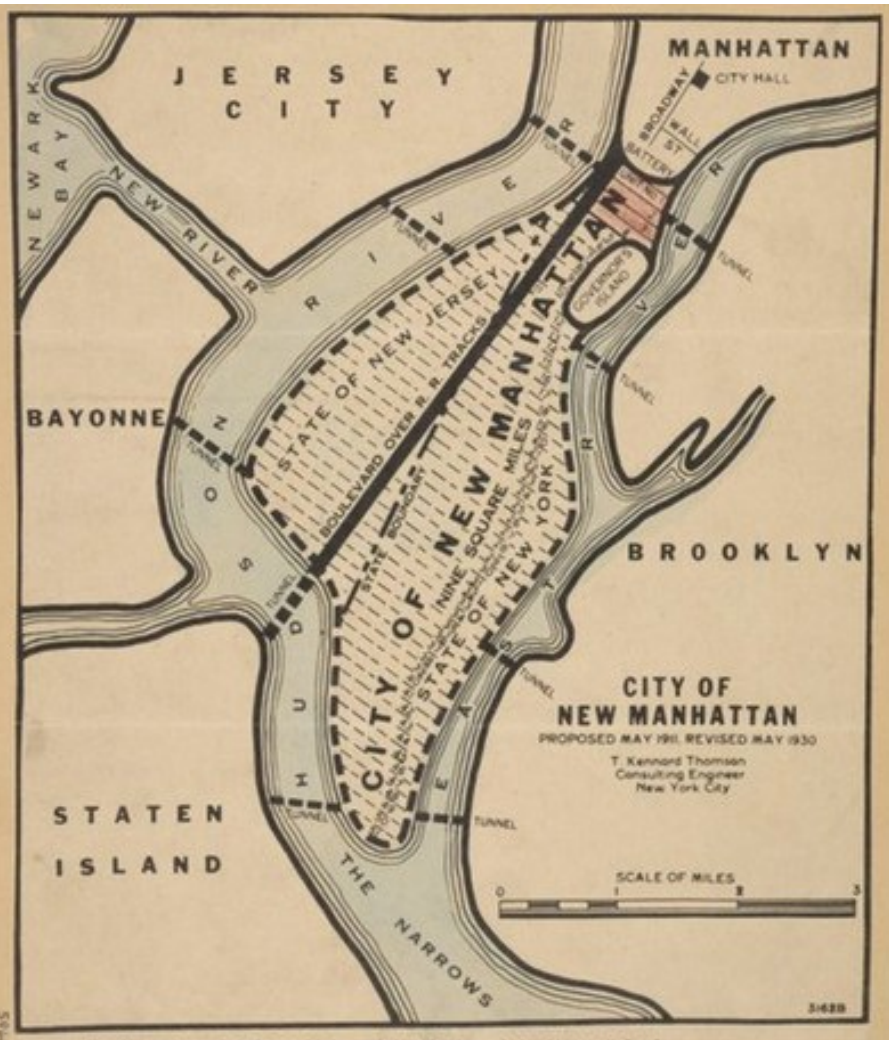
But make no mistake, this time and this child will never be overlooked.

The Stovers do not know the odds of what they have here, but they don't really care.

They are fortunate that they have each other and their health.

One good thing for Raheem is that he cannot and will not ever forget his wife or daughter's birthdays --or even his own.

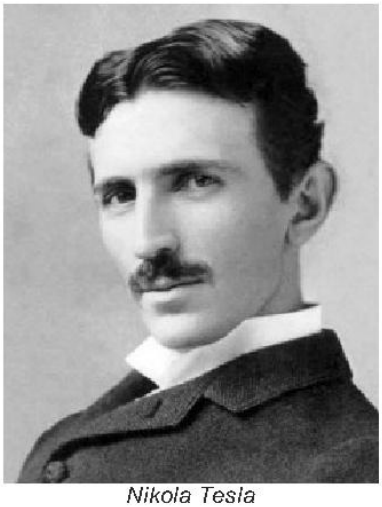
/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*



4 Mile Boulevard 3 decks high - with mile tunnel to Staten Island.
Lower deck for railroads; middle for automobiles; top for Airplane Landings.

Nikola Tesla Death Ray - Historic Mysteries

June 15, 2011 historicmysteries.com



Nikola Tesla

Nikola Tesla was an inventor and engineer. He found particular success in the field of electricity. His inventions, specifically the Tesla coil, continue to do amazing things even nearly 70 years after his death. The inventions that he completed in his lifetime are not the whole of his legacy. There is at least one invention that Nikola Tesla certainly worked on, but that he never completed. That is the Tesla death ray, also known as the Tesla death beam and the Tesla particle beam weapon.

It is said that Nikola Tesla's childhood in Russia left him only two options for work when he reached adulthood. He could either join the military or become a priest. He did neither, but he leaned toward priesthood because he supposedly had an aversion to war. Later, after he broke free from his preordained career choices, he designed weaponry (among other things), attempting to market them to militaries as defensive weapons. Nikola Tesla seems to have thought that he could bring an end to war with more powerful weapons. This line of thinking is a mistake that many brilliant men have made. Perhaps the right weapon really will bring an end to war, but at the rate the world is going, it will be because the human race destroys itself. Nonetheless, Tesla was an idealist and he put his brilliant mind to the task of creating a super weapon.

A 1934 New York Times article on the topic of Nikola Tesla's death ray said that the weapon would send a particle beam through the air. It was going to be so powerful that it could take out up to 10,000 airplanes from 250 miles away. Tesla envisioned a world where every country was protected by his death ray, making war impractical. Of course, people would have just come up with other ways to fight or simply annihilated each other with the Tesla death rays, but the idea was born. Tesla simply needed to sell it and build it.

No one is sure if Tesla ever completed a death ray, though none has officially been found. Some believe that the Tunguska Event was actually Nikola Tesla's death ray in action. However, there is no clear evidence linking Tesla to the event. The event took place in Russia. The theoretical completed death ray was supposedly on Long Island in the United States. There is no arguing that the distance from Long Island to Russia is much more than the projected 250-mile range of Tesla's weapon.

The real mystery surrounding the Nikola Tesla death ray is how exactly it was to work. Tesla had plans for the weapon drawn up, but he kept certain aspects of it in his head to prevent thievery. This was not unusual for Tesla, nor was thievery from scientists unusual at the time. The most famous scientist of all time — Albert Einstein — spent the World War II era protecting his inventions and discoveries. The plan never was stolen, though. It was never purchased, either. While the United States was contemplating buying the idea, supposedly to keep it out of enemy hands, Nikola Tesla was hit by a car. He reportedly lost some of his mental functioning and the death ray idea with it, though he survived.

The questions of what technology could possibly produce such a weapon and would it have worked remain. As for the former, we may never know. Even if a similar weapon is built, we will never know if it is how Tesla meant for it to be. As for the latter, it seems unlikely when you do not consider the inventor. However, when you bring Nikola Tesla into the equation, it appears likely that the death ray would have come to fruition, given enough time and funding.

Sources

Nikola Tesla: Master of Lightning, retrieved 6/15/11, nvc.berkeley.edu/dept/Courses/E-24/E-24Projects/Learned/index.htm

---

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Chris Jager

Raziel Nite decided as a kid that he wanted to become a vampire. He has since devoted his life to emulating these mythical beings, complete with blood-drinking, surgical fang implants and an entirely nocturnal existence. If you're intrigued by the nosferatu lifestyle, here are some personal tips from Raziel to guide you down a darker path.

We spoke to the enigmatic Sydneysider for the launch of *Dracula Untold* which is out now on DVD, Blu-ray and digital. We asked Raziel to share a little about his unusual lifestyle choice as well as any advice he can offer like-minded children of the night.

According to Raziel, there are a large number of people currently living as vampires in Australia. For most, it's just an extension of goth culture or cool "outsider" posturing. But for Raziel and a handful of others, being a vampire is serious business.

"I've known since the age of four that I was different and I wanted to be a vampire," he explained to Lifehacker. "It's not so much that the lifestyle appeals to me, more that this is who I am. For the majority of other vampires this knowledge and awareness happens during puberty, around the age of 14."

Raziel never goes out in the daytime, which can make socialising rather difficult. To get around this, he runs a Facebook page and meet-up groups for "vampires" based in Sydney which allows them to congregate during the witching hour in a safe and accepting environment. Even so, it can still be a fairly lonely existence.

"It's getting increasingly difficult to find other vampires in Sydney," Raziel admits. "People can be shy about their lifestyles and there's also a growing trend in younger people being enticed by the vampire world but it's often a fleeting interest."

According to Raziel, social butterfly/bat vamps based in Sydney might be better off travelling interstate. Apparently, Brisbane is particularly well known for having a large vampire community.

As you'd expect, getting used to a reversed sleeping schedule can also take some getting used to. To make life easier, Raziel recommends investing in dark, thick blinds and curtains to block out the sunlight. [Lifehacker tip: try covering your windows in aluminum foil.]

"Once your body gets into the habit of sleeping during the day it becomes quite normal and commonplace," Raziel said. "I've also always had jobs that require night work, so it's become a way of life."

I can personally attest that working night shifts gives you the ghostly complexion favoured by Ann Rice's favourite subject. (You can find additional advice on reversing your sleeping cycle here, here and here.)

If you're keen to dabble in the undead lifestyle, Raziel urges you to wet your toes first by meeting up with people who already live as vampires.

"These people can offer the best insights into how you can live among others easily. They can also explain the diet and where you can meet people," Raziel explained. Getting properly acquainted with critically-acclaimed vampire fiction can also provide a good primer — although we'd strongly advice against reenacting anything you read or see.

Unless you're looking to emulate the titular vegan vampire from *Count Duckula*, you're going to have to get used to the taste of the red stuff. If you find the idea of drinking blood repugnant, the vampire lifestyle probably isn't for you.

"A big part of my diet is blood, both human and animal," Raziel explains. "I purchase animal blood from the butcher and sometimes have a donor: a person who is willing to provide me with blood.

"It's important to have human blood tested before you drink it for safety. Also, don't drink too much blood at once!"

Odd Jobs is an occasional Lifehacker column looking at unusual career paths and lifestyle choices.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Camarillo - Old Camarillo State Hospital - now Channel Islands University

This large enclave of buildings in Camarillo is now a university, but were originally built in the 1920s as a state mental hospital. They changed over to a school in the mid 90s. There have been many stories of ghosts over the years of all kinds due to the fact that patients previously lived and died there. Some of the buildings are in the process of being turned into dorms and some students have experienced all kinds of unexplained events. The sounds of children's voices at the children's center, by the Bell tower an old woman walking and asking for directions to the chapel and old woman wearing white wondering the hallways in the daytime. In the restrooms the voice of someone saying, "SSSHHHHH" in parking lot A figure that looks like a man spinning around until it disappears near one of the street lights. objects seen with t he corner of the eye and then when people turn they disappear. Many people have had encounters with ghost at this site, during the day and at night the ghost don't have a preferred time. Some complaints from students and staff are headaches, nausea, feeling of being watched, feeling unsafe, threatened, and extreme tiredness. Also, there have been numerous sightings of at least a dozen different entities in the Bell Tower, Police Station region. (Currently, only very few buildings at the site are used- most are abandoned.) Entities seen range from a beautiful woman in white who wanders both night and day in the hallways in and around the Bell Tower, a man by the bus stop, and a rather nervous entity in one of the women's restrooms in the Bell Tower who not only chatters but makes some kind of rustling sound.

"FLAMING ONIONS" - THE GREAT ENIGMA

By

Eric Watson

Browse through any book on the air-war of 1914/18 and you are almost certain to find some reference to that most spectacular form of anti-aircraft defence, popularly known as "flaming onions". It is, however, a much more difficult task to locate any two such references that are in total agreement regarding the precise nature and appearance of this unique weapon. Many authors choose to describe it in a most dramatic and colourful manner; others take a much more cautious and conservative approach, while the remainder appear to deliberately avoid making any detailed comment - a policy which seems to indicate their own confusion and indecision about the true facts.

Even amongst World War 1 flyers - men who had first-hand experience of this awesome weapon - there often exists a wide difference of opinion concerning its real purpose and effectiveness. I have long been intrigued by this strangely anomalous situation and recently resolved to investigate the whole matter, in the hope of establishing the real truth about "flaming onions".

I did not, at first, foresee any great difficulties in such a project; feeling quite confident that a few phone calls to local military historical organisations or, at most, a couple of letters to overseas war museums would quickly provide authoritative answers to my questions. In this regard, however, I was to be sadly disillusioned for, although many of the organisations contacted were vaguely familiar with the weapon, not one of them was able to supply me with any specific information on the subject. Even that "mecca" of W.W.1 aero historians - the Imperial War Museum, London admitted that, despite long and diligent searches of official records, no detailed technical data could be located!

Having thus failed to achieve any satisfactory results from contact with authoritative sources, the next logical course of action appears to be in making a comparative study of the numerous accounts contained in both contemporary and more recently published aviation literature. As previously stated, such references - although plentiful in number - are often confusing and, in many cases, quite contradictory in their assertions. Before attempting any detailed analysis, therefore, it seems advisable to predetermine the particular questions for which answers must be sought.

was obviously used to rotate the barrels and fire the weapon in a semi-automatic fashion. The shells, which appear to be about 6 inches long and 1½ inches in diameter, were individually loaded into a chute located on the upper left-hand side of the chamber. This chute, no doubt, fed them directly into the firing chamber. Unfortunately the photograph does not offer any evidence as to the method of cartridge ejection. Notice that there are no less than 6 shells in the chute itself - and there is probably another one in the firing chamber, although this is not, of course, discernible in the photograph.

Here we have a most valuable clue concerning the nature of the projectile, as it indicates that the number of shots in a "burst" of "flaming onions" would depend upon (a) how many shells were in the chute at the time, and (b) how long the crank-handle was turned. This weapon was obviously cumbersome to manipulate and could not, therefore, have been brought; to bear on a fast-moving target for more than a few seconds - probably only long enough to fire off a burst of six or seven shells at the most. Of all the many reports that I have examined thus far, only one (Whitehouse's) contradicts the theory of a varying number of fire-balls present in each burst of "flaming onions". This is, I believe, evidence enough to convince even the most sceptical reader that they could <u>not</u> have been wired together. To be so joined, they would have had to be loaded into a single shell -each of which would produce a <u>uniform number</u> of fire-balls.

Before finishing, let us briefly review the list of questions and see what answers we have been able to find. It seems reasonable to assume that we now know what the weapon looked like, how it was operated, and something of its origin. If we are willing to accept the theories put forward, we may also claim some knowledge of the size, shape and function of the projectiles. The question of their construction appears to have been resolved, while we also have a clearer understanding of the military effectiveness of the weapon.

Yet there are still some questions left unanswered. Even some of the conclusions that have been reached are based largely on supposition and must, therefore, remain open to question and possible argument. Until these have all been satisfactorily answered and proven, I will continue to search for the truth. Perhaps one of my readers, inspired to further research by this report, will someday discover the vital clue which solves, for all time, the fascinating mystery of the "flaming onions".

These can be briefly outlined as follows :-

(a) What type of gun was used to fire the "flaming onion" projectiles? Was it a single or multi-barrelled weapon?

(b) What was the origin of the gun? Was it designed specifically for A/A defence, or adapted from some other artillery piece?

(c) What was its maximum effective range?

(d) Was the weapon used exclusively for the protection of German observation balloons, or more generally applied?

(e) What was the shape, size and calibre of the projectile?

(f) Was the projectile explosive, incendiary, tracer - or some combination of these three functions?

(g) Did each projectile produce a single fire-ball or a number of them? If so, how many?

(h) Were the fire-balls actually wired together? If so, when did separation of the shot take place (ie. at the gun muzzle or after a preliminary explosion at altitude)?

(i) How did the fire-balls appear to the pilots of the aircraft under attack?

(j) Was the weapon an effective one, either militarily or psychologically?

Let us examine, first of all, the two specific references to "flaming onions" which appear in Volume VIII of the "Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18" (F.M. Cutlack). In the glossary, on page 447, they are defined as -

"*Flaming Onions*" "*A form of incendiary and illuminating shell much used by the Germans. In appearance it was a string of fire-balls. This shell was used both in order to point out the location of a machine to German anti-aircraft batteries and also against the machines themselves as a means of setting them on fire*".

On page 236 of the same volume, the following footnote appears -

"*Flaming Onions*" "*These were fired from a revolver-gun similar to a howitzer; Six or seven white or green balls of fire, apparently chained together, leaving a like number of black smoke-streams. The fire-balls rose to above 5000 feet*".

In these, as in each of the other quoted excerpts, I have underlined certain key words or phrases in order to draw the reader's attention to their importance in relation to this study.

The glossary description suggests that, although "flaming onions" were primarily incendiary projectiles, they also served to illuminate the target aircraft for the benefit of the regular anti-aircraft defences. This explanation seems a logical one as most attacks on observation balloons were made either in the late afternoon or early morning, when visibility was extremely poor. Furthermore, the attacking pilots were usually careful to approach from the darkest side of the balloon so as to avoid being silhouetted against the sun. Notice, however, that Cutlack does not refer to them as "tracers" but rather as "*illuminating*" shells - thus emphasising the point that they did not necessarily serve to correct the aim of the "flaming onion" batteries themselves.

Cutlack's use of the term "*revolver gun*" is somewhat vague and, at first, confusing. This might be interpreted as describing a weapon with a single barrel and a revolving chamber or, alternatively, one with multiple barrels rotating past a single firing chamber - after the style of the earlier - "Gatling Gun". However, his subsequent statement that it was "*similar to a howitzer*" helps clarify the situation. If we assume the basis of this comparison to be one of general appearance only, the first possibility can be discounted as only a weapon of the multi-barrelled type could be visually compared with the distinctive squat shape of the W.W.1 howitzer.

The author's claims regarding the number, colour and range of the fire-balls are reasonably straightforward and require no further comment at this stage. I must, however, draw the reader's particular attention to Cutlack's careful choice of words in describing these projectiles. Notice how, in the first instance, he states that "*in appearance*" it was a string of fireballs, whilst he also cautiously uses the phrase "*apparently chained together*" in the footnote. His obvious reluctance to make a more authoritative statement on this point is, I believe, indicative that, even with the extensive research facilities available to him as an official war historian, Cutlack was unable to find any definite proof that the fire-balls were actually linked together.

Another report, worthy of careful study, appears in Tyrrel M. Hawker's fine biography "*Hawker VC*". It is also interesting insofar as it offers a possible explanation for some of the confusing and contradictory claims that have been published throughout the years.

"*He also teased a German 37 m/m automatic repeating gun, which fired bursts of tracer shells. Seen from the target aeroplane the distances between these burning shells were foreshortened, so that they appeared strung together, hence the name given to them of "flaming onions". Lanoe discovered that he could foretell the direction these shells would take from the angle of the "string" of onions, and he easily avoided them.*"

Here we find a writer who shows sufficient confidence in his own research to categorically nominate the calibre and design of the weapon used, yet immediately follows this with the somewhat questionable claim that "flaming onions" were tracer shells! My own knowledge of ballistics is extremely limited, but I cannot agree that this was the primary function of the projectile. As I understand it, the purpose of early tracer ammunition was simply to show the line of flight being taken by the explosive or incendiary shells with which it was mixed. This function must, therefore, have been of only secondary importance. Perhaps Hawker meant to convey the same idea of "*illuminating shells*" as expressed by Cutlack, but failed to choose his words quite so carefully.

I also feel that this author may have used the term "*automatic repeating gun*" rather loosely, as no further evidence can be found to substantiate a claim that it was a fully automatic weapon. It could, perhaps, have been more accurately defined as "semi-automatic" for some manual operations must surely have been necessary to load and fire a gun of that particular calibre and vintage.

The most important feature of this particular reference is, of course, the author's simple and logical explanation as to why the fire-balls appeared strung together. This theory is further strengthened by the fact that the vast majority of first-hand accounts describe them as "strings" rather than as "bursts" or "clusters" etc.. It is easy to imagine how, during the fever-pitch excitement of a balloon attack, some pilots could have visualised wires linking, the fire-balls into a single chain, whether or not such things did, in fact, exist.

By far the most graphic and colourful of all published accounts is to be found in Arch Whitehouse's autobiography, "*The Fledgling*". His flamboyant literary style - developed over many years of writing both factual and fictional aviation books and articles - is very evident in this

short extract.

"*Next there was a donation of flaming onions, the most awesome projectile that had so far been devised by man. They came twirling up at us, chain-shot of a kind, giving the impression of four greenish fireballs linked together. They approached slowly, end over end, spitting and sputtering, but always seemingly headed directly for our nacelle. I wondered what would happen if one fouled the propeller. It wasn't the fire or the nauseating colour, it was the maddening, determined, leisurely pace of their approach that made me cringe.*"

If we are to accept this as being an accurate and unadorned account of how "flaming onions" appeared, we must discount the previous theory, for it is obvious that the fire-balls could only have been described as "*twirling..... end over end*" if each cluster was wired together and, therefore, produced by a single shell. Notice however, how Whitehouse makes one authoritative statement (that it was "*chain-shot of a kind*") and then subsequently sows the seed of doubt with his cautious remark that they gave "*the impression*" of being linked together. His own unwillingness to support the claim with a positive assertion must leave most readers with some misgivings as to it's reliability.

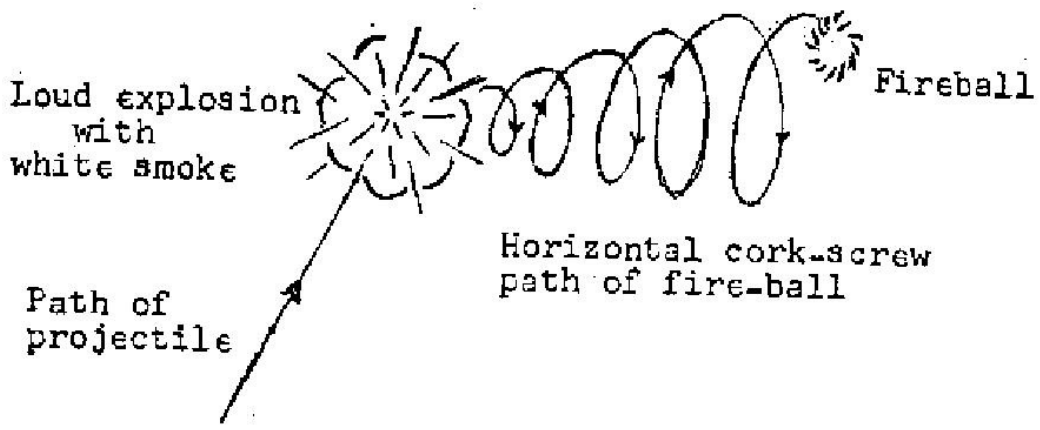
Could it be that, in preparing this account, he has unconsciously allowed his original mental concept of "flaming onions" to become embellished and distorted by a natural tendency towards imaginative journalism? I should, perhaps, point out that this description was written almost fifty years after the author's last encounter with "flaming onions"; during which time he wrote a prodigious number of colourful and dramatic aviation stories. In such circumstances it would have been most difficult for him to avoid confusing earlier fictional interpretations with his own factual recollections.

A most puzzling description of "flaming onions" was published in the "*Cross & Cockade*" Journal (Vol.1 No.2) back in 1960. It appeared in an article entitled "*A Brief History of the 27th Aero Squadron, A.E.F.*", written by H. Hugh Wynne.

"*This was the first time any of the pilots had come in contact with the "Flaming Onion". According to descriptions it burst with a crack much like the high explosive "Archie" but was of white smoke. Coincident with the explosion a ball of fire cork-screwed through the air in a horizontal direction along an ever widening circular path.*"

A glance at the accompanying sketch, based on this report, will clearly indicate that it is totally unlike any other known description of "flaming

onions".



No supporting evidence can be found for this quite unique theory of a combined explosive/incendiary projectile, ejecting a single fire-ball out along a horizontal spiralling path. It is, in fact, impossible to reconcile this concept of "flaming onions" with any other account ever published. I have the greatest respect for Hugh Wynne as a most capable and responsible aviation historian, yet I cannot help wondering if the "old~timers" who supplied him with this information were, perhaps, indulging in a little good-natured leg pulling"!

Several modern-day writers have contributed to the general confusion associated with "flaming onions" by failing to undertake sufficient research or - far worse - by making the most outlandish claims, based entirely upon their own personal interpretations of previously published accounts. Typical of these is the author Alan Morris who, in his recent book "*First of the Many*", describes them as "*a sinister but ineffective device of threaded explosives scattered by rocket tubes.*"

There are, of course, many other literary references which, for the sake of brevity, cannot be discussed here at any length. Usually they have little to add to the knowledge already gained. Most are quite similar in detail (or lack of it.') and vary only in the degree of imagination with which their authors describe the appearance of "flaming onions". For example - "*a phosphorus ball, like a Roman Candle ball, only bigger*" (Charles R. D'Olive in C.& C. Journal, Vol.1 No.1) or - "*like those flower-pots we used to have on the Fourth of July*" (Norman S. Hall, quoting Frank Luke, in "*The Balloon Buster*").

I recently asked Mr. Eric Dibbs (an Honorary Member of this Society and a former pilot with No.2 Squadron, A.F.C.) to give me his impressions of the "dreaded flaming onions". Here, briefly, are his comments "*We encountered "flaming onions" quite frequently, but had no fear of them whatever. They came up relatively slowly and thus gave us plenty of time to take evasive action. They seemed to have a limited range of perhaps five or six thousand feet. In appearance, "flaming onions" consisted of a string of white circular fire-balls, very close together and in a straight line. I don't recall ever seeing any green ones. When they reached their maximum height they simply died out and disappeared. There was no sign of any preliminary or terminal explosion.*"

I consider this to be a most accurate and reliable first-hand account, for I have absolute faith in Mr. Dibbs' integrity as well as his phenomenal memory concerning details of his W.W.1 flying experiences. The suggested maximum range of the weapon could, perhaps, be subject to some error, as it is based upon visual observations made from the higher altitudes at which the S.E.5a machines of No.2 Squadron usually flew. Under such conditions, it would have been most difficult to gauge this with any degree of accuracy.

The astute reader may have noticed that, up to this point, we have only considered reports emanating from British Sources. From the outset it was obvious that, because the weapon in question was (presumably) of German origin, the most logical place to look for authoritative information would be Germany itself. My complete ignorance of that language precluded any personal research and, although an overseas colleague has been undertaking this task on my behalf, no positive results have yet been achieved.

Just when things began to look quite hopeless, I came across a most informative and surprising account of "flaming onions" given by a former Captain in the Imperial German Balloon Corps. This was incorporated in an interview with Mr. Karl Kuster, published in the "*Cross & Cockade*" Journal (Vol.5 No.3).

"*We had what we considered good protection around the balloons. Usually, the defenses consisted of about six machine guns, and out of the old fortress we had a gun with a magazine similar to a revolver. It didn't shoot an exploding shell. It had a diameter of 1½" and although they seldom hit anything, when the enemy pilots saw them they were scared stiff. In those days airplanes flamed pretty easily and this ball of fire was nothing to fool around with. I have never heard of that expression of yours, "flaming onions", but every balloon had one of these guns and it may be*

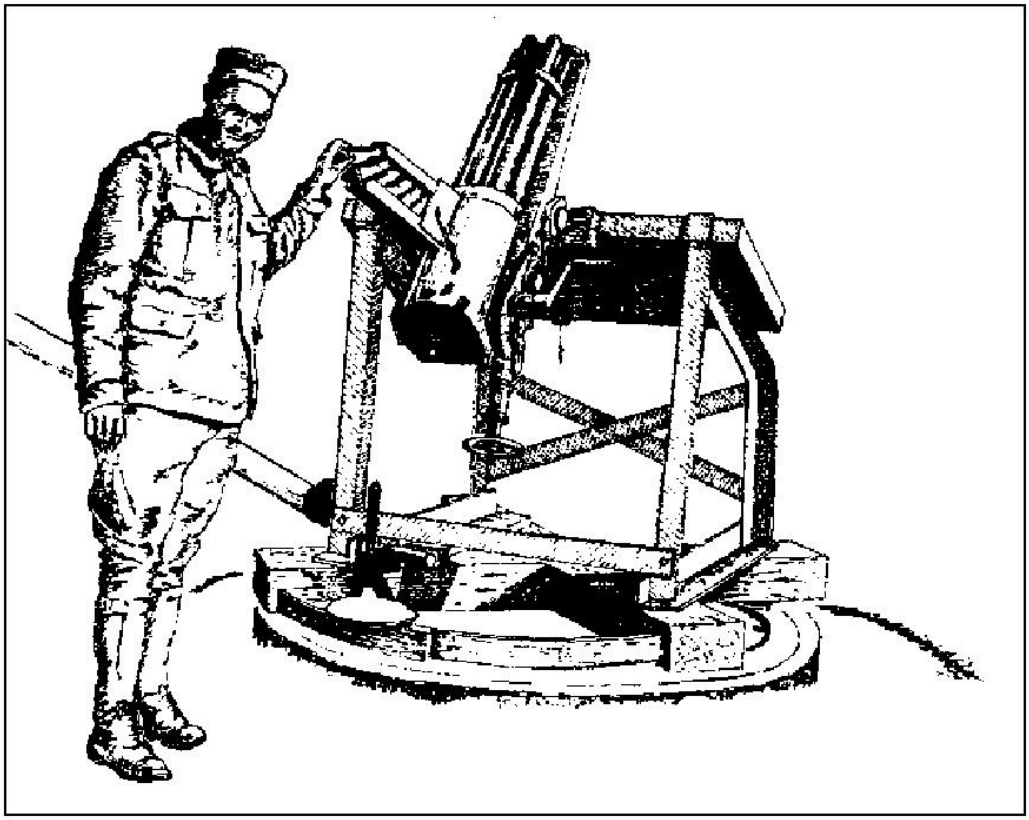
what the Allied pilots were referring to. Occasionally, of course, they would hit an attacking plane, but they were not considered to be too accurate.... Later in the war they pulled more of these old guns out of the various fortresses, such as Verdun and Ulm, and others, and placed them around the balloons. But I always felt they were more of a morale-builder than anything. Most of the planes shot down while attacking balloons were shot down by the machine gun defenses."

It is not at all surprising to find that this man was unfamiliar with the term "flaming onions" as it was simply a colloquialism, coined by the British pilots who first encountered the fiery spectacle. His comments about the origin of the guns are, however, both interesting and enlightening. If these were originally installed in military fortresses, they are more likely to have been designed as anti-siege weapons, rather than for anti-aircraft use. The fact that they were considered "old" at the time also suggests that they were manufactured in pre-war days - long before the need for an anti-aircraft weapon of this nature could have been envisaged. Converting them for anti-aircraft defence would have been a relatively simple matter of fitting high angle mountings and changing over from the conventional type of ammunition.

By describing the gun as having a "*revolving magazine*" (rather than revolving barrels), Mr. Kuster raises fresh doubts about the construction of the weapon. His account does, however, completely dismiss the theory of an explosive projectile and it also confirms Hawker's claim that the gun was of 37 m/m calibre.

It is obvious, from his remarks, that the weapon's "bark" was far worse than it's "bite" and was consequently of more value as a psychological deterrent than as an effective military armament. As we have already seen, some Allied pilots adopted a casual - if not entirely contemptuous attitude towards "flaming onions". On the other hand, there are numerous accounts which tend to confirm the weapon's effectiveness as a psychological deterrent. For instance, Cutlack states that they were "*heartily detested by the airmen at all times, and to cripple an "onion" battery was sweet revenge*". In his book "*Tiger Squadron*" Ira Jones describes "flaming onions" as "*a maze of hate*" and denounces balloon-strafing as "*a hell of a game*" - "*easily the most dangerous of the war airman's duties*".

The most important break through of the entire research programme came with the discovery of a photograph which purports to show the actual weapon and describes it, in the caption, as a "5 barrelled, 1-pounder". The accompanying illustration has been prepared from this photograph, which was originally published in the "Cross & Cockade" Journal (Vol.6 No.1). It is certainly worthy of close inspection and analysis.



Notice, first of all, the gun mounting, which appears to have been rather crudely constructed from angle iron and supported on two massive wooden cross-beams, partly braced with hoop iron. The whole structure revolved about a circular concrete base, set into a mound of earth. It is at once obvious that this was a reasonably permanent installation, rather than a temporary or portable one. A stout pole was apparently used to turn the mounting on the circular track. This would, no doubt, have been the duty of at least one crew-member, while the gun operator rode on a small steel platform and was able to lock the mounting at any desired position by means of foot pedals or levers. A third crew member would have been required to feed the ammunition and assist in aiming the weapon.

Assuming that the soldier, in this illustration, was a man of average height) we can reasonably assess the dimensions of both the gun and it's ammunition. The gun itself appears to have been about 4 feet in length, with a diameter of about 12 inches. It was fitted with multiple barrels (probably five, as claimed) which would almost certainly have revolved past a single firing chamber. Elevation control was by means of a quick-action wheel mounted on a geared shaft beneath the gun and the front-sloping platform on the mounting suggests that the weapon could, if necessary, be depressed below the horizontal position.

The large crank-handle, situated on the right-hand side of the chamber

Oregon's 'milky rain' mystery

stuff.co.nz

Last updated 09:00, February 12 2015

Unusual rain that deposited a mysterious residue across a swath of the US Pacific Northwest appears to be a byproduct of dust storms hundreds of kilometres away in Nevada, although volcanic ash from Japan cannot be ruled out, the US National Weather Service says.

The so-called "milky rain" left an unusual powdery residue on cars and windows last week across large parts of Oregon and eastern Washington state, leaving residents wondering about its origins.

"We're fairly certain it came from Nevada, but to confirm that we'd need to know exactly what the substance is," Weather Service scientist Mary Wister said on Wednesday (local time). "Nevada had incredibly strong winds Thursday night and Friday morning, and the dirt there is a very alkaline dust."

She added that low-elevation wind gusts have been blowing to the north, and likely carried the dust to rain clouds, which then could have deposited milky drops across a region that spans from remote Fossil, Oregon, to Spokane, Washington, she said.

She said that federal scientists at the mostly decommissioned Hanford nuclear site have suggested another possibility, that higher-altitude winds may have carried ash across the Pacific Ocean from Japan's Sakurajima volcano, which is currently erupting.

But she said that theory appeared less likely than the Nevada wind scenario, and cautioned that without a chemical analysis of the milky rain, it would be impossible to pinpoint its origins.

The National Weather Service is not equipped to perform such an analysis, and has not conducted tests on the substance, she added.

"We're hoping somebody else does tests and shares what they find," she said.

© 2015 Fairfax New Zealand Limited

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Oregon's pink chicken mystery solved; owner explains - US News

+ More

usnews.com

In this March 26, 2015, image provided by Randall Brown of Multnomah County Animal Services, a pair of chickens, dyed pink, are photographed in Portland, Ore. The animals were picked up earlier this week running loose in the city's waterfront park. Multnomah County Animal Services says the owner, Bruce Whitman of Portland, told the agency he used food coloring, beet juice and Kool-Aid to dye the two birds, then released them for a while to "make people smile." Officials say they told Whitman about the dangers of releasing birds in public places. He was billed for the time the chickens were in the county's care. (AP Photo/Multnomah County Animal Services, Randall Brown)

Associated Press March 27, 2015 | 10:26 p.m. EDT

AP PORTLAND, Ore. (AP) — The mystery of Portland's pink chickens is solved.

Multnomah County Animal Services says the birds' owner told the agency he used food coloring, beet juice and Kool-Aid to dye the two birds, then released them to "make people smile."

Owner Bruce Whitman of Portland says the prank succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. In his words, "I didn't expect to get this many people to smile."

He says he tucked the chickens into a tree to roost early Thursday in a waterfront park, figuring they'd wake to a good day with water nearby and bugs to eat, spread some smiles and he'd pick them up Thursday evening. He soon heard news reports that the birds had become poultry celebrities.

Animal Services billed Whitman about $16 per bird for their time in custody, and cautioned him about the risks of releasing birds in public places. He says he probably won't do it again — but he and the birds have now been invited to a couple of parades.

Copyright 2015 The Associated Press. All rights reserved. This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten or redistributed.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

The Origin of Underground People

legends about elves and other hidden creatures
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1997-2012

Contents

1. Origin of the Hidden People: Two Legends (Iceland).
2. The Origin of Bergfolk (Denmark).
3. When Satan Was Cast out of Heaven (Sweden).
4. Origin of the Underground People in Amrum (Germany).
5. Lower Elemental Spirits (Bohemia).
6. Origin of the Fairies (Wales).
7. The Baby Farmer (Wales).
8. The Fairies as Fallen Angels (Ireland).
9. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Origin of the Hidden People

Two Legends from Iceland

1.

Once upon a time, God Almighty came to visit Adam and Eve. They received him with joy, and showed him everything they had in the house. They also brought their children to him, to show him, and these He found promising and full of hope.

Then He asked Eve whether she had no other children than these whom she now showed him.

She said "None."

But it so happened that she had not finished washing them all, and, being ashamed to let God see them dirty, had hidden the unwashed ones. This God knew well, and said therefore to her, "What man hides from God, God will hide from man."

These unwashed children became forthwith invisible, and took up their abode in mounds, and hills, and rocks. From these are the elves descended, but we men from those of Eve's children whom she had openly and frankly shown to God. And it is only by the will and desire

of the elves themselves that men can ever see them.

2.

A traveler once lost his way, and knew not whither to turn or what to do. At last, after wandering about for some time, he came to a hut, which he had never seen before; and on his knocking at the door, an old woman opened it, and invited him to come in, which he gladly did.

Inside, the house seemed to be a clean and good one. The old woman led him to the warmest room, where were sitting two young and beautiful girls. Besides these, no one else was in the house. He was well received and kindly treated, and having eaten a good supper was shown to bed.

He asked whether one of the girls might stay with him, as his companion for the night, and his request was granted.

And now wishing to kiss her, the traveler turned towards her, and placed his hand upon her; but his hand sank through her, as if she had been of mist, and though he could well see her lying beside him, he could grasp nothing but the air.

So he asked what this all meant, and she said, "Be not astonished, for I am a spirit. When the devil, in times gone by, made war in heaven, he, with all his armies, was driven into outer darkness. Those who turned their eyes to look after him as he fell, were also driven out of heaven; but those who were neither for nor against him, were sent to the earth and commanded to dwell there in the rocks and mountains.

These are called elves and hidden people. They can live in company with none but their own race. They do either good or evil, which they will, but what they do they do thoroughly. They have no bodies as you other mortals, but can take a human form and be seen of men when they wish. I am one of these fallen spirits, and so you can never hope to embrace me."

To this fate the traveler yielded himself, and has handed down to us this story.

- Source: Jón Árnason, *Icelandic Legends*, translated by George E. J. Powell and Eiríkur Magnússon (London: Richard Bentley, 1864), pp. 19-21. Translation slightly revised.
- Link to these texts in the original Icelandic: Jón Árnason, *Íslenzkar Þjóðsögur og Æfintýri* vol. 1 (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs, 1862), pp. 5-6.
- The first of these two legends, the story featuring Adam and Eve, is classified as an Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 758 folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Origin of Bergfolk

Denmark

Bergmen originated in this way, that when Our Lord cast down the wicked angels from

heaven they could not all get to hell together, and some of them settled in the mounds and banks.

Brownies, bergmen, and such creatures originated in this way. When Our Lord cast the wicked angels down from heaven some of them fell on mounds and banks, and these became bergmen; some fell into woods and mosses, and these became fairies (*ellefolk*), while those that fell into buildings became brownies (*nisser*). They are just little devils, the whole lot of them.

- Source: William A. Craigie, *Scandinavian Folk-Lore: Illustrations of the Traditional Beliefs of the Northern Peoples* (London: Alexander Gardner, 1896), p. 93.
- Craigie's source: Evald Tang Kristensen, "Bjærgfolks tilblivelse," Danske Sagn, som de har lydt i Folkemunde, vol. 1 (Aarhus: Folkeblads Trykkeri, 1892), pp. 3-4.
- Additional legends in Danish about the origin of underground people: J. M. Thiele, "Troldfolkets Oprindelse," *Danmarks Folkesagn*, vol. 2 (Copenhagen: Universitetsboghandler C. A. Reitzels Forlag, 1843), pp. 175-76.
- Return to the table of contents.

When Satan Was Cast out of Heaven

Sweden

Know that when Satan was cast out of heaven, on account of his pride, and fell to the earth, there were other spirits, which, like him, were also cast out. These spirits, in their fall, were borne hither and thither on the winds like the golden leaves in the autumn storm, falling to earth finally, some into the sea, some into the forests, and some upon the mountains. Where they fell there they remained, so the saying runs, and found there their field of action. After their abiding places they were given different names. Thus we have sea nymphs, mountain fairies, wood fairies, elves, and other spirits, all of which are described in the catechism.

- Source: Herman Hofberg, *Swedish Fairy Tales*, translated by W. H. Myers (Chicago: Belford-Clarke Company, 1890), p. 56. This excerpt is from a longer account entitled "Katrineholm Manor" (pp. 55-59) from the province of Småland in southern Sweden.
- Hofberg's source is "a good old woman, resident in the neighborhood."
- Hofberg does not give this excerpt a title.
- Return to the table of contents.

Origin of the Underground People in Amrum

Germany

The Lord Jesus came one day to a house where a woman lived who had five beautiful and five ugly children. She hid the five ugly children in the cellar. The Lord Jesus asked her where her other children were. The woman said: "I do not have any more children."

Then the Lord Jesus cursed the five ugly children, saying: "That which is beneath shall remain beneath, and that which above shall remain above!"

When the woman returned to the cellar, her five ugly children had disappeared. The underground people are their descendants.

- Source: Johann Georg Theodor Grässe, *Sagenbuch des Preußischen Staats*, vol. 2 (Glogau: Verlag von Carl Flemming, 1871), p. 1092. This account (entitled "Die Unterirdischen," no. 1350, pp. 1091-1092) contains many additional beliefs about the underground people on the Island of Amrum in the North Sea.
- This is an Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 758 folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

Lower Elemental Spirits

Bohemia

In addition to the gods, heathens knew a whole row of lower demons which can be placed together under the names sprites and elves. They constitute a distinct spirit realm on earth, independent of the world of humans. They possess supernatural powers with which they harm and help humans. However, they shy away from humans, because physically they are not our equals. In Bohemia they tell about the origin of these demons as follows:

When God cast out the arrogant angels from heaven, they became the evil spirits that plague mankind day and night, tormenting us and inflicting us with harm. The ones who fell into hell and into caves and abysses became devils and death-maidens. However, those who fell onto the earth became goblins, imps, dwarfs, thumblings, alps, noon-and-evening-ghosts, and will-o'-the-wisps. Those who fell into the forests became the wood-spirits who live there: the hey-men, the wild-men, the forest-men, the wild-women, and the forest-women. Finally, those who fell into the water became water spirits: water-men, mermaids, and merwomen.

- Source: Josef Virgil Grohmann, *Sagenbuch von Böhmen und Mähren*, vol. 1 (Prague: Verlag der J. G. Calve'schen k. k. Universitäts-Buchhandlung, 1863) , p. 108-109.
- The German names of the spirits mentioned are: Teufel, Todmädchen, Kobolde, Schrätlein, Zwerge, Daumlinge, Alpe, Mittags- und Abendgespenster, Irrlichter, Waldgeister, Hemänner, wilde Männer, Waldmänner, wilde Weiber, Waldfrauen, Wassergeister, Wassermänner, Meerjungfern, Meerfrauen.
- The historical region of Bohemia is currently part of the Czech Republic.
- Return to the table of contents.

Origin of the Fairies

Anglesea, Wales

In our Savior's time there lived a woman whose fortune it was to be possessed of nearly a score of children, and as she saw our blessed Lord approach her dwelling, being ashamed of being so prolific, and that he might not see them all, she concealed about half of them closely, and after his departure, when she went in search of them, to her great surprise found they were all gone. They never afterwards could be discovered, for it was supposed that as a punishment from heaven for hiding what God had given her, she was deprived of them; and it

is said these her offspring have generated the race called fairies.

- Source: Wirt Sikes, *British Goblins: Welsh Folk-Lore, Fairy Mythology, Legends, and Traditions* (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1880), pp. 133-34.
- Sikes calls this account "a local legend of the origin of fairies in Anglesea."
- This is an Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 758 folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Baby Farmer

Wales

Old Kaddy was a baby-farmer, and one day she went to the woods to gather sticks for her fire, and whilst she was gathering the sticks she found a piece of gold, and took it home; but she never told anyone she had found the money, for she always pretended to be very poor.

But though she was so poor, she used to dress two of her children in fine clothes; but the others, whom she did not like, she kept in the filthiest rags.

One day a man knocked at her door, and asked to see the children.

He sat down in her little room, and she went and brought the ragged little boy and girl, saying she was very poor, and couldn't afford to dress them better; for she had been careful to hide the well-dressed little boy and girl in a cockloft.

After the stranger had gone she went to the cockloft to look for her well-dressed favorites, but they had disappeared, and they were never seen afterwards, for they were turned into fairies.

- Source: Peter Henry Emerson, *Welsh Fairy-Tales and Other Stories* (London: D. Nutt, 1894), p. 14.
- This is a variant of an Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 758 folktale.
- Explanation of baby farming from *Wikipedia*:

> **Baby farming** was a term used in late-Victorian Era Britain (and, less commonly, in Australia and the United States) to mean the taking in of an infant or child for payment; if the infant was young, this usually included wet-nursing (breast-feeding by a woman not the mother). Some baby farmers "adopted" children for lump-sum payments, while others cared for infants for periodic payments. Though baby farmers were paid in the understanding that care would be provided, the term "baby farmer" was used as an insult, and improper treatment was usually implied.

- Return to the table of contents.

The Fairies as Fallen Angels

Ireland

The islanders, like all the Irish, believe that the fairies are the fallen angels who were cast down by the Lord God out of heaven for their sinful pride. And some fell into the sea, and some on the dry land, and some fell deep down into hell, and the devil gives to these knowledge and power, and sends them on earth where they work much evil.

But the fairies of the earth and the sea are mostly gentle and beautiful creatures, who will do no harm if they are let alone, and allowed to dance on the fairy raths in the moonlight to their own sweet music, undisturbed by the presence of mortals.

As a rule, the people look on fire as the great preservative against witchcraft, for the devil has no power except in the dark. So they put a live coal under the chum, and they wave a lighted wisp of straw above the cow's head if the beast seems sickly. But as to the pigs, they take no trouble, for they say the devil has no longer any power over them now. When they light a candle they cross themselves, because the evil spirits are then clearing out of the house in fear of the light, lire and Holy Water they hold to be sacred, and are powerful; and the best safeguard against all things evil, and the surest test in case of suspected witchcraft.

- Source: Jane Francesca Elgee Wilde (Lady Wilde), *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland: With Sketches of the Irish Past* (Boston: Ticknor and Company, 1888), p. 89.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

- The Norse Creation Myth. In this ancient account, first recorded by the Icelander Snorri Sturluson in about 1220, we learn that dwarfs originated from maggots that appeared in the rotting flesh of the slain giant Ymir. By the decree of the gods these maggot-dwarfs acquired human understanding and the appearance of men, although they lived hidden beneath the earth and in rocks.
- Eve's Unequal Children. This tale (Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 758) from the collection of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm is very similar to the first Icelandic legend and the story from the island of Amrum above. However, the Grimms use the tale to justify the existence of different social classes rather that to explain the origin of hidden underground people.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Germanic Myths, Legends, and Sagas.

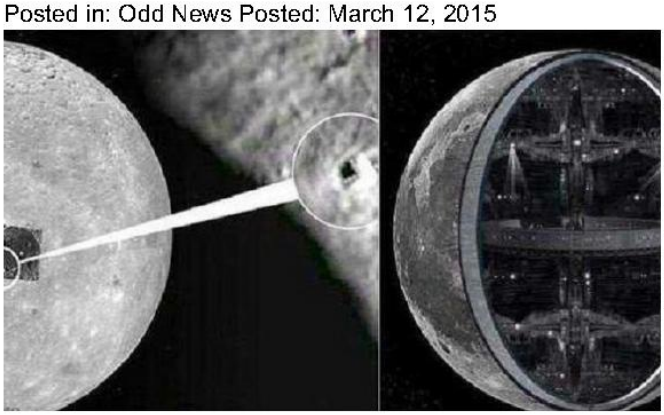
Revised December 22, 2012.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Our Moon Is An Alien UFO Spaceship Parked In Orbit Around Earth, UFOlogists Claim

inquisitr.com

Posted in: Odd News Posted: March 12, 2015



UFOlogists have proposed that the moon, believed to be a natural satellite of Earth, is, in fact, a huge spaceship, a gigantic UFO, parked in orbit around the Earth by an advanced technological civilization.

The proposal that the moon is an artificial satellite of Earth, specifically an alien spaceship, a massive UFO, parked in orbit around the Earth, is known as the Spaceship Moon Theory, Artificial Moon Theory, or Alien Moon Theory.

According to proponents of the Spaceship Moon Theory in the UFO community, there is evidence to suggest that the moon was built by an alien civilization with science and technology much more developed than ours.

The Spaceship Moon Theory claims that the moon, as an alien UFO parked in orbit around the Earth, has a hollow inside. In other words, the moon is a hollowed-out artificial structure containing an underground base serving also as the interior of a gigantic UFO spaceship.

UFO

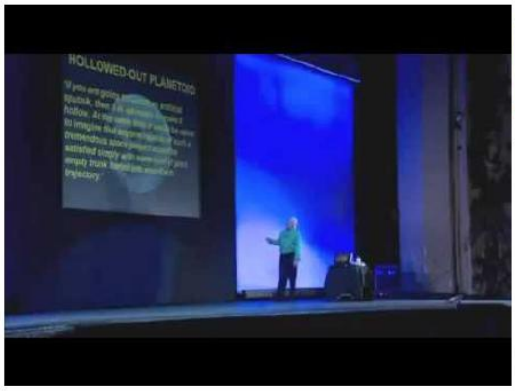
DOCUMENTARY Aliens exist on the moon 2015 Full New UFO Sightings

What Happened on the Moon

The Lion Sleeps

No More - "Who Built The Moon"

SECRET CLASSIFIED WARNING !! NASA Astronauts Confirmed After Moon Landing – Secret Documentary 2015



Apollo 20 MOON MISSION FOUND A naked ALIEN FEMALE BODY FROZEN IN UFO SPACE CRAFT ENOCH XXX ANGELS

The startling hypothesis was first proposed in 1970 by two Russian scientists, members of the Soviet Academy of Science, Michael Vasin and Alexander Shcherbakov, in an article, “Is the Moon the Creation of Alien Intelligence?”

Vasin and Shcherbakov suggested that the moon was a natural space body converted into an artificial structure by alien engineers who melted the original solid core, deposited the molten lava on the lunar surface, and created an inner lunar space protected by an artificial shell below the outer shell we know as the lunar surface.

The alien race then placed their gigantic UFO in orbit around the Earth for reasons we can only speculate about.

Part of evidence that Vasin and Shcherbakov presented in support of the theory that the moon has an inner shell made of strong high-tensile engineering material was that lunar craters formed from impact of large space rocks are generally shallower than expected and that the bottoms of the craters tend to be flat or convex.

According to the theorists, this suggests that large meteors impacting on the lunar surface are unable to dig deeper because they hit an impenetrable inner shell made of a high-tensile material.

Vasin and Shcherbakov thus suggested that the moon consists of a natural rocky outer layer that is only about five miles thick and an inner shell that is up to 20 miles thick. Below the inner shell is a cavity that could contain an “atmosphere” to support alien life.

Other proponents of the hollowed-out Spaceship Moon Theory include Don Wilson, who published a book *Our Mysterious Spaceship Moon* in 1975, and George H. Leonard in his 1976 book, *Someone Else is On the Moon*.

One of the major reasons for believing the moon is hollow, according to Spaceship Moon theorists, is its calculated mean density of 3.3gm/cm3, compared with Earth’s 5.5 gm/cm3.

Proponents of the Spaceship Moon Theory claim that the unexpectedly low mean density of the moon caused NASA Scientist Gordon MacDonald to remark, “[T]he data require that the interior of the Moon is more like a hollow than a

homogeneous sphere."

MIT's Sean C. Solomon is also quoted as having written that "the Lunar Orbiter experiments vastly improved our knowledge of the Moon's gravitational field… indicating the frightening possibility that the Moon might be hollow."

An incident that Spaceship Moon theorists often cite as proof that the moon is hollow occurred on November 20, 1969, when the Apollo 12 crew conducted the Passive Seismic Experiment by crashing the Apollo 12 Lunar Module into the Moon. The impact created an artificial moonquake that caused the moon to reverberate "like a gong" for nearly an hour.

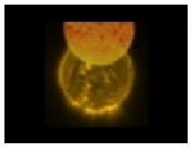
A similar observation was made during the Apollo 13 mission, with instruments recording reverberations that lasted for more than three hours, compared with a few minutes for the Earth, even in large earthquakes.

According to a NASA document relating to the 1970 Apollo 13 mission, "Nothing comparable happens when objects strike Earth."

> "Back in November 1969, the Apollo 12 astronauts had sent their Lunar Module crashing into the Moon following their return to the command craft after the lunar landing mission. That Lunar Module struck with a force of one ton of TNT. The shock waves built up to a peak in eight minutes and continued for nearly an hour. The information from these two artificial moonquakes led to reconsideration of theories proposed about the lunar interior. Among puzzling features are the rapid build- up to the peak and the prolonged reverberations. Nothing comparable happens when objects strike Earth."

Spaceship Moon theorists claim that as a natural satellite, the moon is an outrageous anomaly, being obviously too big to have been captured naturally in the Earth's orbit, as Isaac Asimov acknowledged in his book *Asimov on Astronomy*, published in 1974.

The video below, produced by a Spaceship Moon theorist, lists some of the moon anomalies claimed to indicate that the moon is a gigantic alien spaceship.

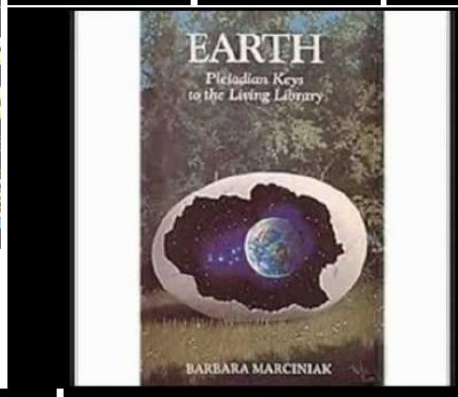


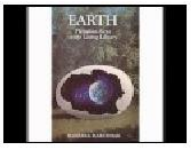
What is happening on the moon? Emily Cragg answers the hard questions & shows Proof

The Dark Side Of The Moon Astronaut Reports Of Music And The Truth Behind The Moon Landings

Reptilian Moon Base

Who Built the Hollow Moon a African Legend.





5 Most Mysterious Photos from the Moon

The debate about the origin of the moon, supposedly a natural satellite of the Earth, continues to rage, and proponents of the Spaceship Moon theory point out that the seemingly intractable difficulties in accounting for the moon as a supposed natural satellite of the Earth point to its artificial, or more precisely, alien technological origin.

As far as UFOlogists are concerned, recent sightings of UFO fleets over the moon suggest there could be a massive underground hangar for spacecraft in the moon.

UFO Filmed At The Moon For Over 1 Minute

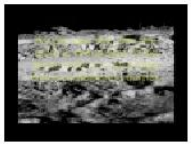
The Worlds Most Active USO UFO Hotspot [UFO Documentary]

- Nazi UFO's Documentary

- Best UFO Sightings JULY 2014 NEW Videos Included

- THE MOON, an alien UFO base, a satellite that doesn't belong to us...

- UFOlogists also point to testimonies by highly qualified NASA astronauts, such as Leroy Chiao and Buzz Aldrin.



- Massive UFO Fleet above Earth.

UFO's & the Secret Agenda: Earth is a Prison Planet for Aliens & the Government KNOWS!

- NASA WTF Did You Do To Piss Off E.T - STS107 I Want ANSWERS On This One 11-21-2013

- UFO (ORB) Fires Its Gun into Chemtrail!! Twice!!

- NASA UFO Sightings

UFOlogists poring over Google Moon images claim regular discoveries of anomalies on the lunar surface that indicate that the moon has a hollow inside that serves as an alien base and interior of a giant UFO spaceship.

Below are examples of such images that UFOlogists believe debunk arguments by skeptics that moon anomalies in NASA images are only pixelation glitches.

- Artificial Lunar Structures

- Obelisks On The Lunar Surface (Lunar Orbiter II, 1966)

UFOlogists have also held that the reason why NASA has not returned to the moon since the Apollo missions is that aliens are there.

8 Responses to "Our Moon Is An Alien UFO Spaceship Parked In Orbit Around Earth, UFOlogists Claim"

1. Blue Mann March 13th, 2015

   Maybe it really IS made of swiss cheese.

2. Cousin Billy March 13th, 2015

   There's a reason why colour photos of the moon are never released. Only ones in black and white are. Maybe this is the reason

3. Mark Shuchat March 13th, 2015
   ;-)

   That's no moon, that's a space station.

4. Universo Realidade Extrema March 13th, 2015

   https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NfHcmw_MDv8&list=UUfMIdADo6FQayQCOkLYGhrQ

   Imagem ampliada de um cenário perfeito para um filme de ficção científica, onde a humanidade ao invés de ser visitada, encontra um planeta exótico habitado por uma espécie extraterrestre avançada. Perfeito não?. Só que a imagem é real e está muito próxima de nós.

   Este é o polo sul lunar.

   https://1.bp.blogspot.com/-4pAh4ygX7-4/VGlpE2GVY8I/AAAAAAAAERk/LuXi4obnNII/s1600/10450013_904708129543486_394960100411830387_o.jpg

5. Luke Larsen March 13th, 2015

   except there are colored photo's of the moon... but its just dirt... so there isnt the vibrant colors we see here on earth.

   http://blogs.scientificamerican.com/life-unbounded/files/2013/09/AS14-67-9372.jpg

6. Stephane Roussel March 13th, 2015

   Impossible! It would lack mass. Unless it's made out of Gouda cheese not Swiss. Gouda cheese definitely as the dencity to create the Gravitational pull that it as on earth.

7. Iram Dgk March 14th, 2015

   It makes sence... What are the aliens doing up there thoe?

8. William Guin March 14th, 2015

   It's Noah's ark.

All content © 2008 - 2015 The Inquisitr News.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Paiute Creation and Origin Legends

edited by

D. L. Ashliman

Contents

1. Southern Paiute Legend (J. W. Powell).
2. Paiute Legend of Bryce Canyon (Indian Dick).

Southern Paiute Legend

Si-chom-pa Ka-gon (Old Woman of the Sea) came out of the sea with a sack filled with something, and securely tied. Then she went back to the home of the Shin-au-av brothers. She delivered to them the sack and told them to carry it to the middle of the world and open it. There they would meet Tov-wots, who would tell them what to do with it. Shin-au-av-pa-vits (the elder) gave the sack to Shin-au-av-skaits (the younger) and told him to do as Si-chom-pa Ka-gon had directed, and especially enjoined upon him that he must not open the sack lest some calamity should befall him.

As he proceeded, his curiosity overcame him, and he untied the sack, when out sprang hosts of people who passed out on the plain, shouting and running toward the mountain.

Then Tov-wots suddenly appeared, being very angry. "Why have you done this? I wanted these people to live in that good land to the east, and here, foolish boy, you have let them out in a desert."

- Abstracted from a display at the visitor center of Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah.
- Collected and translated by J. W. Powell.
- Return to the table of contents.

Paiute Legend of Bryce Canyon

Before there were any Indians the Legend People, To-when-an-ung-wa, lived in that place. Because they were bad, Coyote turned them all into rocks. You can see them in that place now -- some standing in rows, some sitting down, some holding onto others. You can see their faces with paint on, just as they were before they became rocks.

The name of that place is Agka-ku-wass-a-wits (red painted faces).

- Abstracted from a display at the visitor center of Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah.
- Source: "Indian Dick. Recorded in 1936."
- Return to the table of contents.

Palindrome Amulet Unearthed in Cyprus - Archaeology Magazine

archaeology.org

Monday, January 05, 2015

(Marcin Iwan/Jaiellonian University)

KRAKOW, POLAND—Polish archaeologists working at the site of Nea Paphos in Cyprus have discovered a 1,500-year-old amulet containing an inscription that reads the same backwards as forwards, making it a palindrome. *Livescience* reports that on one side of the amulet are crude carvings depicting the Egyptian god Osiris lying on a boat, as well as Harpocrates, the Greek god of silence. On the reverse, a 59-letter inscription reads "[a god] is the bearer of the secret name, the lion of Re secure in his shrine." Amulets depicting gods were long used as good-luck talismans in the ancient world, but at the time this one was made, Cyprus was part of the Eastern Roman Empire and Christianity was the official religion. Both the iconography and inscription show that people persisted in practicing traditional religions into the Christian era and that Christianity overlapped with pagan beliefs for some time. But the amulet also demonstrates that familiarity with traditional beliefs may have been fading by the time it was made. For instance, while the artisan who made the amulet correctly depicted Osiris as mummified, they also chose to show Harpocrates covered with bandages, which is incorrect. This suggests the artisan may not have fully understood the religious iconography being depicted. To read more about the site, see "Large Buildings Discovered at Nea Paphos."

(c) 2015 Archaeology Magazine, a Publication of the Archaeological Institute of America

Parent outraged over possible pentagram symbol on Mid-South bus

wmcactionnews5.com

Posted: Jan 09, 2015 9:34 AM PST Updated: Jan 16, 2015 11:47 AM PST

By Kontji Anthony
kanthony@wmctv.com

Bus brake lights form a pentagram (Source: WMC Action News 5 viewer)

Bus brake lights form a pentagram (Source: WMC Action News 5 viewer)

•

At least one Mid-South parent is concerned about what she says is a satanic symbol on a school bus.

The parent snapped a photo when she noticed the shape of an upside down, five-pointed star outlined in the brake lights of a school bus that was stopped in Cordova.

"Anyone who fears a God, if not God and Jesus Christ, should be outraged," she said.

She says Christians should be outraged that a symbol that looks like a pentagram would be allowed in the design of a vehicle used to transport children to public schools.

Merriam-Webster Dictionary defines a Pentagram as a star with five points often used as a magic or religious symbol.

On social media, parents are arguing both sides of the debate. Some say the brake lights are a subliminal pagan message, while others say it's just an unintentional design.

"If you can't put a cross on there, you cannot put a pentagram on it," she said.

Last month, Walgreen's pulled wrapping paper from its shelves because the images on the paper appeared to be swastikas.

Even those who are not completely sold on the brake light being a sign from the devil have questions.

"Why'd they put it up there," Marsha Hudson asked. "Why'd they put it upside down?"

WMC Action News 5 talked to Jo Applewhite, who is a practicing Wiccan. She says technically the lights do form a pentagram, but she says the symbol itself is not a Satanic or evil one.

"Find out what it really means before you start getting riled up and all worked up about something," Applewhite said. "Wiccans, we believe in God, we believe in Jesus, but we don't call him God."

Either way, the concerned parent says the lights send the wrong signal, and she wants them replaced with solid red brake lights.

Neither Durham School Services nor the school district would answer any questions about the bus' brake lights.

Copyright 2014 WMC Action News 5. All rights reserved.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

An **urban myth** , shop for wedding dresses and so real that it causes vertigo wrist. Sort why your outfit is the most chosen by brides. The true story of " **the most beautiful bride Chihuahua** ".

Hec 83 years that a dark legend runs through the streets of the state of Chihuahua in Mexico. The **Pascualita**, or better known as "The most beautiful bride **Chihuahua** "observes all passers from his altar, and turn suspicion. Is that one of the windows of " **The People** ", a local picturesque wedding dresses, a young mannequin looks so real that generates chills.

All those who watch daily claim that can not be anything other than the embalmed body of a young woman.Although the reality explains that this is a simple wax dummy extremely well made that was brought from France by the first owner of the store.

The dye wax that coats your skin, natural hair carefully inserted into your scalp, striking eyes and sharp glass and suggestive look, causes and curious neighbors curb and stop dry amazed at what seems a being alive.

His hands are so natural, that cause fear. The color of the skin, nails inside the knuckle creases, typical cracks, and even fingerprints were made with such perfection, never saw anything like it.

At first they called " **Chonita** "but after several years given the name of its owner, having a very similar physical resemblance.

He came to the window on March 25, 1930 at the hands of Mrs. Esparza Pascualita Perales de **Pérez** , in charge of the establishment, and since then never moved. Except for the speculations of ensuring that evening the bride comes to life, leaves his pedestal and walking the corridors of the room in search of a new dress to wear. Others claim that fled in terror as he felt that among a look and one, the bride changed the position of the lips, chin raised, or even smiled at them. Chilling ¿right?

Legend says Esparza had a daughter and just the day of your wedding, after being stung by a scorpion that had hidden in his **coronet** , she was a victim of sudden death.

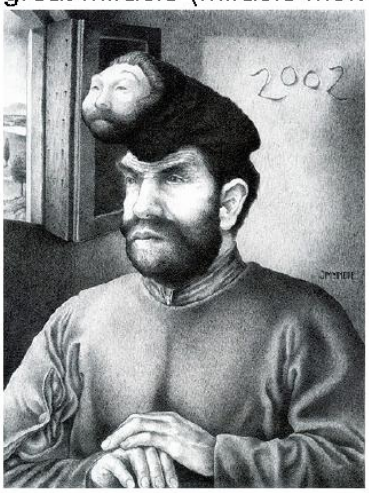
So his mother decided to embalm and place as the main mannequin in the window of the store, so that it was always at his side. The rumor became increasingly stronger, as the lady never denied, and after his death in 1967, the truth was with her. Then "The People" passed to other owners, but **La Pascualita** never changed his place, who knows why.

Anyway, " **The most beautiful bride Chihuahua** "is almost an amulet for future wives. They sellers is very common for parties the girls insist on buying the dress she wears wrist. The argument is clear: their mothers and grandmothers did the same, and good luck accompanied them in their respective marriages. Never be encouraged to break the tradition. An urban myth that transcends borders and always will remain.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Pasqual Pinon was a **freak** over large group that was part of the staff of the numerous circuses and carnivals that, for much of the last century, toured the US territory under their tents displaying characters as strange and varied, some of them with malformations or diseases that made them different from the rest, others mere deceptions and farces.

Pinon , according to some versions of his story, would be in both groups, as indeed his skull was born another second head, possibly caused by a malformation called " **craniopagus parasiticus** ", or what is the same, the visible remains of a twin parasite. So we have to Pasqual Lord with a prominent bulge on its front face but I had this lump or cyst? You may not, and that promoters were the circus that they should do the great miracle (miracle money for them, of course ...)



The best known is the one that counts as the promoter Circus **Sells Floto-** found Pinon discovered in Texas in 1917, apparently the man had come there with his family after losing his ranch in Mexico at the hands of the family of **Pancho Villa** . By all accounts, the second head of Pinon had life until he suffered a stroke at age 20.Anyway, the point is that the circus promoter found him working on the railroad and immediately lit bulb show Pasqual taking his circus.

At this point several versions on the second head of Pinon, an account that the head was completely real, with the detail that the face was not in the position you see in the pictures, but it was facing mouth appear below with **skull Pinon** and that it had to lift the cyst so that the public could see horrified that second face expressionless more of the neck that linked him to the good head.

Another aspect that really the head cyst **Pinon** was not a problem of parasitic twin it was a tumor. In this case, the tumor was used to mold on it a face made of wax and, disguised by the hair, settle the peculiar head that made him famous in the circus world.

Another technique that is spoken and that could have been used over the tumor was surgically inserting inside a metal frame in the shape of facial features and that with a little makeup would have achieved the same effect.

Published: 13 Mar 2015 11:18 GMT+01:00 Updated: 13 Mar 2015 11:18 GMT+01:00

A woman has filed a paternity suit against the heirs of Spanish surrealist painter, Salvador Dalí, requesting her DNA be tested to see if she is a match with the iconic Spaniard, who died in 1989.

The woman, known as María Pilar A. has filed the suit with judges in Madrid, reported Catalan daily, La Vanguardia, on Thursday.

She filed the suit against the Spanish state - specifically the tax office and public administration - as well as the Dalí Foundation, which acts as Dalí's official estate.

María Pilar, who is asking for Dalí to be recognized as her father and his name be added to the civil registry, says she was born on February 1st 1956 after a friendship between the surrealist painter and her mother, Antonia, turned into a secret romance.

Dali had by this time been married to his muse, Gala, since 1934. The couple also married before the Catholic church in 1958, requiring special dispensation from the Pope because Gala had been married before.

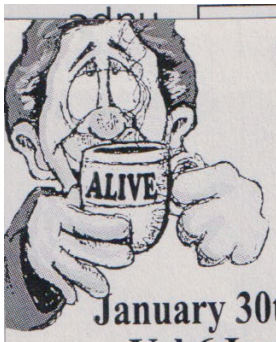
María Pilar A. claims her mother met the painter in Port Lliget, the small fishing village where Dali lived. His home in the village was converted into a museum after his death.

María Pilar's mother spoke of her parentage in the presence of several people, including a caregiver, who is named in the suit.

After that she made contact with Dalí's biographer and personal representative and agreed to a DNA test. She sent him a sample, along with a "death mask that contained traces of Dali's hair and skin", but never received the results of the DNA test.

Her lawyer, Francesc Bueno, has asked the judge to send a request for the DNA results, or else that the Institute of Legal Medicine check the relationship between the supposed daughter and Dalí.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }



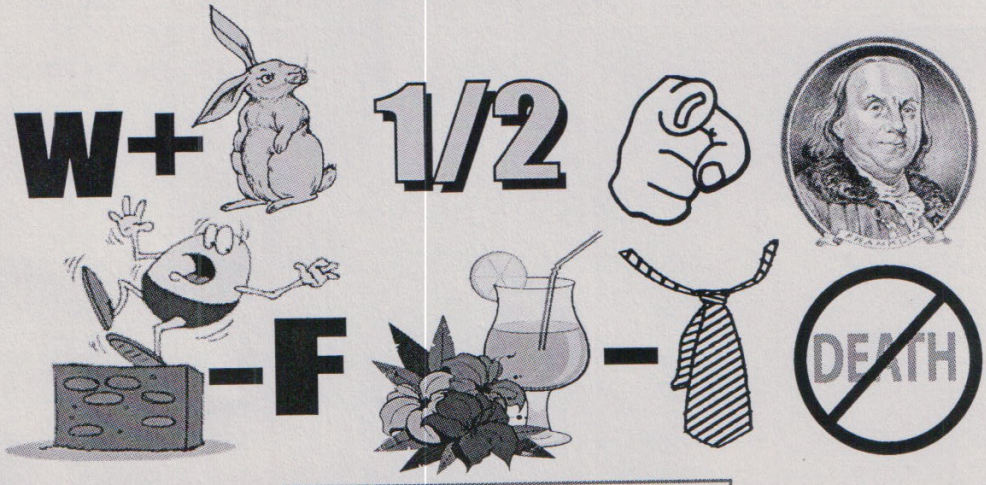
THE LEANI

Take a break...Relax.

January 30th-2015
Vol 6 Issue #5

Banning, Beaumont, Cherry V

To Advertise Call: Keith 951•966•1569 • Email: thele



SO THEY SAY

Taste is triggered only by chemicals that dissolve in water.

Hearing, sight, taste, touch, and smell, are known as our external senses. They provide information about the outside world.

Pain, balance, thirst, and hunger, are considered to be our internal senses. They provide information about our body and its needs

Scars are tattoos with better stories.

A study showed a correlation between flying and headaches. It found that around 6% of people who fly get headaches brought on by the flight itself.

American fertility has reached a record low, driven by falling birthrates among teens and women in their early 20s.

In 1973, Mao Zedong told Henry Kissinger that China had an excess of females and offered the U.S. 10 million Chinese women.

Annually, almost four people lose their lives while trying to change their pants.

In 1918, nurses served as the physician's hand, assisting doctors as they made the rounds. During the flu pandemic, many nurses acted independently of doctors, treating and prescribing for patients.

Cold and Flu germs from sneeze droplets can stay on a surface for up to 48 hours. Some microbes can live on household surfaces for hundreds of years.

If you sneeze too hard, you can fracture a rib.

If you try to suppress a sneeze, you can rupture a blood vessel in your head or neck and die.

HENRY MILLER

Our own physical body possesses a wisdom
which we who inhabit the body lack.
We give it orders which make no sense.

LIFE SUPPORT

In one Intensive Care unit patients always died in the same bed at 11 am on a Sunday morning, regardless of their condition. This puzzled the medical staff, so a group of doctors decided to observe the bed in secret and waited for the fateful hour. Some held crosses and prayer books to ward off evil influences, while the less superstitious had video records to capture every moment on tape. At the 11th hour, the door to the ward slowly opened, then a cleaner came in, disconnected the life support and plugged in a vacuum cleaner.

2	6	3						
			6		4			
8							3	5
			1		6			2
			3				5	1
3		8	5					
	3			7				
				9	3	7		
	4	1				8		

SUDOKU

Fill in the grid so that every row, every column, and every 3x3 box contains the numbers 1 through 9. Numbers cannot be repeated within the same row, column, or box.

Answers on back

FOLK HEALERS

If you became sick in 19th century America, you might have consulted a doctor, a druggist, a midwife, a folk healer, a nurse, or even your neighbor. Most of these practitioners would visit you in your home.

In the early 20th century, folk healers could be found all over America. Some of these healers believed that disease had a physical cause, such as cold weather, but others believed it had a supernatural cause such as a curse.

Treatments advocated by these healers ran the gamut. Herbal remedies were especially popular. Other popular remedies included cupping (which entailed attaching a heated cup to the surface of the skin) and acupuncture. Many people also wore magical objects which they believed protected the wearer from illness.

TASTING SAFE

Taste, designed in part to help us reject harmful foods, has long served as the body's primary defense against poison. As befits its role, the system is lightning fast. To be tasted, food molecules must fall into a cluster of cells called a taste bud, more than 10,000 of which are spread over the tongue, palate, and inner cheek. The taste bud sends a signal to the brain, which then determines everything from whether a food tastes 'safe', which in most cases means it's not too bitter, to whether we enjoy it.

Infants are born loving sweet and hating bitter, because natural sugar (not the sugar in a candy bar), is brain fuel; while bitter is the sensory cue for poison. The human taste system is designed to protect babies who haven't learned what is good and bad for them yet.

TIME TO GO

In 1518 there was a troupe of people that had what was called the 'dancing plague' who danced themselves to death. It was a phenomenon that caused multiple deaths. One woman started it and many others joined in until they died. The best theory is that the sickly people were affected by a fungus that reacts similarly to LSD.

Einstein refused the surgery for internal bleeding caused

by the rupture of an abdominal aortic aneurysm (the cause for his death), saying: "I want to go when I want. It is tasteless to prolong life artificially. I have done my share, it is time to go. I will do it elegantly."

DOUBLE UP

We die because our cells die. Though they replace themselves over and over again for 70-odd years, they can't do so forever. Inside each cell, *telomeres* at the end of our chromosomes, contain genetic information that gets clipped away with each cell division. Telomeres start out long enough to handle a great many scissor snips. But eventually, they run out of length, the information they held is lost and the cells can't divide anymore.

Scientists are working to extend the lives of human beings, and think they could someday double the average lifespan.

J.K. ROWLING

To the well-organized mind,
death is but the next great adventure.

WORD SEARCH

A	H	D	S	S	T	N	I	P	N	I	N	K	O	I
N	E	J	O	S	N	C	O	H	R	C	I	L	A	A
D	A	E	H	E	R	O	F	I	H	I	T	P	D	W
W	D	P	R	S	R	A	S	L	I	P	U	P	E	I
S	B	A	E	L	T	E	E	T	H	R	E	T	A	E
E	R	A	R	M	S	A	C	R	R	H	T	N	U	S
L	A	L	U	C	R	H	S	U	S	I	B	L	N	W
S	L	N	O	S	E	L	P	M	E	T	L	L	S	H
N	G	U	A	E	G	D	I	R	B	U	B	S	A	T
P	G	D	K	H	I	U	L	N	O	G	G	I	N	S
T	L	S	E	S	N	L	L	S	L	E	R	N	O	A
N	A	B	R	A	I	N	D	A	A	N	S	N	O	S
E	F	E	R	L	H	R	T	E	S	W	N	O	D	T
I	E	C	F	O	C	A	K	A	M	B	A	B	L	B
P	S	B	E	F	W	N	L	R	I	N	E	E	E	H

hair
forehead
brow
temples
ears
lobes
lashes
irises
pupils
bridge
nose
nostrils
philtrum
lips
tongue
teeth
jaw
cheeks
chin
nape

Dolphin Peter and Margaret Lovatt, the woman who lived with him for 24 hours a day as part of an experiment that ended tragically.

The Girl Who Talked to Dolphins 'is a documentary to debut on 17 June in the BBC 4 which tells the story of Peter Dolphin and women who lived with him for 24 hours a day as part of an experiment that ended tragically.

According to The Guardian account, it is the year 1964 and **Margaret Lovatt** integrates a project to make the dolphins learn human language. The enclosure in which are three of these cetaceans in captivity is located in St Thomas, the main island of the Virgin Islands, United States.

The brain of the project is the neuroscientist John Lilly and has financial support from NASA. Margaret Lovatt takes care of Peter, the male specimen of the trio. The other two dolphins are called Pamela and Sissy.
Margaret, excited to have Peter can communicate with other humans, adapt proposed site facilities so that she can live with the animals 24 hours a day. The idea is accepted.

"Maybe it was because I was living so close to the laboratory. It seemed so simple. Why let the water get in the way? "Says Lovatt in the documentary. "So I said to John Lilly, 'I want plastering everything and fill this place with water. I want to live here. '".

By 1965, Margaret Lovatt begins its life with Peter. "I was very, very interested in my anatomy. If I sat here and my legs were in the water, he came and looked at the back of the knee for long. He wanted to know how this thing works and I was so delighted by it, "says the filmmaker.

Classes are held twice a day for six days a week. Margaret realizes he likes very much to Peter, because "he rubbed my knee or foot or hand". But dolphins are animals that have sexual urges. At first Lovatt, with females leads the project, but the transfer of the 'department' to the part where you are Pamela and Sissy is becoming an obstacle for classes. Lovatt decides to masturbate the animal to not ruin the experiment.

You may also like: Oliver, the chimpanzee who wanted man

To Lovatt is something precious, which is always carried out with great respect. "Peter was there and knew I was there," he says in the documentary. "It was not sexual for me. Maybe sensuous. I thought it was the closest connection. Not because of sexual activity, but due to the lack of having to pause. And that's really all it was. I was there to meet Peter. That was part of Peter. "

This part of the project even reached the ears of publications. Pornographic magazine Hustler devotes an article 'Sex species: Humans and dolphins'. Despite the 'scandal', the project continues but not for long.

John Lilly began experimenting with LSD and even will inject the two female dolphins. By 1966, John's interest in the experiment of dolphins "Talking" decreases. Unfortunately, the arrogant attitude of neuroscientist to the welfare of dolphins becomes his undoing: not only chases away his staff but eventually ends up cut off funding.

Without money, the project is deactivated. Dolphins goes to a small tanks in a laboratory Lilly in Miami. Even Peter, as Margaret Lovatt can not keep it as if it were a dog or cat.

In the laboratory of Miami, Peter health deteriorated rapidly, and after a few weeks Margaret received the news that " **the animal had killed himself** . "

The vet **Ric O'Barry** confirms the use of this word. "Dolphins are not automatic air breathers like us", explains in the documentary. "Every breath is a conscious effort. If life becomes too unbearable, **dolphins simply take a break and sink to the bottom** . Do not take the next breath. " Another vet, Andy Williamson, Peter's death attributed to " **a broken heart** "caused by separation Lovatt he did not understand. "Margaret could rationalize it, but when he left, was Peter? Behold, the love of his life is gone. "Explains the professional

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Factory known as home of cod liver oil to be turned into 400 homes

13:42 EST, 5 January 2015 |
13:42 EST, 5 January 2015

dailymail.co.uk

Historic pharmaceutical factory known as the home of cod liver oil to be transformed into 400-home garden village

- **Former Wellcome factory in Kent was best-known for making cod liver oil**
- **Was founded in 1889 and in its heyday employed more than 1,300 staff**
- **Also produced medicine chests for famous explorers and the royal family**
- **Plant closed in 2008 after more than a century after being wound down**
- **Site has now been bought by developers who plan to transform the land**
- **Will become a 400-home garden village of houses and apartments with prices ranging from £150,000**

By Jennifer Newton for MailOnline

A historic pharmaceutical factory best known for being the home of cod liver oil is set to be transformed into a £80million 400-home garden village.

The former Wellcome factory in Dartford, Kent, which once employed 1,300 people, closed in 2008 after more than a century.

But now developers are turning the Mills Pond site into houses and apartments with prices ranging from £150,000.

The Wellcome Factory in 1900 in Dartford, Kent, which became best known for its production of cod liver oil and other pharmaceutical products

The plant, pictured in 1931 was located close to the River Darent, where the raw materials to make their products was brought to the factory by barge

The factory was wound down and closed in 2008 and now developers have bought the site, pictured now, to transform it into a 400-home garden village

The plant was famous for producing cod liver oil, malt and saccharin and supplied medicine chests to explorers, aviators and members of the royal family.

The Wellcome Pharmaceutical Factory was found by Henry Wellcome and Silas Burroughs in 1889 after it replaced the Pheonix Paper Mill, which was built on the site in 1852.

It became famous for producing cod liver oil and in its Edwardian heyday, the factory covered 33 acres of land, employing 1,300 people.

An artist's impression showing how the former Wellcome pharmaceutical factory will look once it has been developed

Developers are turning the Mills Pond site into houses and apartments with prices ranging from £150,000

An artists impression showing how the kitchens could look in the new development on the former factory site

The modern interiors of the proposed homes are a far cry from the the interior of the factory, which produced pharmaceuticals

An artist's impression of a living room at the proposed development on the site of the former Wellcome Factory

It relied on raw materials for its pharmaceutical products to be transported up the nearby River Darent by barge.

Famous explorers who carried Wellcome medicine chests prepared at the site include African pioneer, H M Stanley, Admiral Peary, the first person to reach the North Pole as well as Captain Amundsen, the first to reach the South Pole.

In its later years, it produced medicines including insulin for diabetics, migril which is used to treat migraines, zovirax, a cold sore treatment and retrovir tablets.

In its Edwardian heyday, the Wellcome Factory employed more than 1,300 staff. Pictured are female workers on the plant's packing floor

Packing workers at the Wellcome factory sit by the window of the dining room as they take a break from their work

The packers at the site also produced medicine chest, which were given to several famous explorers as well as the royal family

Staff from the pharmaceutical factory in 1901 pose for a picture. In its heyday the factory covered 33 acres of land

The factory also employed sales reps to try and sell on their products. The reps are pictured outside Mansion House in Dartford in 1900

After World War Two, the company opened newer plants on other sites and by 2008, the factory was wound down and then eventually closed by its then owners GlaxoSmithKlline.

Plans to regenerate the former factory's brownfield land Mill Ponds and neighbouring Northern Gateway sites begun in 2010.

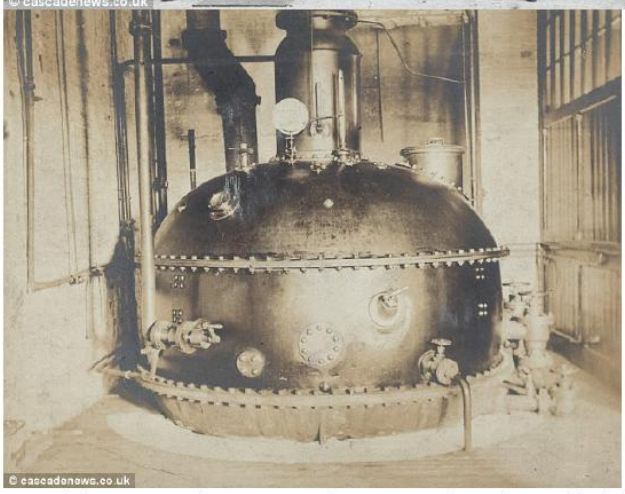
Now Weston Homes has purchased the land and are set to redevelop the most historic part of the facility and transform it into a new garden village.

A malt production tank inside the Wellcome Factory in 1899. The plant also produced malt and saccharin as well as cod liver oil

A chemist delivery van pictured outside the factory in 1910. In its later years, the factory produced medicines including insulin, migril, zovirax and retrovir

Chairman Bob Weston said: 'Our new £80 million garden village will transform surplus industrial land and bring it back to use as high quality residential housing and commercial premises.

'The Mill Pond and river setting will



provide attractive water features for the adjoining homes and the leafy garden suburb inspired design will create a highly attractive place to live.

'It will be ideal for families and executives wanting a home within the M25 providing easy commuting into central London.'

Historians believe that the health benefits of cod liver oil were recognised as far back as the Viking era, when fisherman rubbed it into their joints to ease soreness.

By the 18th century, medics noted that the oil could be used to treat rheumatism, with the first recorded use of cod liver oil by a doctor in Manchester in 1782.

By the 1800s, it was officially recognised by doctors for its health benefits and it started to be used to treat a wide range of conditions.

These include gout, rickets, arthritis, those suffering from vitamin D deficiency and to help repair damaged teeth, skin, hair and nails.

By 1850, the process of extracting the oil from steaming cod livers was perfected, which led to a surge in its consumption and production.

The Wellcome Factory was one of the first to produce cod liver oil in tablet form.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Runaway Pancake

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 2025
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2000-2010

1. The Pancake (Norway).
2. The Runaway Pancake (Germany).
3. The Thick, Fat Pancake (Germany).
4. Dathera Dad (England).
5. The Wonderful Cake (Ireland).
6. The Wee Bunnock (Scotland [Ayrshire]).
7. The Wee Bannock (Scotland [Dumfriesshire]).
8. The Wee Bannock (Scotland [Selkirkshire]).
9. The Fox and the Little Bonnach (Scotland).
10. The Gingerbread Boy (USA).
11. The Johnny-Cake (USA).
12. The Little Cakeen (USA).
13. The Devil in the Dough-Pan (Russia).
14. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Norway

Once upon a time there was a good housewife, who had seven hungry children. One day she was busy frying pancakes for them, and this time she had used new milk in the making of them. One was lying in the pan, frizzling away -- ah! so beautiful and thick -- it was a pleasure to look at it. The children were standing round the fire, and the husband sat in the corner and looked on.

"Oh, give me a bit of pancake, mother, I am so hungry!" said one child.

"Ah, do! dear mother," said the second.

"Ah, do! dear, good mother," said the third.

"Ah, do! dear, good, kind mother," said the fourth.

"Ah, do! dear, good, kind, nice mother," said the fifth.

"Ah, do! dear, good, kind, nice, sweet mother," said the sixth.

"Hout, tout," quo' the wife, and gart the heckle flee at it. But it was owre clever for her.

And aff and up the burn it ran to the niest house, and whirlt its wa's ben to the fireside. The goodwife was stirrin' the sowens, and the goodman plettin' sprit-binnings for the kye.

"Ho, Jock," quo' the goodwife, "come here. Thou's aye crying about a wee bunnock. Here's ane. Come in, haste ye, and I'1l help thee to grip it."

"Ay, mither, whaur is't ?"

"See there. Rin owre o' that side."

But the bunnock ran in ahint the goodman's chair. Jock fell amang the sprits. The goodman cuist a binning, and the goodwife the spurtle. But it was owre clever for Jock and her baith. It was aff and out o' sight in a crack, and through among the whins, and down the road to the niest house, and in, and ben to the fireside. The folk were just sittin' down to their sowens, and the goodwife scartin' the pat.

"Losh," quo' she, "there's a wee bunnock come in to warm itsel' at our fireside."

"Steek the door," quo' the goodman, "and we'll try to get a grip o't."

When the bunnock heard that, it ran but the house, and they after't wi' their spunes, and the goodman cuist his bunnat. But it whirlt awa', and ran, and better ran, till it came to another house; and when it gaed ben, the folk were just gaun to their beds. The goodman was castin' aff his breeks, and the goodwife rakin' the fire.

"What's tat?" quo' he.

"O," quo' she, "it's a wee bunnock."

Quo' he, "I could eat the hauf o't, for a' the brose I hae suppit."

"Grip it," quo' the wife, " and I'll hae a bit too."

"Cast your breaks at it -- kep -- kep!"

The goodman cuist the breeks, and had near-hand smoor't it . But it warsl't out, and ran, and the goodman after't, wanting the breeks; and there was a clean chase owre the craft park, and up the wunyerd, and in amang the whins; and the goodman lost it, and had to come his wa's trottin' hame hauf-nakit.

But now it was grown dark, and the wee bunnock couldna see; but it gaed into the side o' a muckle whin bush, and into a tod's hole. The tod had gotten nae meat for twa days. "O welcome, welcome," quo' the tod, and snappit it in twa i' the middle. And that was the end o' the wee bunnock.

Now, be ye lords or commoners,
Ye needna laugh nor sneer,

For ye'll be a' i' the tod's hole
In less than a hunner year.

At the conclusion, Grannie would look round upon her little audience, and add the following, by way of moral: "Now, weans, an ye live to grow muckle, be na owre lifted up about onything, nor owre sair cuisten down; for ye see the folk were a' cheated, and the puir tod got the bunnock."

- Source: Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, new edition (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1870), pp. 82-85.
- Chambers' source: "From the manuscript of an elderly individual, who spent his early years in the parish of Symington, in Ayrshire. It was one of a great store of similar legends possessed by his grandmother, and which she related, upon occasion, for the gratification of himself and other youngsters, as she sat spinning by the fireside, with these youngsters clustered around her. This venerable person was bor n in the year 1704, and died in 1789."
- A *bunnock* (usually spelled *bannock*) is a small loaf of flat bread.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Wee Bannock

Scotland

A variation of the story of the Wee Bannock, from Dumfriesshire, is as follows:

When cockle shells turned music bells,
And turkeys chewed tobacco,

And birds biggit their nests in auld men's beards, as hereafter they may do in mine -- There was an auld man and an auld wife. and they lived in a killogie.

Quoth the auld man to the auld wife: "Rise, and bake me a bannock."

So she rase and bakit a bannock, and set it afore the greeshoch to harden.

Quoth the auld wife to the auld man: "Rise and turn the bannock."

"Na, na," quoth the bannock, "I'll turn mysel'."

And it turned round, and whirl't out at the door. And after it they ran, and the tane flang at it a pot, and the t'other a pan; but baith missed it . And it ran, and it ran, till it came to twa well-washers.

"Welcome, welcome, wee bannockie," quo' they; "where came thou fra?"

I fore-ran
A wee wee wife and a wee wee man;
A wee wee pot and a wee wee pan;

And sae will I you an I can.

And they ran after't, to daud it wi' wat claes. But it ran, and it ran, till it came to twa barn-threshers.

"Welcome, welcome, wee bannockie," quo' they; 'where came thou frae?"

I fore-ran
A wee wee wife and a wee wee man;
A wee wee pot and a wee wee pan;
Twa well-washers and twa barn-threshers;
And sae will I you an I can.

And they ran after't wi' their flails.

Thus the story goes on through a series of adventures, which are perhaps sufficiently indicated by the answer of the bannock to Tod Lowrie at last:

I fore-ran
A wee wee wife and a wee wee man;
A wee wee pot and a wee wee pan;
Twa well-washers and twa barn-threshers;
Twa dike-delvers and twa heather-pu'ers;
Twa ploughmen, twa harrowers, twa hungry herds;
And sae will I you an I can.

But the tod snappit it a' up at ae mouthful, and that was an end o' the wee bannock.

- Source: Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, new edition (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1870), pp. 85-86.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Wee Bannock

Scotland

It may be worth while, in order to shew the extent to which nursery stories are provincially varied, to give the Selkirkshire version of the wee bannock:

There was a wife bakin' bannocks, and there was a man cam and wanted ane o' them. And he said to the wife: "Yer bannas is burnin': come awa' and I'll turn them."

And the wife said: "Na, I'll turn them;" and he said: "Na, I'll turn them;" and she said: "Na, I'll turn them."

And as they were threepin', ane o' the bannas got up and ran awa', and they couldna catch't. And it ran and ran or it cam to a sheep, and the sheep wantit it, and it said to the sheep:

I've beat a wee wife,
And I've beat a wee man,
And I'll try and beat ye too if I can.

Sae it ran and ran, and beat the sheep. And it cam to a goat, and it said to the goat:

I've beat a wee wife,
And I've beat a wee man,
And I've beat a wee sheep,
And I'll try and beat ye too if I can.

And it ran and ran, and beat the goat. And it cam to a fox, and it said to the fox:

I've beat a wee wife,
And I've beat a wee man,
And I've beat a wee sheep,
And I've beat a wee goat,
And I'll try and beat ye too if I can.

And the fox said: "Get on my back and I'll carry ye;" and the banna said: "Na, I'll rin mysel'."

And the fox said: "Na, get on my back, and I'll carry ye o'er the burn."

Sae the banna got on its back, and the fox turned round its head and took a grip o't.

And the banna cried: "Oh, ye're nippin's, ye're nippin's, ye're nippin's."

And the fox said: "Na, I'm just clawin' mysel'."

And it took anither grip, and the banna cried: "Oh, ye're nippin's, ye're nippin's, ye're nippin's."

And the fox nippit it a' awa' but a wee bit, and it fell into the burn, and that was the end o' the banna.

- Source: Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, new edition (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1870), pp. 86-87.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fox and the Little Bonnach

Scotland

The fox was once going over a loch, and there met him a little bonnach, and the fox asked him where he was going. The little bonnach told him he was going to such a place.

"And whence camest thou?" said the fox.

"I came from Geeogan, and I came from Cooaigean, and I came from the slab of the bonnach stone, and I came from the eye of the quern, and I will come from thee if I may," quoth the

little bonnach.

"Well, I myself will take thee over on my back," said the fox.

"Thou'lt eat me, thou'lt eat me," quoth the little honnach.

"Come then on the tip of my tail," said the fox.

"Oh! I will not; thou wilt eat me," said the little bonnach.

"Come into my ear," said the fox.

"I will not go; thou wilt eat me," said the little bonnach.

"Come into my mouth," said the fox.

"Thou wilt eat me that time at all events," said the little bonnach.

"Oh, I will not eat thee," said the fox. "At the time when I am swimming I cannot eat anything at all."

He went into his mouth.

"Oh! ho!" said the fox, "I may do my own pleasure to thee now. It is long since it was heard that a hard morsel is good in the mouth of the stomach."

The fox ate the little bonnach. Then he went to the house of a gentleman, and he went to a loch, and he caught hold of a duck that was in if, and he ate that.

He went up to a hill side, and he began to stroke his sides on the hill.

"Oh king! how finely the bullet would spank upon my belly just now."

Who was listening but a hunter.

"It will be tried upon thee directly," said the hunter.

"Bad luck to the place that is here," quoth the fox, "in which a creature dares not say a word in fun that is not taken in earnest."

The hunter put a bullet in his gun, and he fired at him and killed him.

- Source: John Francis Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 3 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1862), pp. 100-101.
- Campbell's source: "From Hector Boyd, who learnt it from one John Campbell, who died three yreas ago, at the age of thirty. --Sept. 20, 1860."
- A *bonnach* (usually spelled *bannock*) is a small loaf of flat bread.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Gingerbread Boy

USA

Now you shall hear a story that somebody's great-great-grandmother told a little girl ever so many years ago:

There was once a little old man and a little old woman, who lived in a little old house in the edge of a wood. They would have been a very happy old couple but for one thing -- they had no little child, and they wished for one very much. One day, when the little old woman was baking gingerbread, she cut a cake in the shape of a little boy, and put it into the oven.

Presently she went to the oven to see if it was baked. As soon as the oven door was opened, the little gingerbread boy jumped out, and began to run away as fast as he could go.

The little old woman called her husband, and they both ran after him. But they could not catch him. And soon the gingerbread boy came to a barn full of threshers. He called out to them as he went by, saying:

I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
And I can run away from you, I can!

Then the barn full of threshers set out to run after him. But, though they ran fast, they could not catch him. And he ran on till he came to a field full of mowers. He called out to them:

I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you, I can!

Then the mowers began to run after him, but they couldn't catch him. And he ran on till he came to a cow. He called out to her:

I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you, I can!

But, though the cow started at once, she couldn't catch him. And soon he came to a pig. He called out to the pig:

I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,

A field full of mowers,
A cow,
And I can run away from you, I can!

But the pig ran, and couldn't catch him. And he ran till he came across a fox, and to him he called out:

I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
A cow and a pig,
And I can run away from you, I can!

Then the fox set out to run. Now foxes can run very fast, and so the fox soon caught the gingerbread boy and began to eat him up.

Presently the gingerbread boy said, "Oh dear! I'm quarter gone!" And then, "Oh, I'm half gone!" And soon, "I'm three-quarters gone!" And at last, "I'm all gone!" and never spoke again.

- Source: *St. Nicholas Magazine*, vol. 2, no. 7 (May 1875), pp. 448-49.
- Return to the table of contents.

Johnny-Cake

USA

Once upon a time there was an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy. One morning the old woman made a Johnny-Cake and put it in the oven to bake.

"You watch the Johnny-Cake while your father and I go out to work in the garden."

So the old man and the old woman went out and began to hoe potatoes and left the little boy to tend the oven. But he didn't watch it all the time, and all of a sudden he heard a noise, and he looked up and the oven door popped open, and out of the oven jumped Johnny-Cake and went rolling along end over end towards the open door of the house.

The little boy ran to shut the door, but Johnny-Cake was too quick for him and rolled through the door, down the steps, and out into the road long before the little boy could catch him. The little boy ran after him as fast as he could lip it, crying out to his father and mother, who heard the uproar and threw down their hoes and gave chase too. But Johnny-Cake outran all three a long way, and was soon out of sight, while they had to sit down, all out of breath, on a bank to rest.

On went Johnny-Cake, and by and by he came to two well-diggers, who looked up from their work and called out, "Where are you going, Johnny-Cake?"

He said, "I have outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" We'll see about that!" said they, and they threw down their picks and ran after him, but couldn't catch up with him, and soon they had to sit down by the roadside to rest.

On ran Johnny-Cake, and by and by he came to two ditch-diggers who were digging a ditch. "Where ye going, Johnny-Cake?" said they.

He said, "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? We'll see about that!" said they, and they threw down their spades and ran after him too. But Johnny-Cake soon outstripped them also, and seeing they could never catch him, they gave up the chase and sat down to rest.

On went Johnny-Cake, and by and by he came to a bear. The bear said, "Where are ye going, Johnny-Cake?"

He said, "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" growled the bear. "We'll see about that!" and trotted as fast as his legs could carry him after Johnny-Cake, who never stopped to look behind him. Before long the bear was left so far behind that he saw he might as well give up the hunt first as last, so he stretched himself out by the roadside to rest.

On went Johnny-Cake, and by and by he came to a wolf. The wolf said, "Where ye going, Johnny-Cake?"

He said, "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers and a bear, an I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" snarled the wolf. "We'll see about that!" And he set into a gallop after Johnny-Cake, who went on and on so fast that the wolf too saw there was no hope of overtaking him, and he too lay down to rest.

On went Johnny-Cake, and by and by he came to a fox that lay quietly in a corner of the fence. The fox called out in a sharp voice, but without getting up, "Where ye going, Johnny-Cake?"

He said, "I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers, a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

The fox said, "I can't quite hear you, Johnny-Cake. Won't you come a little closer?" turning his head a little to one side.

Johnny-Cake stopped his race for the first time, and went a little closer, and called out in a very loud voice, *"I've outrun an old man and an old woman and a little boy and two well-diggers and two ditch-diggers and a bear and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"*

"Can't quite hear you. Won't you come a *little* closer?"

Johnny-Cake came up close, and leaning towards the fox screamed out, "I'VE OUTRUN AN OLD MAN AND AN OLD WOMAN AND A LITTLE BOY AND TWO WELL-DIGGERS AND TWO DITCH-DIGGERS AND A BEAR AND A WOLF, AND I CAN OUTRUN YOU TOO-O-O!"

"You can, can you?" yelped the fox, and he snapped up the Johnny-Cake in his sharp teeth in the twinkling of an eye.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1890), no. 28, pp. 155-58.
- Jacobs' source: *American Journal of Folk-Lore*, vol. 2, p. 60.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Little Cakeen

USA

The following story was written down for me in March, 1889, by Miss Frances Perry, of Exeter, N. H., from her recollection of the form in which it was repeated to her by a relative, some fifteen years ago. It is thought to have been derived from an Irish domestic. "The Little Cakeen" is an interesting variant of the tale already printed in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (vol. ii. pp. 60, 217), under the title of "Johnny-Cake."

Once upon a time there was a little maneen and a little womaneen; and the little womaneen made a little cakeen and put it in the oven to bake. And the little maneen stood at one side of the oven, and said the little cakeen was done; and the little womaneen stood at the other side and said it wasn't. And while they were quarrelling about it, the little cakeen jumped out of the oven and ran off; and the little maneen and the little womaneen ran after it.

Pretty soon the little cakeen came to a little pusheen [cat?], and the little pusheen said, "Where are you going so fast, little cakeen, on those little legs of yours?"

And the little cakeen said: "I'm running away from the little maneen; I'm running away from the little womaneen, and now I'll run away from you!"

So the little pusheen ran after it. Then it came to a little dogeen, and the little dogeen said, "Where are you going so fast, little cakeen, on those little legs of yours?"

And the little cakeen said: "I'm running away from the little maneen; I'm running away from the little womaneen; I'm running away from the little pusheen, and now I'11 run away from you!"

So the little dogeen ran after it (and so on, with coween, heneen, owleen, etc.).

Then it came to a little foxeen; and the little foxeen said: "Where are you going so fast, little cakeen, on those little legs of yours?"

And the little cakeen answered: "I'm running away from the little maneen; I'm running away from the little womaneen; I'm running away from the little pusheen; I'm running away from the little dogeen; I'm running away from the little coween; I'm running away from the little heneen; I'm running away from the little owleen (etc., etc.), and now I'll run away from you."

But the little foxeen said: " Oh! don't do that, little cakeen; I will show you where to hide."

So the little cakeen said, " All right!"

So the little foxeen said: "Jump upon my tail;" and the little cakeen jumped on his tail.

Then the foxeen said: "Jump on my back;" and the little cakeen jumped on his back.

Then the little foxeen said: "Jump on my head;" so the little cakeen jumped on his head.

Then the little foxeen said: "Now jump in my mouth."

So the little cakeen jumped into his mouth, and he ate it all up!

- Source: George Lyman Kittredge, "English Folk-Tales in America," *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 3, no. 11 (October - December 1890), pp. 291-92.
- Addendum by George Lyman Kittredge:

  > In an obliging note, Miss Perry adds: "I am not sure but that the maneen, womaneen, etc., came to the fox and asked him if he had seen a little cakeen, and he said that no little cakeen had passed; so they all ran home again."

- Return to the table of contents.

The Devil in the Dough-Pan

Russia

Once a woman was kneading bread, but had forgotten to say the blessing. So the demon, Potánka, ran up and sat down in it. Then she recollected she had kneaded the dough without saying the blessing, went up to it and crossed herself; and Potánka wanted to escape, but could not anyhow, because of the blessing. So she put the leavened dough through a strainer and threw it out into the street, with Potánka inside. The pigs turned him over and over, and he could not escape for three whole days. At last he tore his way out through a crack in the dough and scampered off without looking behind him.

He ran up to his comrades, who asked him, " Where have you been, Potánka?"

"May that woman be accursed!" he said.

"Ah, do! dear, good, kind, nice, sweet, darling mother," said the seventh. And thus they were all begging for pancakes, the one more prettily than the other, because they were so hungry, and such good little children.

"Yes, children dear, wait a bit until it turns itself," she answered -- she ought to have said "until I turn it" -- "and then you shall all have pancakes, beautiful pancakes, made of new milk -- only look how thick and happy it lies there."

When the pancake heard this, it got frightened, and all of a sudden, it turned itself and wanted to get out of the pan, but it fell down in it again on the other side, and when it had been fried a little on that side too, it felt a little stronger in the back, jumped out on the floor, and rolled away, like a wheel, right through the door and down the road.

"Halloo!" cried the good wife, and away she ran after it, with the frying pan in one hand and the ladle in the other, as fast as she could, and the children behind her, while the husband came limping after, last of all.

"Halloo, won't you stop? Catch it, stop it. Halloo there!" they all screamed, the one louder than the other, trying to catch it on the run, but the pancake rolled and rolled, and before long, it was so far ahead, that they could not see it, for the pancake was much smarter on its legs than any of them.

When it had rolled a time, it met a man.

"Good day, pancake!" said the man.

"Well met, Manny Panny," said the pancake.

"Dear pancake," said the man, "don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you."

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, I must run away from you too, Manny Panny," said the pancake, and rolled on and on, until it met a hen.

"Good day, pancake," said the hen.

"Good day, Henny Penny," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the hen.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, and from Manny Panny, I must run away from you too, Henny Penny," said the pancake, and rolled on like a wheel down the road. Then it met a cock.

"Good day, pancake," said the cock.

"Good day, Cocky Locky," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the cock.

"Who?"

"The one who was kneading her dough and had made it without saying the proper blessing; so I ran up and squatted in it. Then she laid hold of me and crossed herself, and after three livelong days I got out, the pigs poking me about and I unable to escape! Never again will I get into a woman's dough."

- Source: Leonard A. Magnus, *Russian Folk-Tales* (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1916), p. 317.
- Magnus' source: Alexander Afanasyev.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Links to related sites

- Aging and Death in Folklore. An essay by D. L. Ashliman, with supporting texts from proverbs, folktales, and myths from around the world.
- Texts of additional chain tales.

Revised August 13, 2010.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, I must run away from you too, Cocky Locky," said the pancake, and rolled and rolled on as fast as it could. When it had rolled a long time, it met a duck.

"Good day, pancake," said the duck.

"Good day, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the duck.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, I must run away from you too, Ducky Lucky," said the pancake, and with that it fell to rolling and rolling as fast as ever it could. When it had rolled a long, long time, it met a goose.

Good day, pancake," said the goose.

"Good day, Goosey Poosey," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the goose.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, I must run away from you too, Goosey Poosey," said the pancake, and away it rolled. So when it had rolled a long, very long time, it met a gander.

Good day, pancake," said the gander.

"Good day, Gander Pander," said the pancake.

"My dear pancake, don't roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you," said the gander.

"When I have run away from Goody Poody and the husband and seven squalling children, from Manny Panny, and Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Poosey, I must run away from you too, Gander Pander," said the pancake, and rolled and rolled as fast as it could. When it had rolled on a long, long time, it met a pig.

Good day, pancake," said the pig.

"Good day, Piggy Wiggy," said the pancake, and began to roll on faster than ever.

Nay, wait a bit," said the pig, "you needn't be in such a hurry-scurry; we two can walk quietly together and keep each other company through the wood, because they say it isn't very safe there."

The pancake thought there might be something in that, and so they walked together through the wood; but when they had gone some distance, they came to a brook.

The pig was so fat it wasn't much trouble for him to swim across, but the pancake couldn't get over.

"Sit on my snout," said the pig, "and I will ferry you over."

The pancake did so.

"Ouf, ouf," grunted the pig, and swallowed the pancake in one gulp, and as the pancake couldn't get any farther -- well, you see we can't go on with this story any farther, either.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen, Pannekaken, translated by H. L. Brækstad in *Round the Yule Log: Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales* (London: Sampson Sow, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1881), pp. 62-67.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Runaway Pancake

Germany

Two women in Jetzschko were baking a pancake, and when it was almost done they began to quarrel, because each one wanted the whole thing.

The one woman said, "I get the pancake!"

The other one replied, "No, I want all of it!"

Before they knew what was happening, the pancake suddenly grew feet, jumped out of the pan, and ran away.

He came to a fox, who said to him, "Pancake, pancake, where are you going?"

The pancake answered, "I ran away from two old women, and I shall run away from you as well!"

Then he met a hare. It too shouted, "Pancake, pancake, where are you going?"

The pancake answered, "I ran away from two old women, Reynard the Fox, and I shall run away from you as well.

The pancake ran on until he came to some water. A ship full of people was floating on the water. They too cried out to him, "Pancake, pancake, where are you going?"

Again he said, "I ran away from two old women, Reynard the Fox, Speedy the Hare, and I shall run away from you as well."

Then he came to a large pig. It too shouted to him, "Pancake, pancake, where are you going?"

"Oh," he said, "I ran away from two old women, Reynard the Fox, Speedy the Hare, a ship full

of people, and I shall run away from you as well."

The pig said, "Pancake, I am hard of hearing. You'll have to say it into my ear!"

So the pancake went up close, and bam! bam! the pig snatched him and ate him up, and with that the story is ended.

- Source: Karl Gander, "Der fortgelaufene Eierkuchen," *Niederlausitzer Volkssagen, vornehmlich aus dem Stadt- und Landkreise Guben* (Berlin: Deutsche Schriftsteller-Genossenschaft, 1894), no. 319, pp. 122-123.
- Gander's source: "Oral, from Hanschke, Senior, a cottager and peddler in Ögeln."
- Freely translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Thick, Fat Pancake

Germany

Once upon a time there were three old women who wanted a pancake to eat. The first one brought an egg, the second one milk, and the third one grease and flour. When the thick, fat pancake was done, it pulled itself up in the pan and ran away from the three old women. It ran and ran, steadfastly, steadfastly into the woods. There he came upon a little hare, who cried, "Thick, fat pancake, stop! I want to eat you!"

The pancake answered, "I have run away from three old women. Can I not run away from Hoppity Hare as well?" And it ran steadfastly, steadfastly into the woods.

Then a wolf came running toward him, and cried, "Thick, fat pancake, stop! I want to eat you!"

The pancake answered, "I have run away from three old women and Hoppity Hare. Can I not run away from Waddly Wolf as well?" And it ran steadfastly, steadfastly into the woods.

Then a goat came hopping by, and cried, "Thick, fat pancake, stop! I want to eat you!"

The pancake answered, "I have run away from three old women, Hoppity Hare, and Waddly Wolf. Can I not run away from Longbeard Goat as well?" And it ran steadfastly, steadfastly into the woods.

Then a horse came galloping by, and cried, "Thick, fat pancake, stop! I want to eat you!"

The pancake answered, "I have run away from three old women, Hoppity Hare, Waddly Wolf, and Longbeard Goat. Can I not run away from Flatfoot Horse as well?" And it ran steadfastly, steadfastly into the woods.

Then a sow came running up, and cried, "Thick, fat pancake, stop! I want to eat you!"

The pancake answered, "I have run away from three old women, Hoppity Hare, Waddly Wolf, Longbeard Goat, and Flatfoot Horse. Can I not run away from Oink-Oink Sow as well?" And it

ran steadfastly, steadfastly into the woods.

Then three children came by. They had neither father nor mother, and they said, "Dear pancake, stop! We have had nothing to eat the entire day!" So the thick, fat pancake jumped into the children's basket and let them eat it up.

- Source: Carl and Theodor Colshorn, "Vom dicken fetten Pfannekuchen," *Märchen und Sagen* (Hannover: Verlag von Carl Rümpler, 1854), no. 57, pp. 168-169.
- The Colshorns' source: "oral, from Salzdahlum."
- Freely translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- This tale is also contained in Paul Zaunert, *Deutsche Märchen seit Grimm*, vol. 1 (Jena: Eugen Diederichs Verlag, 1922), pp. 176-77.
- Return to the table of contents.

Dathera Dad

England

There was once a farmer's wife who made a pudding and set it on the fire to be boiled. As soon as the water began to boil the pudding jumped, and at last it jumped out upon the floor and rolled about as if it were bewitched. As the pudding was rolling about on the floor a travelling tinker came to the door, and the woman picked the pudding up and gave it to him. So the tinker put it into his budget and slung it over his back. As he trudged along the road the pudding kept rolling about in the budget till at last it broke in pieces, when out came a littlo fairy child who cried, "Take me to my dathera dad, take me to my dathera dad."

- Source: Sidney Oldall Addy, *Household Tales with Other Traditional Remains: Collected in the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby, and Nottingham* (London: David Nutt, 1895), no. 7, p. 9.
- Addy's source: "From Eyam, in Derbyshire."
- Return to the table of contents.

The Wonderful Cake

Ireland

A mouse, a rat, and a little red hen once lived together in the same cabin, and one day the little red hen said, "Let us bake a cake and have a feast."

"Let us," says the mouse; and "Let us," says the rat.

"Who'll go get the wheat ground?" says the hen.

"I won't," says the mouse; "I won't," says the rat; "I'll go myself," says the little red hen.

"Who'll make the cake?

"I won't," says the mouse; "I won't," says the rat; "I will myself," says the little red hen.

"Who'll eat the cake?"

"I will," says the mouse; "I will," says the rat; "Dickens a bit you shall," says the little red hen.

Well, while the hen was putting over her hand to it, *magh go brath* with it out of the door, and after it with the three housekeepers.

When it was running away, it went by a barn full of thrashers, and they asked it where it was running.

"Oh," says it, "I'm running away from the mouse, the rat, and the little red hen, and from you too if I can."

So they piked away after it with their flails, and it run and it run till it came to a ditch full of ditchers, and they asked it where it was running.

"Oh, I'm running away from the mouse, the rat, and the little red hen, and from a barn full of thrashers, and from you too if I can."

Well they all ran after it along with the rest till it came to a well full of washers, and they asked the same question, and it returned the same answer, and after it they went.

At last it came to a ford where it met with a fox, who asked where it was running.

"Oh, I'm running away from the mouse, the rat, and the little red hen, from a barn full of thrashers, a ditch full of ditchers, a well full of washers, a crumply-horned cow, a saddled-backed sow, and from you too if I can."

"But you can't cross the ford," says the fox.

"And can't you carry me over?" says the cake.

"What'll you give me?" says the fox.

"A kiss at Christmas, and an egg at Easter," says the cake.

"Very well," says the fox." Up with you."

So he sat on his *currabingo* with his nose in the air, and the cake got up by his tail till it sat on his crupper.

"Now over with you," says the cake.

"You're not high enough."

Then it scrambled up on his shoulder.

"Up higher still," says he, "you wouldn't be safe there."

"Am I right now ?" says the cake, when it was on his head.

"Not quite," says he; "you'll be safer on the ridge pole of my nose."

"Well," says the cake, "I think I can go no further."

"Oh, yes," says he, and he shot it up in the air, caught it in his mouth, and sent it down the red lane.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *The Fireside Stories of Ireland* (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill, 1870), pp. 19-20.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Wee Bunnock

Scotland

"Grannie, grannie, come tell us the story o' the wee bunnock."

"Hout, bairns, ye've heard it a hunner times afore. I needna tell it owre again."

"Ah, but, grannie, it's sic a fine ane. Ye maun tell't. Just ance."

"Weel, weel, bairns, if ye'll a' promise to be guid, I'll tell ye't again.

But I'll tell you a bonny tale about a guid aitmeal bunnock.

">

There lived an auld man and an auld wife at the side o' a burn. They had twa kye, five hens and a cock, a cat and twa kittlins. The auld man lookit after the kye, and the auld wife span on the tow-rock. The kittlins aft grippit at the auld wife's spindle, as it tussled owre the hearth-stane.

"Sho, sho," she wad say, "gae wa';" and so it tussled about.

Ae day, after parritch time, she thought she wad hae a bunnock. Sae she bakit twa aitmeal bunnocks, and set them to to the fire to harden. After a while, the auld man came in, and sat down aside the fire, and takes ane o' the bunnocks, and snappit it through the middle. When the tither ane sees this, it rins aff as fast as it could, and the auld wife after't, wi' the spindle in the tae hand and the tow-rock in the tither.

But the wee bunnock wan awa', and out o' sight, and ran till it came to a guid muckle thack house, and ben it ran boldly to the fireside; and there were three tailors sitting on a muckle table. When they saw the wee bunnock come ben, they jumpit up, and gat in ahint the goodwife, that was cardin' tow ayont the fire.

"Hout," quo' she, "be na fleyt; it's but a wee bunnock. Grip it, and I'll gie ye a soup milk till 't."

Up she gets wi' the tow-cards, and the tailor wi' the goose, and the twa prentices, the ane wi' the muckle shears, and the tither wi' the lawbrod; but it jinkit them, and ran round about the fire; and ane o' the prentices, thinking to snap it wi' the shears, fell i' the ase-pit. The tailor cuist the goose, and the goodwife the tow-cards; but a' wadna do. The bunnock wan awa', and ran till it came to a wee house at the roadside; and in it rins, and there was a weaver sittin' on the loom, and the wife winnin' a clue o' yarn.

"Tibby," quo' he, "what's tat?"

"Oh," quo' she, "it's a wee bunnock."

"It's weel come," quo' he, "for our sowens were but thin the day. Grip it, my woman; grip it."

"Ay," quo' she; "what recks! That's a clever bunnock. Kep, Willie; kep, man."

"Hout," quo' Willie, "cast the clue at it."

But the bunnock whipit round about, and but the floor, and aff it gaed, and owre the knowe, like a new-tarred sheep or a daft yell cow. And forrit it runs to the niest house, and ben to the fireside; and there was the goodwife kirnin'.

"Come awa', wee bunnock," quo' she; "I'se hae ream and bread the day."

But the wee bunnock whipit round about the kirn, and the wife after't, and i' the hurry she had near-hand coupit the kirn. And afore she got it set right again, the wee bunnock was aff, and down the brae to the mill; and in it ran.

The miller was siftin' meal i' the trough; but, looking up: " Ay," quo' he, "it's a sign o' plenty when ye're rinnin' about, and naebody to look after ye. But I like a bunnock and cheese. Come your wa's ben, and I'll gie ye a night's quarters."

But the bunnock wadna trust itsel' wi' the miller and his cheese. Sae it turned and ran its wa's out; but the miller didna fash his head wi't.

So it toddled awa', and ran till it came to the smithy; and in it rins, and up to the studdy. The smith was making horse-nails.

Quo' he: "I like a bicker o' guid yill and a weel-toastit bunnock. Come your wa's in by here."

But the bunnock was frightened when it heard about the yill, and turned and aff as hard as it could, and the smith after't, and cuist the hammer. But it whirlt awa', and out o' sight in a crack, and ran till it came to a farm-house wi' a guid muckle peat-stack at the end o't. Ben it rins to the fireside. The goodman was clovin' lint, and the goodwife hecklin'.

"O Janet," quo' he, "there's a wee bunnock; I'se hae the hauf o't."

"Weel, John, I'se hae the tither hauf. Hit it owre the back wi' the clove."

But the bunnock playt *jink-about*.

Scandinavian Changeling Legends

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1997-2000

Contents

1. The Changelings (Sweden).
2. Two Changeling Tales. (Denmark).
3. The Father of Eighteen Elves (Iceland).
4. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Changelings

Sweden

Every intelligent grandmother knows that the fire must not be allowed to go out in a room where there is a child not yet christened; that the water in which the newborn child is washed should not be thrown out; also, that a needle, or some other article of steel must be attached to its bandages [diapers]. If attention is not paid to these precautions it may happen that the child will be exchanged by the trolls, as once occurred in Bettna many years ago.

A young peasant's wife had given birth to her first child. Her mother, who lived some distance away, was on hand to officiate in the first duties attending its coming, but the evening before the day on which the child should be christened she was obliged to go home for a short time to attend to the wants of her own family, and during her absence the fire was allowed to go out.

No one would have noticed anything unusual, perhaps, if the child had not, during the baptism, cried like a fiend. After some weeks, however, the parents began to observe a change. It became ugly, cried continuously, and was so greedy that it devoured everything that came in its way. The people being poor, they were in great danger of being eaten out of house and home. There could no longer be any doubt that the child was a changeling. Whereupon the husband sought a wise old woman, who, it was said, could instruct the parents what to do to get back their own child.

The mother was directed to build a fire in the bake oven three Thursday evenings in succession, lay the young one upon the bake shovel, then pretend that she was about to throw it into the fire. The advice was followed, and when the woman, the third evening, was in the act of throwing the changeling into the fire, it seemed, a little deformed, evil-eyed woman

rushed up with the natural child, threw it in the crib, and requested the return of her child. "For," said she, "I have never treated your child so badly and I have never thought to do it such harm as you now propose doing mine," whereupon she took the unnatural child and vanished through the door.

Another changeling story, but with less unfortunate consequences, is told in Södermanland.

A resident of Vingåkir, who made frequent trips to Nyköping with loads of flour, was in the habit of halting for the night at the house of a farmer in Verna. One summer night he arrived later than usual, and, as the people were already in bed and asleep, the weather being pleasant, he did not wish to wake anyone, so unhitched his horse from the wagon, hitched him to a haystack, and laid himself under the wagon to sleep.

He had been some time under the wagon, yet awake, when, from under a stone nearby, an ugly, deformed woman, carrying a babe, made her appearance. Looking about her carefully, she laid the child on the stone and went into the house. In a short time she returned, bearing another child; laid it upon the stone, and taking up the first one, returned to the house.

The man observed her actions, and divining their purpose, crept cautiously from his resting place as soon as the woman had disappeared into the house, took the sleeping child and hid it in his coat under the wagon. When the troll returned and found the child gone, she went a third time to the house, for which she returned with the child she had just carried in, whereupon she disappeared under the stone.

The traveler, anxious for the welfare of his little charge, which had in such an extraordinary manner fallen into his hands, could not close his eyes for the rest of the night.

As soon as it dawned he went with his precious burden to the house, where he found the occupants in great consternation over the disappearance of the child, which, as may be presumed, was received with great rejoicing.

- Source: Herman Hofberg, *Swedish Fairy Tales*, translated by W. H. Myers (Chicago: W. B. Conkey Company, 1893), pp. 176-178.
- Return to the table of contents.

Two Changeling Tales

Denmark

There lived once, near Tis Lake, two lonely people, who were sadly plagued with a changeling, given them by the underground people instead of their own child, which had not been baptized in time.

This changeling behaved in a very strange and uncommon manner, for when there was no one in the place, he was in great spirits, ran up the walls like a cat, sat under the roof, and shouted and bawled away lustily; but sat dozing at the end of the table when anyone was in the room with him.

He was able to eat as much as any four, and never cared what it was that was set before him; but though he regarded not the quality of his food, in quantity he was never satisfied, and gave excessive annoyance to everyone in the house.

When they had tried for a long time in vain how they could best get rid of him since there was no living in the house with him, a smart girl pledged herself that she would banish him from the house. She accordingly, while he was out in the fields, took a pig and killed it, and put it, hide, hair, and all, into a black pudding, and set it before him when he came home.

He began, as was his custom, to gobble it up, but when he had eaten for some time, he began to relax a little in his efforts, and at last he sat quite still, with his knife in his hand, looking at the pudding. At length, after sitting for some time in this manner, he began: "A pudding with hide! And a pudding with legs in it! Well, three times have I seen a young wood by Tis Lake, but never yet did I see such a pudding! The devil himself may stay here now for me!"

So saying, he ran off with himself, and never more came back again.

Another changeling was got rid of in the following manner. The mother, suspecting it to be such from its refusing food, and being so ill-thriven, heated the oven as hot as possible. The maid, as instructed, asked her why she did it.

"To burn my child in it to death," was the reply.

When the question had been put and answered three times, she placed the child on the peel, and was shoving it into the oven, when the troll-woman came in a great fright with the real child, and took away her own, saying, "There's your child for you. I have treated it better than you treated mine," and in truth it was fat and hearty.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *Fairy Mythology* (1850), pp. 125-126.
- Tis Lake (Danish: Tisø) is a prominent lake on the island of Zealand (Danish: Sjælland), and is featured in many legends.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Father of Eighteen Elves

Iceland

At a certain farm, long ago, it happened that all the household were out one day, making hay, except the farmer's wife and her only child, a boy of four years.

He was a strong, handsome, lusty little fellow, who could already speak almost as well as his elders, and was looked upon by his parents with great pride and hope.

As his mother had plenty of other work to do besides watching him, she was obliged to leave him alone for a short time, while she went down to the brook to wash the milk pails. So she left him playing in the door of the cottage, and came back again as soon as she had placed

the milk pails to dry.

As soon as she spoke to the child, it began to cry in a strange and unnatural way, which amazed her not a little, as it had always been so quiet and sweet tempered. When she tried to make the child speak to her, as it normally did, it only yelled the more, and so it went on for a long time, always crying and never would be soothed, till the mother was in despair at so remarkable a change in her boy, who now seemed to have lost his senses.

Filled with grief, she went to ask the advice of a learned and skillful woman in the neighborhood, and confided to her all her trouble.

Her neighbor asked her all sorts of questions: How long ago this change in the child's manner had happened? What his mother thought to be the cause of it? and so forth. To all of which the wretched woman gave the best answers she could.

At last the wise woman said: "Do you not think, my friend, that the child you now have is a changeling? Without doubt it was put at your cottage door in the place of your son, while you were washing the milk pails.

"I know not," replied the other, "but advise me how to find it out."

So the wise woman said: "I will tell you. Place the child where he may see something he has never seen before, and let him fancy himself alone. As soon as he believes no one to be near him, he will speak. But you must listen attentively, and if the child says something that declares him to be a changeling, then beat him without mercy."

That was the wise woman's advice, and her neighbor, with many thanks for it, went home.

When she got to her house, she set a cauldron in the middle of the hearth, and taking a number of rods, bound them end to end, and at the bottom of them fastened a porridge spoon. This she stuck into the cauldron in such a way that the new handle she had made for it reached right up the chimney.

As soon as she had prepared everything, she fetched the child, and placing him on the floor of the kitchen left him and went out, taking care, however, to leave the door ajar, so that she could hear and see all that went on.

When she had left the room, the child began to walk round and round the cauldron, and eye it carefully, and after a while he said: "Well! I am old enough, as anybody may guess from by beard, and the father of eighteen elves, but never in all my life, have I seen so long a spoon to so small a pot."

On hearing this the farmer's wife waited not a moment, but rushed into the room and snatching up a bundle of firewood flogged the changeling with it, till he kicked and screamed again.

In the midst of all this, the door opened, and a strange woman, bearing in her arms a beautiful boy, entered and said, "See how we differ! I cherish and love your son, while you

beat and abuse my husband." With these words, she gave back to the farmer's wife her own son, and taking the changeling by the hand, disappeared with him.

But the little boy grew up to manhood, and fulfilled all the hope and promise of his youth.

- Source: Jón Arnason, *Icelandic Legends*, translated by George E. J. Powell and Eiríkur Magnússon (London: R. Bentley, 1864). Translation slightly revised.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

- Changelings: An Essay by D. L. Ashliman.
- Changeling Legends from the British Isles.
- German Changeling Legends.
- Germanic Myths, Legends, and Sagas.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Return to the table of contents.

Revised Saint Patrick's Day, 2000.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Sunken Bells

Legends of Christiansen Type 7070
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2013

Contents

1. Kentsham Bell (Herefordshire, England).
2. The Bells of Forrabury Church (Cornwall, England).
3. The Bosham Bell (Sussex, England).
4. The Whitby Abbey Bells (Yorkshire, England).
5. The Whitby Abbey Bells (Yorkshire, England).
6. The Buried Chime (Yorkshire, England).
7. The Bells of Brinkburn (Brinkburn/Durham, England).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Kentsham Bell

England

Great Tom of Kentsham was the greatest bell ever brought to England, but it never reached Kentsham safely, nor hung in any English tower. Where Kentsham is I cannot tell you, but long, long ago the good folk of the place determined to have a larger and finer bell in their steeple than any other parish could boast. At that time there was a famous bell foundry abroad, where all the greatest bells were cast, and thither the Kentsham people sent to order their famous bell, and thither too sent many others who wanted greater bells than could be cast in England.

And so it came to pass at length that Great Tom of Lincoln, and Great Tom of York, and Great Tom of Christchurch, and Great Tom of Kentsham, were all founded at the same time, and all embarked on board the same vessel, and carried safely to the shore of dear old England. Then they set about landing them, and this was anxious work, but little by little it was done, and Tom of Lincoln, Tom of York, Tom of Christchurch, were safely laid on English ground.

And then came the turn of Tom of Kentsham, which was the greatest Tom of all. Little by little they raised him, and prepared to draw him to the shore; but just in the midst of the work the captain grew so anxious and excited that he swore an oath. That very moment the ropes which held the bell snapped in two, and Great Tom of Kentsham slid over the ship's side into the water, and rolled away to the bottom of the sea.

Then the people went to the cunning man and asked him what they should do. And he said, "Take six yoke of white milch-kine, which have never borne the yoke, and take fresh withy bands which have never been used before, and let no man speak a word either good or bad till the bell is at the top of the hill."

So they took six yoke of white milch-kine, which had never borne the yoke, and harnessed them with fresh withy-bands which had never been used, and bound these to the bell as it lay in the shallow water, and long it was ere they could move it. But still the kine struggled and pulled, and the withy-bands held firm, and at last the bell was on dry ground. Slowly, slowly they drew it up the hill, moaning and groaning with unearthly sounds as it went; slowly, slowly, and no one spoke, and they nearly reached the top of the hill.

Now the captain had been wild with grief when he saw that he had caused his precious freight to be lost in the waters just as they had reached the shore; and, when he beheld it recovered again and so nearly placed in safety, he could not contain his joy, but sang out merrily:

> In spite of all the devils in hell
> We have got to land old Kentsham Bell.

Instantly the withy bands broke in the midst, and the bell bounded back again down the sloping hillside, rolling over and over, faster and faster, with unearthly clanging, till it sank far away in the very depths of the sea. And no man has ever seen it since, but many have heard it tolling beneath the waves, and if you go there you may hear it too.

- Source: Charlotte S. Burne, "Two Folk-Tales from Herefordshire,"*The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. 2, part 1 (January 1884), pp. 20-22.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bells of Forrabury Church

Cornwall

In days long ago, the inhabitants of the parish of Forrabury -- which does not cover a square mile, but which now includes the chief part of the town of Boscastle and its harbour -- resolved to have a peal of bells which should rival those of the neighbouring church of Tintagel, which are said to have rung merrily at the marriage, and tolled solemnly at the death, of Arthur.

The bells were cast; the bells were blessed; and the bells were shipped for Forrabury. Few voyages were more favourable; and the ship glided, with a fair wind, along the northern shores of Cornwall, waiting for the tide to carry her safely into the harbour of Bottreaux.

The vesper bells rang out at Tintagel; and the pilot, when he heard the blessed sound, devoutly crossed himself, and bending his knee, thanked God for the safe and quick voyage which they had made.

The captain laughed at the superstition of the pilot, as he called it, and swore that they had

only to thank themselves for the speedy voyage, and that, with his arm at the helm, and his judgment to guide them, they should soon have a happy landing. The pilot checked this profane speech; but the wicked captain -- and he swore more impiously than ever that all was due to himself and his men -- laughed to scorn the pilot's prayer.

"May God forgive you!" was the pilot's reply.

Those who are familiar with the northern shores of Cornwall will know that sometimes a huge wave, generated by some mysterious power in the wide Atlantic, will roll on, overpowering everything by its weight and force.

While yet the captain's oaths were heard, and while the inhabitants on the shore were looking out from the cliffs, expecting, within an hour, to see the vessel, charged with their bells, safe in their harbour, one of these vast swellings of the ocean was seen. Onward came the grand billow in all the terror of its might. The ship rose not upon the waters as it came onward. She was overwhelmed, and sank in an instant close to the land.

As the vessel sank, the bells were heard tolling with a muffled sound, as if ringing the death-knell of the ship and sailors, of whom the good pilot alone escaped with life.

When storms are coming, and only then, the bells of Forrabury, with their dull, muffled sound, are heard from, beneath the heaving sea, a warning to the wicked; and the tower has remained to this day silent.

- Source: Robert Hunt *Popular Romances of the West of England; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall*, 3rd edition, revised and enlarged (London: Chatto and Windus, 1881), pp. 438-39.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bosham Bell

England

In the days of the Northmen, a party of pirates came up the creek [to Bosham] in search of pillage. They plundered the inhabitants, sacked the church, and carried off the tenor bell of the monastery. Having put their spoil on board, they dropped down the channel with the ebbing tide; but by the intervention of St. Nicholas the bell refused to remain in such wicked hands, and sank through the deck and the hold of the vessel to the bottom of a great hole in Bosham channel, known to this day as the "Bell Hole," to the great consternation of the heathen marauders.

It is still the belief of the good folk of Bosham that though the bell is deep down in the water, it has not lost its power of resonance, and that whenever a sturdy peal is rung out from the church tower, the lost tenor chimes in with her sister bells, and those standing at the brink of the "Bell Hole " can distinctly hear the whole octave peal.

- Source: Mark Antony Lower, *A Compendious History of Sussex: Topographical, Archaelogical, and Anecdotal*, vol. 1 (London: John Russell Smith, 1870), p. 67.

- Return to the table of contents.

The Whitby Abbey Bells

England

The abbey was suppressed in 1539 A.D., and shortly afterwards dismantled. The bells were sold, and were to be conveyed by ship to London. They were duly placed on board, and, amid the lamentation of the people, the sails were unfurled and the anchor weighed. But, lo! the vessel refused to bear away its sacred burden. A short distance it moved out into the bay, and then -- on the beautiful, calm summer evening -- it quietly sank beneath the waves; and there under the waters, at a spot within sight of the abbey ruins, the bells still remain, and are still heard occasionally, by the superstitious, rung by invisible hands.

- Source: Thomas Parkinson *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions* (London: Elliot Stock, 1888), p. 29.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Whitby Abbey Bells

England

A favourite story told in connection with the Abbey is one concerning its bells. It runs thus: The magnificent peal excited the cupidity of some sea-roving free-booter, who, landing with a sufficient force, extracted the bells from the sacred building, and conveyed them on board his vessel. This desecration was, however, not suffered to go unpunished, for ere the vessel had gone many miles she struck, and foundered a short distance from a projecting ridge of rock called the "Black Nab."

As a fitting conclusion to this we are told that he who dares, on Halloween, to spend some time on the rock, and call his sweetheart's name, will hear it echoed by the breeze, accompanied with the ringing of marriage bells from the sunken chime.

- Source: *Home's Guide to Whitby*, 5th edition (London: Horne and Son, 1897), p. 14.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Buried Chime

England

Under the cliffs at Whitby, when the great tides landward flow,
Under the cliffs at Whitby, when the great winds landward blow,

When the long billows heavily roll o'er the harbour bar,
And the blue waves flash to silver 'mid the seaweeds on the Scar,

When the low thunder of the surf calls down the hollow shore,
And 'mid the caves at Kettleness the baffled breakers roar;

Under the cliffs at Whitby, whoso will stand alone,
Where, in the shadow of the Nab, the eddies swirl and moan,

When, to the pulses of the deep, the flood-tide rising swells,
Will hear, amid its monotone, the clash of hidden bells.

Up from the heart of ocean the mellow music peals,
Where the sunlight makes his golden path, and the sea-mew flits and wheels.

For many a chequered century, untired by flying time,
The bells, no human fingers touch, have rung their hidden chime,

Since the gallant ship that brought them, for the abbey on the height,
Struck and foundered in the offing, with her sacred goal in sight.

And the man who dares on Hallowe'en on the Black Nab to watch,
Till the rose-light on St. Hilda's shrine the midnight moonbeams catch,

And calls his sweetheart by her name, as, o'er the sleeping seas,
The echo of the buried bells comes floating on the breeze,

'Ere another moon on Hallowe'en her eerie rays has shed,
Will hear his wedding peal ring out from the church-tower on the Head.

- Source: Susan K. Phillips, *On the Seaboard and Other Poems*, 2nd edition (London: Macmillan and Company, 1879), pp. 22-24.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bells of Brinkburn

Brinkburn/Durham, England

Centuries ago one of the priors of Brinkburn presented the bells of that building to the priory of Durham. They had been the pride of the secluded sanctuary on the Coquet, for their tones were possessed of great power combined with sweetness, and many tempting offers had Durham made to secure them, but hitherto to no purpose.

But she prevailed at length, and the bells so coveted were removed from the tower and dispatched on horseback on their way to Durham under the care of some monks. They journeyed till they reached the River Font, which, owing to a quantity of rain having fallen, was much swelled. However, they prepared to ford it; but when the horses reached the middle of the stream the bells by some means fell, or, according to the popular belief, were removed from the backs of the horses by miraculous interposition, and sank to the bottom. Owing either to the dangerous state of the stream or from the bells being unwilling to be removed, the exertions of the monks to recover them proved unavailing; so they returned to Brinkburn and reported the disaster. But the Brinkburn prior, determined not to be baffled, sent forthwith a messenger to Durham to request the presence of his brother prior, and both ecclesiasties then proceeded with a full attendance to liberate the imprisoned bells; and lo!

the superior abilities of high church functionaries over humble monks was manifest to everyone; for they had no sooner ridden into the stream than the bells were lifted with ease; and, being conveyed to Durham, were lodged there in safety.

To this day it is a saying in Coquetdale that "Brinkburn bells are heard at Durham;" and Wallis, in his *History of Northumberland*, assures us that the bells of Brinkburn were removed to the cathedral on the banks of the Wear.

Still there are doubters. Walter White, in 1859, says: "The deep pool where the bells were lost is still to bo seen in the river" [Coquet] (13); and Mr. Wilson is positive that some years ago "a fragment of the bell was found buried at the root of a tree on the hill on the opposite side of the river" (14).

Of the bells, William Howitt, in his *Visit to Remarkable Places, etc.*, p. 525, note, says: "The bell tower looks down upon the Bell Pool, a very deep part of the Coquet, lying concealed beneath the thick foliage of the native trees that jut out from the interstices of the lofty, craggy heights, impending over either side. Tradition says that into this pool the bells were thrown in a time of danger in order to place them beyond the reach of the invading Scots. It is still a favourite amusement among the young swimmers of the neighbourhood to dive for the bells of Brinkburn, and then it is generally believed that when the bells are found other treasures will be recovered with them."

- Source: *The Denham Tracts: A Collection of Folklore by Michael Aislabie Denham*, edited by James Hardy, vol. 2 (London: Published for the Folklore Society by David Nutt, 1895), pp. 132-33.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised May 25, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1161
(also categorized as migratory legends of Christiansen type 6015)

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2000-2013

Contents

1. Peer Gynt and the Trolls (Norway).
2. The Cat on the Dovrefjell (Norway).
3. The Cat of Norrhult (Sweden).
4. The Troll and the Bear (Denmark).
5. The Kobold and the Polar Bear (Germany).
6. The Cat Mill (Germany).
7. The Water Nix in the Oil Mill near Frauendorf (Germany).
8. The Water-Man (Moravia).
9. Kelpie and the Boar (Scotland).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Peer Gynt and the Trolls

Norway

In the olden days there lived in Kvam a hunter, whose name was Peer Gynt, and who was always roaming about in the mountains after bears and elks, for in those days there were more forests on the mountains than there are now, and consequently plenty of wild beasts....

Shortly before Christmas, Peer set out again on another expedition. He had heard of a farm on Dovrefell which was invaded by such a number of trolls every Christmas Eve that the people on the farm had to move out, and get shelter at some of their neighbors. He was anxious to go there, for he had a great fancy to come across the trolls again. He dressed himself in some old ragged clothes, and took a tame white bear, which he had, with him, as well as an awl, some pitch, and twine.

When he came to the farm he went in and asked for lodgings.

"God help us!" said the farmer; " we can't give you any lodgings. We have to clear out of the house ourselves soon and look for lodgings, for every Christmas Eve we have the trolls here."

But Peer thought he should be able to clear the trolls out -- he had done such a thing before; and then he got leave to stay, and a pig's skin into the bargain. The bear lay down behind the

Scotland

A miller was annoyed by a kelpie entering his mill during night and playing havoc among the grain and meal. One night he shut up in the mill his boar, for a miller generally kept a good many pigs and a breeding sow or two. As usual kelpie entered the mill. The boar stood on his defence, and fought the kelpie.

Next night the creature appeared at the miller's window, and called to him, "Is there a chattie i' the mill the nicht?"

"Aye, there is a chattie i' the mill, an will be for ever mair," was the answer.

Kelpie returned no more to the mill.

- Source: Walter Gregor, "Kelpie Stories from the North of Scotland," *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. 1, part 9 (September 1883), p. 293.
- The kelpie is a demonic "water horse" featured in many Scottish and Irish superstitions and folktales.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised February 11, 1013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

fireplace, and Peer took out his awl, and pitch, and twine, and began making a big, big shoe, which it took the whole pig's skin to make. He put a strong rope in for laces, that he might pull the shoe tightly together, and, finally, he armed himself with a couple of handspikes.

Shortly he heard the trolls coming. They had a fiddler with them, and some began dancing, while others fell to eating the Christmas fare on the table -- some fried bacon, and some fried frogs and toads, and other nasty things which they had brought with them.

During this some of the trolls found the shoe Peer had made. They thought it must belong to a very big foot. They all wanted to try it on at once, so they put a foot each into it; but Peer made haste and tightened the rope, took one of the handspikes and fastened the rope round it, and got them at last securely tied up in the shoe.

Just then the bear put his nose out from behind the fireplace, where he was lying, and smelt they were frying something.

"Will you have a sausage, pussy?" said one of the trolls, and threw a hot frog right into the bear's jaw.

"Scratch them, pussy!" said Peer

The bear got so angry that he rushed at the trolls and scratched them all over, while Peer took the other handspike and hammered away at them as if he wanted to beat their brains out. The trolls had to clear out at last, but Peer stayed and enjoyed himself with all the Christmas fare the whole week. After that the trolls were not heard of there for many years.

Some years afterwards, about Christmastime, the farmer was out in the forest cutting wood for the holidays, when a troll came up to him and shouted: "Have you got that big pussy of yours, yet?"

"Oh, yes, she is at home behind the fireplace," said the farmer; "and she has got seven kittens all bigger and larger than herself."

"We'll never come to you any more, then," said the troll.

- Source: Peter Christian Asbjørnsen, *Folk and Fairy Tales*, translated by H. L. Brækstad (New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son, 1883), pp. 149-50.
- Brækstad's source: Peter Christian Asbjørnsen, *Norske Huldreeventyr og Folkesagn*, vol. 2 (Christiania [Oslo]: Forlagt af C. A. Dybwad, 1848), pp. 77-84.
- Brækstad anglicizes the hero's name to *Peter Gynt*, but I have chosen to retain the Norwegian (and more familiar) form: *Peer Gynt*.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cat on the Dovrefjell

Norway

Once upon a time there was a man up in Finnmark who had caught a large white bear, which

he was going to take to the King of Denmark. It so happened that he came to the Dovrefjell on Christmas Eve. He went to a cottage where a man lived whose name was Halvor, and he asked the man for lodging for himself and his white bear.

"God bless us!" said the man, "but we can't give anyone lodging just now, for every Christmas Eve the house is so full of trolls that we are forced to move out, and we'll have no shelter over our own heads, to say nothing of providing for anyone else."

"Oh?" said the man, "If that's all, you can very well let me use your house. My bear can sleep under the stove here, and I can sleep in the storeroom."

Well, he begged so hard, that at last he got permission to stay there. The people of the house moved out, but before they went, everything was made ready for the trolls. The table was set with cream porridge and fish and sausages and everything else that was good, just as for any other grand feast.

When everything was ready, in came the trolls. Some were large, and some were small. Some had long tails, and some had no tails at all. And some had long, long noses. They ate and drank and tasted everything.

Then one of the troll youngsters saw the white bear lying under the stove, so he took a piece of sausage, stuck it onto a fork, and went and poked it against the white bear's nose, burning it. Then he shrieked, "Kitty, do you want some sausage?"

The white bear rose up and growled, and then chased the whole pack of them out, both large and small.

A year later Halvor was out in the woods at midday of Christmas Eve, gathering wood for the holidays, for he expected the trolls again. As he was chopping, he heard a voice shouting from the woods, "Halvor! Halvor!"

"Yes?" said Halvor.

"Do you still have that big cat?"

"Yes," said Halvor. "She's lying at home under the stove, and what's more, she now has seven kittens, far bigger and fiercer than she is herself."

"Then, we'll never come to your place again," shouted the troll in the woods, and since that time the trolls have never eaten their Yule porridge with Halvor on the Dovrefjell."

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, Kjetta på Dovre, *Norske Folkeeventyr* (1852).
- I used the following translation: "The Cat on the Dovrefell," *Popular Tales from the Norse*, 2nd edition, translated by George Webbe Dasent (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1859), pp. 103-104.
- Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Finnmark is the northernmost county in Norway. The Dovrefjell (sometimes spelled

Dovrefell in English) is a mountain range in central Norway.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cat of Norrhult

Sweden

On the estate of Norrhult, in the parish of Rumskulla, the people in olden times were very much troubled by trolls and ghosts. The disturbances finally became so unbearable that they were compelled to desert house and home, and seek an asylum with their neighbors. One old man was left behind, and he, because he was so feeble that he could not move with the rest.

Some time thereafter, there came one evening a man having with him a bear, and asked for lodgings for himself and companion. The old man consented, but expressed doubts about his guest being able to endure the disturbances that were likely to occur during the night.

The stranger replied that he was not afraid of noises, and laid himself down, with his bear, near the old man's bed.

Only a few hours had passed, when a multitude of trolls came into the hut and began their usual clatter. Some of them built the fire in the fireplace, others set the kettle upon the fire, and others again put into the kettle a mess of filth, such as lizards, frogs, worms, etc. When the mess was cooked, the table was laid, and the trolls sat down to the repast. One of them threw a worm to the bear, and said, "Will you have a fish, kitty?"

Another went to the bear-keeper and asked him if he would not have some of their food. At this the latter let loose the bear, which struck about him so lustily that soon the whole swarm was flying through the door.

Some time after, the door was again opened, and a troll with mouth so large that it filled the whole opening peeked in.

"Sic him!" said the bear-keeper, and the bear soon hunted him away also.

In the morning the stranger gathered the people of the village around him and directed them to raise a cross upon the estate, and to engrave a prayer on Cross Mountain, where the trolls dwelt, and they would be freed from their troublesome visitors.

Seven years later a resident of Norrhult went to Norrköping. On his way home he met a man who asked him where he came from, and, upon being informed, claimed to be a neighbor, and invited the peasant to ride with him on his black horse Away they went at a lively trot along the road, the peasant supposed, but in fact high up in the air. When it became quite dark the horse stumbled so that the peasant came near falling off.

"It is well you were able to hold on," said the horseman. "That was the point of the steeple of Linköping's cathedral that the horse stumbled against. Listen!" continued he. "Seven years ago I visited Norrhult. You then had a vicious cat there. Is it still alive?"

"Yes, truly, and many more," said the peasant.

After a time the rider checked his horse and bade the peasant dismount. When the latter looked around him he found himself at Cross Mountain, near his home.

Some time later another troll came to the peasant's cottage and asked if that great savage cat still lived.

"Look out!" said the peasant. "She is lying there by the oven, and has seven young ones, all worse than she."

"Oh!" cried the troll, and rushed for the door.

From that time no trolls have ever visited Norrhult.

- Source: Herman Hofberg, *Swedish Fairy Tales*, translated by W. H. Myers (Chicago: Belford-Clarke Company, 1890), pp. 126-128.
- This legend is from Östergötland, a province in southeastern Sweden.
- Note by Hofberg: "Not longer than thirty years ago a cross, said to be the one raised on this occasion, was still standing in Norrhult."
- Return to the table of contents.

The Troll and the Bear

Norway

In Højegaard in old days no one could stay over Christmas Eve. All the folk had to go down to the old farm in Rønnebæk, which has long been given up, and stay there till Christmas morning, for every Christmas Eve there came an ugly troll from Dragehøi, with a sackful of toads on his back, which he roasted at the fire in the sitting room, and ate one after another; but if any one ventured to stay there over night, he might be prepared to be torn in pieces by the troll.

One time, just as the folk were leaving the farm, there came a man who went about with a bear, exhibiting it. They told him why they had to leave, and advised him also to get away from there; but the man begged to be allowed to stay overnight, and as he was bent on doing so they finally gave him leave.

Towards evening, the troll came with his sack on his back, sat down by the fire, opened it and pulled out the one toad after the other, took each by a hind leg and held it over the fire till it was roasted, and then swallowed it. So one toad after the other went into him for some time, till he began to be satisfied.

Then he turned to the man, and said, "What's your dog's name?"

"Toad," said the man.

The troll took a toad, roasted it, and held it out to the bear, saying, "Toad shall have a toad,"

but the bear growled, and began to rise.

"Yes," said the man to the troll, "just you take care, and not make him angry, or he'll tear you in pieces."

The troll looked quite frightened, and asked, "Have you any more like him?"

"Yes," said the man, "this one has five young ones, which are lying outside on the baking oven."

The troll made haste to tie up the toads he had left in the sack, threw it on his back, and went out at the door in a hurry.

Next morning, when the people of the farm came home, the man was lying all right in the bed, and the bear beside the fire, both quite comfortable. When the man told them how he had got on, they were very glad, and bade him come again next Christmas Eve, which he did, but the troll did not come, and has never shown himself there since.

- Source: William A. Craigie, *Scandinavian Folk-Lore: Illustrations of the Traditional Beliefs of the Northern Peoples* (London: Alexander Gardner, 1896), pp. 65-66.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Kobold and the Polar Bear

Germany

The king of Norway sends a polar bear (*wazzerber*) as a gift to the king of Denmark. The bear and its leader have just landed in Denmark when night overtakes them and they hasten on to a house by the roadside. The Norseman explains to the fanner that the bear is not a dangerous monster and asks quarters for the night.

This request the farmer would gladly grant, but he confesses that he has no power over his homestead after nightfall, for a malicious kobold (*schretel*) drives him and his cattle away each evening. The stranger declares his reliance on God, and repeats his request, to which the host gives unwilling assent. Well supplied with food, man and bear prepare to spend the night in the bakery.

While both are asleep a red-capped kobold scarcely three spans long comes up to the fire and begins to roast some meat on an iron spit. Jealously it eyes the interlopers, particularly the bear, until passion so overcomes it that it strikes the bear on the back of the head.

The bear snarls but makes no move. When the meat drips fat the *schretel* deals another blow and the bear "turns the other cheek." Finally, when the chop sizzles with the heat, the little fellow raises spit and all high above his head and brings it down on the bear's mouth.

Then the bear does not prove to be so lazy after all, and the scuffle begins in earnest. For some time neither side has an advantage, but ultimately the kobold is obliged to give in. All the while the bear's master has been watching the melee from a safe retreat in the oven, and

even when the disturber of the peace has fled he does not venture forth.

On the morrow the householder inquires somewhat anxiously about the health of his visitors, and before they go on learns the events of the night.

Later that morning when the farmer has gone out into the field to plow, the disheveled kobold comes running up to him with the query: "Is your big cat still alive?"

With ready wit the farmer grasps the situation, and assures the kobold that the "old cat" in addition to being alive is now the mother of five young ones. Thereupon the kobold flees forever, and since then the farmer and his family have lived happily in the farmhouse.

- Source: Archer Taylor, "Schrätel und Wasserbär," *Modern Philology*, vol. 17, no. 6 (October 1919), pp. 305-306.
- Taylor's source: an anonymous Middle High German story, probably drawn from Scandinavian sources.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cat Mill

Germany

There is a mill called the Cat Mill near Schwanditz in the vicinity of Altenburg. This is how it received its name.

In times past, a kobold frequented a hill above the mill, and every evening he would enter the mill and demand a certain measure of beer, which he then drank.

Once a bear trainer was spending the night in the mill with his bears. The kobold arrived, jumping onto first one and then onto another one of the bears, when they turned on him and mauled him terribly. Injured, he was barely able to escape.

He did not return to the mill, and one day, looking down from the hilltop, he saw the miller and asked, "Miller, do you still have those mean cats?"

And that is how the mill came to be known as the Cat Mill.

- Source: A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräche aus Meklenburg, Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen: Aus dem Munde des Volkes gesammelt* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), p. 203.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman © 1013.
- The supernatural creature whom I have called a kobold (a generic term) is identified by Kuhn and Schwartz as a *Bieresel* (beer-donkey), a spook in German folklore that would assume the form of an animal, then come into a tavern or other establishment and drink the guests' beer.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Water Nix in the Oil Mill near Frauendorf

Germany

Ages ago a water nix would bring fish to the so-called Oil Mill located at Frauendorf Manor on a channel of the River Spree near Cottbus. The nix would ask the miller to cook the fish, after which the nix would eat them right at the mill. With time these uncanny visits came to annoy the miller, but he never dared to turn down his uninvited visitor's requests.

However, the time came when fate freed him from the nix.

One evening a bear trainer came to Frauendorf with his tamed bear and asked the miller for a night's lodging. The latter, a good-hearted man, did not refuse him. To keep it from harming anyone, the bear was chained up behind the table in the main room.

Not long afterward the nix entered the mill with a catch of fish. With the miller's permission he cooked them, and then sat down next to the bear behind the table and began to eat them. The hungry bear could not resist the tempting smell of the tasty meal, and wasted no time in helping himself from the nix's plate. This angered the nix, who struck at the bear's paws with his spoon. The bear let this happen a few times, but when the blows became more painful, he became furious. He grabbed the nix and crushed him terribly, until the bear trainer jumped up and rescued the nearly dead nix from the beast's claws.

The nix ran quickly out the door, jumped into the water, and was not seen again for a whole year. At the end of this time, the miller was one day working near his waterway, when the nix, wearing his red cap, suddenly emerged from the water, greeted the miller, then asked with a whining voice, "Master miller, do you still have that large cat?"

The miller, fearing that the nix wanted to take up his regular visits again, quickly answered, "Yes, she is lying behind the stove, and she has ninety-nine young ones!"

To this the nix replied, "I'll never again come to your place!" Then he disappeared beneath the water and was never seen there again.

- Source: Karl Haupt, "Der Wassernix und der Bär in der Oelmühle bei Freuendorf," *Sagenbuch der Lausitz*, vol. 1 (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1862), no. 49, pp. 52-53.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Water-Man

Moravia

A bear trainer with his dancing bear once came to an isolated mill and asked the miller to take them in for the night, as there was no village far and wide, and night was already falling.

"I would be glad to take you in," said the miller, "if you are not afraid, for a water-man comes

into the mill every night and plays pranks on anyone sleeping or even just passing time in the grinding room, and I don't have room for you anywhere else."

"What sort of pranks?" asked the bear trainer.

"Just practical jokes," replied the miller, "but they make the people who come to the mill angry, and they won't come back. I've lost a lot of customers because of this. Once he smeared pitch on someone's boot soles, so that he stuck to the floor when he stood up. He poured water into someone else's boots, or sprinkled bran in their hair. He sewed another person's pockets shut. Once he even put someone who was sleeping in the mill into a sack and hung it on a beam, and more such pranks."

"If that's all there is, it won' bother me," said the bear trainer. "I'll stay."

So the miller put a bundle of straw on the floor for him, and the man lay down with the bear at his side, and they slept until twelve o'clock. The trainer was awakened by the bear's roaring. He jumped up and saw the bear wrestling with the water-man. The latter had never seen a bear before, and when he took hold of the bear's fur, the bear held him tightly with his paws.

The trainer quickly went to the mill and started it running. Then he grabbed the water-man by his feet. The bear held him up, and thus they set him on the millstone and held him there, in spite of his cries, until half of his behind had been ground away. Then they let him go, and went back to sleep.

Early the next morning the miller came out and was amazed that both of them were sleeping so soundly. When the trainer woke up he told the miller about their last night's adventure, at which the miller had to laugh until he held his belly.

As they parted, the miller gave presents to the bear trainer, and invited him to stay with him the next time he came that way. Then he lit his pipe and lay down contentedly near the window.

A little dwarf came up to him. He was wearing yellow trousers, a bright-red vest, a green jacket, and a blue cap. He said to the smoker, "Miller, do you still have that big cat?"

"Yes," said the latter, "I still have her."

"Farewell then. You'll never see me again," he said, and trotted away.

- Source: Marie Kosch, "Vom Wassermann," *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Mähren* (Kremsier: Druck und Commissionsverlag Heinrich Gusek, 1899), no. 1, pp. 103-104.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2000.
- Moravia, a traditional kingdom and region in central Europe with mixed Slavic and German populations, was incorporated in the twentieth century into Czechoslovakia, and subsequently into the Czech Republic.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Kelpie and the Boar

The Bell of Justice

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 207C
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1998-2013

Contents

1. Of the Vicissitude of Everything Good, and Especially of a Right Justice (*Gesta Romanorum*).
2. The Emperor Charlemagne and the Serpent (Switzerland).
3. The Bell of Atri (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*).
4. The Dumb Plaintiff (Germany).
5. Links to additional retellings of this tale:
    - James Baldwin, "The Bell of Atri," *Fifty Famous Stories Retold* (New York: American Book Company, 1896), pp. 69-75.
    - Joel H. Metcalf, "The Bell of Atri," *World Stories* (Boston: Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 1909), no. 14, pp. 44-46.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Of the Vicissitude of Everything Good, and Especially of a Right Justice

Gesta Romanorum

The Emperor Theodosius had the misfortune to lose his sight. He put up a bell in his palace; and the law was, that whoever had any suit to make should pull the string with his own hands. When the bell rang, a judge, appointed to this end, descended and administered justice.

It chanced that a serpent made her nest immediately under the bell-rope, and in due time brought forth young. When they were old enough, one day she conducted them forth to enjoy the fresh air beyond the city. Now, while the serpent was absent, a toad entered and occupied her nest. When, therefore, the former returned with her young, she found the toad in possession, and instantly began an attack. But the latter baffled her attempts, and obstinately maintained his station. The serpent, perceiving her inability to eject the intruder, coiled her tail around the bell-rope, and forcibly rang the bell; as though she had said, "Descend, judge, and give me justice; for the toad has wrongfully seized my nest."

The judge, hearing the bell, descended; but not seeing anyone, returned. The serpent, finding her design abortive, once more sounded the alarm. The judge again appeared, and upon this occasion, seeing the serpent attached to the bell-rope, and the toad in possession of her nest, declared the whole circumstance to the emperor.

"Go down, my lord," said the latter, "and not only drive away the toad, but kill him; let the serpent possess her right."

All which was done. On a subsequent day, as the king lay in his bed, the serpent entered the bedchamber carrying a precious stone in her mouth. The servants, perceiving this, informed the emperor, who gave directions that they should not harm it; "for," added he, "it will do me no injury."

The serpent, gliding along, ascended the bed, and approaching the emperor's eyes, let the stone fall upon them, and immediately left the room. No sooner, however, had the stone touched the eyes than their sight was completely restored. Infinitely rejoiced at what had happened, the emperor made inquiry after the serpent, but it was not heard of again. He carefully treasured this invaluable stone, and ended his days in peace.

Application

My beloved, the emperor is any worldly-minded man who is blind to spiritual affairs. The bell is the tongue of a preacher; the cord is the Bible. The serpent is a wise confessor, who brings forth young -- that is, good works. But prelates and confessors are often timid and negligent, and follow earthly more than heavenly matters; and then the toad, which is the devil, occupies their place. The serpent carries a stone -- and the confessor the Sacred Writings, which alone are able to give sight to the blind.

- Source: *Gesta Romanorum*, translated from the Latin by Charles Swan, revised and corrected by Wynnard Hooper (London: George Bell and Sons, 1906), no. 105, pp. 182-83.
- The *Gesta Romanorum* (*Deeds of the Romans*) is a collection of tales compiled about 1300 and intended for the use of Christian preachers.
- Link to a retold version of this tale: Horace Elisha Scudder, "The Bell of Justice," *The Book of Legends: Told Over Again* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1899), pp. 16-17.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Emperor Charlemagne and the Serpent

Switzerland

Zürich, the old Roman Turicum, on either side of the Limmat at the point where it flows out of the green-hued lake, is the capital of the canton of the same name, and noted alike for the beauty of its situation and for its famous university.

In the days of the early Christian persecution, Felix and Regula, the patron saints of Zürich, were beheaded near this town. Strange to relate, though, immediately after the execution, both martyrs picked up their severed heads, tucked them under their arms, and stalked off to the spot where the minster now stands, where they wound up their marvelous performances by burying themselves comfortably! On the spot where they suffered martyrdom

Charlemagne erected a memorial pillar, above which he hung a bell, saying that it could be rung by anyone who had been wronged, and that they should receive immediate justice.

During one of his visits to Zürich, Charlemagne took up his abode in the Choristers' House, and while he sat there at table one day he suddenly heard a loud peal from the bell of justice. He immediately dispatched a servant to see what wrong had been done, and was greatly annoyed when the man reported that careful search had failed to reveal the presence of any living creature. A few moments later the bell rang again, but when the servant once more announced that no one was there, the emperor bade his guards hide near the pillar, and seize the miscreant who dared to pull the bell of justice in mere fun.

Before long the bell sounded a third time, and a few moments later the guards rushed into the emperor's presence with faces blanched with fear, to report that a snake had coiled itself around the pillar, and seizing the rope in its teeth, tugged until the bell rang forth loud and clear. The emperor immediately rose from table, saying he must see this phenomenon with his own eyes, and followed by all his court went down to the pillar.

As he drew near, the snake came forward to meet him, and rising upon its coiled tail, bowed low before the monarch in evident recognition of his exalted station. Then, dropping down to the earth once more, it crept away, turning from time to time, and making signs as if to invite the emperor to follow. The serpent's actions were so eloquent that Charlemagne, understanding them, obediently followed it down to the edge of the water, where, parting the reeds, the snake showed him its nest, in which sat an enormous toad.

Charlemagne now bade his guards seize and kill the intruder, and when the snake had bowed its thanks and contentedly coiled itself around its eggs, he went back to his interrupted meal, loudly praising the bell by means of which even dumb animals could appeal for justice.

The next day, while the emperor again sat at dinner, the guards rushed in breathlessly to announce the coming of the strange snake. Charlemagne quickly bade them stand aside and not try to hinder the reptile, which now crawled into the room where he sat, climbed upon the table, did obeisance to the emperor, and delicately lifting the cover of his drinking cup, dropped into it a jewel of fabulous price. Then, replacing the cover of the vessel, the snake bowed low again, and creeping down, left the cloister to return to its nest by the lake.

According to one version of this legend, Charlemagne set this precious stone in a ring which he gave to his wife, Frastrada. Unknown to him, however, the stone had the magic power of fixing his affections upon its wearer. When the queen, therefore, thought she was about to die, she slipped the ring into her mouth to prevent its falling into the hands of some rival. For eighteen years Charlemagne refused to part with his wife's body, and carried it with him wherever he went. But at the end of that time his minister Turpin discovered the secret of his infatuation, and obtaining possession of the magic stone, soon saw all Charlemagne's affections fixed upon him.

As the emperor's devotion proved somewhat of a bore to the old minister, he tried to get rid of the spell by casting the ring into the mineral springs at Aix-la-Chapelle. While out hunting the next day, Charlemagne urged his steed to drink of that water, and when the animal hastily

withdrew its foot and refused to approach the pool again, the emperor dismounted to investigate the cause.

Touching the imprint of the horse's hoof, Charlemagne discovered that the mud was very warm, for he was near the hottest of these thermal springs. While resting near that pool, he was seized with such an affection for the spot that he soon founded there his capital of Aix-la-Chapelle.

In memory of the horse which guided him hither, the Cathedral was built in the shape of a horseshoe, and as Charlemagne could not endure the thought of ever leaving this enchanted neighborhood, he left orders to bury him in the minster of Aix-la-Chapelle.

On the spot where Charlemagne's famous bell once hung, at Zurich, stands the Wasserkirche, which now contains a large library with valuable and interesting manuscripts. Charlemagne's great-grandson Louis II. often visited Zürich, where his two pious daughters induced him to build a convent and the Frauenmünster.

It is said that the place for these buildings was staked out by angel hands, and that the stakes were connected by a silken string of the finest make. This rope was hung above the altar of the new church, where it remained until the Reformation. It was then removed with many other relics, and served for years as ordinary bell-rope in a private house.

The king's daughters, who both became abbesses, long dwelt at Baldern Castle, whence, however, they went down to the Frauenmünster whenever the bell rang for prayers. They even attended the midnight services there, and when it was very dark a stately stag invariably walked before them carrying a flaming torch between its antlers.

- Source: H. A. Guerber *Legends of Switzerland* (New York: Dodd, Mean, and Company, 1905), pp. 248-52.
- Guerber's probably source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Der Kaiser und die Schlange," *Deutsche Sagen*, vol. 2 (Berlin: In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1818), no. 453, pp. 130-32. In later editions this legend is given the number 459.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bell of Atri

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may," --
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,

Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; --
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat;
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,

Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and land a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,

Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

- Source: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, [1915]), pp. 137-41.
- "The Bell of Atri" is "The Sicilian's Tale" from part two of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Part one of this book was first published in 1863 and part two in 1872. The book follows a storytelling tradition dating back most prominently to Chaucer and Boccaccio in which wayfarers entertain one another by telling tales.
- Link to additional folklore ballads by Longfellow.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Dumb Plaintiff

Germany

The story of "The Bell of Atri," which Longfellow has so charmingly told in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* is said to have originated in Eckhardtsberg near Breisach.

In early days, when the ruins now crowning the hill were part of a strong fortress, the lord of Eckhardtsberg, wishing to render justice to all men, placed a bell in his tower. He fastened to it a long piece of rope which hung outside the gate, within easy reach of every hand, and bade all those who wished redress to ring it loudly, promising to grant them an immediate hearing.

One day the bell pealed loudly, and when in answer to its call the lord of Eckhardtsberg, followed by all his retainers, came out to hear the complaint, he was surprised to find a poor

old horse, which, urged by hunger, was trying to chew the end of the hempen rope. One of the bystanders immediately recognized the horse as belonging to a neighboring knight. For many a year the horse had been his favorite steed, had borne him safely through many a fight, but now that it was old and useless the cruel master had turned it out to seek pasture along the highway, where it found but scant subsistence.

The lord of Eckhardtsberg, seeing the animal's sorry plight, and hearing how faithfully it had served its master in the days of its youth, declared that in return for its former services it should now be treated with respect, and condemned the unfeeling, avaricious owner to give it a place in his stable and plenty of food as long as it lived.

- Source: H. A. Guerber *Legends of the Rhine*, 3rd ed. (New York: A. S. Barnes and Company, 1899), pp. 308-309.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 19, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

6-004: THE BLIND HUNTER

A blind man, with his wife and daughter, camped one September on a mountainside. Here the women snared groundhogs for their food, since the man was unable to hunt. One day the wife saw a large caribou near the tent and cried out, "Look, there is a caribou."

Her husband called to her softly, "Take a cord and stretch it out in line with the caribou so that I may feel along it and guide my arrow".

She stretched out the cord, while he drew his bow from its case. Rubbing an arrow under his arm to give it medicine power, he notched it to the bowstring, aimed along the cord, and shot. The arrow pierced the caribou's heart.

"Ai ya", shouted his daughter in triumph. "Be quiet", hissed the mother, who was tired of living with a blind man.

Turning to her husband, she said, "Your arrow missed. The caribou has fled."

He did not answer. He had heard his daughter's shout and knew that his wife was deceiving him, but he was helpless.

Early the next morning mother and daughter butchered the dead caribou and stole away, carrying with them all the meat. The blind man missed their voices. He groped anxiously around the camp, discovered that they had deserted him, and flung himself on the ground in despair. There he lay for four days. Then he decided to wander on, feeling his way with a stick.

As he stumbled along, weeping, he cried aloud, "In my youth I had many medicines. Will they not help me now in my hour of need?"

Two loons, a male and a female, heard his cry and flew near. "I will help you," said the female. "Put your arms round my neck and hold tight."

He mounted on her back and clasped her neck. Both loons flew toward a neighbouring lake. "Dive under me", called the male to the female.

They dived, and the female, passing under the male, rose to the surface again at the far end of the lake. "Can you see now?" she asked the man on her back.

"Just a little", he answered.

They dived again, emerging at the opposite shore. "Now can you see?"

"Yes, I can see clearly now. Thank you for your help."

The loons flew away, and he returned to his old camp. Finding it still deserted he followed the

tracks of his wife and daughter to the new camp they had set up. The women were absent snaring groundhogs, but he satisfied his hunger from the meat that was hung up to dry and waited for them.

They entered the camp at sunset, masking their surprise under a cloak of silence. He too said nothing. The lived together as before, except that now he was able to hunt again.

This information is intended for research purposes or for general interest only.
Any other use may violate one or more copyrights which rest with the original authors.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Blind Men and the Elephant

Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 1317
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2014

Contents

1. The Blind Men and the Elephant (*The Udāna*).
2. On the Blind Men and the Affair of the Elephant (Sanai, *The Enclosed Garden of the Truth*).
3. All Faiths Lead to God: Four Blind Men and an Elephant (Ramakrishna).
4. The Blind Men and the Elephant: A Hindoo Fable (John Godfrey Saxe).
5. The King and the Elephants (Leo Tolstoy).
6. Link to a Buddhist parable from the *Jataka Tales* illustrating a similar moral: The People Who Saw the Judas Tree.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Blind Men and the Elephant

The Udāna

Thus have I heard:

On a certain occasion, the Blessed One dwelt at Savatthi, in the Jetavana, the garden of Anathapindika.

Now at that time a large number of Samanas, Brahmanas and wandering monks of various heretical sects, holding a variety of views, doubters on many points, having many diverse aspirations, and recourse to that which relates to various heresies, entered Savatthi for alms.

Some of these Samanas and Brahmanas held that the world is eternal and contended that this view was true and every other false.

Some said: "The world is not eternal."

Some said: "The world is finite."

Some said: "The world is infinite."

Some said: "The soul and the body are identical."

Some said: "The soul and the body are not identical."

Some said: "The Perfect One continues to exist after death."

Some said: "The Perfect One does not continue to exist after death."

Some said: "The Perfect One exists and does not exist after death."

Some said: "The Perfect One neither exists nor does not exist after death."

Each contending their view was true and every other false.

These quarrelsome, pugnacious, cavilling monks wounded one another with sharp words (lit. mouth-javelins) declaiming: "Such is the truth, such is not the truth: the truth is not such, such is the truth."

And a number of Bhikkhus [monks], robing themselves in the forenoon and taking their alms-bowls and tunics, entered Savatthi for alms and when they had returned from their rounds and finished their meal, they went to where the Blessed One was and drawing near, they saluted the Blessed One and sat down apart, and while thus sitting they said to the Blessed One: "Just now, Sire, a large number of Samanas and Brahmanas and wandering monks holding various heresies entered Savatthi for alms, and they are disputing among themselves, saying: 'This is the truth, such is not the truth etc. [as above. *Transl.*]'"

"These heretical monks, O Bhikkhus, are blind, eyeless, they know not what is right, they know not what is wrong, they know not what is true, they know not what is false. These monks not perceiving what is right, not perceiving what is wrong, not perceiving what is true, not perceiving what is false, become disputatious, saying: 'such is the truth, such is not the truth etc. [as above. *Transl.*]'"

> In former times, O Bhikkhus, there was a King in this town of Savatthi. And the King, O Bhikkhus, called a man to him and said: "Go, thou, and collect all the men born blind in Savatthi and bring them here."
>
> "Be it so, Lord" said that man in assent to the King and he went to Savatthi and he brought all the men born blind in Savatthi to where the King was and drawing near he said to the King: "Lord, all the men blind from their birth in Savatthi are present."
>
> "Pray, then, bring an elephant before them."
>
> "Be it so, Lord" said that man in assent to the King and he brought an elephant into the presence of the blind men and said: "This, O blind men, is an elephant."
>
> To some of the blind men he presented the head of the elephant, saying, "Such, O blind men, is an elephant."
>
> To some he presented the body, saying: "such is an elephant."
>
> To some he presented the feet, saying: "Such is an elephant."

To some he presented the back, saying: "Such is an elephant."

To some he presented the tail, saying : "Such is an elephant."

To some he presented the hairy tuft of the tail, saying: 'Such is an elephant.'

The show-man, O Bhikkhus, having presented the elephant to these blind ones, went to where the King was and drawing near said to the King: "The elephant, Lord, has been brought before the blind men, do now as seems fit."

And the King went to where the blind men were, and drawing near said to them: "Do you now know what an elephant is like?"

"Assuredly, Lord; we now know what an elephant is like."

"Tell me then, O blind men, what an elephant is like."

And those blind men, O Bhikkhus, who had felt the head of the elephant, said: "An elephant, Sir, is like a large round jar.

Those who had felt its ears, said: "It is like a winnowing basket."

Those who had felt its tusks, said: "It is like a plough-share."

Those who had felt its trunk, said: "It is like a plough."

Those who had felt its body, said: "It is like a granary."

Those who had felt its feet, said: "It is like a pillar."

Those who had felt its back, said: "It is like a mortar."

Those who had felt its tail, said: "It is a like a pestle."

Those who had felt the tuft of its tail, said: "It is like a broom."

And they all fought amongst themselves with their fists, declaring, "Such is an elephant, such is not elephant, an elephant is not like that, it is like this."

And the King, O Bhikkhus, was highly delighted.

In exactly the same way, O Bhikkhus, do these heretical people, blind and without insight, dispute among themselves saying "This doctrine is true, every other is false."

And the Blessed One in this connection, on that occasion, breathed forth this solemn utterance:

Well is it known that some Samanas and Brahmanas,
Who attach themselves to methods of analysis,

And perceiving only one side of a case,
Disagree with one another.

- Source: *The Udāna; or, The Solemn Utterrances of the Buddha*, translated from the Pali by D. M. Strong (London: Luzac and Company, 1902), pp. 93-96.
- Another translation: "Blind Men and Elephant: Avoid Vain Wrangling," *Buddhist Parables*, translated from the original Pali by Eugene Watson Burlingame (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1922), no. 22, pp. 75-77.
- Return to the table of contents.

On the Blind Men and the Affair of the Elephant

Sanai, *The Enclosed Garden of the Truth*

There was a great city in the country of Ghur, in which all the people were blind. A certain king passed by that place, bringing his army and pitching his camp on the plain. He had a large and magnificent elephant to minister to his pomp and excite awe, and to attack in battle.

A desire arose among the people to see this monstrous elephant, and a number of the blind, like fools, visited it, every one running in his haste to find out its shape and form.

They came, and being without the sight of their eyes groped about it with their hands; each of them by touching one member obtained a notion of some one part; each one got a conception of an impossible object, and fully believed his fancy true. When they returned to the people of the city, the others gathered round them, all expectant, so misguided and deluded were they. They asked about the appearance and shape of the elephant, and what they told all listened to.

One asked him whose hand had come upon its ear about the elephant; he said, "It is a huge and formidable object, broad and rough and spreading, like a carpet."

And he whose hand had come upon its trunk said, "I have found out about it; it is straight and hollow in the middle like a pipe, a terrible thing and an instrument of destruction."

And he who had felt the thick hard legs of the elephant said, "As I have it in mind, its form is straight like a planed pillar."

Every one had seen some one of its parts, and all had seen it wrongly. No mind knew the whole. Knowledge is never the companion of the blind. All, like fools deceived, fancied absurdities.

Men know not the Divine essence; into this subject the philosophers may not enter.

- Source: Sanai, *The first book of the Hadiqatu'l-Haqiqat; or, The Enclosed Garden of the Truth of the Hakim Abu'l-Majd Majdud Sana'i of Ghazna*, edited and translated by J. Stephenson (Calcutta: Baptist Mission Press, 1910), p. 13.
- The book is also known as *The Walled Garden of Truth*.

- Sanai lived in Ghazni (now Afghanistan) between about 1080 and 1131 or 1141.
- Return to the table of contents.

All Faiths Lead to God: Four Blind Men and an Elephant

Ramakrishna

Four blind men went to see an elephant.

One who touched its leg said, "The elephant is like a pillar."

The second who touched the trunk said, "The elephant is like a thick club."

The third touched the belly, and thought it to be like a big jar.

The fourth who felt the ears, concluded that the elephant was like a winnowing fan.

They then began to dispute amongst themselves as to the ?gure of the animal they had touched.

A passer-by hearing them quarrel, said, "What is it this you are disputing about?"

Then they stated the question and asked him to arbitrate. He said, "Not one of you knows the real elephant. As a whole, it is neither like a pillar, nor a jar, nor a winnowing fan, nor a club. But its legs are like pillars, its belly like a big jar, its ears like a winnowing fan, and its trunk like a thick club. The elephant itself is a combination of all these."

In exactly the same manner do men quarrel among themselves about religion, each having seen some different aspect of the Deity.

- Source: *Sri Ramakrishna's Teachings*, part 1, first edition (Lohaghat P. O., Dt. Almora, Himalayas: 1916), no. 398, p. 127.
- Another source: The Gospel of Ramakrishna, authorized edition (New York: Vedanta Society, 1907), pp. 28-29.
- Ramakrishna (1836-1886) was an influential Indian mystic.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Blind Men and the Elephant: A Hindoo Fable

John Godfrey Saxe

I.
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.
The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side, At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! -- but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.
The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! -- what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.
The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.
The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he; "'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.
The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.
The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

MORAL.
So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

- Source: *The Poems of John Godfrey Saxe*, complete in one volume (Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1876), pp. 259-61.
- The American poet John Godfrey Saxe (1816-87) introduced the Indian parable "The Blind Men and the Elephant" to western readers with this famous poem.
- Return to the table of contents.

The King and the Elephants

Leo Tolstoy

An Indian king ordered all the blind people to be assembled, and when they came, he ordered that all the elephants be shown to them. The blind men went to the stable and began to feel the Elephants. One felt a leg, another a tail, a third the stump of a tail, a fourth a belly, a fifth a back, a sixth the ears, a seventh the tusks, and an eighth a trunk.

Then the king called the blind men, and asked them: "What are my Elephants like?"

One blind man said: "Your elephants are like posts." He had felt the legs.

Another blind man said: "They are like bath brooms." He had felt the end of the tail.

A third said: "They are like branches." He had felt the tail stump.

The one who had touched a belly said: "The elephants are like a clod of earth."

The one who had touched the sides said: "They are like a wall."

The one who had touched a back said: "They are like a mound."

The one who had touched the ears said: "They are like a mortar."

The one who had touched the tusks said: "They are like horns."

The one who had touched the trunk said that they were like a stout rope.

And all the Blind Men began to dispute and to quarrel.

- Source: Lev [Leo] Tolstoy, *Fables for Children ...* , translated from the Russian and edited by Leo Wiener (London: J. M. Dent and Company, 1904), p. 28.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised February 11, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Norway, Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe

Edited by D. L. Ashliman. Copyright 1996. Return to

- Index of Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- Det blå båndet, the original Norwegian text.

Once upon a time there was an old beggar woman, who had gone out to beg. She had a little boy with her, and when she had got her bag full, she struck across the hills towards her own home. When they had gone a bit up the hillside they came upon a little blue belt, which lay where two paths met, and the boy asked his mother's permission to pick it up.

"No," she said, "maybe there's witchcraft in it;" and so with threats she forced him to follow her.

But when they had gone a bit farther, the boy said he must turn aside a moment out of the road, and meanwhile his mother sat down on a tree stump. But the boy was a long time gone, for as soon as he got so far into the wood that the old woman could not see him, he ran off to where the belt lay, picked it up, tied it round his waist and lo! he felt so strong that he could lift the whole mountain.

When he got back, the old woman was very angry, and wanted to know what he had been doing so long. "You don't care how much time you waste, and yet you know the night is drawing on, and we must cross the mountain before it gets dark!" So on they tramped, but when they had got about halfway, the old woman grew tired, and said she must rest under a bush.

"Dear mother," said the boy, may I just go up to the top of this high crag while you rest, and try if I can't see some sign of folk hereabouts?"

Yes, he might do that. When he reached the top he saw a light shining from the north. So he ran down and told his mother.

"We must get on, mother; we are near a house, for I see a bright light shining quite close to us in the north." Then she got up, shouldered her bag, and set off to see. They hadn't gone far, before they came to a steep cliff, right across their path.

"Just as I thought!" said the old woman; "now we can't go a step farther; a pretty bed we shall have here!"

But the boy took the bag under one arm, and his mother under the other, and ran straight up the steep cliff with them."

"Now, don't you see! Don't you see that we are close to a house! Don't you see the bright light?"

"It's no use now," said the king. "Time's up."

"Light your lamp; out with your big bunch of keys," said the boy, "and follow me where I want to go. There is still a whole hour left."

So the boy went the same way which the king had led him the night before, and he asked the king to unlock door after door until they came to the pier which ran out into the sea.

"It's all no use, I tell you," said the king; "time's up, and this will only lead you out into the sea."

"Still five minutes more," said the boy, as he pulled and pushed at the posts and pins, and the house floated up.

"Now the time is up," bawled the king. "Come here, headsman, and cut off his head."

"No, no!" said the boy; "stop a bit, there are still three minutes. Out with the key, and let me get into this house."

But the king stood there and fumbled with his keys, to draw out the time. At last he said he didn't have the key.

"Well, if you haven't, I have," said the boy, and he gave the door such a kick that it flew to splinters inwards on the floor.

The princess met him at the door, and told her father this was her rescuer, on whom her heart was set. So she got him, and this was how the beggar boy came to marry the daughter of the King of Arabia.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, *Norske Folkeeventyr* (Christiania [Oslo], 1842-1852), translated by George Webb Dasent (1859). Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman. Copyright 1995 by D. L. Ashliman.
- This is a type 590 folktale.
- The blue belt in this tale is reminiscent of Thor's belt of strength as described in *The Prose Edda* of Snorri Sturluson.

Return to

- The top of this document.
- D. L. Ashliman's index of Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- Det blå båndet, the original Norwegian text.

Revised February 17, 1997.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The old woman said those were not Christians, but trolls, for she knew her way about that forest far and near, and knew there was not a living soul in it until you were well over the ridge and had come down on the other side. But they went on, and in a little while they came to a large house which was all painted red.

"What's the good of it?" asked the old woman. "We don't dare go inside, for trolls live here."

"Don't say that; we must go in. There must be men where the lights shine so," said the boy. So in he went, and his mother followed him, but he had barely opened the door before she fainted, for there she saw a great stout man at least twenty feet high, sitting on the bench.

"Good evening, grandfather!" said the boy.

"Well, I've sat here three hundred years," said the man on the bench, "and no one has ever come and called me grandfather before." Then the boy sat down by the man's side, and began to talk to him as if they had been old friends.

"But what's come over your mother?" said the man, after they had chatted a while. "I think she fainted; you had better look after her."

So the boy took hold of the old woman and dragged her up the hall along the floor. That brought her to herself, and she kicked and scratched, and flung herself about, and at last sat down on a heap of firewood in the corner; but she was so frightened that she scarcely dared to look one in the face.

After a while, the boy asked if they could spend the night there.

"Yes, to be sure," said the man.

So they went on talking again, but the boy soon got hungry, and wanted to know if they could get food as well as lodging.

"Of course," said the man, "you may have that too." And after he had sat a while longer, he rose up and threw six loads of dry pitch-pine on the fire. This made the old woman still more afraid.

"Oh! now he's going to roast us alive," she said, in the corner where she sat. And when the wood had burned down to glowing embers, the man got up and walked out of his house.

"Heaven bless and help us! You are so brave," said the old woman; "don't you see we have ended up with trolls?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the boy; "no harm if we have."

In a little while, the man came back with an ox so fat and big, the boy had never seen its like, and he gave it one blow with his fist under the ear, and it fell down dead on the floor. When that was done, he took it up by all four legs, and laid it on the glowing embers, and turned it and twisted it about until it was roasted brown outside. After that, he went to a cupboard and

took out a great silver dish and laid the ox on it; and the dish was so big that none of the ox hung over on any side. This he put on the table, and then he went down into the cellar, and fetched a cask of wine, knocked out one end, and put the cask on the table, together with two knives, which were each six feet long.

When this was done, he asked them go and sit down to supper and eat. So they went, the boy first and the old woman after, but she began to whimper and wail, and to wonder how she should ever use such knives. But her son seized one and began to cut slices out of the thigh of the ox, which he placed before his mother. And when they had eaten a bit, he took up the cask with both hands, and lifted it down to the floor; then he told his mother to come and drink, but it was still so high she couldn't reach up to it; so he caught her up, and held her up to the edge of the cask while she drank. As for himself, he clambered up and hung down like a cat inside the cask while he drank. So when he had quenched his thirst, he picked up the cask and put it back on the table, and thanked the man for the good meal, and told his mother to come and thank him too. Afraid though she was, she dared do nothing else but thank the man.

Then the boy sat down again next to the man and began to gossip. After they had sat a while, the man said, "Well, I must just go and get a bit of supper too," and so he went to the table and ate up the whole ox--hoofs, and horns, and all--and drained the cask to the last drop, and then went back and sat on the bench.

"As for beds," he said, "I don't know what's to be done. I've only got one bed and a cradle; but we could get on pretty well if you would sleep in the cradle, and then your mother might lie in the bed yonder."

"Thank you kindly, that will do nicely," said the boy; and with that he pulled off his clothes and lay down in the cradle; but to tell you the truth, it was quite as big as a four-poster. As for the old woman, she had to follow the man, who showed her to bed, though she was out of her wits for fear.

"Well," thought the boy to himself, "it will never do to go to sleep yet. I'd best lie awake and listen how things go as the night wears on."

After a while the man began to talk to the old woman, and at last he said, "We two might live here quite happily together could we only be rid of this son of yours."

"But do you know how to take care of him? Is that what you're thinking of?" she asked.

"Nothing easier," he said; at any rate he would try. He would just say that he wished the old woman would stay and keep house for him a day or two. Then he would take the boy with him up the mountain to quarry cornerstones, and roll down a large rock on him. As they spoke, the boy lay still and listened.

The next day the troll--for it was a troll, as clear as day--asked if the old woman would stay and keep house for him a few days. Later that day he took a large iron crowbar and asked the boy if he had a mind to go with him up the mountain and quarry a few cornerstones. With all

his heart, he said, and went with him; and so, after they had split a few stones, the troll wanted him to go down below and look for cracks in the rock. While he was doing this, the troll worked away, and wearied himself with his crowbar until he moved a whole crag out of its bed, which came rolling right down on the place where the boy was; but he held it up until he could get to one side, and then let it roll on.

"Oh!" said the boy to the troll, "now I see what you mean to do with me. You want to crush me to death; so just go down yourself and look for cracks and splits in the rock, and I'll stand up above."

The troll did not dare to do otherwise than the boy asked him, and the end of it was that the boy rolled down a large rock, which fell on the troll and broke one of his thighs.

"Well! you are in a sad plight," said the boy, as he strode down, lifted up the rock, and set the man free. After that he had to put him on his back and carry him home; so he ran with him as fast as a horse, and shook him, so that the troll screamed and screeched as if a knife had been run into him. When he got home, they had to put the troll to bed, and there he lay in a sad pickle.

The night wore on, and the troll began to talk to the old woman again, and to wonder however they could be rid of the boy.

"Well," said the old woman, "if you can't hit on a plan to get rid of him, I'm sure I can't."

"Let me see," said the troll; "I've got twelve lions in a garden. If they could only get hold of the boy they'd soon tear him to pieces."

So the old woman said it would be easy enough to get him there. She would pretend to be sick and say she felt so poorly, nothing would do her any good but lion's milk. All that the boy lay and listened to; and when he got up in the morning his mother said she was worse than she looked, and she thought she should never be well again unless she could get some lion's milk.

"Then I'm afraid you'll be sick a long time, mother," said the boy, "for I'm sure I don't know where any is to be got."

"Oh! if that be all," said the troll, "there's no lack of lion's milk, if we only had the man to fetch it," and then he went on to say how his brother had a garden with twelve lions in it, and how the boy might have the key if he had a mind to milk the lions. So the boy took the key and a milking pail and walked off. When he unlocked the gate and entered the garden, there stood all the twelve lions on their hind paws, raging and roaring at him. But the boy laid hold of the biggest, and led him about by the forepaws, and dashed him against sticks and stones, until there wasn't a bit of him left but the two paws. When the rest saw that, they were so afraid that they crept up and lay at his feet like so many curs. After that they followed him about wherever he went, and when he got home they laid down outside the house, with their forepaws on the door sill.

"Now, mother, you'll soon be well," said the boy, when he went in, "for here is the lion's milk."

He had just milked a drop in the pail.

But the troll, as he lay in bed, swore it was all a lie. He was sure the boy was not the man to milk lions.

When the boy heard that, he forced the troll to get out of bed, threw open the door, and all the lions rose up and seized the troll, and at last the boy had to make them leave their hold.

That night the troll began to talk to the old woman again. "I'm sure I can't tell how to put this boy out of the way. He is so awfully strong. Can't you think of some way?"

"No," said the old woman; "if you can't tell, I'm sure I can't."

"Well," said the troll, "I have two brothers in a castle; they are twelve times as strong as I am, and that's why I was turned out and had to put up with this farm. They hold that castle, and nearby there is an apple orchard, and whoever eats those apples sleeps for three days and three nights. If we could only get the boy to go for the fruit, he wouldn't be able to keep from tasting the apples, and as soon as he fell asleep my brothers would tear him to pieces."

The old woman said she would pretend to be sick, and say she could never be herself again unless she tasted those apples, for she had set her heart on them.

All this the boy lay and listened to.

When the morning came the old woman was so ill that she couldn't utter a word but groans and sighs. She was sure she should never be well again, unless she had some of the apples that grew in the orchard near the castle where the man's brothers lived; only she had no one to send for them.

The boy was ready to go that instant, and the eleven lions went with him. He came to the orchard, he climbed the apple tree and ate as many apples as he could. He was barely down again before he fell into a deep sleep; but the lions all lay around him in a ring. On the third day the troll's brothers came, but they did not come in human shape. They came snorting like man-eating steeds, and wondered who it was that dared to be there, and said they would tear him to pieces so small that there would be nothing left of him. But the lions rose up and tore the trolls into small pieces, so that the place looked as if a manure pile had been tossed about.

After they had finished the trolls, they lay down again. The boy did not wake up until late in the afternoon, and when he got on his knees, and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, and saw the hoof marks, he wondered what had been going on. He walked towards the castle, and a girl who had seen all that had happened looked out of a window said, "You may thank your stars that you weren't in that tussle, or you surely would have lost your life."

"What! I lose my life! No fear of that, I think," said the boy.

She begged him to come in and talk with her, for she hadn't seen a Christian soul ever since she came there. But when she opened the door the lions wanted to go in too, and she got so frightened that she began to scream, and so the boy had them lie outside.

Then the two talked and talked, and the boy asked how it came that she, who was so lovely, could put up with those ugly trolls. She never wished it, she said; it was quite against her will. They had seized her by force, and she was the King of Arabia's daughter. So they talked on, and at last she asked him what he would do; whether she should go back home, and if he would take her as a wife. Of course he would marry her, and she shouldn't go home.

After that they went around the castle, and at last they came to a great hall, where the trolls' two great swords hung high up on the wall.

"I wonder if you are man enough to wield one of these," said the princess.

"Who? I?" said the boy. "It would be a pretty thing if I couldn't wield one of these."

With that he stacked two or three chairs on top of each other, jumped up, and touched the biggest sword with his finger tips, tossed it up in the air, and caught it again by the hilt; leapt down, and at the same time dealt such a blow with it on the floor that the whole hall shook. After he had thus got down he put the sword under his arm and carried it about with him.

So when they had lived a little while in the castle, the princess thought she ought to go home to her parents and let them know what had become of her; so they loaded a ship, and she set sail from the castle.

After she had gone, and the boy had wandered about a little, he remembered that he had been sent on an errand, and had come to fetch something for his mother's health. He said to himself, "After all, the old woman was not so bad, and she's probably all right by now." Still, he thought he ought to go and just see how she was. So he went and found both the man and his mother quite fresh and healthy.

"What wretches you are to live in this beggarly hut," said the boy. "Come with me up to my castle, and you shall see what a fine fellow I am."

Well! they were both ready to go, and on the way his mother talked to him, and asked how it was he had become so strong.

"If you must know, it came from that blue belt which lay on the mountainside that time when you and I were out begging," said the boy.

"Have you got it still?" asked she.

"Yes," he had. It was tied around his waist.

"May I see it?"

"Yes, you may." And with that he pulled open his waistcoat and shirt to show it to her.

Then she seized it with both hands, tore it off, and twisted it around her fist. "Now," she cried, "what shall I do with such a wretch as you? I'll just give you one blow, and dash your brains out!"

"Far too good a death for such a scamp," said the troll. "No! let's first burn out his eyes, and then turn him adrift in a little boat."

So they burned out his eyes and turned him adrift, in spite of his prayers and tears; but, as the boat drifted, the lions swam after, and at last they laid hold of it and dragged it ashore on an island, and placed the boy under a fir tree. They caught game for him, and they plucked the birds and made him a bed of down; but he was forced to eat his meat raw, and he was blind. At last, one day the biggest lion was chasing a hare which was blind, for it ran straight over stock and stone, and in the end, it ran right up against a fir stump and tumbled head over heels across the field right into a spring; but lo! when it came out of the spring it saw its way quite plain, and thus saved its life.

"So, so!" thought the lion, and dragged the boy to the spring, and dipped his head and ears into it. When he had his sight again, he went down to the shore and made signs to the lions that they should all lie close together like a raft; then he stood on their backs while they swam with him to the mainland.

When he had reached the shore he went up into a birch grove and made the lions lie quiet. Then he stole up to the castle, like a thief, to see if he couldn't lay hands on his belt. When he arrived at the door, he peeped through the keyhole, and there he saw his belt hanging over a door in the kitchen. He crept softly across the floor, for there was no one there; but as soon as he got hold of the belt, he began to kick and stomp about as though he were crazy. Just then his mother came rushing out.

"Dear heart, my darling little boy! Do give me the belt again," she said.

"Thank you kindly," he said. "Now you shall have the fate that you gave to me," and he finished the task at once. The old troll heard what was happening and came in. He begged fervently that his life might be spared.

"Well, you may live," said the boy, "but you shall undergo the same punishment that you gave me;" and so he burned out the troll's eyes, and set him adrift at sea in a little boat, but he had no lions to follow him.

Now the boy was all alone, and he went about longing and longing for the princess. Finally he could bear it no longer. He had to look for her, his heart was so bent on having her. So he loaded four ships and set sail for Arabia. For some time they had fair wind and fine weather, but after that they lay wind-bound near a rocky island.

The sailors went ashore and strolled about to spend the time, and there they found a huge egg, almost as big as a little house. So they began to knock it about with large stones, but they couldn't crack the shell. Then the boy came up with his sword to see what all the noise was about. When he saw the egg, he thought it a simple matter to crack it. He gave it one

blow, and the egg split, and out came a chicken as big as an elephant.

"We have done a bad thing," said the boy; "this can cost us all our lives." He then asked his sailors if they were men enough to sail to Arabia in twenty-four hours, if they had a good wind. Yes, they would be able to do that, they said, so they set sail with a fine breeze, and got to Arabia in twenty-three hours. As soon as they landed, the boy ordered all the sailors to go and bury themselves up to their eyes in a sand hill, so that they could barely see the ships.

The boy and the captains climbed a high crag and sat down under a fir tree. In a little while a great bird came flying with an island in its claws, which it let fall down on the fleet, sinking every ship. After it had done that, it flew up to the sand hill and flapped its wings, so that the wind nearly blew off the sailors' heads, and it flew past the fir tree with such force that it turned the boy right around, but he was ready with his sword, and gave the bird one blow and brought it down dead.

After that he went to the town, where everyone was glad, because the king had got his daughter back. However, the king had now hidden her away himself, and promised her hand as a reward to anyone who could find her, even though she was already engaged. Now as the boy went along he met a man who had white bearskins for sale. He bought one of the hides and put it on. One of the captains took an iron chain and lead him about, and so disguised he went into the town and began to play pranks.

The news came to the king's ears that there never had been such fun in the town before, for here was a white bear that danced and cut capers just as it was asked. A messenger came to say that the bear must come to the castle at once, for the king wanted to see its tricks. When it got to the castle everyone was afraid, for they had never seen such a beast before. However, the captain said there was no danger unless they laughed at it. They mustn't do that, or else it would tear them to pieces. When the king heard that, he warned all the court not to laugh. But while the fun was going on, in came one of the king's maids, and began to laugh and make fun of the bear. The bear pounced on her and clawed her until there was barely a rag of her left. Then all the court began to cry, and the captain most of all.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the king; "she's only a maid, besides it's more my affair than yours."

When the show was over, it was late at night. "It's no good your going away when it's so late," said the king. "The bear had best sleep here."

"Perhaps it might sleep in the inglenook by the kitchen fire," said the captain.

"No," said the king, "it shall sleep up here, and it shall have pillows and cushions to sleep on." So a whole heap of pillows and cushions was brought, and the captain had a bed in a side room.

At midnight the king came with a lamp in his hand and a big bunch of keys, and led the white bear away. He passed along gallery after gallery, through doors and rooms, upstairs and downstairs, until at last he came to a pier which ran out into the sea. Then the king began to

pull and haul at posts and pins, this one up and that one down, until at last a little house floated up to the water's edge. There he kept his daughter, for she was so dear to him that he had hid her, so that no one could find her.

He left the white bear outside while he went in and told her how it had danced and played its pranks. She said she was afraid, and did not dare to look at it; but he convinced her that there was no danger, if she only wouldn't laugh. So they brought the bear in, and locked the door, and it danced and played its tricks. Just when the fun was at its height the princess's maid began to laugh. Then the boy pounced on her and tore her to bits, and the princess began to cry and sob.

"Stuff and nonsense," cried the king; "all this fuss about a maid! I'll get you just as good a one again. But now I think the bear had best stay here until morning, for I don't want to lead it along all those galleries and stairs at this time of night."

"Well," said the princess, "if it sleeps here I'm sure I won't."

But just then the bear curled himself up and lay down by the stove. It was determined that the princess should sleep there too, with a light burning. As soon as the king was gone, the white bear begged her to undo his collar. The princess was so frightened that she almost fainted; but she felt about until she found the collar. She had barely undone it before the bear pulled his head off. Then she recognized him, and was so glad that there was no end to her joy. She wanted to tell her father at once that her rescuer had come, but the boy would not hear of it. He would earn her once more, he said. So in the morning, when they heard the king rattling at the posts outside, the boy pulled on the hide, and lay down by the stove.

"Well, has it lain still?" the king asked.

"I should think so," said the princess. "It hasn't so much as turned or stretched itself once."

When they got up to the castle again, the captain took the bear and led it away. Then the boy threw off the hide and went to a tailor and ordered clothes fit for a prince. When they were ready he went to the king, and said he wanted to find the princess.

"You're not the first who has wished the same thing," said the king, "but they have all lost their lives; for if anyone who tries can't find her in twenty-four hours his life is forfeited."

Yes, the boy knew all that. Still he wished to try, and if he couldn't find her, it would be his responsibility. Now in the castle there was a band that played sweet tunes, and there were fair maids to dance with, and so the boy danced away. When twelve hours were gone, the king said, "I pity you with all my heart. You are not very good at seeking; you will surely lose your life."

"Stuff!" said the boy. "While there's life there's hope. So as long as there's breath in the body there's no fear. we have lots of time." And so he went on dancing until there was only one hour left.

Then he said he would begin to search.

The Blue Light by the Grimm Brothers: A Comparison of the Versions of 1815 and 1857

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

a comparison of the versions of 1815 and 1857
compiled and translated by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2008

First edition, 1815	Final edition, 1857
The Blue Light	**The Blue Light**
Once upon a time there was a king who had a soldier as a servant.	Once upon a time there was a soldier who had served the king loyally for many long years.
When he became old and useless, the king sent him away, giving him nothing.	When the war was over and the soldier could no longer serve because of the many wounds he had received, the king said to him, "You can go home now. I no longer need you. There will be no more money for you, because wages are only for those who earn them."
Because he did not know how he could earn a living, he sadly walked the whole day long, coming to a forest in the evening.	Because the soldier did not know how he could earn a living, he sadly walked the whole day long, until he came to a forest in the evening.
After walking a little while he saw a light.	As darkness fell he saw a light.
He approached it and came to a little house, where a witch lived.	He approached it and came to a little house, where a witch lived.
He asked for a night's shelter and a little to eat and drink, but she refused him.	"Give me a night's shelter and a little to eat and drink," he said to her, "otherwise I will perish."

Finally she said, "But I will have pity and take you in after all. However, tomorrow you must dig up my entire garden."	"Oho!" she answered. "Who gives anything to a runaway soldier? But I will have pity and take you in after all, if you will do what I ask of you." "What do you want?" asked the soldier. "For you to dig up my garden tomorrow."
The soldier promised and was taken in. The next day he hoed up the witch's garden. The work lasted until evening, and then she wanted to send him away.	The soldier agreed, and the next day he worked with all his might, but could not finish before evening.
But he said, "I am so tired. Let me stay one more night here." At first she refused, but finally she agreed, if the next day he would split a stack of wood.	"I see," said the witch, "that you can do no more work today. I will take you in for one more night if tomorrow you will cut up and split a stack of wood for me."
The second day the soldier chopped the wood, and by evening he had worked so hard that he could not continue on his way, so he asked for a third night.	The soldier took the entire day to do this, and that evening the witch proposed that he remain a third night.
In return, the next day he was to get the blue light from her well.	"Tomorrow I have only a small task for you. Behind my house there is a dry well into which my light has fallen. It burns blue and never goes out. I want you to get it for me."
Then the witch led him to a well and tied him to a long rope, with which she lowered down.	The next day the old woman led him to the well and lowered him down it in a basket.
He found the blue light and gave the sign that she should pull him up again.	He found the blue light and gave a sign that she should pull him up again.
And she did pull him up, but when he was at the edge, so close that they could touch each other's	And she did pull him up, but when he was close to the

hands, she wanted to have the light, and then to let him fall back down.

edge, she wanted to take the blue light from him.

But he sensed her evil thoughts, and said, "No, I shall not give you the light until I am standing on the ground with my feet."

"No," he said, sensing her evil thoughts, "I shall not give you the light until I am standing on the ground with both feet."

Then the witch became angry and pushed him, together with the light, down into the well, and walked away

Then the witch became furious, let him fall back into the well, and walked away.

The soldier, down there in the dark, damp morass, was sad, for his end was near.

The poor soldier fell to the damp floor without being injured. The blue light continued to burn, but how could that help him? He saw that would not be able to escape death. He sadly sat there for a while.

Then he touched his pipe with his hand. It was still half full, and he thought, "Have one last pleasure, and smoke it empty." So he lit it with the blue light and began to smoke.

Then he happened to reach into his pocket and found his tobacco pipe, which was still half full. "This will be your last pleasure," he thought, pulled it out, lit it with the blue light, and began to smoke.

After the fumes had wafted about somewhat, a little black dwarf came up to him and asked, "Master, what do you command? I must serve you in every way."

After the fumes had wafted about the cavern, suddenly there stood before him a little black dwarf, who said, "Master, what do you command?"

"Why should I command you?" replied the bewildered soldier.

"Above all else, help me out of this well."

"I must do everything that you demand," said the dwarf."

"Good," said the soldier, "then first help me out of this well."

The dwarf took him by the hand and led him through an

So the black dwarf took him by the hand and led him out, and they took the blue light with them.

underground passage, and he did not forget to take the blue light with him. Along the way he showed him the treasures that the witch had collected and hidden there, and the soldier took as much gold as he could carry.

When they were above ground, the soldier said, "Now strike the witch dead for me." As soon as the dwarf had done that, he showed him the witch's treasures and gold, which the soldier loaded up and took with him.

When he was above ground, he said to the dwarf, "Now go and bind the old witch and take her to the judge."

Not long afterward she came riding by on a tomcat as fast as the wind and screaming horribly. And not long after that the dwarf was back. "It is all taken care of," he said. "The witch is hanging on the gallows."

"Master, what do you command now?"

"Nothing at the moment," answered the soldier. "You can go home, but be ready when I call you."

Then the dwarf said, "If you need me, just light your pipe with the blue light."

"It is only necessary," said the dwarf, "for you to light your pipe with the blue light, and I will be with you."

With that he disappeared before his very eyes.

After that the solder went to the city and moved into the best inn. He had beautiful clothes made for himself and furnished his room magnificently.

The soldier returned to the city from which he had come. He moved into the best inn and had beautiful clothes made for himself. Then he told the innkeeper to furnish his room as luxuriously as possible.

When it was finished he summoned the black dwarf and said, "The king sent me away to starve, because I was no longer able to serve him. Bring his daughter to me this evening. She shall wait on me and do whatever I tell her to do."

When it was finished he summoned the black dwarf and said, "I served the king loyally, but he sent me away to starve. For this I now want revenge."

"What am I to do?" asked the little man.

"Late this evening, when the king's daughter is lying in bed, bring her here to me in her sleep. She shall do maid service for me."

The dwarf said, "That is a dangerous thing."

The dwarf said, "That is an easy thing for me, but a dangerous thing for you. If you are found out, it will not go well for you."

At the strike of twelve the door opened, and the dwarf carried the king's daughter in.

But still he went and got the king's daughter from her bed and brought her in her sleep to the soldier. She had to obey him and do whatever he wanted. In the morning before the cock crowed, the dwarf carried her back.

"Aha, is that you?" cried the soldier. "Get to work now! Go fetch the broom and sweep the room." When she was finished he called her to his chair, stuck his feet out at her, and said, "Pull off my boots," then threw them in her face, and she had to pick them up and clean them and make them shine. She did everything that he ordered her to do, without resisting, silently, and with half-closed eyes.

At the first cock's crow, the dwarf carried her to the royal palace and back to her bed.

After she had gotten up, she said to her father, "Last night I had an amazing dream. It was as though I were taken away, and became a soldier's maid, and had to wait on him."

The next morning, after the king's daughter had gotten up, she went to her father and told him that she had had an amazing dream. "I was carried away through the streets as fast as lightning and taken to a soldier's room. I had to serve as his maid and wait on him and do common work, sweep the room, and clean his boots. It was only a dream, but still I am as tired as if I had really done it all."

Then the king said, "Fill your pocket with peas and make a hole in it. The dream could be true, then they will fall out and leave a track on the street.

"The dream could have been true," said the king. "I will give you some advice. Fill your pocket with peas, then make a small hole in your pocket. If you are carried away again, they will fall out and leave a track on the street."

So she did just that, but the dwarf had heard what her father had advised her.

As the king was thus speaking, the dwarf was invisibly standing nearby and heard everything.

When evening came and the soldier told the dwarf to get the king's daughter once again, the dwarf scattered peas throughout the whole city, and the few that fell out of her pocket did not leave a track.

That night when he once again carried the sleeping princess through the streets, a few peas did indeed fall out of her pocket, but they did not leave a track, because the cunning dwarf had already scattered peas in all the streets. And once again the king's daughter had to do maid service until the cock crowed.

People spent the entire next day

The next morning the king sent his people out to look for the track, but it was to no end, for in all the streets there

gathering peas.

were poor children gathering peas and saying, "Last night it rained peas."

Once again the princess told her father what had happened to her, and he said, "Keep one shoe on and secretly hide it where you are."

"We must think of something else," said the king. "Leave your shoes on when you go to bed, and before you return from there, hide one of them. I will be sure to find it."

The black dwarf overheard this, and when the soldier again wanted the king's daughter brought to him, the dwarf said to him, "I can no longer help you. If you are caught, it will be your downfall."

The black dwarf overheard this proposal, and that evening when the soldier again wanted the king's daughter brought to him, the dwarf advised him against this, saying that he had no way to protect him against such trickery. If the shoe were to be found in his room, it would not go well with him.

But the soldier insisted.

"Then get yourself outside the city gate early tomorrow morning," said the dwarf, "as soon as I have carried her away."

"Do what I tell you," replied the soldier, and for a third night the king's daughter had to work like a maid.

Now the princess kept one shoe on and hid it in the soldier's bed.

But before she was carried back, she hid a shoe under the bed.

The next morning, after she was again with her father, he had the entire city searched for the shoe, and it was found in the soldier's room.

The next morning the king had the entire city searched for the shoe, and it was found in the soldier's room.

The soldier had fled, but they soon overtook him and threw him into a secure prison.

The soldier himself, following the little man's request, was already outside the city gate, but they soon overtook him and threw him into prison.

There he sat in bonds and chains, and in his haste to flee, he had forgotten to take along his most valuable things: the blue light and

In his haste, he had forgotten to take along his most valuable things: the blue light and the gold. He had only one ducat in his pocket.

the gold. He had only one ducat.	
Standing sadly at the window of his prison, he saw a comrade walking by.	Standing at the window of his prison and weighted down with chains, he saw one of his comrades walking by.
He called out to him, saying, "If you will bring me the little bundle that I left at the inn, I'll give you a ducat."	He knocked on the glass, and as he walked by, he said, "Be so good and bring me the little bundle that I left at the inn. I'll give you a ducat for it."
So for the ducat he went and brought him the blue light and the gold.	The comrade ran forth and brought back the desired things.
The prisoner immediately lit his pipe and summoned the black dwarf,	As soon as the soldier was alone again, he lit his pipe and summoned the black dwarf.
who said to him, "Have no fear. Go peacefully to the court and let everything happen, but take the blue light with you.	"Have no fear," he said to his master. "Just go where they lead you, and let everything happen, but take the blue light with you."
Then he was tried and sentenced to be hanged on the gallows.	The next day the soldier was tried, and although he had done nothing wrong, the judge still sentenced him to death.
As he was being led out, he asked the king for a wish.	As he was being led out, he asked the king for one last wish.
"What sort of a wish?" asked the latter.	"What sort of a wish?" asked the king.
"That I might smoke one more pipe on the way."	"That I might smoke one more pipe on the way."
"You can smoke three, if you want to," said the king.	"You can smoke three," answered the king, "but do not think that I will let you live."

Then he pulled out his pipe and lit it with the little blue flame.	Then the soldier pulled out his pipe and lit it with the blue light.
The black dwarf stepped immediately before him.	As soon as a few rings of smoke had risen, the dwarf was standing there.
"Strike everyone dead for me," said the soldier, "and the king into three pieces."	He had a cudgel in his hand and said, "What does my master command?" "Strike the false judges and their henchmen to the ground for me. And don't spare the king either, who has treated me so badly."
Thus the dwarf set forth and struck dead the people all around.	Then the dwarf took off like lightning, zip-zap, back and forth, and everyone he even touched with his cudgel fell to the ground and did not dare to move.
The king begged for mercy, and in order to save his life, he gave to the soldier his kingdom as well as his daughter for a wife.	The king became afraid. He begged for mercy, and in order to save his life, he gave to the soldier his kingdom as well as his daughter for a wife.

- Source:
  1. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Das blaue Licht," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Berlin, 1815), vol. 2, no. 30.
  2. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Das blaue Licht," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Berlin, 1857), no. 116.
- "The Blue Light" is the classic European version of an Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 562 tale, which ultimately derives from "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp" from the *1001 Nights* (type 561).

Links to related sites

- The Blue Light by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. A file containing the version of 1857 alone.
- Das blaue Licht (1815). The German-language text of the version of 1815.
- Das blaue Licht (1857). The German-language text of the version of 1857.
- Additional folktales of type 562.
- The Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (Grimms' Fairy Tales).
- The Grimm Brothers' Home Page.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 562

edited and/or translated by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2008

1. The Blue Light (Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
2. The Iron Man (Germany, August Ey).
3. The Three Dogs (Germany, Georg Schambach and Wilhelm Müller).
4. The Tinderbox (Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen).
5. Lars, My Lad! (Sweden, G. Djurklo).
6. Sir Buzz (India, Flora Annie Steel).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

Once upon a time there was a soldier who had served the king loyally for many long years. When the war was over and the soldier could no longer serve because of the many wounds he had received, the king said to him, "You can go home now. I no longer need you. There will be no more money for you, because wages are only for those who earn them."

Because the soldier did not know how he could earn a living, he sadly walked the whole day long, until he came to a forest in the evening. As darkness fell he saw a light. He approached it and came to a little house, where a witch lived. "Give me a night's shelter and a little to eat and drink," he said to her, "otherwise I will perish."

"Oho!" she answered. "Who gives anything to a runaway soldier? But I will have pity and take you in after all, if you will do what I ask of you."

"What do you want?" asked the soldier.

"For you to dig up my garden tomorrow."

The soldier agreed, and the next day he worked with all his might, but could not finish before evening. "I see," said the witch, "that you can do no more work today. I will take you in for one more night if tomorrow you will cut up and split a stack of wood for me."

The soldier took the entire day to do this, and that evening the witch proposed that he remain a third night. "Tomorrow I have only a small task for you. Behind my house there is a dry well into which my light has fallen. It burns blue and never goes out. I want you to get it for me."

The next day the old woman led him to the well and lowered him down it in a basket. He

it, and he has eyes as big as saucers, but you needn't mind that. I will give you my blue checked apron, which you can spread out on the floor; then go quickly forward, take up the dog and put him on my apron, open the box and take out as much money as ever you like. It is all copper, but if you like silver better, go into the next room. There you will find a dog with eyes as big as millstones; but never mind that, put him on my apron and take the money. If you prefer gold you can have it too, and as much as you can carry, if you go into the third room. But the dog sitting on that box has eyes each as big as the Round Tower. He *is* a dog, indeed, as you may imagine! But don't let it trouble you; you only have to put him on to my apron and then he won't hurt you, and you can take as much gold out of the box as you like!"

"That's not so bad!" said the soldier. "But what am I to give you, old witch? For you'll want something, I'll be bound."

"No," said the witch, "not a single penny do I want; I only want you to bring me an old tinderbox that my grandmother forgot the last time she was down there!"

"Well! tie the rope round my waist!" said the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch, "and here is my blue-checked apron."

Then the soldier climbed up the tree, let himself slide down the hollow trunk, and found himself, as the witch had said, in the wide passage where the many hundred lamps were burning. Now he opened the first door. Ugh! There sat the dog with eyes as big as saucers staring at him.

"You are a nice fellow!" said the soldier, as he put him on to the witch's apron, and took out as many pennies as he could cram into his pockets. Then he shut the box, and put the dog on the top of it again, and went into the next room. Hallo! there sat the dog with eyes as big as millstones.

"You shouldn't stare at me so hard; you might get a pain in your eyes!" Then he put the dog on the apron, but when he saw all the silver in the box he threw away all the coppers and stuffed his pockets and his knapsack with silver. Then he went on into the third room. Oh! how horrible! that dog really had two eyes as big as the Round Tower, and they rolled round and round like wheels.

"Good evening!" said the soldier, saluting, for he had never seen such a dog in his life; but after looking at him for a bit he thought, "That will do," and then he lifted him down on to the apron and opened the chest. Preserve us! What a lot of gold! He could buy the whole of Copenhagen with it, and all the sugar pigs from the cake-women, all the tin soldiers, whips and rocking-horses in the world! That was money indeed! Now the soldier threw away all the silver he had filled his pockets and his knapsack with, and put gold in its place. Yes, he crammed all his pockets, his knapsack, his cap and his boots so full that he could hardly walk! Now, he really had got a lot of money. He put the dog back on to the box, shut the door, and shouted up through the tree, " Haul me up, you old witch!"

"Have you got the tinderbox?"

"Oh! to be sure!" said the soldier. "I had quite forgotten it." And he went, back to fetch it.

The witch hauled him up, and there he was standing on the high road again with his pockets, boots, knapsack and cap full of gold.

"What do you want the tinderbox for?" asked the soldier.

"That's no business of yours," said the witch. "You've got the money; give me the tinderbox!"

"Rubbish!" said the soldier. "Tell me directly what you want with it, or I will draw my sword and cut off your head."

"I won't!" said the witch.

Then the soldier cut off her head; there she lay! But he tied all the money up in her apron, slung it on his back like a pack, put the tinderbox in his pocket, and marched off to the town.

It was a beautiful town, and he went straight to the finest hotel, ordered the grandest rooms and all the food he liked best, because he was a rich man now that he had so much money. Certainly the servant who had to clean his boots thought they were very funny old things for such a rich gentleman, but he had not had time yet to buy any new ones; the next day he bought new boots and fine clothes. The soldier now became a fine gentleman, and the people told him all about the grand things in the town, and about their king, and what a lovely princess his daughter was.

"Where is she to be seen?" asked the soldier.

"You can't see her at all! " they all said. "She lives in a great copper castle surrounded with walls and towers. Nobody but the king dare go in and out, for it has been prophesied that she will marry a common soldier, and the king doesn't like that!"

"I should like to see her well enough!" thought the soldier. But there was no way of getting leave for that.

He now led a very merry life; went to theaters, drove about in the King's Park, and gave away a lot of money to poor people, which was very nice of him; for he remembered how disagreeable it used to be not to have a penny in his jpocket. Now he was rich, wore fine cloth, and had a great many friends, who all said what a nice fellow he was -- a thorough gentleman -- and he liked to be told that.

But as he went on spending money every day and his store was never renewed, he at last found himself with only two pence left. Then he was obliged to move out of his fine rooms. He had to take a tiny little attic up under the roof, clean his own boots, and mend them himself with a darning needle. None of his friends went to see him, because there were far too many stairs.

One dark evening when he had not even enough money to buy a candle with, he suddenly remembered that there was a little bit in the old tinderbox he had brought out of the hollow

tree, when the witch helped him down. He got out the tinderbox with the candle end in it and struck fire, but as the sparks flew out from the flint the door burst open and the dog with eyes as big as saucers, which he had seen down under the tree, stood before him and said, " What does my lord command?"

"By heaven!" said the soldier, "this is a nice kind of tinderbox, if I can get whatever I want like this! Get me some money," he said to the dog, and away it went.

It was back in a twinkling with a big bag full of pennies in its mouth. Now the soldier saw what a treasure he had in the tinderbox. If he struck once, the dog which sat on the box of copper came; if he struck twice, the dog on the silver box came, and if he struck three times, the one from the box of gold.

He now moved down to the grand rooms and got his fine clothes again, and then all his friends knew him once more and liked him as much as ever.

Then he suddenly began to think: After all it's a curious thing that no man can get a sight of the princess! Everyone says she is so beautiful! But what is the good of that, when she always has to be shut up in that big copper palace with all the towers. Can I not somehow manage to see her? Where is my tinderbox? Then he struck the flint, and, whisk, came the dog with eyes as big as saucers.

"It certainly is the middle of the night," said the soldier, "but I am very anxious to see the princess, if only for a single moment."

The dog was out of the door in an instant, and before the soldier had time to think about it, he was back again with the princess. There she was fast asleep on the dog's back, and she was so lovely that anybody could see that she must be a real princess! The soldier could not help it, but he was obliged to kiss her, for he was a true soldier.

Then the dog ran back again with the princess, but in the morning when the king and queen were having breakfast, the princess said that she had had such a wonderful dream about a dog and a soldier. She had ridden on the dog's back, and the soldier had kissed her.

"That's a pretty tale," said the queen. After this an old lady-in-waiting had to sit by her bed at night to see if this was really a dream, or what it could be.

The soldier longed so intensely to see the princess again that at night the dog came to fetch her. He took her up and ran off with her as fast as he could, but the old lady-in-waiting put on her galoshes and ran just as fast behind them; when she saw that they disappeared into a large house, she thought, "Now I know where it is," and made a big cross with chalk on the gate.

Then she went home and lay down, and presently the dog came back, too, with the princess. When he saw that there was a cross on the gate, he took a bit of chalk, too, and made crosses on all the gates in the town. Now this was very clever of him, for the lady-in-waiting could not possibly find the gate when there were crosses on all the gates. Early next morning

the king, the queen, the lady-in-waiting, and all the court officials went to see where the princess had been.

"There it is," said the king, when he saw the first door with the cross on it.

"No, my dear husband, it is there," said the queen, who saw another door with a cross on it.

"But there is one, and there is another!" they all cried out.

They soon saw that it was hopeless to try and find it.

Now the queen was a very clever woman; she knew more than how to drive in a chariot. She took her big gold scissors and cut up a large piece of silk into small pieces, and made a pretty little bag, which she filled with fine grains of buckwheat. She then tied it onto the back of the princess, and when that was done she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the grains could drop out all the way wherever the princess went.

At night the dog came again, took the princess on his back, and ran off with her to the soldier, who was so fond of her that he longed to be a prince, so that he might have her for his wife.

The dog never noticed how the grain dropped out all along the road from the palace to the soldier's window, where he ran up the wall with the princess.

In the morning the king and the queen easily saw where their daughter had been, and they seized the soldier and threw him into the dungeons.

There he lay! Oh, how dark and tiresome it was, and then one day they said to him, "Tomorrow you are to be hanged." It was not amusing to be told that, especially as he had left his tinderbox behind him at the hotel.

In the morning he could see through the bars in the little window that the people were hurrying out of the town to see him hanged. He heard the drums and saw the soldiers marching along. All the world was going; among them was a shoemaker's boy in his leather apron and slippers. He was in such a hurry that he lost one of his slippers, and it fell close under the soldier's window where he was peeping out through the bars.

"I say, you boy! Don't be in such a hurry," said the soldier to him. "Nothing will happen till I get there! But if you will run to the house were I used to live, and fetch me my tinderbox, you shall have a penny! You must put your best foot foremost!"

The boy was only too glad to have the penny, and tore off to get the tinderbox, gave it to the soldier, and -- yes, now we shall hear.

Outside the town a high scaffold had been raised, and the soldiers were drawn up round about it, as well as crowds of the townspeople. The king and the queen sat upon a beautiful throne exactly opposite the judge and all the councillors.

The soldier mounted the ladder, but when they were about to put the rope round his neck, he

said that before undergoing his punishment a criminal was always allowd the gratification of a harmless wish, and he wanted very much to smoke a pipe, as it would be his last pipe in this world.

The king would not deny him this, so the soldier took out his tinderbox and struck fire, once, twice, three times, and there were all the dogs. The one with eyes like saucers, the one with eyes like millstones, and the one whose eyes were as big as the Round Tower.

"Help me! Save me from being hanged!" cried the soldier.

And then the dogs rushed at the soldiers and the councillors; they took one by the legs, and another by the nose, and threw them up many fathoms into the air; and when they fell down, they were broken all to pieces.

"I won't!" cried the king, but the biggest dog took both him and the queen and threw them after all the others. Then the soldiers became alarmed, and the people shouted, "Oh! good soldier, you shall be our king and marry the beautiful princess!"

Then they conducted the soldier to the king's chariot, and all three dogs danced along in front of him and shouted, "Hurrah!" The boys all put their fingers in their mouths and whistled, and the soldiers presented arms. The princess came out of the copper palace and became queen, which pleased her very much. The wedding took place in a week, and the dogs all had seats at the table, where they sat staring with all their eyes.

- Source: *Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen* (London: J. M. Dent and Company, 1907), pp. 260-66. The translator of this volume is variously given as Edgar Lucas or Mrs. E. Lucas (Alice Lucas).
- This story was first published in 1835.
- Link to this story in the original Danish: Fyrtøiet.
- Return to the table of contents.

Lars, My Lad!

Sweden, G. Djurklo

There was once a prince or a duke, or something of that sort, but at any rate he belonged to a very grand family, and he would not stop at home. So he traveled all over the world, and wherever he went he was well liked, and was received in the best and gayest families, for he had no end of money. He made friends and acquaintances, as you may imagine, wherever he went, for he who has a well-filled trough is sure to fall in with pigs who want to have their fill. But he went on spending his money until he came to want, and at last his purse became so empty that he had not even a farthing left. And now there was an end to all his friends as well, for they behaved like the pigs; when the trough was empty and he had no more to give them, they began to grunt and grin, and then they ran away in all directions. There he stood alone with a long face. Everybody had been so willing to help him to get rid of his money, but nobody would help him in return; and so there was nothing for it but to trudge home and beg for crusts on the way.

So late one evening he came to a great forest. He did not know where he should find a shelter for the night, but he went on looking and searching till he caught sight of an old tumble-down hut, which stood in the middle of some bushes. It was not exactly good enough for such a fine cavalier, but when you cannot get what you want you must take what you can get. And, since there was no help for it, he went into the hut.

Not a living soul was to be seen; there was not even a stool to sit upon, but alongside the wall stood a big chest. What could there be inside that chest? If only there were some bits of moldy bread in it! How nice they would taste! For, you must know, he had not had a single bit of food the whole day, and he was so hungry and his stomach so empty that it groaned with pain. He lifted the lid. but inside the chest there was another chest, and inside that chest there was another; and so it went on, each one smaller than the other, until they became quite tiny boxes. The more there were the harder he worked away, for there must be something very fine inside, he thought, since it was so well hidden.

At last he came to a tiny, little box, and in this box lay a bit of paper -- and that was all he got for his trouble! It was very annoying, of course, but then he discovered there was something written on the paper, and when he looked at it he was just able to spell it out, although at first it looked somewhat difficult.

"Lars, my lad!"

As he pronounced these words something answered right in his ear, "What are master's orders?"

He looked round, but he saw nobody. This was very funny, he thought, and so he read out the words once more, "Lars, my lad!"

And the answer came as before, "What are master's orders?"

But he did not see anybody this time either.

"If there is anybody about who hears what I say, then be kind enough to bring me something to eat," he said. And the next moment there stood a table laid out with all the best things one could think of. He set to work to eat and drink, and had a proper fill. He had never enjoyed himself so much in all his life, he thought.

When he had eaten all he could get down, he began to feel sleepy, and so he took out the paper again, "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, you have given me food and drink, and now you must get me a bed to sleep in as well. But I want a really fine bed," he said, for you must know he was a little more bold now that his hunger was stayed. Well, there it stood, a bed so fine and dainty that even the king himself might covet it. Now this was all very well in its way, but when once you are well off you wish for still more, and he had no sooner got into bed than he began to think that the room was altogether too wretched for such a grand bed. So he took out the paper again: "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Since you are able to get me such food and such a bed here in the midst of the wild forest, I suppose you can manage to get me a better room, for you see I am accustomed to sleep in a palace, with golden mirrors and draped walls and ornaments and comforts of all kinds," he said.

Well, he had no sooner spoken the words than he found himself lying in the grandest chamber anybody had ever seen. Now he was comfortable, he thought, and felt quite satisfied as he turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes. But that was not all the grandeur; for when he woke up in the morning and looked round, he saw it was a big palace he had been sleeping in. One room led into the other, and wherever he went the place was full of all sorts of finery and luxuries, both on the walls and on the ceilings, and they glittered so much when the sun shone on them that he had to shade his eyes with his hand, so strong was the glare of gold and silver wherever he turned. He then happened to look out of the window. Good gracious! How grand it was! There was something else than pine forests and juniper bushes to look at, for there was the finest garden anyone could wish for, with splendid trees and roses of all kinds. But he could not see a single human being, or even a cat; and that, you know, was rather lonely, for otherwise he had everything so grand and had been set up as his own master again.

So he took out the bit of paper: "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, now you have given me food and bed and a palace to live in, I intend to remain here, for I like the place," he said, "yet I don't like to live quite by myself. I must have both lads and lasses whom I may order about to wait on me," he said.

And there they were. There came servants and stewards and scullery maids and chambermaids of all sorts, and some came bowing and some curtseying. So now the duke thought he was really satisfied. But now it happened that there was a large palace on the other side of the forest, and there the king lived who owned the forest, and the great, big fields around it. As he was walking up and down in his room he happened to look out through the window and saw the new palace, where the golden weathercocks were swinging to and fro on the roof in the sunlight, dazzling his eyes.

"This is very strange," he thought; and so he called his courtiers. They came rushing in, and began bowing and scraping. "Do you see the palace over there?" said the king.

They opened their eyes and began to stare. Yes, of course, they saw it.

"Who is it that has dared to build such a palace on my grounds?" said the king.

They bowed, and they scraped with their feet, but they did not know anything about it. The king then called his generals and captains. They came, stood at attention and presented arms. "Be gone, soldiers and troopers," said the king, "and pull down the palace over there,

and hang him who has built it; and don't lose any time about it!"

Well, they set off in great haste to arm themselves, and away they went. The drummers beat the skins of their drums, and the trumpeters blew their trumpets, and the other musicians played and blew as best they could, so that the duke heard them long before he could see them.

But he had heard this kind of noise before, and knew what it meant, so he took out his scrap of paper: "Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"There are soldiers coming here," he said, "and now you must provide me with soldiers and horses, that I may have double as many as those over in the wood, and with sabers and pistols, and guns and cannons with all that belongs to them; but be quick about it."

And no time was lost; for when the duke looked out, he saw an immense number of soldiers, who were drawn up around the palace. When the king's men arrived, they came to a sudden halt and dared not advance. But the duke was not afraid; he went straight up to the colonel of the king's soldiers and asked him what he wanted. The colonel told him his errand.

"It's of no use," said the duke. "You see how many men I have; and if the king will listen to me, we shall become good friends, and I will help him against his enemies, and in such a way that it will be heard of far and wide," he said.

The colonel was of the same opinion, and the duke then invited him and all his soldiers inside the palace, and the men had more than one glass to drink and plenty of everything to eat as well. But while they were eating and drinking they began talking; and the duke then got to hear that the king had a daughter who was his only child, and was so wonderfully fair and beautiful that no one had ever seen her like before. And the more the king's soldiers ate and drank the more they thought she would suit the duke for a wife. And they went on talking so long that the duke at last began to be of the same opinion.

"The worst of it," said the soldiers, "is that she is just as proud as she is beautiful, and will never look at a man."

But the duke laughed at this. "If that's all," said the duke, "there's sure to be a remedy for that complaint."

When the soldiers had eaten and drunk as much as they could find room for, they shouted "Hurrah!" so that it echoed among the hills, and then they set out homeward. But, as you may imagine, they did not walk exactly in parade order, for they were rather unsteady about the knees, and many of them did not carry their guns in regulation manner. The duke asked them to greet the king from him. He would call on him the following day, he said. When the duke was alone again, he began to think of the princess, and to wonder if she were as beautiful and fair as they had made her out to be. He would like to make sure of it; and as so many strange things had happened that day it might not be impossible to find that out as well, he

thought.

"Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, now you must bring me the king's daughter as soon as she has gone to sleep," he said; "but she must not be awakened either on the way here or back. Do you hear that?" he said.

And before long the princess was lying on the bed. She slept so soundly and looked so wonderfully beautiful as she lay there. Yes, she was as sweet as sugar, I can tell you. The duke walked round about her, but she was just as beautiful from whatever point of view he looked at her. The more he looked the more he liked her.

"Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"You must now carry the princess home," he said, "for now I know how she looks and tomorrow I will ask for her hand," he said.

Next morning the king looked out of the window. "I suppose I shall not be troubled with the sight of that palace anymore," he thought. But, zounds! There it stood just as on the day before, and the sun shone so brightly on the roof, and the weathercocks dazzled his eyes. He now became furious, and called all his men. They came quicker than usual. The courtiers bowed and scraped, and the soldiers stood at attention and presented arms. "Do you see the palace there?" screamed the king. They stretched their necks, and stared and gaped. Yes, of course, that they did. "Have I not ordered you to pull down the palace and hang the builder?" he said.

Yes, they could not deny that; but then the colonel himself stepped forward and reported what had happened and how many soldiers the duke had, and how wonderfully grand the palace was. And next he told him what the duke had said, and how he had asked him to give his greetings to the king, and all that sort of thing. The king felt quite confused, and had to put his crown on the table and scratch his head. He could not understand all this, although he was a king; for he could take his oath it had all been built in a single night; and if the duke were not the evil one himself, he must in any case have done it by magic.

While he sat pondering, the princess came into the room. "Good morning to you, father!" she said. "Just fancy, I had such a strange and beautiful dream last night!" she said.

"What did you dream then, my girl?" said the king.

"I dreamed I was in the new palace over yonder, and that I saw a duke there, so fine and handsome that I could never have imagined the like; and now I want to get married, father," she said.

"Do you want to get married? -- you, who never cared to look at a man! That's very strange!" said the king.

"That may be." Said the princess; "but it's different now, and I want to get married, and it's the duke I want," she said.

The king was quite beside himself, so frightened did he become of the duke. But all of a sudden he heard a terrible noise of drums and trumpets and instruments of all kinds; and then came a message that the duke had just arrived with a large company, all of whom were so grandly dressed that gold and silver glistened in every fold. The king put on his crown and his coronation robes, and then went out on the steps to receive them. And the princess was not slow to follow him. The duke bowed most graciously, and the king of course did likewise, and when they had talked awhile about their affairs and their grandeur they became the best of friends. A great banquet was then prepared, and the duke was placed next to the princess at the table. What they talked about is not easy to tell, but the duke spoke so well for himself that the princess could not very well say "No" to anything he said, and then he went up to the king and asked for her hand. The king could not exactly say "No" either, for he could very well see that the duke was a person with whom it was best to be on friendly terms; but give his sanction there and then, he could not very well do that either. He wanted to see the duke's palace first, and find out about the state of affairs over there, as you may understand.

So it was arranged that he should visit the duke and take the princess with him to see his palace; and with this they parted company. When the duke returned home, Lars became busier than ever, for there was so much to attend to. But he set to work and strove hard; and when the king and his daughter arrived everything was so magnificent and splendid that no words can describe it. They went through all the rooms and looked about, and they found everything as it should be, and even still more splendid, thought the king, and so he was quite pleased. The wedding then took place, and that in grand style; and on the duke's arrival home with his bride he, too, gave a great feast, and then there was an end to the festivities.

Some time passed by, and one evening the duke heard these words: "Are you satisfied now?"

It was Lars, as you may guess, but the duke could not see him. "Well, I ought to be," said the duke. "You have provided me with everything I have," he said.

"Yes, but what have I got in return?" asked Lars.

"Nothing," said the duke; "but, bless me, what could I have given you, who are not of flesh and blood, and whom I cannot see either?" he said. "But if there is anything I can do for you, tell me what it is, and I shall do it."

"Well, I should like to ask you for that little scrap of paper which you found in the chest," said Lars. "Nothing else?" said the duke. "If such a trifle can help you, I can easily do without it, for now I begin to know the words by heart," he said.

Lars thanked the duke, and asked him to put the paper on the chair in front of the bed when

found the blue light and gave a sign that she should pull him up again. And she did pull him up, but when he was close to the edge, she wanted to take the blue light from him. "No," he said, sensing her evil thoughts, "I shall not give you the light until I am standing on the ground with both feet."

Then the witch became furious, let him fall back into the well, and walked away. The poor soldier fell to the damp floor without being injured. The blue light continued to burn, but how could that help him? He saw that would not be able to escape death. He sadly sat there for a while. Then he happened to reach into his pocket and found his tobacco pipe, which was still half full. "This will be your last pleasure," he thought, pulled it out, lit it with the blue light, and began to smoke.

After the fumes had wafted about the cavern, suddenly there stood before him a little black dwarf, who said, "Master, what do you command?"

"Why should I command you?" replied the bewildered soldier.

"I must do everything that you demand," said the dwarf."

"Good," said the soldier, "then first help me out of this well."

The dwarf took him by the hand and led him through an underground passage, and he did not forget to take the blue light with him. Along the way he showed him the treasures that the witch had collected and hidden there, and the soldier took as much gold as he could carry. When he was above ground, he said to the dwarf, "Now go and bind the old witch and take her to the judge."

Not long afterward she came riding by on a tomcat as fast as the wind and screaming horribly. And not long after that the dwarf was back. "It is all taken care of," he said. "The witch is hanging on the gallows. Master, what do you command now?"

"Nothing at the moment," answered the soldier. "You can go home, but be ready when I call you."

"It is only necessary," said the dwarf, "for you to light your pipe with the blue light, and I will be with you." With that he disappeared before his very eyes.

The soldier returned to the city from which he had come. He moved into the best inn and had beautiful clothes made for himself. Then he told the innkeeper to furnish his room as luxuriously as possible. When it was finished he summoned the black dwarf and said, "I served the king loyally, but he sent me away to starve. For this I now want revenge."

"What am I to do?" asked the little man.

"Late this evening, when the king's daughter is lying in bed, bring her here to me in her sleep. She shall do maid service for me."

The dwarf said, "That is an easy thing for me, but a dangerous thing for you. If you are found

he retired to rest, and he would be sure to fetch it during the night. The duke did as he was told; and so he and the princess lay down and went to sleep. But early in the morning the duke awoke and felt so cold that his teeth chattered, and when he had got his eyes quite open he found that he was quite naked and had not even as much as a thread on his back; and instead of the grand bed and the beautiful bedroom, and the magnificent palace, he lay on the big chest in the old tumble-down hut.

He began to shout, "Lars, my lad!"

But he got no answer. He shouted once more, "Lars, my lad!"

But he got no answer this time either. So he shouted all he could, "Lars, my lad!"

But it was all in vain. Now he began to understand how matters stood. When Lars had got the scrap of paper he was freed from service at the same time, and now he had taken everything with him. But there was no help for it. There stood the duke in the old hut quite naked; and as for the princess she was not much better off, although she had her clothes on, for she had got them from her father, so Lars had no power over them. The duke had now to tell the princess everything, and ask her to leave him. He would have to manage as best he could, he said. But she would not hear of it. She well remembered what the parson had said when he married them, and she would never, never leave him, she said.

In the meantime the king in his palace had also awakened, and when he looked out of the window he did not see any sign whatever of the other palace where his daughter and son-in-law lived. He became uneasy, as you may imagine, and called his courtiers. They came in, and began to bow and scrape.

"Do you see the palace over yonder behind the forest?" he asked. They stretched their necks and stared with all their might. No, they did not see it.

"Where had it gone to, then?" asked the king. Well, really they did not know. It was not long before the king set out with all his court through the forest; and when he arrived at the place where the palace with the beautiful gardens should have been, he could not see anything but heather and juniper bushes and firs. But then he discovered the old tumble-down hut, which stood there among the bushes. He entered the hut and -- mercy on us! -- what a sight met his eyes! There stood his son-in-law, quite naked, and his daughter, who had not very many clothes on either, and who was crying and moaning.

"Dear, dear! what does all this mean?" said the king; but he did not get any answer, for the duke would rather have died than tell him. The king did his utmost to get him to speak; but in spite of all the king's promises and threats the duke remained obstinate and would not utter a word.

The king then became angry; and no wonder, for now he could see that this grand duke was not what he pretended to be, and so he ordered the duke to be hanged, and that without any loss of time. The princess begged and prayed for mercy; but neither prayers nor tears were of any help now; for an impostor he was, and as an impostor he should die, said the king. And

so it had to be. They erected a gallows, and placed the rope round the duke's neck. But while they were getting the gallows ready, the princess got hold of the hangman, and gave both him and his assistant some money, that they should so manage the hanging of the duke that he should not lose his life, and in the night they were to cut him down, so that he and the princess might then flee the country. And that's how the matter was arranged.

In the meantime they had strung up the duke, and the king and his court and all the people went their way. The duke was now in great straits. He had, however, plenty of time to reflect how foolish he had been in not saving some of the crumbs when he was living in plenty, and how unpardonably stupid he had been in letting Lars have the scrap of paper. This vexed him more than all. If only he had it again, he thought, they should see he had been gaining some sense in return for all he had lost. But it is of little use snarling if you haven't got any teeth.

"Ah, well, well!" he sighed, and so he dangled his legs, which was really all he could do. The day passed slowly and tediously for him, and he was not at all displeased when he saw the sun setting behind the forest. But just before it disappeared he heard a fearful shouting, and when he looked down the hill, he saw seven cartloads of worn-out shoes, and on the top of the hindmost cart he saw a little old man in gray clothes and with a red pointed cap on his head. His face was like that of the worst scarecrow, and the rest of him was not very handsome either.

He drove straight up to the gallows, and when he arrived right under it he stopped and looked up at the duke, and then burst out laughing, the ugly old fellow! "How stupid you were!" he said; "but what should the fool do with his stupidity if he did not make use of it?" And then he laughed again. "Yes, there you are hanging now, and here am I carting away all the shoes I have worn out for your whims. I wonder if you can read what is written on this bit of paper, and if you recognize it?" he said with an ugly laugh, holding up the paper before the duke's eyes.

But all who hang are not dead, and this time it was Lars who was befooled. The duke made a clutch, and snatched the paper from him.

"Lars, my lad!"

"What are master's orders?"

"Well, you must cut me down from the gallows and put the palace and all the rest in its place again, exactly as it was before, and when the night has set in you must bring back the princess."

All went merrily as in a dance, and before long everything was in its place, just as it was when Lars took himself off. When the king awoke the next morning he looked out of the window, as was his custom, and there stood the palace again, with the weathercocks glittering so beautifully in the sunshine. He called his courtiers, and they came and began to bow and scrape. They stretched their necks as far as they could, and stared and gaped.

"Do you see the palace over there?" said the king. Yes, of course, they did. The king then

sent for the princess, but she was not to be found. He then went out to see if his son-in-law was still hanging on the gallows, but neither son-in-law nor gallows was to be seen. He had to lift off his crown and scratch his head. But that did not improve matters; he could not make head or tail of either one thing or the other. He set off at once with all his court through the forest, and when he came to the place where the palace should stand, there it stood sure enough. The gardens and the roses were exactly as they used to be, and the duke's people were to be seen everywhere among the trees. His son-in-law and his daughter received him on the steps, dressed in their finest clothes.

"Well, I never saw the like of this," said the king to himself; he could scarcely believe his own eyes, so wonderful did it all seem to him.

"God's peace be with you, father, and welcome here!" said the duke.

The king stood staring at him. "Are you my son-in-law?" he asked.

"Well, I suppose I am," said the duke. "Who else should I be?"

"Did I not order you to be hanged yesterday like any common thief?" said the king.

"I think you must have been bewitched on the way," said the duke, with a laugh. "Do you think I am the man to let myself be hanged? Or is there anyone here who dares to believe it?" he said, and looked so fiercely at the courtiers that they felt as if they were being pierced through and through. They bowed and scraped and cringed before him. Who could believe such a thing? Was it at all likely?

"Well, if there is anyone who dares to say the king could have wished me such evil, let him speak out," said the duke, and fixed his eyes upon them still more fiercely than before. They went on bowing and scraping and cringing. How could anyone dare say such a thing? No, they had more sense than that, they should hope. The king did not know what to believe, for when he looked at the duke he thought he never could have wished him such evil; but still he was not quite convinced.

"Did I not come here yesterday, and was not the whole palace gone, and was there not an old hut in its place? And did not I go into that hut, and did not you stand stark naked right before my eyes?" he asked.

"I wonder the king can talk so," said the duke. "I think the trolls must have bewitched your eyes in the forest and made you quite crazy; or what do you think?" he said, and turned round to the courtiers. They bowed and bowed till their backs were bent double, and agreed with everything he said, there could be no mistake about that. The king rubbed his eyes, and looked round about him.

"I suppose it is as you say, then," he said to the duke, "and it is well I have got back my proper sight and have come to my senses again. For it would have been a sin and a shame if I had let you be hanged," he said; and so he was happy again, and nobody thought any more about the matter.

"Once bitten, twice shy," as the proverb says; and the duke now took upon himself to manage and look after most of his affairs, so that it was seldom Lars had to wear out his shoes. The king soon gave the duke half the kingdom into the bargain; so he had now plenty to do, and people said they would have to search a long time to find his equal in wise and just ruling.

Then one day Lars came to the duke, looking very little better than the first time he had seen him; but he was, of course, more humble, and did not dare giggle and make grimaces. "You do not want my help any longer, now," he said; "for although I did wear out my shoes at first, I am now unable to wear out a single pair, and my feet will soon be covered all over with moss. So I thought I might now get my leave of absence," he said.

The duke quite agreed with him. "I have tried to spare you, and I almost think I could do without you," he said. "But the palace and all the rest I do not want to lose, for such a clever builder as you I shall never get again; nor do I ever want to adorn the gallows again, as you can well understand; so I cannot give you back the paper on any account," he said.

"Well, as long as you have got it, I need not fear," said Lars; "but if anybody else should get hold of it there will be nothing but running and trudging about again, and that's what I want to avoid; for when one has been tramping about for a thousand years, as I have done, one begins to get tired of it," he said.

But they went on talking, and at last they agreed that the duke should put the paper in the box, and then bury it seven ells under the ground, under a stone fixed in the earth. They then gave mutual thanks for the time they had spent in each other's company, and so they parted. The duke carried out his part of the agreement, for he was not likely to want to change it. He lived happy and contented with the princess, and they had both sons and daughters. When the king died, he got the whole of the kingdom, and you may guess he was none the worse off for that; and there no doubt he still lives and reigns, if he is not dead. But as for the box with the scrap of paper in it, there are many who are still running about looking for it.

- Source: *Fairy Tales from the Swedish of G. Djurklo*, translated by H. L. Brækstad (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1901), pp. 1-26.
- Return to the table of contents.

India

Once upon a time a soldier died, leaving a widow and one son. They were dreadfully poor, and at last matters became so bad that they had nothing left in the house to eat.

"Mother," said the son, "give me four shillings, and I will go seek my fortune in the wide world."

"Alas!" answered the mother, "and where am I, who haven't a farthing wherewith to buy bread, to find four shillings?"

"There is that old coat of my father's," returned the lad. "Look in the pocket -- perchance there is something there."

So she looked, and behold! there were six shillings hidden away at the very bottom of the pocket! "More than I bargained for," quoth the lad, laughing. "See, mother, these two shillings are for you. You can live on that till I return; the rest will pay my way until I find my fortune."

So he set off to find his fortune, and on the way lie saw a tigress, licking her paw, and moaning mournfully. He was just about to run away from the terrible creature, when she called to him faintly, saying, "Good lad, if you will take out this thorn for me, I shall be forever grateful."

"Not I!" answered the lad. "Why, if I begin to pull it out, and it pains you, you will kill me with a pat of your paw."

"No, no!" cried the tigress, "I will turn my face to this tree, and when the pain comes I will pat *it.*"

To this the soldier's son agreed; so he pulled out the thorn, and when the pain came the tigress gave the tree such a blow that the trunk split all to pieces. Then she turned towards the soldier's son, and said gratefully, "Take this box as a reward, my son, but do not open it until you have traveled nine miles."

So the soldier's son thanked the tigress, and set off with the box to find his fortune. Now when he had gone five miles, he felt certain that the box weighed more than it had at first, and every step he took it seemed to grow heavier and heavier. He tried to struggle on -- though it was all he could do to carry the box -- until he had gone about eight miles and a quarter, when his patience gave way.

"I believe that tigress was a witch, and is playing off her tricks upon me," he cried, "but I will stand this nonsense no longer. Lie there, you wretched old box! Heaven knows what is in you, and I don't care."

So saying, he flung the box down on the ground. It burst open with the shock, and out stepped a little old man. He was only one span high, but his beard was a span and a quarter long, and trailed upon the ground. The little manikin immediately began to stamp about and scold the lad roundly for letting the box down so violently.

"Upon my word!" quoth the soldier's son, scarcely able to restrain a smile at the ridiculous little figure, " but you are weighty for your size, old gentleman! And what may your name be?"

"Sir Buzz!" snapped the one-span manikin, still stamping about in a great rage.

"Upon my word!" quoth the soldier's son once more, "if *you* are all the box contained, I am glad I didn't trouble to carry it farther."

"That's not polite," snarled the manikin. "Perhaps if you had carried it the full nine miles you might have found something better; but that's neither here nor there. I'm good enough for you, at any rate, and will serve you faithfully according to my mistress's orders."

"Serve me! Then I wish to goodness you'd serve me with some dinner, for I am mighty

hungry! Here are four shillings to pay for it."

No sooner had the soldier's son said this and given the money, than with a *whiz! boom! bing!* like a big bee, Sir Buzz flew through the air to a confectioner's shop in the nearest town. There he stood, the one-span manikin, with the span and a quarter beard trailing on the ground, just by the big preserving pan, and cried in ever so loud a voice, "Ho! ho! Sir Confectioner, bring me sweets!"

The confectioner looked round the shop, and out of the door, and down the street, but could see no one, for tiny Sir Buzz was quite hidden by the preserving pan. Then the manikin called out louder still, " Ho! ho! Sir Confectioner, bring me sweets! " And when the confectioner looked in vain for his customer, Sir Buzz grew angry, and ran and pinched him on the legs, and kicked him on the foot, saying, " Impudent knave! do you mean to say you can't see *me?* Why, I was standing by the preserving pan all the time!"

The confectioner apologized humbly, and hurried away to bring out his best sweets for his irritable little customer. Then Sir Buzz chose about a hundredweight of them, and said, "Quick, tie them up in something and give them into my hand; I'll carry them home."

"They will be a good weight, sir," smiled the confectioner.

"What business is that of yours, I should like to know?" snapped Sir Buzz. "Just you do as you're told, and here is your money." So saying he jingled the four shillings in his pocket.

"As you please, sir," replied the man cheerfully, as he tied up the sweets into a huge bundle and placed it on the little manikin's outstretched hand, fully expecting him to sink under the weight; when lo! with a *boom! bing!* he whizzed off with the money still in his pocket.

He alighted at a corn-chandler's shop, and, standing behind a basket of flour, called out at the top of his voice, "Ho! ho! Sir Chandler, bring me flour!"

And when the corn-chandler looked round the shop, and out of the window, and down the street, without seeing anybody, the one-span manikin, with his beard trailing on the ground, cried again louder than before, "Ho! ho! Sir Chandler, bring me flour!"

Then on receiving no answer, he flew into a violent rage, and ran and bit the unfortunate corn-chandler on the leg, pinched him, and kicked him, saying, "Impudent varlet! Don't pretend you couldn't see *me!* Why, I was standing close beside you behind that basket!"

So the corn-chandler apologized humbly for his mistake, and asked Sir Buzz how much flour he wanted.

"Two hundredweight," replied the manikin. "Two hundredweight, neither more nor less. Tie it up in a bundle, and I'll take it with me."

"Your honor has a cart or beast of burden with you, doubtless?" said the chandler, "for two hundredweight is a heavy load."

"What's that to you? " shrieked Sir Buzz, stamping his foot, " isn't it enough if I pay for it? " And then he jingled the money in his pocket again. So the corn-chandler tied up the flour in a bundle, and placed it in the manikin's outstretched hand, fully expecting it would crush him, when, with a whiz! Sir Buzz flew off, with the shillings still in his pocket. *Boom! bing! boom!*

The soldier's son was just wondering what had become of his one-span servant, when, with a whir! the little fellow alighted beside him, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, as if he were dreadfully hot and tired, said thoughtfully, "Now I do hope I've brought enough, but you men have such terrible appetites!"

"More than enough, I should say," laughed the lad, looking at the huge bundles.

Then Sir Buzz cooked the girdle-cakes, and the soldier's son ate three of them and a handful of sweets; but the one-span manikin gobbled up all the rest, saying at each mouthful, "You men have such terrible appetites -- such terrible appetites!"

After that, the soldier's son and his servant Sir Buzz traveled ever so far, until they came to the king's city. Now the king had a daughter called Princess Blossom, who was so lovely, and tender, and slim, and fair, that she only weighed five flowers. Every morning she was weighed in golden scales, and the scale always turned when the fifth flower was put in, neither less nor more.

Now it so happened that the soldier's son by chance caught a glimpse of the lovely, tender, slim, and fair Princess Blossom, and, of course, he fell desperately in love with her. He would neither sleep nor eat his dinner, and did nothing all day long but say to his faithful manikin, "Oh, dearest Sir Buzz! oh, kind Sir Buzz! -- carry me to the Princess Blossom, that I may see and speak to her."

"Carry you!" snapped the little fellow scornfully. "That's a likely story! Why, you're ten times as big as I am. You should carry *me!*"

Nevertheless, when the soldier's son begged and prayed, growing pale and pining away with thinking of the Princess Blossom, Sir Buzz, who had a kind heart, was moved, and bade the lad sit on his hand. Then with a tremendous *boom! bing! boom!* they whizzed away and were in the palace in a second. Being nighttime, the Princess was asleep; nevertheless the booming wakened her and she was quite frightened to see a handsome young man kneeling beside her. She began of course to scream, but stopped at once when the soldier's son with the greatest politeness, and in the most elegant of language, begged her not to be alarmed. And after that they talked together about everything delightful, while Sir Buzz stood at the door and did sentry; but he stood a brick up on end first, so that he might not seem to pry upon the young people.

Now when the dawn was just breaking, the soldier's son and Princess Blossom, wearied of talking, fell asleep; whereupon Sir Buzz, being a faithful servant, said to himself, "Now what is to be done? If my master remains here asleep, someone will discover him, and he will be killed as sure as my name is Buzz; but if I wake him, ten to one he will refuse to go."

So without more ado he put his hand under the bed, and *bing! boom!* carried it into a large garden outside the town. There he set it down in the shade of the biggest tree, and pulling up the next biggest one by the roots, threw it over his shoulder, and marched up and down keeping guard.

Before long the whole town was in a commotion, because the Princess Blossom had been carried off, and all the world and his wife turned out to look for her. By and by the one-eyed chief constable came to the garden gate.

"What do you want here?" cried valiant Sir Buzz, making passes at him with the tree.

The chief constable with his one eye could see nothing save the branches, but he replied sturdily, "I want the Princess Blossom!"

"I'll blossom you! Get out of *my* garden, will you?" shrieked the one-span manikin, with his one and quarter span beard trailing on the ground; and with that he belabored the constable's pony so hard with the tree that it bolted away, nearly throwing its rider.

The poor man went straight to the king, saying, " Your majesty! I am convinced your majesty's daughter, the Princess Blossom, is in your majesty's garden, just outside the town, as there is a tree there which fights terribly."

Upon this the king summoned all his horses and men, and going to the garden tried to get in; but Sir Buzz behind the tree routed them all, for half were killed, and the rest ran away. The noise of the battle, however, awoke the young couple, and as they were now convinced they could no longer exist apart, they determined to fly together. So when the fight was over, the soldier's son, the Princess Blossom, and Sir Buzz set out to see the world.

Now the soldier's son was so enchanted with his good luck in winning the princess, that he said to Sir Buzz, " My fortune is made already; so I shan't want you anymore, and you can go back to your mistress."

"Pooh!" said Sir Buzz. "Young people always think so; however, have it your own way, only take this hair out of my beard, and if you should get into trouble, just burn it in the fire. I'll come to your aid."

So Sir Buzz boomed off, and the soldier's son and the Princess Blossom lived and traveled together very happily, until at last they lost their way in a forest, and wandered about for some time without any food. When they were nearly starving, a Brahman found them, and hearing their story said, "Alas! you poor children! Come home with me, and I will give you something to eat."

Now had he said, "I will eat you," it would have been much nearer the mark, for he was no Brahman, but a dreadful vampire, who loved to devour handsome young men and slender girls. But, knowing nothing of all this, the couple went home with him quite cheerfully. He was most polite, and when they arrived at his house, said, "Please get ready whatever you want to eat, for I have no cook. Here are my keys; open all my cupboards save the one with the

golden key. Meanwhile I will go and gather firewood."

Then the Princess Blossom began to prepare the food, while the soldier's son opened all the cupboards. In them he saw lovely jewels, and dresses, and cups and platters, such bags of gold and silver, that his curiosity got the better of his discretion, and, regardless of the Brahman's warning, he said, "I will see what wonderful thing is hidden in the cupboard with the golden key." So he opened it, and lo! it was full of human skulls, picked quite clean, and beautifully polished. At this dreadful sight the soldier's son flew back to the Princess Blossom, and said, "We are lost! we are lost! This is no Brahman, but a horrid vampire!"

At that moment they heard him at the door, and the princess, who was very brave and kept her wits about her, had barely time to thrust the magic hair into the fire, before the vampire, with sharp teeth and fierce eyes, appeared. But at the selfsame moment a *boom! boom! binging* noise was heard in the air, coming nearer and nearer. Whereupon the vampire, who knew very well who his enemy was, changed into a heavy rain pouring down in torrents, hoping thus to drown Sir Buzz, but *he* changed into the storm wind beating back the rain. Then the vampire changed to a dove, but Sir Buzz, pursuing it as a hawk, pressed it so hard that it had barely time to change into a rose, and drop into King Indra's lap as he sat in his celestial court listening to the singing of some dancing girls.

Then Sir Buzz, quick as thought, changed into an old musician, and standing beside the bard who was thrumming the guitar, said, "Brother, you are tired; let *me* play."

And he played so wonderfully, and sang with such piercing sweetness, that King Indra said, "What shall I give you as a reward? Name what you please, and it shall be yours."

Then Sir Buzz said, " I only ask the rose that is in your Majesty's lap."

"I had rather you asked more, or less," replied king Indra. "It is but a rose, yet it fell from heaven; nevertheless it is yours."

So saying, he threw the rose towards the musician, and lo! the petals fell in a shower on the ground. Sir Buzz went down on his knees and instantly gathered them up; but one petal escaping, changed into a mouse. Whereupon Sir Buzz, with the speed of lightning, turned into a cat, which caught and gobbled up the mouse.

Now all this time the Princess Blossom and the soldier's son, shivering and shaking, were awaiting the issue of the combat in the vampire's hut; when suddenly, with a *bing! boom!* Sir Buzz arrived victorious, shook his head, and said, "You two had better go home, for you are not fit to take care of yourselves."

Then he gathered together all the jewels and gold in one hand, placed the Princess and the soldier's son in the other, and whizzed away home, to where the poor mother -- who all this time had been living on the two shillings -- was delighted to see them. Then with a louder *boom! bing! boom!* than usual, Sir Buzz, without even waiting for thanks, whizzed out of sight, and was never seen or heard of again.

But the soldier's son and the Princess Blossom lived happily ever after.

- Source: Flora Annie Steel, Tales of the Punjab: Told by the People (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1894), pp. 1-12.
- Return to the table of contents.

Revised August 12, 2008.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

out, it will not go well for you."

At the strike of twelve the door opened, and the dwarf carried the king's daughter in.

"Aha, is that you?" cried the soldier. "Get to work now! Go fetch the broom and sweep the room." When she was finished he called her to his chair, stuck his feet out at her, and said, "Pull off my boots," then threw them in her face, and she had to pick them up and clean them and make them shine. She did everything that he ordered her to do, without resisting, silently, and with half-closed eyes. At the first cock's crow, the dwarf carried her to the royal palace and back to her bed.

The next morning, after the king's daughter had gotten up, she went to her father and told him that she had had an amazing dream. "I was carried away through the streets as fast as lightning and taken to a soldier's room. I had to serve as his maid and wait on him and do common work, sweep the room, and clean his boots. It was only a dream, but still I am as tired as if I had really done it all."

"The dream could have been true," said the king. "I will give you some advice. Fill your pocket with peas, then make a small hole in your pocket. If you are carried away again, they will fall out and leave a track on the street."

As the king was thus speaking, the dwarf was invisibly standing nearby and heard everything.

That night when he once again carried the sleeping princess through the streets, a few peas did indeed fall out of her pocket, but they did not leave a track, because the cunning dwarf had already scattered peas in all the streets. And once again the king's daughter had to do maid service until the cock crowed.

The next morning the king sent his people out to look for the track, but it was to no end, for in all the streets there were poor children gathering peas and saying, "Last night it rained peas."

"We must think of something else," said the king. "Leave your shoes on when you go to bed, and before you return from there, hide one of them. I will be sure to find it."

The black dwarf overheard this proposal, and that evening when the soldier again wanted the king's daughter brought to him, the dwarf advised him against this, saying that he had no way to protect him against such trickery. If the shoe were to be found in his room, it would not go well with him.

"Do what I tell you," replied the soldier, and for a third night the king's daughter had to work like a maid. But before she was carried back, she hid a shoe under the bed.

The next morning the king had the entire city searched for the shoe, and it was found in the soldier's room. The soldier himself, following the little man's request, was already outside the city gate, but they soon overtook him and threw him into prison.

In his haste, he had forgotten to take along his most valuable things: the blue light and the gold. He had only one ducat in his pocket. Standing at the window of his prison and weighted

down with chains, he saw one of his comrades walking by. He knocked on the glass, and as he walked by, he said, "Be so good and bring me the little bundle that I left at the inn. I'll give you a ducat for it."

The comrade ran forth and brought back the desired things. As soon as the soldier was alone again, he lit his pipe and summoned the black dwarf. "Have no fear," he said to his master. "Just go where they lead you, and let everything happen, but take the blue light with you."

The next day the soldier was tried, and although he had done nothing wrong, the judge still sentenced him to death. As he was being led out, he asked the king for one last wish.

"What sort of a wish?" asked the king.

"That I might smoke one more pipe on the way."

"You can smoke three," answered the king, "but do not think that I will let you live."

Then the soldier pulled out his pipe and lit it with the blue light. As soon as a few rings of smoke had risen, the dwarf was standing there. He had a cudgel in his hand and said, "What does my master command?"

"Strike the false judges and their henchmen to the ground for me. And don't spare the king either, who has treated me so badly."

Then the dwarf took off like lightning, zip-zap, back and forth, and everyone he even touched with his cudgel fell to the ground and did not dare to move. The king became afraid. He begged for mercy, and in order to save his life, he gave to the soldier his kingdom as well as his daughter for a wife.

- Source: Das blaue Licht, *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales), 7th ed. (Berlin, 1857), no. 116.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- The Grimms' source is not known.
- This tale, in a somewhat simpler version, was introduced to the Grimms' *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* in 1815 (1st ed., vol. 2, no. 30). Link to this version: Das blaue Licht (1815).
- Link to a file containing only an English translation of the 1857 version: The Blue Light (1857).
- Link to a file containing a side-by-side comparison of the versions of 1815 and 1857: The Blue Light (1815 and 1857).
- Return to the table of contents.

The Iron Man

Germany

A soldier had long served his king. He had been valiant and brave and hence had received many wounds. When the war was over he had to go back where he came from to see if he

could not beg a little bread for himself. Such a cripple could not work, and at that time there were no pensions. He went from village to village and from town to town, barely getting by.

Once he had to pass through a great forest, for at that time there were many large forests. He lost his way and had to eat roots and berries until finally he came to a charcoal burner who took him in and friendlily gave him shelter. The soldier liked it there in the solitude, and he and the charcoal burner became right good friends. He carried wood for the charcoal burner and helped him with everything he had to do. In the twilight of evening they both complained about their sorrows and told one another about their past.

One day the charcoal burner said, "Listen, friend, you are daring and brave. You can bring good fortune to both of us if you will only follow my advice. Not far from here there is a deep shaft where enormous treasures are buried. Are you willing to let me lower you down on a rope? Just bring me a bundle of candles; you can keep everything else that you bring up. You'll see that we shall have enough."

The soldier immediately agreed. The following morning the charcoal burner took a long rope, and they both went to the shaft. One, two, three, the soldier had the rope around his body, and the charcoal burner lowered him into the hole. Down at the bottom the soldier undid the rope, struck a light, and found a tunnel, which he followed until he came to an iron door that was closed with many bars. He opened it and entered a large hall that was entirely illuminated by a silver chandelier. It was as bright as day. In the middle a large iron man was seated on a throne with three chests standing nearby. However, they were locked shut. Above the door was hanging the bundle of candles.

First of all the soldier reached for the candles; the man saw this, but did not move. Then the soldier went to one of the chests, which earlier had not been open, and behold, it was filled with shiny silver coins. He quickly filled his pockets. Then the second chest sprang open, and the most beautiful and largest gold pieces shone forth. He threw the silver coins back into their chest and filled his pockets with gold. He was scarcely finished when the third chest opened itself, in which the most valuable precious stones and pearls were glistening. He set the gold aside and filled his pockets with pearls and diamonds. The man did not move. The soldier left, and the iron man did not move.

At the shaft the soldier tied the rope around his body again, then tugged, and he was pulled up. Above he gave the charcoal burner the candles and showed him his treasures. Both were delighted, and they retired.

The next morning the charcoal burner was dead. What was the soldier to do? He took his treasures, including the candles, and with his staff in hand went forth into the wide world. He soon came out of the forest, then made his way to a large city where for a long time he lived gloriously and happily, thinking that his riches would have no end. But they did come to an end, and he did not have even enough money to buy oil for his lamp. Then he thought of the candles that he had brought from the shaft. He took one of them, lit it, and in that instant the iron man stood before him, asking him what he should do.

The soldier now knew how things stood, and he told him to bring him a sack full of gold. In an

instant he had the gold, the candle went out, and the man had disappeared. Now he had whatever he needed, and when anything was gone the iron man had to come and bring something new.

From there the soldier traveled to the city where the king lived, whom he had served. Here he heard that the king's daughter was wonderfully beautiful, but that no one was allowed to see her. Having nothing better to do, and already leading an elegant life, the idea came to him that he wanted to see the princess. Therefore one evening at ten o'clock he lit his candle. The iron man entered his door and asked what he wished.

"Bring the king's daughter from the castle here to me."

The mighty servant disappeared, and a short time later was back with the princess. Now the soldier made the daughter pay for what her father had done to him. She had to wait on him, clean his boots, sweep the floors, etc. In short, she had to do the duties of an ordinary maid.

The next morning before daybreak the iron man carried her back to her bedroom in the castle. When she awoke she went to her father and told him that she did not know if it had actually happened, or if she had only dreamed that she had been taken to a soldier's room and been forced to serve him.

Looking at his daughter, the king saw a black spot on her face. Then he perceived that it could have been so, and said that this evening she should put a piece of chalk in her pocket, and that she should draw a line and a cross on the front door of the house where she was taken, so that they would be able to find the house again. This she did. However, the iron man noticed, and drew a line and a cross on every front door in the city. The next morning she again told her father what had happened to her. The king ordered his people to find the house where a line and a cross had been drawn. They returned without success, because this sign was on every house.

The king became angry and ordered his soldiers to encircle the entire castle so that not even a mouse could enter or leave. And he posted a strong guard before his daughter's bedroom door. But nonetheless that evening she was taken away again, for no one could see the iron man. The next morning she again told of her experience, and that she had received a rough slap from the soldier that evening. The finger marks could still be seen on her cheek.

This was too much for the king, and he quietly said into his daughter's ear, making three crosses at the same time, that this evening she should put on his gold ring and put it under the soldier's bed. This she did.

"Oh," she said the next morning. "Last night he soldier beat me terribly because I refused to serve him properly."

Then the king ordered that every house in the city be searched for the soldier and the hidden ring. When they found the ring under a bed they were to bring the man who owned the bed to him. Before long the ring was found in the soldier's room, for he had not noticed that the princess had hidden it.

Our soldier was condemned to the gallows, and his execution day was set. He had three days to prepare for his death. During this time he had the opportunity to send a messenger to his home for the candles. The messenger brought them, and now the iron man had to come and rescue the soldier.

The iron man said, "Wait until you are standing on the board beneath the gallows. Then you can have one last wish that will have to be granted to you. You have your candle; light it and I'll be there. I will do what I have to do. No one I touch will ever again have a headache."

And that is what happened. The soldier was happy and cheerful, which caused the prison guard to wonder more than a little. He ate and drank and slept so peacefully, as though he did not know that he was about to die. When he was finally standing on the board, and the hangman was about to tie the latest fashion in neckties on him, the soldier said, "Wait, it's not yet time for that. I still have a request that you will surely grant me."

"Yes," said the king, who had also come with his daughter, so that she could see what would happen to the scoundrel who had so abused her. "Yes, the request shall be granted to you, if it is not an unreasonable one."

"I only want to light my candle and see it burning one more time."

"That can happen," said the king.

So the candle was lit, and immediately the iron man was there with a thick cudgel. He first struck the hangman dead and then the people standing nearby, mowing them down viciously. The king took fright as the iron man moved closer and closer with his cudgel. He called out to the soldier, asking him to order the iron man to stop, and promising that soldier that he could have the princess as a wife.

With that the soldier blew out the candle, and the iron man disappeared. The soldier received his wife, and now had the unlimited respect of everyone, even his father-in-law. And if the king ever resisted, the soldier had only to say, "So, should the iron man come?" Then everything happened that the soldier wanted.

He later became king, and in times of war or great need he now and then called on the iron man, who always helped him. However, when the solder died, the candles disappeared as well.

- Source: August Ey, "Der eiserne Mann," *Harzmärchenbuch; oder, Sagen und Märchen aus dem Oberharze* (Stade: Verlag von Fr. Steudel, 1862), pp. 122-28.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Three Dogs

Germany, Georg Schambach and Wilhelm Müller

A soldier, returning home following a long war, had run out of money, so that he had nothing

left. He met an old woman, whom he asked for a small gift. The woman was willing, and gave him her old apron. She told him to walk up a brook with it until he came to a willow tree. He should then climb this tree and let himself down inside it. Taking leave of her he asked her if he could do something for her on the way.

"Oh yes," she answered. "Bring me the tinderbox which is there. I forgot it."

The soldier went to the tree and climbed down inside it. Below there stood a large chest, and sitting on it was a dog who had eyes in his head that were as large as saucers. A second chest was also there, and on it sat a dog with eyes as large as plates, and a third chest was there with eyes as large as serving platters.

With no further ado the soldier set all three dogs onto the old apron and opened the chests. In the first one was copper money, in the second one silver money, and in the third one minted gold. From this chest he took as much as he could carry, not forgetting to pick up the tinderbox as well. Then he climbed out of the hollow tree and went on his way.

Not long afterward he again met the old woman, who asked him for the tinderbox, but he did not want to give it to her. They began quarreling over it, and the soldier struck the old woman dead.

He now had money enough and was able to live well, but he spent so much that it soon came to an end. With time his many friends abandoned him, until at last he was living desolate and alone.

One day he wanted to light a pipe, and for this he used the tinderbox, which he had long forgotten. He suddenly discovered what the tinderbox was good for. The three dogs immediately appeared and asked him what he wished. He told them to bring him some money. Less than a half hour later the dogs returned with a large sum of money.

Now he was once again wealthy, and thought he would like to marry the princess, who lived in the city. But he did not know where to begin, because he was not at all handsome. Then he called his dogs and asked them if they knew how to make it happen.

"We can do that," replied the dogs, and ran away.

That evening all three went to the castle and brought the princess on their backs to the soldier. Afterward they took her back to the castle in the same way.

The next morning the princess told about this, as though it had been a dream. However, the king was concerned and posted guards outside her bedroom door. When the dogs returned the next night the guards were asleep, so the dogs took the princess with them again. However, one soldier saw them, followed them, and drew a mark on the house that they ran into. But the dogs observed this, and they drew marks on all the houses, so that no one could know where the princess had been. On the third evening the dogs fetched the princess again. This time the soldier scattered peas in front of the house, but the dogs gathered up all the peas.

On the fourth day the soldier himself went to the king and asked for his daughter's hand in marriage, but the king had him thrown into prison. Now he was lost, for he did not have his tinderbox with him, and was not able to call the dogs. He thought long and hard how he might escape, but nothing came to him. Then a boy walked beneath his window, and the soldier asked him to do him a favor, the last one, because in only a few days he was to die. The boy was willing.

He asked him to fetch the tinderbox that was in his room, and described exactly where it was. The boy soon returned with the tinderbox, and the soldier pulled it up to his barred window with a string.

"Now everything is all right," he thought. Later when he was standing at the place of execution he asked permission to smoke one last time, and this was granted him. He had scarcely struck a light when the three dogs arrived. He said to them, "Attack!" and they tore apart the judges and the king. Then the soldier married the princess. He lived very happily with her, and if they have not died then they are still alive.

- Source: Georg Schambach and Wilhelm Müller, "Die Drei Hunde," *Niedersächsische Sagen und Märchen: Aus dem Munde des Volkes gesammelt* (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht's Verlag, 1855), pp. 285-87.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Tinderbox

Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen

A soldier came marching along the high road. One, two! One, two! He had his knapsack on his back and his sword at his side, for he had been to the wars and he was on his way home now. He met an old witch on the road, she was so ugly, her lower lip hung right down on to her chin.

She said, "Good evening, soldier! What a nice sword you've got, and such a big knapsack; you are a real soldier! You shall have as much money as ever you like!"

"Thank you kindly, you old witch!" said the soldier.

"Do you see that big tree!" said the witch, pointing to a tree close by. "It is hollow inside! Climb up to the top and you will see a hole into which you can let yourself down, right down under the tree! I will tie a rope round your waist so that I can haul you up again when you call!"

"What am I to do down under the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Fetch money!" said the witch. "You must know that when you get down to the bottom of the tree you will find yourself in a wide passage; it's quite light there, for there are over a hundred blazing lamps. You will see three doors which you can open, for the keys are there. If you go into the first room you will see a big box in the middle of the floor. A dog is sitting on the top of

and other tales similar to Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1678

selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1998-2011

1. Filippo Balducci and His Son (abstracted from *The Decameron* by Giovanni Boccaccio).
2. An Inexperienced Youth (Italy, *The Facetiæ* of Poggio).
3. A Young Monk Wanted to Have a Goose (Germany).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Giovanni Boccaccio

When Filippo Balducci lost his wife to death, he resolved to devote himself and his young son to God. Consequently he gave his worldly possessions to charity, then took his little son to the slopes of Mount Asinaio, where they lived together in a cave, completely secluded from the ways and temptations of the world. In this remote sanctuary, Filippo taught his son about God and the saints, protecting him always from distractions and sin.

Only after the boy reached the age of eighteen did the father feel it safe to expose him to the outside world.

"Surely," thought Filippo, "his years of devotion and prayer in this place of solitude will now defend him against the ways of the world." And the two of them, father and son, set off for the city of Florence.

Everything was new and amazing for the son: houses, palaces, churches, horses, and people. Filled with amazement, he asked his father about every unfamiliar thing, and Filippo dutifully provided names and explanations for all that they saw, that is, until they happened upon a party of beautiful young women. The boy, who until now had never beheld such a sight, could not take his eyes from them.

"Do not look at them," warned Filippo.

"But what are they?" asked the son.

"Oh, they are just geese," replied Filippo, wanting to divert the boy's attention from the young women.

"Please, father," begged the boy, "let me have one of those geese. I could put something into its bill.

"No!" exclaimed the father. "Their bills are not where you think they are, and they require special feeding. And furthermore they are evil!"

Poor Filippo now regretted having taken his son from his protective sanctuary, for even as he spoke, he realized that however clever his responses were, they were no match for the boy's natural inclinations.

- Source: Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*, day 4, introduction. Retold and shortened.
- © 1998 by D. L. Ashliman.
- *The Decameron (Il Decamerone)* was written between 1350 and 1355.
- Return to the table of contents.

An Inexperienced Youth

Italy, *The Facetiæ* of Poggio

A young Bolognese, a simple-minded ninny, had married a beautiful maiden. The first night, not being in the least up to his business, since he had never before frequented any woman, he did not succeed in consummating the marriage. The next morning, being asked by a friend how matters had fared overnight: "Sadly," he sighed; "for, after repeated endeavours, I could never find in my wife the aperture I was told of."

Seeing his silliness: "Hush, for God's sake," said the friend; "speak not a word about it; how unpleasant, and what a shame for you if the thing were known!"

The simpleton begged for his advice and assistance: "I'll undertake," said his interlocutor, "to bore that aperture for you, if only you stand a first rate supper; but I shall require eight days to perform the operation, which is a very difficult one."

The idiot assented, and, at night, secreted his mate with his wife, himself retiring to another bed. After the interval agreed upon, the road had been so well opened by friendly exertions, that no more thorns were to be feared: the husband was sent for: "I have toiled and moiled for your service," said his obliging companion, "but the requisite orifice is at last made."

The young woman, now thoroughly initiated, congratulated her husband, praising highly his friend's labour. The fool, overjoyed at his wife's perforation, gave his best thanks to his comrade, and paid the supper.

- Source: *The Facetiæ or Jocose Tales of Poggio*, vol. 2 (Paris: Isidore Liseux, 1879), no. 150, pp. 45-47.
- Poggio's complete title is "An Inexperienced Youth Who Did Not Make the Acquaintance of His Wife During Their First Wedding-Night."
- This anecdote combines elements of folktale types 1678 (The Boy Who Had Never Seen a Woman) and 1686 (The Wedding Night).
- Poggio's full name was Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini; he lived between 1380 and 1459.

- Return to the table of contents.

A Young Monk Wanted to Have a Goose

Germany

A hermit once took a young monk to the city. He had raised him since childhood, and the old monk now wanted put the young one to a test. Arriving in the city, they saw a number of women walking to and fro. Filled with amazement, the young monk stared at them with calf's eyes. Until now he had never seen a woman, for since his earliest childhood he had been raised in a monastery.

He asked the old monk what these things were.

The old monk answered, saying, "They are geese." The women were wearing white veils and white cloaks.

The young monk left good enough alone and said nothing more. Afterward, when the two were back at their monastery, the young monk began to cry bitterly.

The old monk asked him why he was crying.

The young monk replied, "Father, why should I not be crying! I wanted every so badly to have a goose!"

- Source: Johann Gailer von Kaisersberg, ca. 1510.
- Freely translated from Ignaz Hub, *Die komische und humoristische Literatur der deutschen Prosaisten des 16. Jahrhunderts*, vol. 1 (Nürnberg: Verlag der v. Ebner'schen Buchhandlung, 1856), p. 35.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 18, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Bremen Town Musicians

and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 130
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2014

Contents

1. The Bremen Town Musicians (Germany).
2. The Robber and the Farm Animals (Germany/Switzerland).
3. The Choristers of St. Gudule (Flanders)
4. The Story of the White Pet (Scotland).
5. The Bull, the Tup, the Cock, and the Steg (England).
6. Jack and His Comrades (Ireland).
7. How Jack Went to Seek His Fortune, version 1 (USA).
8. How Jack Went to Seek His Fortune, version 2 (USA).
9. The Dog, the Cat, the Ass, and the Cock (USA).
10. Benibaire (Spain).
11. The World's Reward (South Africa).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Bremen Town Musicians

Germany

A man had a donkey, who for long years had untiringly carried sacks to the mill, but whose strength was now failing, so that he was becoming less and less able to work. Then his master thought that he would no longer feed him, but the donkey noticed that it was not a good wind that was blowing and ran away, setting forth on the road to Bremen, where he thought he could become a town musician. When he had gone a little way he found a hunting dog lying in the road, who was panting like one who had run himself tired.

"Why are you panting so, Grab-Hold?" asked the donkey.

"Oh," said the dog, "because I am old and am getting weaker every day and can no longer go hunting, my master wanted to kill me, so I ran off; but now how should I earn my bread?"

"Do you know what," said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen and am going to become a town musician there. Come along and take up music too. I'll play the lute, and you can beat the drums."

You may guess that I did not wait for more. It is a miracle that I have escaped with my life!"

When they heard this terrible story the robbers lost no time in decamping, and such was their terror that they deserted the forest altogether and went away to another part of the country. The result was that our four friends were left to dwell in the cottage, where they lived happily for the rest of their lives, and as they had now everything they wanted, they quite gave up their idea of going to St. Gudule.

- Source: Jean de Bosschère, *Folk Tales of Flanders* (New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company, 1918), pp. 41-49.
- The medieval principality of Flanders includes portions of modern France, Belgium, and the Netherlands.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Story of the White Pet

Scotland

There was a farmer before now who had a White Pet (sheep), and when Christmas was drawing near, he thought that he would kill the White Pet. The White Pet heard that, and he thought he would run away; and that is what he did.

He had not gone far when a bull met him. Said the bull to him, "All hail! White Pet, where are you going?"

"I," said the White Pet, "am going to seek my fortune; they were going to kill me for Christmas, and I thought I had better run away."

"It is better for me," said the bull, "to go with you, for they were going to do the very same with me."

"I am willing," said the White Pet; "the larger the party the better the fun."

They went forward until they fell in with a dog. "All hail! White Pet," said the dog.

"All hail! dog."

"Where are you going?" said the dog.

"I am running away, for I heard that they were threatening to kill me for Christmas."

"They were going to do the very same to me," said the dog, "and I will go with you."

"Come, then," said the White Pet.

They went then, until a cat joined them. "All hail! White Pet," said the cat.

"All hail! oh cat."

"Where are you going?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune," said the White Pet, " because they were going to kill me at Christmas."

"They were talking about killing me too," said the cat," and I had better go with you."

"Come on then," said the White Pet.

Then they went forward until a cock met them. "All hail! White Pet," said the cock.

"All hail to yourself! oh cock," said the White Pet.

"Where," said the cock," are you going?"

"I," said the White Pet, "am going away, for they were threatening my death at Christmas."

"They were going to kill me at the very same time," said the cock, " and I will go with you."

"Come, then," said the White Pet.

They went forward until they fell in with a goose. "All hail! White Pet," said the goose. "All hail to yourself! oh goose," said the White Pet.

"Where are you going?" said the goose.

"I," said the White Pet, "am running away, because they were going to kill me at Christmas."

"They were going to do that to me too," said the goose, "and I will go with you."

The party went forward until the night was drawing on them, and they saw a little light far away; and though far off, they were not long getting there. When they reached the house they said to each other that they would look in at the window to see who was in the house, and they saw thieves counting money; and the White Pet said, "Let every one of us call his own call. I will call my own call; and let the bull call his own call; let the dog call his own call; and the cat her own call; and the cock his own call; and the goose his own call." With that they gave out one shout -- Gaire!

When the thieves heard the shouting outside, they thought the mischief was there; and they fled out, and they went to a wood that was near them. When the White Pet and his company saw that the house was empty, they went in and they got the money that the thieves had been counting, and they divided it among themselves; and then they thought that they would settle to rest. Said the White Pet, "Where will you sleep tonight, oh bull?"

"I will sleep," said the bull, "behind the door where I used to be."

"Where will you sleep, White Pet?"

"I will sleep," said the White Pet, "in the middle of the floor where I used to be."

"Where will you sleep, oh dog?" said the White Pet.

"I will sleep beside the fire where I used to be," said the dog.

"Where will you sleep, oh cat?"

"I will sleep," said the cat, "in the candle press, where I like to be."

"Where will you sleep, oh cock?" said the White Pet.

"I," said the cock, " will sleep on the rafters where I used to be."

"Where will you sleep, oh goose?"

"I will sleep," said the goose, "on the manure pile, where I was accustomed to be."

They were not long settled to rest, when one of the thieves returned to look in to see if he could perceive if any one at all was in the house. All things were still, and he went on forward to the candle press for a candle, that he might kindle to make him a light; but when he put his hand in the box the cat thrust her claws into his hand, but he took a candle with him, and he tried to light it. Then the dog got up, and he stuck his tail into a pot of water that was beside the fire; he shook his tail and put out the candle. Then the thief thought that the mischief was in the house, and he fled; but when he was passing the White Pet, he gave him a blow; before he got past the bull, he gave him a kick; and the cock began to crow; and when he went out, the goose began to belabor him with his wings about the shanks.

He went to the wood where his comrades were, as fast as was in his legs. They asked him how it had gone with him. "It went," said he, "but middling; when I went to the candle press, there was a man in it who thrust ten knives into my hand; and when I went to the fireside to light the candle, there was a big black man lying there, who was sprinkling water on it to put it out; and when I tried to go out, there was a big man in the middle of the floor, who gave me a shove; and another man behind the door who pushed me out; and there was a little brat on the loft calling out Cuir-anees-an-shaw-ay-s-foni-mi-hayn-da -- Send him up here and I'll do for him; and there was a shoemaker, out on the manure pile, belaboring me about the shanks with his apron."

When the thieves heard that, they did not return to seek their lot of money; and the White Pet and his comrades got it to themselves; and it kept them peaceably as long as they lived.

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* (London, 1890), v. 1, pp. 199-202.
- Campbell's source was a Mrs. MacTavish, who collected the story in Gaelic from a servant maid in at Port Ellen, Isaly, in 1859.
- A "white pet" is a lamb brought up by hand.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bull, the Tup, the Cock, and the Steg

England

A bull, a tup [ram], a cock, and a steg [gander] set out together to seek their fortune. When it got to night, they came to a house, and asked for a night's lodging, but the folks said no. However, at last they were let come into the kitchen. The bull said he would lie on the floor, the tup said he would lie by his side, the cock would perch on the rannel bank, and the steg would stand at t' back of the door.

At midnight, when all was quiet, two men, meaning to rob the house, were heard parleying outside which should go in, and which watch outside. One went in, the bull got up and knocked him about, the tup did the same, and the cock said, "Fetch him here, I'll pick out his eyen."

So he says, "I'd best be out of this."

As he went to the door, the steg took him by the nose with its neb, and beat him with its wings.

The other said when he got out, "What have you done?"

"Done!" says he, "The devil knocked me about; when he'd done, one of his imps set on. A thin wi' glowering eyen said, 'Fetch him here,' etc. and when I got to the door, a blacksmith took me by the snout with his tongs, and flapped me by the lugs with his leather apron."

- Source: *Folk-Lore: Transactions of the Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 20, no. 1 (March 1909), pp. 75-76.
- Collected in Gainford, County Durham, by Alice Ecleston, 1893 or earlier.
- Return to the table of contents.

Jack and His Comrades

Ireland

Once there was a poor widow, and often there was, and she had one son. A very scarce summer came, and they didn't know how they'd live till the new potatoes would be fit for eating.

So Jack said to his mother one evening, "Mother, bake my cake, and kill my cock, till I go seek my fortune; and if I meet it, never fear but I'll soon be back to share it with you."

So she did as he asked her, and he set out at break of day on his journey.

His mother came along with him to the *bawn* (yard) gate, and says she, "Jack, which would you rather have, half the cake and half the cock with my blessing, or the whole of 'em with my curse?"

"O musha, mother," says Jack, "why do you *ax* me that question? Sure you know I wouldn't have your curse and Damer's estate along with it."

"Well, then, Jack," says she, "here's the whole *tote* (lot) of 'em, and my thousand blessings along with them." So she stood on the bawn *ditch* (fence) and blessed him as far as her eyes could see him.

Well, he went along and along till he was tired, and ne'er a farmer's house he went into wanted a boy. At last his road led by the side of a bog, and there was a poor ass up to his shoulders near a big bunch of grass he was striving to come at.

"Ah, then, Jack asthore," says he, "help me out or I'll be *dhrownded*."

"Never say't twice," says Jack, and he pitched in big stones and *scraws* (sods) into the slob, till the ass got good ground under him.

"Thank you, Jack," says he, when he was out on the hard road; "I'll do as much for you another time. Where are you going?"

"Faith, I'm going to seek my fortune till harvest comes in, God bless it!"

"And if you like," says the ass, "I'll go along with you; who knows what luck we may have!"

"With all my heart; it's getting late, let us be jogging." Well, they were going through a village, and a whole army of *gorsoons* [*garçons*] were hunting a poor dog with a *kittle* tied to his tail. He ran up to Jack for protection, and the ass let such a roar out of him, that the little thieves took to their heels as if the *ould boy* (the devil) was after them.

"More power to you, Jack!" says the dog. "I'm much obleeged to you; where is the *baste* and yourself going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till harvest comes in."

"And wouldn't I be proud to go with you!" says the dog, "and get *shut* (rid) of them ill conducted boys; *purshuin'* to 'em!"

"Well, well, throw your tail over your arm, and come along."

They got outside the town, and sat down under an old wall, and Jack pulled out his bread and meat, and shared with the dog; and the ass made his dinner on a bunch of thistles. While they were eating and chatting, what should come by but a poor half-starved cat, and the *moll-row* he gave out of him would make your heart ache.

"You look as if you saw the tops of nine houses since breakfast," says Jack; "here's a bone and something on it."

"May your child never know a hungry belly!" says Tom; "it's myself that's in need of your kindness. May I be so bold as to ask where *yez* are all going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till the harvest comes in, and you may join us if you like."

"And that I'll do with a heart and a half," says the cat, " and thank'ee for asking me."

Off they set again, and just as the shadows of the trees were three times as long as themselves, they heard a great cackling in a field inside the road, and out over the ditch jumped a fox with a fine black cock in his mouth.

"Oh you *anointed villian*!" says the ass, roaring like thunder.

"At him, good dog!" says Jack, and the word wasn't out of his mouth when Coley was in full sweep after the *Moddhera Rua* (Red Dog). Reynard dropped his prize like a hot potato, and was off like shot, and the poor cock came back fluttering and trembling to Jack and his comrades.

"O musha, *naybours*!" says he, "wasn't it the *hoith* o' luck that threw you in my way! Maybe I won't remember your kindness if ever I find you in hardship; and where in the world are you all going?"

"We're going to seek our fortune till the harvest comes in; you may join our party if you like, and sit on Neddy's crupper when your legs and wings are tired."

Well, the march began again, and just as the sun was gone down they looked around, and there was neither cabin nor farm house in sight.

"Well, well," says Jack, "the worse luck now the better another time, and it's only a summer night after all. We'll go into the wood, and make our bed on the long grass."

No sooner said than done. Jack stretched himself on a bunch of dry grass, the ass lay near him, the dog and cat lay in the ass's warm lap, and the cock went to roost in the next tree.

Well, the soundness of deep sleep was over them all, when the cock took a notion of crowing. "Bother you, *Cuileach Dhu* (Black Cock)!" says the ass; "you disturbed me from as nice a wisp of hay as ever I tasted. What's the matter?"

"It's daybreak that's the matter; don't you see light yonder?"

"I see a light indeed," says Jack, "but it's from a candle it's coming, and not from the sun. As you've roused us we may as well go over, and ask for lodging."

So they all shook themselves, and went on through grass, and rocks, and briars, till they got down into a hollow, and there was the light coming through the shadow, and along with it came singing, and laughing, and cursing.

"Easy, boys!" says Jack; "walk on your tippy toes till we see what sort of people we have to deal with."

So they crept near the window, and there they saw six robbers inside, with pistols, and *blunderbushes*, and *cutlashes*, sitting at a table, eating roast beef and pork, and drinking mulled beer, and wine, and whisky punch.

"Wasn't that a fine haul we made at the Lord of Dunlavin's!" says one ugly-looking thief with

his mouth full, "and it's little we'd get only for the honest porter; here's his purty health!"

"The porter's purty health!" cried out every one of them, and Jack bent his finger at his comrades.

"Close your ranks, my men," says he in a whisper, "and let every one mind the word of command."

So the ass put his fore-hoofs on the sill of the window, the dog got on the ass's head, the cat got on the dog's head, and the cock on the cat's head. Then Jack made a sign, and they all sung out like mad. "Hee haw, hee-haw!" roared the ass; "bow-wow!" barked the dog; "meaw-meaw!" cried the cat; "cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the cock.

"Level your pistols!" cried Jack, "and make smithereens of 'em. Don't leave a mother's son of 'em alive; present, fire!"

With that they gave another halloo, and smashed every pane in the window. The robbers were frightened out of their lives. They blew out the candles, threw down the table, and skelped out at the back door as if they were in earnest, and never drew rein till they were in the very heart of the wood.

Jack and his party got into the room, closed the shutters, lighted the candles, and ate and drank till hunger and thirst were gone. Then they lay down to rest -- Jack in the bed, the ass in the stable, the dog on the door mat, the cat by the fire, and the cock on the perch.

At first the robbers were very glad to find themselves safe in the thick wood, but they soon began to get vexed. "This damp grass is very different from our warm room," says one; "I was obliged to drop a fine pig's *crubeen* (foot)," says another; " I didn't get a *foy*-spoonful of my last tumbler," says another; "and all the Lord of Dunlavin's *goold* and silver that we left behind!" says the last.

"I think I'll venture back," says the captain, "and see if we can recover anything."

"That's a good boy!" said they all, and away he went.

The lights were all out, and so he groped his way to the fire, and there the cat flew in his face, and tore him with teeth and claws. He let a roar out of him, and made for the room door, to look for a candle inside. He trod on the dog's tail, and if he did, he got the marks of his teeth in his arms, and legs, and thighs.

"*Millia murdher* (thousand murders)!" cried he; "I wish I was out of this unlucky house."

When he got to the street door, the cock dropped down upon him with his claws and bill, and what the cat and dog *done* to him was only a *flay*-bite to what he got from the cock.

"Oh, tattheration to you all, you unfeeling *vagabones*!" says he, when he recovered his breath; and he staggered and spun round and round till he reeled into the stable, back foremost, but the ass received him with a kick on the broadest part of his small clothes, and

laid him comfortably on the dunghill. When he came to himself, he scratched his head, and began to think what happened him; and as soon as he found that his legs were able to carry him, he crawled away, dragging one foot after another, till he reached the wood.

"Well, well," cried *them* all, when he came within hearing, "any chance of our property?"

"You may say chance," says he, "and it's itself is the poor chance all out. Ah, will any of you pull a bed of dry grass for me? All the sticking-plaster in *Inniscorfy* (Enniscorthy) will be too little for the cuts and bruises I have on me. Ah, if you only knew what I have gone through for you! When I got to the kitchen fire, looking for a sod of lighted turf, what should be there but a *colliach* (old woman) carding flax, and you may see the marks she left on my face with the cards. I made to the room door as fast as I could, and *who* should I stumble over but a cobbler and his seat, and if he did not work at me with his awls and his *pinchers* you may call me a rogue. Well, I got away from him somehow, but when I was passing through the door, it must be the *divel* himself that pounced down on me with his claws, and his teeth, that were equal to sixpenny nails, and his wings -- ill luck be in his road! Well, at last I reached the stable, and there, by way of salute, I got a pelt from a sledge-hammer that sent me half a mile off. If you don't believe me, I'll give you leave to go and judge for yourselves."

"Oh, my poor captain," says they, "we believe you *to the nines*. Catch us, indeed, going within a hen's race of that unlucky cabin!"

Well, before the sun shook his doublet next morning, Jack and his comrades were up and about. They made a hearty breakfast on what was left the night before, and then they all agreed to set off to the castle of the Lord of Dunlavin, and give him back all his gold and silver. Jack put it all in the two ends of a sack, and laid it across Neddy's back, and all took the road in their hands. Away they went, through bogs, up hills, down dales, and sometimes along the *yalla* high road, till they came to the hall door of the Lord of Dunlavin, and who should be there, airing his powdered head, his white stockings, and his red breeches, but the thief of a porter.

He gave a cross look to the visitors, and says he to Jack, "What do you want here, my fine fellow? There isn't room for you all."

"We want," says Jack, "what I'm sure you haven't to give us -- and that is, common civility."

"Come, be off, you lazy *geochachs* (greedy strollers)!" says he, "while a cat 'ud be licking her ear, or I'll let the dogs at you."

"Would you tell a body," says the cock that was perched on the ass's head, "who was it that opened the door for the robbers the other night?"

Ah! maybe the porter's red face didn't turn the colour of his frill, and the Lord of Dunlavin and his pretty daughter, that were standing at the parlour window unknownst to the porter, put out their heads.

"I'd be glad, Barney," says the master, "to hear your answer to the gentleman with the red

comb on him."

"Ah, my lord, don't believe the rascal; sure I didn't open the door to the six robbers."

"And how did you know there were six, you poor innocent?" said the lord.

"Never mind, sir," says Jack, "all your gold and silver is there in that sack, and I don't think you will *begrudge* us our supper and bed after our long march from the wood of *Athsalach* (muddy ford)."

"Begrudge, indeed! Not one of you will ever see a poor day if I can help it."

So all were welcomed to their heart's content, and the ass, and the dog, and the cock got the best posts in the farmyard, and the cat took possession of the kitchen. The lord took Jack in hands, dressed him from top to toe in broadcloth, and frills as white as snow, and turnpumps, and put a watch in his fob. When they sat down to dinner, the lady of the house said Jack had the air of a born gentleman about him, and the lord said he'd make him his steward. Jack brought his mother, and settled her comfortably near the castle, and all were as happy as you please.

The old woman that told me the story said Jack and the young lady were married ; but if they were, I hope he spent two or three years getting the *edication* of a gentleman. I don't think that a country boy would feel comfortable, striving to find *discoorse* for a well-bred young lady, the length of a summer's day, even if he had the *Academy of Compliments* and the *Complete Letter Writer* by heart.*

*Footnote: Two chap or pedler's books, great favourites among our populace during the last century, and still finding some readers. The concluding observations, as well as the body of the story, are in the words of the original narrator.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts* (London: Macmillan and Company, 1866), pp. 5-12.
- This story is also printed in: Joseph Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1892), pp. 112-20.
- Return to the table of contents.

How Jack Went to Seek His Fortune

USA

Version 1

Once on a time there was a boy named Jack, and one morning he started to go and seek his fortune. He hadn't gone very far before he met a cat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a goat,

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a bull.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the bull.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a skunk.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the skunk.

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

The dog was satisfied with that, and they went further. It didn't take long, before they came to a cat sitting by the side of the road and making a face like three days of rainy weather. "What has crossed you, old Beard-Licker?" said the donkey.

"Oh," answered the cat, "who can be cheerful when his neck is at risk? I am getting on in years, and my teeth are getting dull, so I would rather sit behind the stove and purr than to chase around after mice. Therefore my mistress wanted to drown me, but I took off. Now good advice is scarce. Where should I go?"

"Come with us to Bremen. After all, you understand night music. You can become a town musician there." The cat agreed and went along.

Then the three refugees came to a farmyard, and the rooster of the house was sitting on the gate crying with all his might.

"Your cries pierce one's marrow and bone," said the donkey. "What are you up to?"

"I just prophesied good weather," said the rooster, "because it is Our Dear Lady's Day, when she washes the Christ Child's shirts and wants to dry them; but because Sunday guests are coming tomorrow, the lady of the house has no mercy and told the cook that she wants to eat me tomorrow in the soup, so I am supposed to let them cut off my head this evening. Now I am going to cry at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Hey now, Red-Head," said the donkey, "instead come away with us. We're going to Bremen. You can always find something better than death. You have a good voice, and when we make music together, it will be very pleasing."

The rooster was happy with the proposal, and all four went off together. However, they could not reach the city of Bremen in one day, and in the evening they came into a forest, where they would spend the night. The donkey and the dog lay down under a big tree, but the cat and the rooster took to the branches. The rooster flew right to the top, where it was safest for him. Before falling asleep he looked around once again in all four directions, and he thought that he saw a little spark burning in the distance. He hollered to his companions, that there must be a house not too far away, for a light was shining.

The donkey said, "Then we must get up and go there, because the lodging here is poor." The dog said that he could do well with a few bones with a little meat on them. Thus they set forth toward the place where the light was, and they soon saw it glistening more brightly, and it became larger and larger, until they came to the front of a brightly lit robbers' house.

The donkey, the largest of them, approached the window and looked in.

"What do you see, Gray-Horse?" asked the rooster.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "A table set with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting there enjoying themselves."

"That would be something for us," said the rooster.

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

They went a little further and they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt.

Well, they went on till it was about dark, and they began to think of some place where they could spend the night. About this time they came in sight of a house, and Jack told them to keep still while he went up a looked in through the window. And there were some robbers counting over their money. Then Jack went back and told them to wait till he gave the word, and then to make all the noise they could. So when they were all ready Jack gave the word, and the cat mewed, and the dog barked, and the goat blatted, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed, and all together they made such a dreadful noise that it frightened the robbers all away.

And then they went in a took possession of the house. Jack was afraid the robbers would come back in the night, and so when it came time to go to bed he put the cat in the rocking-chair, and he put the dog under the table, and he put the goat upstairs, and he put the bull down cellar, and he put the skunk in the corner of the fireplace, and the rooster flew up onto the roof, and Jack went to bed.

By and by the robbers saw it was all dark, and they sent one man back to the house to look after their money. Before long he came back in a great fright and told them his story.

"I went back to the house," said he, "and went in an tried to sit down in the rocking-chair, and there was an old woman knitting, and she stuck her knitting needles into me. I went to the table to look after the money, and there was a shoemaker under the table, and he stuck his awl into me. I started to go upstairs, and there was a man up there threshing, and he knocked me down with his flail. I started to go down cellar, and there was a man down there chopping wood, and he knocked me up with his axe. I went to warm me at the fireplace, and there was an old woman washing dishes, and she threw her dishwater onto me. But I shouldn't have minded all that if it hadn't been for that little fellow on top of the house, who kept a hollering, 'Toss him up to me-e! Toss him up to me-e!'"

- Source: *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 1 (1888), pp. 227-28.
- Contributed by Francis L. Palmer, Hartford, Connecticut, as told by his grandfather in Chicopee, Massachusetts.
- The same tale, slightly revised, is recorded in Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1898), pp. 24-27.
- Return to the table of contents.

How Jack Went to Seek His Fortune

USA

Version 2

Once on a time there was a boy named Jack, who set out to seek his fortune. He had not gone but a little way when he came to a horse.

The horse said, "Where are you going, Jack?"

He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?"

"Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a cow. The cow said, "Where are you going, Jack?"

He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?"

"Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a ram. The ram said, "Where are you going, Jack?"

He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?"

"Don't know, guess I will." So they walked along together.

By and by they came to a dog. The dog said, "Where are you going, Jack?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?"

"Don't know, guess I will." So they all walked along together.

By and by they came to a cat. The cat said, "Where are you going, Jack?"

He said, "I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?"

"Don't know, guess I will." So they all walked along together.

By and by they came to a rooster. The rooster said, "Where are you going, Jack?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune. Won't you go along too?"

"Don't know, don't care if I do." So they all walked along together.

They traveled along until it began to grow dark, and then they were looking for a place to spend the night, when they saw a log cabin in the edge of a woods.

Jack went up to the house and found the door unlocked, and went in. After looking about he found a good bed upstairs and plenty of good food in the cupboard. There was a fire on the

hearth. As he could see no one living there, after he had eaten a good supper and fed all the animals, he began to make preparations for the night.

First he led the horse out into the stable, and fed him some hay, for he found plenty of good hay on the mow. Then he took all the other animals into the house, and he found the door closed into the locker, so he stationed the dog under the table near the door, so that he mighty bite anyone who might chance to enter the house. The cat lay down on the hearth, and the rooster perched on a large crossbeam, and then he stationed the cow at the foot of the stairs, and the ram at the top of the stairs that led to the loft. Then he covered up the fire, put out the light, and went to bed, and was soon fast asleep.

Now it happened that this valley was the home of two wicked robbers, who had gone out during the day in search of plunder.

Late in the night Jack was awakened by a great noise, for the robbers had returned and opened the door, expecting to find things as usual. They were suddenly grabbed by the dog, who bit them furiously, barking all the while.

At last they managed to escape from him, and started to the fireplace, thinking to strike a light. One of the robbers tried to light a match by a coal which he thought he saw shining in the ashes; but this was the cat's eye, and as soon as she was molested she flew on them and scratched their faces dreadfully, till they were glad to escape from the fireplace.

They went from the fireplace toward the stairs, but as they passed under the rooster's perch he dropped *very disagreeable material* (these words to be whispered) upon them.

The robbers groped their way through the dark to the foot of the stairs, meaning to creep up to the bed and rest till morning, but just as they reached the stairs they were suddenly caught on the horns of the cow, and tossed up in the air.

The ram called out, "Toss 'em up to me!"

Before they lighted he caught them on his horns and tossed them up in the air. And the cow called out, "Toss 'em down to me!"

Before they lighted she caught them on her horns and tossed them up in the air. Then the ram called out, "Toss 'em up to me!"

And before they lighted he caught them on his horns, etc. (to be repeated *ad libitum*). And so they tossed them back and forth until they were all mangled and bloody.

At last they managed to escape from the cow's horns, and thought they would crawl off to the barn and spend the rest of the night. As they passed the dog in going to the door he gave them a parting snip, but they escaped from him and found the way out to the barn. When they tried to creep in at the door the horse began to kick them so dreadfully that they had to give that up, and were only just able to creep off to a fence corner, where they laid down and died.

As soon as Jack found that everything was quiet he went to sleep, and slept soundly till morn,

after he got up and dressed himself. By and by he looked about and found there was a large bag of gold under his bed, which had been stolen from time to time by the robbers. So Jack kept the gold, was well provided for, and lived happily forever after with his faithful animals.

- Source: *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 1 (1888), pp. 228-30.
- Contributed by Fannie D. Bergen, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Told in Mansfield, Ohio, about 1855.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Dog, the Cat, the Ass, and the Cock

USA

Once upon a time, a long while ago, when beasts and fowls could talk, it happened that a dog lived in a farmer's barnyard. By and by he grew tired of watching the house all night and working hard all day, so he thought he'd go out into the world to seek his fortune. One fine day, when the farmer had gone away, he started off down the road.

He hadn't gone far when he spied a cat curled up asleep on a door-stone in a farmer's yard, so he looked over the fence and called to the cat, "I'm going out into the world to seek my fortune. Don't you want to come along too?"

But the cat said she was very comfortable where she was, and didn't think she cared to go traveling. But the dog told her that by and by when she got old the farmer wouldn't let her lie on his sunny door-stone, but would make her lie in the cold, no matter whether it snowed or not. So the cat concluded she'd go along too, and they walked down the road arm in arm.

They hadn't gone far when they spied a jackass eating grass in a farmer's yard.

So the dog looked over the fence and called to the jackass, "We're going out into the world to seek our fortune. Don't you want to come along too?"

But the jackass said he was very comfortable where he was, and didn't think he cared to go traveling. But the dog told him that by and by, when he got old and stiff, he'd have to work early and late, year after year, for only just what he would eat, and short allowance at that. So the jackass concluded to go along too, and they all walked down the road arm in arm.

They hadn't gone far when they spied a cock crowing in a farmer's yard, so the dog looked over the fence and called, "We're going out into the world to seek our fortune. Don't you want to come along too?"

But the rooster said he was very comfortable where he was, and didn't think he cared to go traveling. But the dog told him that by and by, when it came Thanksgiving, *pop* would go his head, and he'd make a fine dinner for the farmer. So the rooster concluded he'd go along too, and they all walked down the road arm in arm.

Now they had neglected to take anything to eat along with them, and when night overtook them, weary, footsore, and hungry, they were in a dense forest, and they all began to blame

the dog for getting them into such a scrape. The ass proposed that the cock should fly to the top of a high tree to see if he could discover a place for them to lodge. He had scarcely perched on a limb before he called to his friends that a house was a little way off, for he could see a light in the window. The dog called to him to come down and lead the was to the house, and they all walked off arm in arm to the house.

When they got there it was perfectly still about the house. They could hear no one inside. The ass kicked at the door, but no one answered. They looked about and found the house had only one window, and that was so high up they couldn't look in. He proposed that the jackass should stand on his hind legs, with his forelegs resting against the house, while the dog should clamber up his back and stand on his head, the cat run up the backs of both, and the rooster fly to the cat's head, and then he could just look in at the window.

"Hurry and tell what you see," said the jackass, "for my neck is breaking off."

"I see a fire on a hearth and a table loaded with all sorts of fine things to eat: turkey and plum pudding, and pan-dowdy, and a band of men sitting round the table."

"Zounds!" said the dog, "we must get in."

So the rooster flew against the window with such a crash that it scared the robbers -- for this was a band of robbers -- nearly to death. They jumped up from the table so quickly that they overturned their chairs and whisked out the candles, while in flew the rooster, the cat, and the dog at the window, while the jackass went round and waited at the door till the robbers came out and ran away.

Then the beasts lighted the candles again, and picked up the chairs, and sat down and had a good supper. Then they began to look about to see how they should dispose of themselves for the night. The jackass went out in the barn to sleep in the hay, the dog lay on the rug by the hearth, the cat took up her bed among the warm ashes, and the rooster flew to the ridgepole of the house, and soon all were fast asleep, being very tired by their long day's journey.

By and by the robbers plucked up courage, and about midnight came back to the house to see if perchance they had not been scared at their shadows. Two of them got in at the window to take a survey, and seeing the cat's glowing eyes in the ashes mistook them for coals, and scratching a match in them the cat sunk her claws in his hand, which terrified him so much that in attempting to escape he ran against the dog, and he in turn caught the robber by the leg and bit him.

By this time the tumult had awakened the ass, and just as the robber rushed out at the door the jackass met him and kicked him ten feet in the air, while the rooster set up a hideous crowing. It took but a few minutes for the robbers to escape to the woods and find their companions, to whom they told a doleful tale, how in trying to light a match at the fireplace the devil with red-hot eyes stuck his claws into his hands, a second devil attacked him in the rear, while another devil kicked him into the air, and as he came down on the greensward, more dead than alive, another horrid demon form the housetop cried out, "Throw the rascal

up her, through the rascal up here."

The thieves could never be induced to go back to the house. They thought it haunted by devils. So our friends, the jackass, the dog, the cat, and the rooster, lived there happy forever after, preferring it to traveling about to see the world.

- Source: *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. 1 (1888), pp. 230-33.
- Contributed by Miss H. S. Thurston, as told in Salem, Massachusetts, about 1858.
- Return to the table of contents.

Benibaire

Spain

Once upon a time there were three little kids who were very poor, and the eldest said: "What shall we do?"

The second replied: "I don't know."

And the third said: "I know what we will do. We will go to Benibaire's house and steal three flasks of oil."

"Well thought of," said the others; "we will go there."

After walking a league, they heard a voice crying: "Bah, bah."

They saw a great sheep, and were afraid, and ran away, saying: "Fly, fly, it is going to attack us."

But the sheep cried to them: "Don't be afraid. Where are you going?"

"To Benibaire's house, to steal three flasks of oil," they answered.

"Would you like me to go too?" said the sheep.

"Oh, yes," they replied. They went another league, and heard a voice that said: "Mieaou, mieaou."

And they saw a very great black cat, and were frightened, and ran away, saying: "Fly, fly, it is going to scratch us."

But the cat cried to them: "Don't be frightened, I won't scratch you. Where are you going?"

"To Benibaire's house, to steal three flasks of oil," they replied.

"Would you like me to go too?"

"Oh, do come," answered the kids.

They went a league farther, and heard a voice crowing: "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

And the saw a very fiery cock, and were frightened, and fled, saying: "Fly, fly, it is going to peck us."

The cock said to them: "Don't be afraid, I won't peck you. Where are you going?"

"To Benibaire's house, to steal three flasks of oil."

"Would you like me to go?"

"By all means," replied the kids. They went another league, and saw a packing needle, and were frightened, and ran away, saying: "Fly, fly, It will prick us."

But the needle said: "Don't be afraid, I won't prick you. Where are you going?"

"To Benibaire's house, to steal three flasks of oil."

"Would you like me to go?"

"Yes, come along."

They went another league, and arrived at Benibaire's house; and as it was night, the door was closed.

"How shall we get in?" said the little kids.

To which the cock replied: "I will fly on to the roof, and get down the chimney."

And he did so, and opened the door to them all.

They entered the house, and said, "Where shall we hide ourselves?"

The cock replied: "I have my place already; I will go into the chimney."

The cat hid in the cinders; the needle put itself into the towel, and the sheep got behind the door. Then the kids went to the jars to draw the oil.

Whilst they were drawing it they let the funnel fall, and this aroused Benibaire, who said: "Oh, Lord! thieves have got into my house."

He got up and went to the chimney, and looked up the flue, to see if it were day. Whilst he was looking up, the cock dropped some lime into his eyes and blinded him. He ran to the towel to wipe his face, and as the needle was there, it pricked him; he went to kindle a fire by the eye of the cat in the ashes, and she darted out at him and scratched him; he went flying to the door, and when he got there the sheep gave him a push and he rolled into the street; he went to the mill, and fell into the river, and was drowned, and the three kids remained masters of the house, and had a very good time of it.

- Source: Fernan Caballero [Cecilia Francisca J. Arrom de Ayala], *The Bird of Truth and Other Fairy Tales*, translated by J. H. Ingram (London: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Company, 1883), pp. 204-208.
- Return to the table of contents.

The World's Reward

South Africa

Once there was a man that had an old dog, so old that the man desired to put him aside. The dog had served him very faithfully when he was still young, but ingratitude is the world's reward, and the man now wanted to dispose of him. The old dumb creature, however, ferreted out the plan of his master, and so at once resolved to go away of his own accord.

After he had walked quite a way he met an old bull in the veldt.

"Don't you want to go with me?" asked the dog.

"Where?" was the reply.

"To the land of the aged," said the dog, "where troubles don't disturb you, and thanklessness does not deface the deeds of man."

"Good," said the bull, "I am your companion."

The two now walked on and found a ram. The dog laid the plan before him, and all moved off together, until they afterwards came successively upon a donkey, a cat, a cock, and a goose. These joined their company, and the seven set out on their journey.

Late one night they came to a house, and through the open door they saw a table spread with all kinds of nice food, of which some robbers were having their fill. It would help nothing to ask for admittance, and seeing that they were hungry, they must think of something else.

Therefore the donkey climbed up on the bull, the ram on the donkey, the dog on the ram, the cat on the dog, the goose on the cat, and the cock on the goose, and with one accord they all let out terrible (threatening) noises (cryings). The bull began to bellow, the donkey to bray, the dog to bark, the ram to bleat, the cat to mew, the goose to giggle gaggle, and the cock to crow, all without cessation.

The people in the house were frightened perfectly limp; they glanced out through the front door, and there they stared on the strange sight. Some of them took to the ropes over the back lower door, some disappeared through the window, and in a few counts the house was empty.

Then the seven old animals climbed down from one another, stepped into the house, and satisfied themselves with the delicious food.

But when they had finished, there still remained a great deal of food, too much to take with

them on their remaining journey, and so together they contrived a plan to hold their position until the next day after breakfast.

The dog said, "See here, I am accustomed to watch at the front door of my master's house," and thereupon flopped himself down to sleep; the bull said, "I go behind the door," and there he took his position; the ram said, I will go up on to the loft"; the donkey, "I at the middle door"; the cat, "I in the fireplace"; the goose, "I in the back door "; and the cock said, "I am going to sleep on the bed."

The captain of the robbers after a while sent one of his men back to see if these creatures had yet left the house. The man came very cautiously into the neighborhood, listened and listened, but he heard nothing; he peeped through the window, and saw in the grate just two coals still glimmering, and thereupon started to walk through the front door. There the old dog seized him by the leg. He jumped into the house, but the bull was ready, swept him up with his horns, and tossed him on to the loft. Here the ram received him and pushed him off the loft again. Reaching ground, he made for the middle door, but the donkey set up a terrible braying and at the same time gave him a kick that landed him in the fireplace, where the cat flew at him and scratched him nearly to pieces. He then jumped out through the back door, and here the goose got him by the trousers. When he was some distance away the cock crowed. He thereupon ran so that you could hear the stones rattle in the dark.

Purple and crimson and out of breath, he came back to his companions.

"Frightful, frightful!" was all that they could get from him at first, but after a while he told them, "When I looked through the window I saw in the fireplace two bright coals shining, and when I wanted to go through the front door to go and look, I stepped into an iron trap. I jumped into the house, and there some one seized me with a fork and pitched me up on to the loft, there again someone was ready, and threw me down on all fours. I wanted to fly through the middle door, but there some one blew on a trumpet, and smote me with a sledge hammer so that I did not know where I landed; but coming to very quickly, I found I was in the fireplace, and there another flew at me and scratched the eyes almost out of my head. I thereupon fled out of the back door, and lastly I was attacked on the leg by the sixth with a pair of fire tongs, and when I was still running away, someone shouted out of the house, 'Stop him, stop h - i - m!'"

- Source: James A. Honeÿ, *South-African Folk-Tales* (New York: The Baker and Taylor Company, 1910), pp. 28-32.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

See also Aging and Death in Folklore. An essay by D. L. Ashliman, with supporting texts from proverbs, folktales, and myths from around the world.

Revised June 29, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

"Ee-ah, ee-ah, oh, if we were there!" said the donkey.

Then the animals discussed how they might drive the robbers away, and at last they came upon a plan. The donkey was to stand with his front feet on the window, the dog to jump on the donkey's back, the cat to climb onto the dog, and finally the rooster would fly up and sit on the cat's head. When they had done that, at a signal they began to make their music all together. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat meowed and the rooster crowed. Then they crashed through the window into the room, shattering the panes.

The robbers jumped up at the terrible bellowing, thinking that a ghost was coming in, and fled in great fear out into the woods. Then the four companions seated themselves at the table and freely partook of the leftovers, eating as if they would get nothing more for four weeks.

When the four minstrels were finished, they put out the light and looked for a place to sleep, each according to his nature and his desire. The donkey lay down on the manure pile, the dog behind the door, the cat on the hearth next to the warm ashes, and the rooster sat on the beam of the roof. Because they were tired from their long journey, they soon fell asleep.

When midnight had passed and the robbers saw from the distance that the light was no longer burning in the house, and everything appeared to be quiet, the captain said, "We shouldn't have let ourselves be chased off," and he told one of them to go back and investigate the house. The one they sent found everything still, and went into the kitchen to strike a light. He mistook the cat's glowing, fiery eyes for live coals, and held a sulfur match next to them, so that it would catch fire. But the cat didn't think this was funny and jumped into his face, spitting, and scratching.

He was terribly frightened and ran toward the back door, but the dog, who was lying there, jumped up and bit him in the leg. When he ran across the yard past the manure pile, the donkey gave him a healthy blow with his hind foot, and the rooster, who had been awakened from his sleep by the noise and was now alert, cried down from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran as fast as he could back to his captain and said, "Oh, there is a horrible witch sitting in the house, she blew at me and scratched my face with her long fingers. And there is a man with a knife standing in front of the door, and he stabbed me in the leg. And a black monster is lying in the yard, and it struck at me with a wooden club. And the judge is sitting up there on the roof, and he was calling out, 'Bring the rascal here.' Then I did what I could to get away."

From that time forth, the robbers did not dare go back into the house. However, the four Bremen Musicians liked it so well there, that they never left it again. And the person who just told that, his mouth is still warm.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Die Bremer Stadtmusikanten," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen[Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales]*, 7th edition (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), *xxx* (xxx), no. 27, pp. 145-48.

- The Grimms' source: Dorothea Viehmann (1755-1815).
- The Grimms first published this tale in the second edition of their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1819). With the exception of a few minor stylistic changes, the story remained essentially unaltered in the editions that followed during the Grimms' lifetime.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2001.
- Link to a file containing only this tale: The Bremen Town Musicians.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Robber and the Farm Animals

Germany/Switzerland

Once upon a time there was a miller's servant who had served his master faithfully and diligently for many years. He had grown old in the mill, and the heavy work that he had to do there finally surpassed his strength. So one day he said to his master: "I can no longer serve you; I am too weak. I am therefore asking you for my dismissal and my wages."

The miller said: "The time of wandering servants has passed. You are free to leave if you wish, but you will receive no wages.

Now the old servant would sooner give up his wages than to continue to be tormented in the mill, so he took leave from his master.

Before leaving home he went to the animals that until now he had fed and tended, in order to bid them farewell. While taking leave from the horse, it said to him: "Where are you going?"

"I have to leave," he said. "I cannot take it here any longer." And when he set forth, the horse followed along after him.

He then went to the ox, stroked him once again, and said: "God be with you, old fellow!"

"Where are you going?" spoke the ox.

"Oh, I must leave. I cannot take it here any longer," said the miller's servant and sadly went on his way to take leave from the dog. The ox followed along behind, just as the horse had done. And the other animals to whom he said farewell -- the dog, the cat, the goose, and the rooster -- all did the same thing.

He made his way out into the country, where he first noticed that the faithful animals were following him. He spoke to them in a friendly manner, asking them to turn around and return home. "I have nothing more for myself," he said, "and I can no longer care for you." But the animals told him that they would not abandon him, and they contentedly followed along behind.

After several days they came to a great forest. Here the horse and the ox found good grass, which the goose and the rooster enjoyed as well. However, the other animals -- the cat and the dog -- had to suffer hunger, as did the old miller's servant; but they did not grumble and complain. Finally, after having gone very deep into the forest, they suddenly saw a large,

beautiful house before them. It was locked up securely. Only an empty stall was open, and from here they could go through the barn into the house itself.

Because no one could be seen in the house, the servant decided to stay there with his animals, and he assigned each one to a place. He put the horse up front in the stall. He led the ox to the other side. The rooster was given a place on the roof, the dog on the manure pile, the cat on the hearth, and the goose behind the stove. Then he gave each one his feed, which was plentifully stored in the house. He himself ate and drank all he wanted, then fell asleep in a good bed, which was all made up in the bedroom.

During the night, while he was fast asleep, the robber -- who owned the forest house -- returned. As he stepped into yard, the dog jumped on him furiously, and barked at him. The rooster cried down from the roof: "Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo!" All this terrified the robber, for he had never seen farm animals that live with people, knowing instead only the wild animals of the forest. He fled hurriedly into the stall, but there the horse kicked out from behind, hitting him in the side. He staggered around and around, and only with difficulty could he retreat into the back part of the stall. He scarcely arrived there when the ox turned around and tried to pick him up on his horns. This frightened him anew, and he ran as fast as he could through the barn and into the kitchen, where he wanted to strike a light and see what was there. Feeling around the hearth, he touched the cat, which jumped on him and scratched him with its claws until jumped away head over heels, and tried to hide behind the stove in the main room. The goose jumped up, screaming and beating its wings. The terrified robber fled into the bedroom. There the miller's servant was snoring mightily like a purring spinning wheel, and the robber thought the entire room was filled with strangers. You had better believe that he was overcome by a terrible fear. He rushed out of the house and ran into the woods, not stopping until until he had found his fellow robbers.

He began talking: "I don't know what has happened in our house. Some strange people are living there. When I stepped into the yard a large wildman jumped at me, yelling and bellowing so terribly that I thought he would kill me. An another one cheered him on, calling down from the roof: 'Hit him for me too! Hit him for me too!' The first one was bad enough; I wasn't going to wait for more of them to jump me, so I fled into the stall. There a shoemaker threw a last at my side, and I can still feel where it hit. I ran to the back of the stall. A pitchfork maker was standing there who tried to impale me on his pitchfork. I ran into the kitchen, where a hackle maker beat me with his hackle [a sharp-toothed tool for combing flax]. I tried to hide behind the stove, but there was a shovel maker there who beat me with his shovel. Finally I ran into the bedroom, but there were so many others snoring in there that was happy to escape with my life."

When the robbers heard this, they were so horrified that not a one of them had any desire to enter the house. To the contrary, they believed that the entire region was threatened by these strange people. That same night they departed for another country, and they never returned.

The miller's servant lived in peace in the robbers' house with his faithful animals. He no longer had to suffer in his old age, for the beautiful garden next to the house produced more fruit, vegetables, and all kinds of food every year than he and his animals could eat.

- Source: Ernst Meier, "Der Räuber und die Hausthiere," *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben: Aus dem Munde des Volks gesammelt* (Stuttgart: C. P. Scheitlin's Verlagshandlung, 1852), no. 3, pp. 11-15.
- This story is also printed in a collection of Swiss folktales: Otto Sutermeister, "Der Räuber und die Hausthiere," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen aus der Schweiz* (Aarau: H. R. Sauerländer, 1873), no. 29, pp. 91-94.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2014.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Choristers of St. Gudule

Flanders

The miller of Sandhills had a donkey which had served him well in its time, but was now too old to work. The miller was a careful man, who did not believe in feeding useless mouths, so he decided that he would sell the donkey for the price of its skin.

"I do not suppose I shall get very much for the wretched beast," he said, regarding poor Grayskin as he stood with hanging head in his stall, "but I shall save the cost of his corn anyhow, and that is always something."

Left alone, Grayskin reflected sadly upon the fate in store for him. "Such is the way of the world," he thought. "When I was young and hearty nothing was too good for me. Now I'm old and useless I am to be cast out. But am I so useless after all? True, I can no longer pull a cart to market, but I have a magnificent voice still. There must be a place somewhere for one who can sing as beautifully as I. I'll go to the Cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels and offer myself as a chorister."

Grayskin lost no time in acting upon his resolve, but left his stable immediately and set out on the road to Brussels. Passing the burgomaster's house he saw an old hound sitting disconsolately on the doorstep.

"Hallo, friend!" said he. "What is the matter with you? You seem very sad this morning."

"The matter is that I am tired of life," answered the dog. "I'm getting old and stiff, and I can no longer hunt hares for my master as I used to do. The result is that I am reckoned good for nothing, and they grudge me every morsel of food I put into my mouth."

"Come, come, cheer up, my friend," said Grayskin. "Never say die! I am in a similar case to yourself and have just left my master for precisely the same reason. My plan is to go to the Cathedral of St. Gudule and offer my services to the master of the choir. If I may say so without conceit, I have a lovely voice -- one must make the most of one's gifts, you know -- and I ought to be able to command good pay."

"Well, if it comes to that," said the dog, "I can sing too. I sang a lovely song to the moon last night, and if you'll believe me, all the people in our street opened their windows to listen. I sang for quite an hour, and I'd have gone on longer if some malicious person, who was no

doubt jealous, had not thrown an old boot at my head."

"Excellent," said Grayskin. "Come along with me. You shall sing tenor and I'll sing bass. We'll make a famous pair."

So the dog joined company with Grayskin, and they went on together towards Brussels.

A little farther down the road they saw a cat sitting on the rubbish heap outside a miserable hovel. The creature was half blind with age and had a face as long as a fiddle.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" asked Grayskin, who had a tender heart.

"Matter enough," said the cat. "I've just been turned out of house and home, and all because I took a little piece of bacon from the larder. Upon my honor, it was no bigger than a baby's fist, but they made as much fuss as though it had been a whole gammon. I was beaten and kicked out to starve. If I could catch mice as I used to do, it would not matter so much, but the mice are too quick for me nowadays. They laugh at me. Nothing remains for me but to die, and I hope it may be soon."

"Nonsense," said Grayskin. "You shall live to laugh at all your troubles. Come along with us and sing in the choir at St. Gudule. Your voice is a little too thin for my own taste, but you'll make a very good soprano in a trio. What do you say?"

"You give me new hopes," answered the cat. "Of course I'll join you," and so the three went on together.

Towards nightfall they arrived at a farmyard, on the gate of which a cock was crowing lustily.

"Hall!" said Grayskin. "What's all this about?"

"I am singing my last song on earth," said the cock. "An hour ago I sang a song, although it is not my usual custom to crow in the afternoon, and as I ended I heard the farmer's wife say, 'Hearken to Chanticleer. He's crowing for fine weather tomorrow. I wonder if he'd crow so loudly if he knew that we had guests coming, and that he was going into the pot to make their soup!' She has a horrid laugh, that woman. I have always hated her!"

"And do you mean to tell me," said Grayskin, "that you are going to stay here quite contentedly till they come to wring your neck?"

"What else can I do?" asked Chanticleer.

"Join us and turn your talents to account. We are all beautiful singers and we are going to Brussels to offer ourselves as choristers at St. Gudule. We were a trio before. With you we shall be a quartet, and that's one better!"

Chanticleer was only too glad to find a means of escape, so he willingly joined the party, and they once more took the road.

A little while afterwards they came to a thick wood, which was the haunt of a notorious band of robbers. There they decided to rest for the night, so Grayskin and the dog lay down beneath the shelter of a large beech tree, while the cat climbed onto one of the branches, and Chanticleer perched himself at the very top. From this lofty post he could see over the whole wood, and it was not long before he espied a light twinkling among the trees not far away.

"There must be a house of some sort over there," he said to his companions. "Shall we go and see? We may find something to eat."

"Or some straw to lie upon, at any rate," said Grayskin. "This damp ground gives me rheumatics in my old bones."

"I was just thinking the same thing," said the dog. "Let us go."

So the four choristers, led by the cock, walked in the direction from which the light came, and before long they found themselves in front of a little house, the windows of which were brilliantly lighted. In order to reach to the windows the animals made a tower of their bodies, with Grayskin at the bottom and Chanticleer at the top.

Now this house was the abode of a band of robbers, who, at that very moment, were seated before a table laden with all kinds of food. There they sat and feasted, and poor Chanticleer's mouth watered as he watched them.

"Is there anybody inside?" asked the dog, who was impatient.

"Hush!" said Chanticleer. "Men! They're eating their dinner!"

"I wish I was," said the dog. "What are they eating?"

"All sorts of things -- sausage and fish ...."

"Sausage!" said the dog.

"Fish!" said the cat.

"And ever so many other delicacies," Chanticleer went on. "Look here, friends. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we could get a share of their meal? I confess that my stomach aches with hunger."

"And mine too," said the dog. "I've never been so hungry in my life. But how are we to get the food?"

"Let us serenade them, and perhaps they'll throw us something as a reward," said Grayskin. "Music, you know, has charms to soothe the savage breast."

This seemed such a good idea that the choristers lost no time in putting it into execution. All four began to sing. They donkey hee-hawed, the dog howled, the cat meowed, and the cock crowed. From the noise they made one would have thought that the heavens were falling.

The effect of this marvelous quartet upon the robbers was instantaneous. Leaping from their seats, they ran from place to place in mortal terror, tumbling over one another, oversetting chairs and adding to the racket by their shrieks and cries. At that moment the cock fell against the window, breaking the glass to smithereens. The donkey gave the frame a push, and all the four precipitated themselves into the room.

This was the last straw. The robbers could stand no more. Half mad with fear they rushed to the door and fled into the forest.

Then our four choristers drew up to the table and set to work upon the food with which it was laden. Their long walk had given them a good appetite, so that there was little left by the time they had finished. Feeling drowsy after their meal, they then settled themselves to sleep. The donkey made himself a bed on a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself out upon the mat by the house door; the cat lay among the warm cinders on the hearth; and the cock perched upon the rooftop. A few minutes more and they were all fast asleep.

Meanwhile the robbers, who had retreated some distance into the forest, waited anxiously for something dreadful to happen. An hour passed by and there was neither sight nor sound to alarm them, so they began to feel a little ashamed of their cowardice. Creeping stealthily nearer to the cottage, they saw that everything was still, and that no light was showing from the windows.

At last the robber chief sent his lieutenant to spy out the land, and this man, returning to the cottage without mishap, found his way into the kitchen and proceeded to light a candle. He had no matches, but he saw two sparks of fire among the cinders on the hearth, so he went forward to get a light from them.

Now this light came from the cat's eyes, and as soon as puss felt the robber touch her, she sprang up, snarling and spitting, and scratched his face. With a scream of terror, he dropped his candle and rushed for the door, and as he passed, the dog bit him in the leg. By this time the noise had awakened Grayskin, who got upon his feet just as the man ran by, and helped him forward with a might kick, which sent him flying out into the roadway. Seeing this, the cock on the housetop spread his wings and crowed in triumph, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

I wish you could have seen the way that robber ran! He covered the ground so quickly that he seemed like a flying shadow, and I am perfectly certain that not even a hare could have overtaken him. At last, panting for breath, he rejoined his comrades in the forest, who were eagerly awaiting his return.

"Well," cried the chief, "is the way clear? Can we go back?"

"Not on any account," cried the robber. "There's a horrible witch in the kitchen. Directly I entered she sprang at me and tore my face with her long claws, calling out at the same time to her creatures to come and devour me. As I ran through the door, one of them buried his fangs in my leg, and a little farther on, in the yard, a great black monster struck at me with an enormous club, giving me a blow that nearly broke my backbone. On the roof a little demon with wings and eyes that shone like coals of fire cried, 'Stop him! Eat him! Stop him! Eat him!'

1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
2. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.
3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
4. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.
5. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.
6. And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.
7. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.
8. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.
9. And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.
10. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.
11. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.
12. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.
13. And the evening and the morning were the third day.
14. And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years:
15. And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.
16. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.
17. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth,
18. And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.
19. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.
20. And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.
21. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.
22. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.
23. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.
24. And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.
25. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and

every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.
26. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.
27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.
28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.
29. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.
30. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.
31. And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

1. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.
2. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.
3. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.
4. These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the LORD God made the earth and the heavens,
5. And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the LORD God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.
6. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.
7. And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.
8. And the LORD God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.
9. And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.
10. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.
11. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold;
12. And the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and the onyx stone.
13. And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia.
14. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates.
15. And the LORD God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it

and to keep it.
16. And the LORD God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:
17. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.
18. And the LORD God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.
19. And out of the ground the LORD God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.
20. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him.
21. And the LORD God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;
22. And the rib, which the LORD God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.
23. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.
24. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.
25. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

1. Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?
2. And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:
3. But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.
4. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die:
5. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.
6. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.
7. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.
8. And they heard the voice of the LORD God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God amongst the trees of the garden.
9. And the LORD God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?
10. And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.
11. And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?
12. And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the

tree, and I did eat.
13. And the LORD God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.
14. And the LORD God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life:
15. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.
16. Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.
17. And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;
18. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
19. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.
20. And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living.
21. Unto Adam also and to his wife did the LORD God make coats of skins, and clothed them.
22. And the LORD God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever:
23. Therefore the LORD God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.
24. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
Revised January 4, 2003.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Devil (or Ogre) and the Gun

Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 1157
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2009

Contents

1. How the Devil Played the Flute (Germany).
2. The Origin of the Jack-o'-Lantern (Wales).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

How the Devil Played the Flute

Germany

Once the devil became bored in hell and wanted to take a pleasure trip to earth. Not wanting to be alone (for he does not like that at all; he loves company) he took his youngest son with him, a young black curious whippersnapper. They traveled out through a mountain cave, arriving in a forest. The little devil was delighted. He jumped about, climbed up the trees and hung by his tail, just like a monkey, doing all sorts of foolish things.

They came to a large oak tree where a man in a green jacket and with a green cap was lying asleep. A bag was hanging next to him from the tree, from which were protruding all kinds of game: hares, woodcocks, and wild ducks. Next to the bag there was a gun.

The little devil ran up and examined everything closely. Picking up the gun, he asked his father what it was. The old devil wrinkled his forehead and said, "That is a flute, my son. When people play on it, wild animals run up to them, and they only have to catch them."

"That I have to see," said the little devil. "You should play something for me on it."

"It takes two, my son. One to blow and one to finger."

"Then you can blow, and I will finger," said the whippersnapper.

So the old one had to put the barrel into his mouth, whether he wanted to or not, because he had spoiled the little fellow rotten. The old one blew, and the whippersnapper fingered and fingered, but not a single tone came out.

"You have to press down on the keys, you stupid boy," said the old one.

The little devil pushed against the hammer, then there came such a blow that the old one was

struck to the ground, for the entire load of shot hit him in the throat. The young one ran away, terrified. The old one soon recovered and ran after his boy, for the sound of the gun had awakened the man.

"That was not a beautiful tone," said the whippersnapper.

"You pressed the wrong key," said the old one, "and the flute was dusty, so all the dust flew into my throat."

- Source: Johann Wilhelm Wolf, "Wie der Teufel auf der Flöte blies," *Deutsche Hausmärchen* (Göttingen: Dieterich'sche Buchhandlung, 1851), pp. 438-39.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2009.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Origin of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Wales

A popular legend giving the origin of the jack-o'-lantern in Wales deals with the idea of a stupid devil: A long time ago there lived on the hills of Arfon an old man of the name of Sion Dafydd, who used to converse much with one of the children of the bottomless pit.

One morning Sion was on his way to Llanfair-Fechan, carrying a flail on his shoulder, for he had corn there, when whom should he meet but his old friend from the pit, with a bag on his back, and in it two little devils like himself. After conversing for some time they began to quarrel, and presently were in the midst of a terrible fight. Sion fell to basting the devils with his flail, until the bag containing the two little ones went all to pieces, and the two tumbling out, fled for their lives to Rhiwgyfylchi, which village is considered to this day a very wicked place from this fact.

Sion then went his way rejoicing, and did not for a long time encounter his adversary. Eventually, however, they met, and this time Sion had his gun on his shoulder.

"What's that long thing you're carrying?" inquired the devil.

"That's my pipe," said Sion.

Then the devil asked, "Shall I have a whiff out of it?"

"You shall," was Sion's reply, and he placed the mouth of his gun in the devil's throat and drew the trigger. Well; that was the loudest report from a gun that was ever heard on this earth.

"Ach!-tw!-tw!" exclaimed the smoker, "your pipe is very foul," and he disappeared in a flame.

After a lapse of time, Sion met him again in the guise of a gentleman, but the Welshman knew it was the tempter. This time he made a bargain for which he was ever afterwards sorry, i.e., he sold himself to the devil for a sum down, but with the understanding that whenever he

could cling to something the devil should not then control him.

One day when Sion was busily gardening, the evil one snatched him away into the air without warning, and Sion was about giving up all hopes of again returning to earth, when he thought to himself, "I'll ask the devil one last favor."

The stupid devil listened.

"All I want is an apple," said Sion, "to moisten my lips a bit down below; let me go to the top of my apple tree, and I'll pick one."

"Is that all?" quoth the diawl, and consented.

Of course Sion laid hold of the apple tree, and hung on. The devil had to leave him there. But the old reprobate was too wicked for heaven, and the devil having failed to take him to the other place, he was turned into a fairy, and is now the jack-o'- lantern.

- Source: Wirt Sikes, *British Goblins: Welsh Folk-Lore, Fairy Mythology, Legends, and Traditions* (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1880), pp. 204-205.
- Jack-o'-lantern, in the context of this tale, is another name for a will-o'-the-wisp.
- The motif of a mortal selling his soul to the devil is epitomized in the Faust legends.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 25, 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Emperor's New Clothes

and other tales of
Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1620
edited by

D. L. Ashliman

© 1999-2014

Contents

1. The Emperor's New Clothes (Denmark).
2. The Invisible Cloth (Spain).
3. How Eulenspiegel Painted the Forbears of the Landgrave of Hessen (Germany).
4. The Miller with the Golden Thumb (England).
5. The King's New Turban (Turkey).
6. The King and the Clever Girl (India).
7. The Invisible Silk Robe (Sri Lanka).
8. Links to related tales.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's index of folklore and mythology electronic texts.

The Emperor's New Clothes

Denmark

Many years ago there lived an emperor who loved beautiful new clothes so much that he spent all his money on being finely dressed. His only interest was in going to the theater or in riding about in his carriage where he could show off his new clothes. He had a different costume for every hour of the day. Indeed, where it was said of other kings that they were at court, it could only be said of him that he was in his dressing room!

One day two swindlers came to the emperor's city. They said that they were weavers, claiming that they knew how to make the finest cloth imaginable. Not only were the colors and the patterns extraordinarily beautiful, but in addition, this material had the amazing property that it was to be invisible to anyone who was incompetent or stupid.

"It would be wonderful to have clothes made from that cloth," thought the emperor. "Then I would know which of my men are unfit for their positions, and I'd also be able to tell clever people from stupid ones." So he immediately gave the two swindlers a great sum of money to weave their cloth for him.

They set up their looms and pretended to go to work, although there was nothing at all on the

The miller answered and said it was true.

Then the merchant said, "I pray, let me see your thumb." And when the miller showed his thumb, the merchant said, "I cannot perceive that your thumb is gold. It is the same as other men's thumbs."

The miller answered, and said, "Sir, the truth is that my thumb is gold, but you have no power to see it, for it has the property that he who is a cuckold shall never have power to see it."

- Source: W. Carew Hazlitt, "Of the mylner with the golden thombe," *Shakespeare Jest-Books: Reprints of the Early and Very Rare Jest-Books Supposed to Have Been Used by Shakespeare* (London: Willis and Sotheran, 1864), p. 23.
- Language modernized by D. L. Ashliman.
- Return to the table of contents.

The King's New Turban

Turkey

Of old time there was a great king. One day a man came before him and said, "My king, I shall weave a turban such that one born in wedlock will see it, while the bastard will see it not."

The king marveled and ordered that that weaver should weave that turban; and the weaver received an allowance from the king and tarried a long while. One day he folded up this side and that side of a paper and brought it and laid it before the king and said, "Oh king, I have woven that turban."

So the king opened the paper and saw that there was nothing; and all the viziers and nobles who stood there looked on the paper and saw nothing. Then the king said in his heart, "Do you see? I am then a bastard"; and he was sad. And he thought, "Now, the remedy is this, that I say it is a goodly turban and admire it, else will I be put to shame before the folk." And he said, "Blessed by God! Oh master, it is a goodly turban, I like it much."

Then that weaver youth said, "Oh king, let them bring a cap that I may wind the turban for the king."

They brought a cap, and the weaver youth laid that paper before him and moved his hands as though he wound the turban, and he put it on the king's head. All the nobles who were standing there said, "Blessed be it! Oh king, how fair, how beautiful a turban!" and they applauded it much.

Then the king rose and went with two viziers into a private room and said, "Oh viziers, I am then a bastard; I see not the turban."

The viziers said, "Oh king, we too see it not." At length they knew of a surety that the turban had not existence, and that that weaver had thus played a trick for the sake of money.

- Source: Sheykh-Zada, *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, the Story of the Forty Morns and Eves*, translated by E. J. W. Gibb (London: George Redway, 1886), pp. 148-49. The tale's original title is "The Lady's Twelfth Story."
- *The History of the Forty Vezirs* is the translation of a manuscript prepared apparently in the early seventeenth century, but based on much older stories, similar in style and function to those found in the *1001 Nights*.
- Return to the table of contents.

The King and the Clever Girl

India

There was once a king who, during the day, used to sit on his throne and dispense justice, but who at night was accustomed to disguise himself and to wander about the streets of his city looking for adventures.

One evening he was passing by a certain garden when he observed four young girls sitting under a tree, and conversing together in earnest tones. Curious to overhear the subject of their discourse, he stopped to listen.

One of the girls said, "I think of all tastes the pleasantest in the world is the taste of telling lies."

This remark so interested the king that the next day he summoned the girl to his palace.

"Tell me," he said, "what you and your companions talked about under the tree last night."

"It was not about the king," answered she.

"Nevertheless," asked he, "what was it you said?"

"Those who tell lies, said I, must tell them because they find the practice agreeable," replied she.

"Whose daughter are you?" inquired the king.

"I am the daughter of a farmer," answered the girl.

"And what made you think there was pleasure in telling lies?" asked the king.

The girl answered saucily, "Oh, you yourself will tell lies someday!"

"How?" said the king. "What can you mean?"

The girl answered, "If you will give me two lacs of rupees, and six months to consider, I will promise to prove my words."

So the king gave the girl the sum of money she asked for, and agreed to her conditions.

After six months he called her to his presence again, and reminded her of her promise. Now, in the interval the girl had built a fine palace far away in the forest, upon which she had expended the wealth which the king had given to her. It was beautifully adorned with carvings and paintings, and furnished with silk and satin. So she now said to the king, "Come with me, and you shall see God."

Taking with him two of his ministers, the king went out, and by the evening they all arrived at the palace.

"This palace is the abode of God," said the girl. "But he will reveal himself only to one person at a time, and he will not reveal himself even to him unless he was born in lawful wedlock. Therefore, while the rest remain without, let each of you enter in order."

"Be it so," said the king. "But let my ministers precede me. I shall go in last."

So the first minister passed through the door and at once found himself in a noble room, and as he looked around he said to himself, "Who knows whether I shall be permitted to see God or not? I may be a bastard. And yet this place, so spacious and so beautiful, is a fitting dwelling place even for the deity." With all his looking and straining, however, he quite failed to see God anywhere. Then said he to himself, "If now I go out and declare that I have not seen God, the king and the other minister will throw it in my teeth that I am base-born. I have only one course open, therefore, which is to say that I have seen him."

So he went out, and when the king asked, "Have you seen God?" he answered at once, "Of course I have seen God."

"But have you really seen him?" continued the king.

"Really and truly," answered the minister.

"And what did he say to you?" inquired the king further.

"God commanded me not to divulge his words," readily answered the minister.

Then said the king to the other minister, "Now you go in."

The second minister lost no time in obeying his master's order, thinking in his heart as he crossed the threshold, "I wonder if I am base-born?" Finding himself in the midst of the magnificent chamber, he gazed about him on all sides, but failed to see God. Then said he to himself, "It is very possible I am base-born, for no God can I see. But it would be a lasting disgrace that I should admit it. I had better make out that I also have seen God."

Accordingly, he returned to the king, who said to him, "Well, have you seen God?" when the minister asserted that he had not only seen him, but that he had spoken with him too.

It was now the turn of the king, and he entered the room confident that he would be similarly favored. But he gazed around in dismay, perceiving no sign of anything which could even represent the Almighty. Then began he to think to himself, "This God, wherever he is, has

been seen by both my ministers, and it cannot be denied, therefore, that their birthright is clear. Is it possible that I, the king, am a bastard, seeing that no God appears to me? The very thought is confusion, and necessity will compel me to assert that I have seen him too."

Having formed this resolution, the king stepped out and joined the rest of his party.

"And now, O king," asked the cunning girl, "have you also seen God?"

"Yes," answered he with assurance, "I have seen God."

"Really?" asked she again.

"Certainly," asserted the king.

Three times the girl asked the same question, and three times the king unblushingly lied. Then said the girl, "O king, have you never a conscience? How could you possibly see God, seeing that God is a spirit?"

Hearing this reproof, the king recalled to mind the saying of the girl that one day he would lie too, and, with a laugh, he confessed that he had not seen God at all. The two ministers, beginning to feel alarmed, confessed the truth as well. Then said the girl, "O king, we poor people may tell lies occasionally to save our lives, but what had you to fear? Telling lies, therefore, for many has its own attractions, and to them at least the taste of lying is sweet."

Far from being offended at the stratagem which the girl had practiced on him, the king was so struck with her ingenuity and assurance that he married her forthwith, and in a short time she became his confidential adviser in all his affairs, public as well as private. Thus this simple girl came to great honor and renown, and so much did she grow in wisdom that her fame spread through many lands.

- Source: Charles Swynnerton, *Indian Nights' Entertainment; or, Folk-Tales from the Upper Indus* (London: Elliot Stock, 1892), no. 22, pp. 56-62.
- Swynnerton's story includes three additional episodes, one dealing with each of the girls overheard by the king. Link to the entire story, with its original title: The Story of the King and the Four Girls.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Invisible Silk Robe

Sri Lanka

A Brahman wrote seven stanzas in praise of his king's copper-colored silk robes. Seven men heard these stanzas and resolved to trick a foolish king from another city.

Traveling to that city, the seven men said to the king, "Maharaja, what sort of robe is your majesty wearing? We have woven a copper-colored silk robe for the king of our city. It is like the thin silk robes from the divine world. In comparison to our king, you look like one of his servants." Thus spoke the seven men.

These words brought shame to the king. Thus filled with shame, he thought to himself, "I too am a king. Can I not have such robes woven for me as well?" Then he asked, "What would you require to weave such silk robes?"

The seven men replied, "You must obtain good silk thread and give it to us. Then construct for us a place in your festival garden and provide us with food and drink." Then they added, "The silk cloth that we weave is not visible to a low-born person; only a well-born person can see it."

So the king procured silk thread for the men. The men took it to the festival garden and put it away.

People came to the festival garden to look at the copper-colored silk robe. The seven men were there at work. The people could see their motions of weaving, cutting, and stitching, but the silk robe itself was not visible. Hence each man thought to himself, "I must be low-born, for I cannot see this copper-colored silk robe."

And what if these were their thoughts! Each person kept them to himself, and no one uttered them aloud.

The king sent a messenger to see if the robe was finished. He saw the seven men's motions of weaving and stitching, but the robe itself was not visible. "If I report that I did not see the robe, they will say that I am the son of a courtesan," he thought.

To hide his shame, the messenger returned to the royal house and said, "The men are weaving a priceless robe, but the work is not yet finished. Once finished, they will dress your honor in the robe."

Because of the messenger's statement, many people went to look at the robe, but in spite of the workers' motions, the robe was not visible to anyone. Fearing that others would call them illegitimate, they all said, "We see it. It is indeed a very costly robe." And they went away.

After seven days the king himself went to look at the silk robe. He looked, but it was not visible to him either. He uttered not a word that he could not see it.

Afterward the seven men came to the king and said, "We have woven for you the copper-colored silk robe. It is finished." Then they added, "Get out all the clothes that you have inherited from seven generations of ancestors. After we have dressed you in the new robe you must give us all those other clothes."

Thus the king took out all the vestments from his ancestors and gave them and all his other clothes to the seven men.

After receiving all the clothes, the seven men surrounded the king and told him that they were putting on him the copper-colored silk clothing. They stroked his head, saying that they were putting on the crown. They stroked his arms, saying that they were putting on the jacket. In the same manner they stroked all parts of his body, saying that they were dressing him.

Then they brought the king into the middle of a great procession and announced to the citizens, "Neither his majesty our king, nor any other person within this procession has ever worn or even seen such clothing as this. In celebration of the king's new robe, let him sit atop the festival elephant and be carried throughout the entire city and then back to the royal house!"

Having said this, they brought forth the elephant, seated the naked king upon it, and started him on his procession throughout the city.

But the seven men took goods from his house and went away. And the foolish king remained without clothes.

- Source: Henry Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, volume 2 (London: Luzac and Company, 1914), no. 89, pp. 66-69.
- This tale is from the northwestern part of Sri Lanka.
- Retold by D. L. Ashliman. Parker's translation follows his Sinhalese sources so closely that English syntax is violated in almost every sentence. I have cautiously attempted to bring his narrative closer to idiomatic English.
- Return to the table of contents.

1. Doctor Know-All and other folktales of type 1641.
2. Twigmuntus, Cowbelliantus, Perchnosius, the tale of a simple lad who confounds a group of scholars by pretending to know Latin.

Return to

- The table of contents.
- D. L. Ashliman's index of folklore and mythology electronic texts.

Revised April 16, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

looms. They asked for the finest silk and the purest gold, all of which they hid away, continuing to work on the empty looms, often late into the night.

"I would really like to know how they are coming with the cloth!" thought the emperor, but he was a bit uneasy when he recalled that anyone who was unfit for his position or stupid would not be able to see the material. Of course, he himself had nothing to fear, but still he decided to send someone else to see how the work was progressing.

"I'll send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. He's the best one to see how the material is coming. He is very sensible, and no one is more worthy of his position than he.

So the good old minister went into the hall where the two swindlers sat working at their empty looms. "Goodness!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes wide. "I cannot see a thing!" But he did not say so.

The two swindlers invited him to step closer, asking him if it wasn't a beautiful design and if the colors weren't magnificent. They pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister opened his eyes wider and wider. He still could see nothing, for nothing was there. "Gracious" he thought. "Is it possible that I am stupid? I have never thought so. Am I unfit for my position? No one must know this. No, it will never do for me to say that I was unable to see the material."

"You aren't saying anything!" said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is magnificent! The very best!" said the old minister, peering through his glasses. "This pattern and these colors! Yes, I'll tell the emperor that I am very satisfied with it!"

"That makes us happy!" said the two weavers, and they called the colors and the unusual pattern by name. The old minister listened closely so that he would be able say the same things when he reported back to the emperor, and that is exactly what he did.

The swindlers now asked for more money, more silk, and more gold, all of which they hid away. Then they continued to weave away as before on the empty looms.

The emperor sent other officials as well to observe the weavers' progress. They too were startled when they saw nothing, and they too reported back to him how wonderful the material was, advising him to have it made into clothes that he could wear in a grand procession. The entire city was alive in praise of the cloth. "Magnifique! Nysseligt! Excellent!" they said, in all languages. The emperor awarded the swindlers with medals of honor, bestowing on each of them the title Lord Weaver.

The swindlers stayed up the entire night before the procession was to take place, burning more than sixteen candles. Everyone could see that they were in a great rush to finish the emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the material from the looms. They cut in the air with large scissors. They sewed with needles but without any thread. Finally they announced, "Behold! The clothes are finished!"

The emperor came to them with his most distinguished cavaliers. The two swindlers raised their arms as though they were holding something and said, "Just look at these trousers! Here is the jacket! This is the cloak!" and so forth. "They are as light as spider webs! You might think that you didn't have a thing on, but that is the good thing about them."

"Yes," said the cavaliers, but they couldn't see a thing, for nothing was there.

"Would his imperial majesty, if it please his grace, kindly remove his clothes." said the swindlers. "Then we will fit you with the new ones, here in front of the large mirror."

The emperor took off all his clothes, and the swindlers pretended to dress him, piece by piece, with the new ones that were to be fitted. They took hold of his waist and pretended to tie something about him. It was the train. Then the emperor turned and looked into the mirror.

"Goodness, they suit you well! What a wonderful fit!" they all said. "What a pattern! What colors! Such luxurious clothes!"

"The canopy to be carried above your majesty awaits outside," said the grandmaster of ceremonies.

"Yes, I am ready!" said the emperor. "Don't they fit well?" He turned once again toward the mirror, because it had to appear as though he were admiring himself in all his glory.

The chamberlains who were to carry the train held their hands just above the floor as if they were picking up the train. As they walked they pretended to hold the train high, for they could not let anyone notice that they could see nothing.

The emperor walked beneath the beautiful canopy in the procession, and all the people in the street and in their windows said, "Goodness, the emperor's new clothes are incomparable! What a beautiful train on his jacket. What a perfect fit!" No one wanted it to be noticed that he could see nothing, for then it would be said that he was unfit for his position or that he was stupid. None of the emperor's clothes had ever before received such praise.

"But he doesn't have anything on!" said a small child.

"Good Lord, let us hear the voice of an innocent child!" said the father, and whispered to another what the child had said.

"A small child said that he doesn't have anything on!"

Finally everyone was saying, "He doesn't have anything on!"

The emperor shuddered, for he knew that they were right, but he thought, "The procession must go on!" He carried himself even more proudly, and the chamberlains walked along behind carrying the train that wasn't there.

- Source: Hans Christian Andersen, Keiserens nye klæder (1837). Translated by D. L. Ashliman.

- Andersen's source: "The Invisible Cloth," Spanish story recorded by Don Juan Manuel (1282-1348).
- Andersen knew this story through a German translation "So ist der Lauf der Welt ("Such Is the Way of the World"), in: Eduard von Bülow, *Das Novellenbuch*, vol. 4 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1836), no. 3, pp. 40-44.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Invisible Cloth

Spain

Three impostors came to a king, and told him they were cloth-weavers, and could fabricate a cloth of so peculiar a nature that a legitimate son of his father could see the cloth; but if he were illegitimate, though believed to be legitimate, he could not see it.

Now the king was much pleased at this, thinking that by this means he would be able to distinguish the men in his kingdom who were legitimate sons of their supposed fathers from those who were not, and so be enabled to increase his treasures, for among the Moors only legitimate children inherit their father's property; and for this end he ordered a palace to be appropriated to the manufacture of this cloth. And these men, in order to convince him that they had no intention of deceiving him, agreed to be shut up in this palace until the cloth was manufactured, which satisfied the king.

When they were supplied with a large quantity of gold, silver, silk, and many other things, they entered the palace, and, putting their looms in order, gave it to be understood that they were working all day at the cloth.

After some days, one of them came to the king and told him the cloth was commenced, that it was the most curious thing in the world, describing the design and construction; he then prayed the king to favor them with a visit, but begged he would come alone.

The king was much pleased, but wishing to have the opinion of some one first, sent the lord chamberlain to see it, in order to know if they were deceiving him.

When the lord chamberlain saw the workmen, and heard all they had to say, he dared not admit he could not see the cloth, and when he returned to the king he stated that he had seen it; the king sent yet another, who gave the same report. When they whom he had sent declared that they had seen the cloth he determined to go himself.

On entering the palace and seeing the men at work, who began to describe the texture and relate the origin of the invention as also the design and color, in which they all appeared to agree, although in reality they were not working; when the king saw how they appeared to work, and heard the character of the cloth so minutely described, and yet could not see it, although those he had sent had seen it, he began to feel very uneasy, fearing he might not be the son of the king, who was supposed to be his father, and that if he acknowledged he could not see the cloth he might lose his kingdom; under this impression he commenced praising the fabric, describing its peculiarities after the manner of the workmen.

On the return to his palace he related to his people how good and marvelous was the cloth, yet at the same time suspected something wrong.

At the end of two or three days the king requested his *Alguacil* (or officer of justice) to go and see the cloth. When the *Alguacil* entered and saw the workmen, who, as before, described the figures and pattern of the cloth, knowing that the king had been to see it, and yet could not see it himself, he thought he certainly could not be the legitimate son of his father, and therefore could not see it. He, however, feared if he was to declare that he could not see it he would lose his honorable position; to avoid this mischance he commenced praising the cloth even more vehemently than the others.

When the *Alguacil* returned to the king and told him that he had seen the cloth, and that it was the most extraordinary production in the world, the king was much disconcerted; for he thought that if the *Alguacil* had seen the cloth, which he was unable to see, there could no longer be a doubt that he was not the legitimate son of the king, as was generally supposed, he therefore did not hesitate to praise the excellency of the cloth and the skill of the workmen who were able to make it.

On another day he sent one of his councillors, and it happened to him as to the king and the others of whom I have spoken; and in this manner and for this reason they deceived the king and many others, for no one dared to say he could not see the cloth.

Things went on thus until there came a great feast, when all requested the king to be dressed in some of the cloth; so the workmen, being ordered, brought some rolled up in a very fine linen and inquired of the king how much of it he wished them to cut off; so the king gave orders how much and how to make it up.

Now when the clothes were made and the feast day had arrived the weavers brought them to the king, informing his majesty that his dress was made of the cloth as he had directed, the king all this time not daring to say he could not see it.

When the king had professed to dress himself in this suit he mounted on horseback and rode into the city; but fortunately for him it was summertime. The people seeing his majesty come in this manner were much surprised; but knowing that those who could not see this cloth would be considered illegitimate sons of their fathers, kept their surprise to themselves, fearing the dishonor consequent upon such a declaration.

Not so, however, with a negro, who happened to notice the king thus equipped; for he, having nothing to lose, came to him and said, "Sire, to me it matters not whose son I am, therefore I tell you that you are riding without any clothes."

On this the king commenced beating him, saying that he was not the legitimate son of his supposed father, and therefore it was that he could not see the cloth.

But no sooner had the negro said this, than others were convinced of its truth, and said the same; until, at last, the king and all with him lost their fear of declaring the truth, and saw through the trick of which these impostors had made them the victims.

When the weavers were sought for they were found to have fled, taking with them all they had received from the king by their imposition.

- Source: Don Juan Manuel, *Count Lucanor; or, The Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio*, written by the Prince Don Juan Manuel and first done into English by James York, M.D., 1869 (London: Gibbings and Company, 1899), chapter 7, pp. 52-58.
- "The Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio" is part the the *Libro de los ejemplos del conde Lucanor y de Patronio*, written in 1335 by Juan Manuel, Prince of Villena (1282-1348).
- Link to the text of this story in Spanish: Un rey con tres hombres burladores.
- Return to the table of contents.

How Eulenspiegel Painted the Forbears of the Landgrave of Hessen

Germany

Many marvellous things did Eulenspiegel bring to pass in the land of Hessen. After that he had journeyed up and down in the country of Saxony, and his fame had spread so abroad that no longer dare he work his knaveries and beguilings in that land, came our worshipful master forth from Saxony, and did enter into the land of Hessen, and came therein unto Marburg, unto the landgrave where that he kept his court.

Then inquired the landgrave of Eulenspiegel, what manner of man he was and what he could do.

Then answered Eulenspiegel, and said: "Lord, I know the arts, and that manner of man am I, and your humble servant."

Thereat rejoiced the landgrave greatly, for he thought that Eulenspiegel was an alchymist, and in alchymy had the landgrave much delight. Then spake he unto him, saying: "Art thou an alchymist?"

And Eulenspiegel answered: "Nay, that am I not, in good sooth, for of dross make not I gold, but rather quite the other thing. Yet am I a painter, the equal unto whom can be nowhere found in any country, for my work is far better than the work of any other painter."

Then said the landgrave: "Come, let us now look upon some of thy work."

And Eulenspiegel said: "Yea, my lord."

And he had with him some paintings cunningly devised, the which he had brought out of Flanders. These took he from his wallet, and displayed them before that prince.

These pleased the lord much, and he said unto Eulenspiegel: "Worshipful sir painter, what money will ye have if that ye would paint on the wall of our castle hall the story of the family of the landgraves of Hessen, and how that through them I became friendly unto and with the King of Hungary, and other lords and princes, and how long the land of Hessen hath been established? And that must ye tell me in the wise that will be most costly and precious."

Then answered Eulenspiegel: "Behold, most gracious prince, if that ye would have it so rarely done, it might truly cost not less than four hundred marks."

Then answered the landgrave, and said unto Eulenspiegel: "Master, an if you do but make it rarely, the money shall not fail, nor will we forget to reward thee as ye shall deserve."

Then did Eulenspiegel consent to become the painter of the picture; and thereat gave the landgrave unto Eulenspiegel one hundred marks so that he might buy colours therewith.

But when that Eulenspiegel came with three servants he had found, to see what the work was which was to be done, he gat him unto the landgrave, and spake unto him, and entreated him, saying: "Behold, noble prince, I would crave a grace from ye, which I would ask that ye should grant unto me."

Then spake the landgrave: "Yea, that I will grant thee. Speak on."

And Eulenspiegel answered, and said: "The grace I crave from thee is, that, while my work is going forward, no one shall enter without that they ask of me whether they may enter therein."

And therewith the landgrave granted Eulenspiegel the grace he desired. Then conferred Eulenspiegel with his men, and said unto them, that they must take an oath unto him not to betray him; and so did they. And he said unto them, that they need not do any kind of labour, but they might play at tables and chess and other merry pastimes. And thereat were the men content; nor was it greatly marvellous that in such wise they should be, for Eulenspiegel did promise to pay them for serving him after this manner. Then it came to pass, after some three or four weeks had gone by, that the landgrave craved much to see in what measure the painting of Eulenspiegel was ready, and whether, of a truth, it did resemble the ensamples which Eulenspiegel had shewn unto him, which were so goodly and fair.

Thereat gat he him to Eulenspiegel, and said unto him: "Alas, most worshipful master, I would fain come into the hall and see in what measure my picture doth grow ready."

Then Eulenspiegel spake unto the landgrave, and answered him, and said: "Yea, and that shall ye also do. But I must tell unto thee a marvellous secret which doth touch all my painting, in that no one, if he be ignobly born, or not according unto the ordinance of Holy Church, can behold my painting to see it."

The landgrave said thereafter: "Truly that is a marvellous thing."

Yet, my masters, ye may perceive in that the landgrave was an alchymist, so had he also more belief in such affairs than cometh unto the lot of all men. And then went he with Eulenspiegel into the hall, and there had Eulenspiegel hanged up a white cloth, that he should have painted.

And with a white wand did he point to the wall when that he had with his hand put the cloth somewhat aside, and then spake he to the landgrave, and said unto him: "Most noble landgrave, look upon this painting, so marvellous well done and with fair colours, and behold here in this corner he that was first lord of Hessen and earl of the land. And here perceive ye

one that was an earl of Rome there unto, and he had a princess and a wife, who was duchess of Bavaria and a daughter of the mild and good Justinian, who afterwards became emperor. And look ye, noble lord; of them was born Adolphus. And of Adolphus came William the Swart; and this William had a son Ludwig, who was named the Pious; and so forward until that we come down unto your lordship's grace. And I know well that there is no person living that can reprove my work, so curiously have I made it, and with such fair and goodly colours."

Yet saw the lord nought before his face but the white wall, and he thought unto himself: "Though I see no thing but the wall, yet will I say nought unto the master, else will he know full well that L am not nobly born, but basely and vilely."

Therefore said the landgrave unto Eulenspiegel: "Learned and cunning master painter, your work pleaseth me marvellously well, yet is my understanding very small therein."

Therefore departed he out of the hall. And when that he did come unto the princess his wife, she spake unto him, and asked him, saying: "How goeth it with the master painter? Ye have seen his work and devices, and how are ye pleased therewith? Truly have I but small belief in him; for he seemeth unto me a rare and most cunning knave and beguiler."

And the landgrave answered her: "I have shrewd trust in him; and therein is displayed great cunning and mastery; I like it well. Would it please thee also to look thereon?"

And she said: "Yea, that it would."

And the landgrave said: "Then, with the master's consent, shall ye do it."

Then sent she for Eulenspiegel, and said unto him, that she did desire to behold his painting. And that did Eulenspiegel grant unto her; but he told her likewise the marvellous secret which did hang upon his painting. And they entered in, and with the princess came eight maidens of her women and her woman-fool, which did everywhere be in her company.

And Eulenspiegel put back the cloth with his hand, and with his wand told them the same story which he had told unto the landgrave.

Yet perceived they nothing; but being ashamed, spake not any word, neither praising nor blaming the picture.

But then did the woman-fool open her mouth, and spake, and said unto Eulenspiegel: "Worshipful master, an if it be that I am basely born, yet see I no thing of thy device upon the wall."

And Eulenspiegel thought: "Now goeth the matter not so rarely on as before; for if the fools speak truth, then truly must I depart hence," and laughed thereat within himself.

Thereafter departed the princess, and went unto her lord and husband, and he spake unto her, and asked her how that the work liked [pleased] her.

And she answered and said: "Most gracious lord, it liketh me as well as it did you, and truly is

most rare. But my woman-fool it liketh not; and she saith that she cannot see any painting there at all. And she and my maidens think that there lieth hid some knavish practice therein."

Thereat began the landgrave to take counsel within himself, if it might be that he was beguiled; but he sent word unto Eulenspiegel that he should make ready his work, for that all his court was coming to behold the picture, and that if any among them fortuned to be base-born, then should their lands be escheated unto the landgrave.

Thereat gat him Eulenspiegel unto his fellows and discharged them, and gave them money, and they departed. And then went he unto the treasurer, and of him gat he other hundred marks; and then went he forth from the castle, and so departed on his way. And it came to pass that on the morrow the landgrave demanded where that his painter might be -- but he had departed.

Thereat went he with all his lords into the hall where that the master had exercised his cunning device, but there saw they no painting; so they spake no words, but kept their mouths shut.

Thereat said the landgrave, for he beheld the sign which Eulenspiegel did always write where that he had worked any knavery, which was that he wrote up the device of an owl [Eule] and a glass [Spiegel]: "Now do we know that we are be guiled; and with Eulenspiegel have we but little for to be moved, but rather for the two hundred marks, but the loss thereof can we likewise bear. But a great knave is he, and must henceforth remain far from our lands."

Thus did our noble Master Eulenspiegel everywhere teach wisdom unto the lieges; but from Marburg had he gat him forth, nor would he again have to do with the painter's mastery.

- Source: *The Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass [Till Eulenspiegel]*, newly collected, chronicled and set forth in our English tongue by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie (London: Trübner and Company, 1860), adventure 28, pp. 43-49.
- Mackenzie, unlike most modern translators, gives Eulenspiegel an English name: *Owlglass*. I have taken the liberty to restore his German name.
- Till Eulenspiegel (Low German *Dyl Ulenspegel* or *Dyl Ulenspiegel*; English *Till Owlglass*) is a legendary German trickster said to have lived between about 1300 and 1350. His exploits are described in a number of chapbooks, including *Ein kurtzweilig Lesen von Dyl Ulenspiegel, geboren uß dem Land zu Brunßwick, wie er sein leben volbracht hat* (Strasbourg, 1510-11).
- Link to the text of this tale in modern German: Karl Simrock, *Die deutschen Volksbücher*, vol 10 (Frankfurt am Main: Druck und Verlag von Heinrich Ludwig Brönner, 1864), pp. 368-72.
- Return to the table of contents.

England

A merchant that thought to deride a miller sitting among company said to him, "Sir, I have heard that every honest miller that tells the truth has a golden thumb."

and other tales of type 1423

selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1998-2014

1. The Story of Lydia and Pyrrhus (abstracted from *The Decameron* by Giovanni Boccaccio).
2. The Merchant's Tale (abstracted from *The Canterbury Tales* by Geoffrey Chaucer).
3. Story of the Credulous Husband (*1001 Nights*, translated by John Payne).
4. The Tale of the Simpleton Husband (*1001 Nights*, translated by Richard Burton).
5. The Twenty-Ninth Vizier's Story (Turkey, *The History of the Forty Viziers*).
6. Husband, Wife, Lover, and Mango Tree (Tibet/Nepal).
7. The Fourth Lady, Her Husband, and the Brahmin (India/Persia).
8. Vibhîtaka Tree (India).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Story of Lydia and Pyrrhus

Giovanni Boccaccio

Nicostratus, a wealthy patrician, married Lydia, a woman of great distinction and unsurpassed beauty. He was well advanced in years, while she was still a paragon of youth and vitality. Consequently, to state the matter delicately, their marriage did not leave the young wife entirely satisfied. Thus, it is quite understandable that Lydia found herself paying ever more attention to one of her husband's servants, Pyrrhus by name, who was elegant, handsome, young, and energetic. He was attracted to her as well, and gladly would have accepted her invitations to love, but the old man gave them no opportunity. What he lacked in vigor he made up with jealousy and perseverance, rarely leaving his beautiful young wife alone.

Their unrequited passion aglow, Lydia and Pyrrhus devised a daring scheme through which, even in the master's presence, they might satisfy their longing for one another. Accordingly, one day when the three were walking in the garden, as they often did, Lydia requested a pear from a certain tree. Pyrrhus climbed after the fruit, but once in the tree, he called to his master, "Have you no shame, making love like that in broad daylight?"

The master demanded an explanation for the strange remark, and Pyrrhus concluded that the pear tree was enchanted, giving the impression of unreal happenings below. To test the theory, he asked his master to climb the tree, and see if he too would behold impossible things below. His curiosity piqued, Nicostratus mustered enough strength to climb onto one of the pear tree's lower branches. Looking down, what did he behold but Pyrrhus and Lydia

- Source: Cecil Bendall, "The Tantrakhyana, a Collection of Indian Folklore, from a Unique Sanskrit Manuscript Discovered in Nepal," tale 42, *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland*, new series, vol. 20 (London: Trübner and Company, 1888), pp. 500-501.
- Bendall's source: A Tibetan manuscript dated A.D. 1484.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fourth Lady, Her Husband, and the Brahmin

India/Persia

Frame Story

> Five cunning women meet a handsome but naive Brahmin at a well in Benares [Veranasi], India, then lead him into a series of compromising situations, each claiming to be a lesson from the *Tirrea Bede*, (the fifth Veda), although in truth the Hindus recognize only four such sacred texts.

Story 8

The fourth lady, ... having bestowed her attention on the pilgrim Brahmin, dispatched him to an orchard; and having gone home, said to her wise husband, "I have heard that in the orchard of a certain husbandman, there is a date tree, the fruit of which is of remarkably fine flavour; but what is yet stranger, whoever ascends it, sees many wonderful objects. If today, going to visit this orchard, we gather dates from this tree, and also see the wonders of it, it will not be unproductive of amusement."

In short, she so worked upon her husband with flattering speeches and caresses, that *nolens volens* [unwillingly or willingly] he went to the orchard, and at the instigation of his wife, ascended the tree. At this instant she beckoned to the Brahmin, who was previously seated, expectantly, in a corner of the garden.

The husband, from the top of the tree, beholding what was not fit to be seen, exclaimed in extreme rage, "Ah! thou shameless Russian-born wretch, what abominable action is this?" [footnote]

The wife making not the least answer, the flames of anger seized the mind of the man, and he began to descend from the tree; when the Brahmin with activity and speed having hurried over the fourth section of the Tirrea Bede, went his way.

VERSE.

The road to repose is that of activity, and quickness!

The wife, during her husband's descent from the tree having arranged her plan, said, "Surely, man, frenzy must have deprived thy brain of the fumes of sense, that having foolishly set up such a cry, and not reflecting. Upon thy own disgrace, (for here, excepting thyself, what male is present ?) thou wou'dst fix upon me the charge of infidelity?"

The husband, when he saw no person near, was astonished, and said to himself, "Certainly, this vision must have been miraculous."

The completely artful wife, from the hesitation of her husband, guessed the cause, and impudently began to abuse him. Then instantly tying her vest round her waist, she ascended the tree. When she had reached the topmost branch, she suddenly cried out, "O thou shameless man, what abominable action is this! If thy evil star hath led thee from the path of virtue, surely thou mightest have in secret ventured upon it. Doubtless to pull down the curtain of modesty from thy eyes, and with such impudence to commit such a wicked deed, is the very extreme of debauchery."

The husband replied, "Woman, do not thus ridiculously cry out, but be silent; for such is the property of this tree, that whoever ascends it, sees man or woman below in such situations."

The cunning wife now came down, and said to her husband, "What a charming garden and amusing spot is this! where one can gather fruit, and at the same time behold the wonders of the world."

The husband replied, "Destruction seize the wonders which falsely accuse man of abomination!"

In short, the devilish wife, notwithstanding the impudence of such an action, escaped safely to her house; and the next day, according to custom, attending at the well, introduced the Brahmin to the ladies, and informed them of her worthy contrivance.

- Source: Jonathan Scott, *Bahar-Danush; or, Garden of Knowledge: An Oriental Romance*, translated from the Persic of Einaiut Oollah [Inayat Allah], vol. 2 (Shrewsbury: Printed by J. and W. Eddowes for T. Cadell, jun., and W. Davies, in the Strand, London, 1799), story 8, lesson 4, pp. 64-68.
- Footnote by Scott: "The Asiatics have a very contemptible opinion of the Russians, especially of the females, whom they believe to be void of common modesty." [Return to the text.]
- Einaiut Oollah, modern English spelling *Inayat Allah*, or in full: *Shaikh Inayat Allah Kamboh*, was born in 1608 and died in 1671 at Delhi.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Vibhîtaka Tree

India

There is a large village called Kukhâddâ; in it dwelt a certain Jarasa, who was a great fool. His wife's name was Devikâ. She was a flighty, ill- conducted person, and had a lover -- a Brahman -- whom she used to meet under a Vibhîtaka tree, some way from the village. These meetings were a great subject of gossip in the place, and in course of time her husband heard of them. So he made up his mind to see into the matter himself and went and climbed into the tree.

What he saw from his hiding-place fully justified all the gossip, and he called out to his wife: "You good-for-nothing hussy! You have been up to this game for some time past."

She was put into somewhat of a difficulty and said: "I don't know what you mean!"

"I will let you know what I mean," he answered, "if you will just wait till I come down."

So she promised to wait till he came down from the tree, and meanwhile sent her lover away.

At last her husband reached the ground. "It is of no use your making excuses," he said. "You have been caught in *flagranti delicto.*"

"My dear husband!" she replied, "You must know that this tree has very peculiar properties: anyone who climbs up into it can see at once whether their husband or wife has attractions away from home."

Her husband replied, "Well, you climb up and see if it is so."

Which she did, and cried out: "You good-for-nothing wretch! You have been running after other women for days and days."

As this was perfectly true the fool had nothing to say, and so he made it up with his wife and they went home together.

- Source: B. Hale Wortham, *The Enchanted Parrot: Being a Selection from the "Suka Saptati," or, The Seventy Tales of a Parrot*, translated from the Sanskrit (London: Luzac and Company, 1911), story 28, pp. 72-73.
- The *Suka Saptati*, also spelled *Sukasaptati*, or *Seventy Tales of a Parrot* is a collection of Sanskrit stories dating from the 12th century or earlier.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised November 14, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

making fervent love. From his precarious perch, he shouted curses, threats, and insults at them. but they -- engaged with other pursuits -- quite ignored him.

Nicostratus climbed down from the tree, only to find Pyrrhus and Lydia seated discretely on a garden bench. Their innocent demeanor convinced him that nothing unseemly had happened. Fearing that only a bedeviled tree could be responsible for the vile images that he had perceived, he sent for an ax and had it cut down immediately.

From that time forth Nicostratus relaxed his watchful vigil over his young wife, and thus Pyrrhus and Lydia were able to pluck the fruits of their love at regular intervals, even without the help of their enchanted pear tree.

- Source: Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*, day 7, tale 9. Retold and shortened.
- © 1998 by D. L. Ashliman.
- *The Decameron (Il Decamerone)* was written between 1350 and 1355.
- Link to the entire work: Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron; or, Ten Days of Entertainment* (Cincinnati: Steward and Kidd Company, 1919), seventh day, novel 9, pp. 367-74.
- Link to the work in Italian: Giovanni Boccaccio, *Il Decamerone*, vol. 2 (Paris: Libraire de Firmin Didot Frères, 1849), giornata settima, novella 9, p. 85-94.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Merchant's Tale

Geoffrey Chaucer

In the town of Pavia in Lombardy there lived a worthy knight by the name of January. Although throughout his long and prosperous life he had partaken often of the fruits of love, he felt no need for marriage until he passed his sixtieth year, when suddenly he was overcome by a violent urge to become a wedded man.

"A young and beautiful wife," he concluded, "would be the fulfillment of my wealth and glory. Obedient, loyal, and untiring, she would attend to my every need in my waning years, and further, she may well present me with an heir."

"Not so!" argued some. "A wife's interest will be more toward your fortune than toward your well being, and further, her unbridled passions may place your honor at risk."

But January listened not to these negative voices, paying heed instead to those who praised the virtues of womanhood and the benefits of marriage. And thus he soon announced to his friends his resolve to find a bride, "But," he asserted, "she must be under twenty years of age, for young veal is tastier than old beef."

His friends tried to dissuade him from this resolve, but to no avail, and at last -- driven onward by unrelenting fantasies -- he found the woman who satisfied his dreams. Although not of high rank, she was young and beautiful, and, in his love-blinded perception, she was also compliant and self-disciplined. Further, like old January himself, she too bore the name of a

season: May.

Marriage documents were executed, the holy sacrament of marriage was duly performed, and the priest united January and May as husband and wife.

One wedding guest was particularly moved, a robust young man named Damian, who served as a squire to Knight January. Ravished by May's fresh beauty, the squire fell madly in love with his master's young bride.

No one knows what young May was thinking in her heart as old January -- with his beard of stubble and loose skin shaking about his throat -- labored in the field of love. But Damian's thoughts were not entirely secret. He poured out his soul with pen and ink, then managed to slip the letter into the hand of his beloved May without being seen by the ever-watchful January.

May's only opportunity to read the letter came in that small place where everyone goes alone. There she committed Damian's message to memory, then tore the letter into pieces and threw them into the privy. But one thing is certain. She took no offense at the young squire's forwardness, for as soon as she could steal a few minutes' time, she composed a letter to the young squire, promising him the satisfaction he desired of her as soon as the time and place might present themselves.

In the meantime old January's fortune turned against him, and he lost his sight. The curse of blindness increased the knight's possessiveness and jealousy toward his young wife. Fearing that she might succumb to some temptation under the cover of his darkness, he never let her go out unless he himself had her by the hand. Nevertheless, by using private hand signals and smuggled letters, she communicated her forbidden love to Damian, and invented a plan whereby it might be consummated.

The tryst was to take place in a private garden where January and May often walked together. Following his beloved's plan, Damian let himself into the garden at the appointed time, then hid himself in the branches of a pear tree that grew there. A little later January and May, hand in hand, approached the tree, when May suddenly declared an intense appetite for a pear from the nearby tree.

"Do let me climb the tree and pluck a pear," she begged of her husband. Then recalling his blind jealousy, she added, "You can hold your arms around the tree to make sure that I am alone."

Not wanting to deny her this innocent request, he stooped over and let her step onto his back. Taking hold of a branch, she pulled herself into tree and into the arms of the waiting Damian. Now ladies, please take no offence, but I must tell the story as it actually happened. Damian forthwith lifted her smock and thrust away, with the deceived husband blindly hugging the tree beneath them.

However, this shameful tryst was not entirely unseen. The king and queen of Fairyland saw all, and the king -- horrified at the cuckoldry -- resolved at once to restore the old knight's

sight immediately and thus expose his wife's and his squire's faithlessness. "Do that!" replied the fairy king's wife. "But nothing bad will come to the young woman, for I will give her a bold and quick answer that will excuse her and her lover from all guilt."

And thus it happened. As granted by the fairy king, sight miraculously returned to January's aging eyes. But his rejoicing was short lived, for looking up, the first thing he saw was his wife engaged in an act that polite words cannot describe.

"Strumpet!" he called out angrily. "What are you up to?"

Now it was the fairy queen's turn to ply her magic, and -- as promised -- she put a quick response onto the wayward wife's tongue.

"Sir," replied May, "have patience. Don't you see what I have done? I was told that the only cure for your blindness would be for me to struggle with a man upon a tree."

"Struggle?" said he. "It went right in!"

"Oh no!" said she. "You caught a hazy glimpse, my good sir, but your sight is still poor. Things are not as they first appeared to you." Then she continued, "This slander is my reward for helping you to see."

"Never mind!" said he. "Come down. But it did appear to me that Damian was enjoying you with your smock upon his breast."

"Think what you will," said she, "but it was only a false vision following your long blindness."

With that she jumped down from the tree, and January led her happily back home.

- Source: Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*, "The Merchant's Tale." Retold and shortened.
- © 1998 by D. L. Ashliman.
- The tale above combines elements of folktale type 1423 (the enchanted pear tree) with those of type 1419M (a wife convinces her husband that her infidelity has saved him from a curse).
- Chaucer was born about the year 1340 and died in 1400. He began writing *The Canterbury Tales* in about 1386. The great work remained unfinished.
- Link to a Middle English text with an interlinear translation of *The Marchantes Tale* from the Geoffrey Chaucer Page at Harvard University.
- Link to a Middle English text of *The Marchantes Tale* from eChaucer, edited by Gerard NeCastro, University of Maine at Machias.
- Link to a modern translation of *The Merchant's Tale* from eChaucer, edited by Gerard NeCastro, University of Maine at Machias.
- Return to the table of contents.

Story of the Credulous Husband

1001 Nights **(translated by John Payne)**

There was once of old time a foolish, ignorant man, who had wealth galore, and his wife was a fair woman, who loved a handsome youth. The latter used to watch for her husband's absence and come to her, and on this wise he abode a long while.

One day, as the woman was private with her lover, he said to her, "O my lady and my beloved, if thou desire me and love me, give me possession of thyself and accomplish my need in thy husband's presence; else will I never again come to thee nor draw near thee, what while I abide on life."

Now she loved him with an exceeding love and could not brook his separation an hour nor could endure to vex him; so, when she heard his words, she said to him, "[So be it,] in God's name, O my beloved and solace of mine eyes, may he not live who would vex thee!"

Quoth he, "Today?"

And she said, "Yes, by thy life," and appointed him of this.

When her husband came home, she said to him, "I desire to go a-pleasuring."

And he said, "With all my heart."

So he went, till he came to a goodly place, abounding in vines and water, whither he carried her and pitched her a tent beside a great tree; and she betook herself to a place beside the tent and made her there an underground hiding-place, [in which she hid her lover].

Then said she to her husband, "I desire to mount this tree."

And he said, "Do so."

So she climbed up and when she came to the top of the tree, she cried out and buffeted her face, saying, "Lewd fellow that thou art, are these thy usages? Thou sworest [fidelity to me] and liedst." And she repeated her speech twice and thrice.

Then she came down from the tree and rent her clothes and said, "O villain, if these be thy dealings with me before my eyes, how dost thou when thou art absent from me?"

Quoth he, "What aileth thee?" and she said, "I saw thee swive the woman before my very eyes."

"Not so, by Allah!" cried he. "But hold thy peace till I go up and see."

So he climbed the tree and no sooner did he begin to do so than up came the lover [from his hiding-place] and taking the woman by the legs, [fell to swiving her].

When the husband came to the top of the tree, he looked and beheld a man swiving his wife. So he said, "O strumpet, what doings are these?"

And he made haste to come down from the tree to the ground; [but meanwhile the lover had returned to his hiding-place] and his wife said to him, "What sawest thou?"

"I saw a man swive thee," answered he; and she said, "Thou liest; thou sawest nought and sayst this but of conjecture."

On this wise they did three times, and every time [he climbed the tree] the lover came up out of the underground place and bestrode her, whilst her husband looked on and she still said, "O liar, seest thou aught?"

"Yes," would he answer and came down in haste, but saw no one and she said to him, "By my life, look and say nought but the truth!"

Then said he to her, "Arise, let us depart this place, for it is full of Jinn and Marids."

[So they returned to their house] and passed the night [there] and the man arose in the morning, assured that this was all but imagination and illusion. And so the lover accomplished his desire.

- Source: John Payne, *Tales from the Arabic of the Breslau and Calcutta (1814-18) Editions of the Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night Not Occurring in the Other Printed Texts of the Work*. Now first done into English, vol. 1 (London: Printed for subscribers only, 1884), pp. 270-72.
- Square brackets denote Payne's additions to a faulty original text.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Story of the Simpleton Husband

***1001 Nights* (translated by Richard Burton)**

There was once in olden time a foolish man and an ignorant, who had abounding wealth, and his wife was a beautiful woman, who loved a handsome youth. The Cicisbeo [gallant] used to watch for her husband's absence and come to her, and on this wise he abode a long while.

One day of the days, as the woman was closeted with her lover, he said to her, "O my lady and my beloved, an [if] thou desire me and love me, give me possession of thy person and satisfy my need in the presence of thy husband; otherwise I will never again come to thee nor draw near thee while I live my life."

Now she loved him with exceeding love and c&uld not suffer his separation an hour nor could endure to anger him; so, when she heard his words, she said to him, "Bismillah, so be it, in Allah's name, O my darling and coolth of mine eyes: may he not live who would vex thee!"

Quoth he, "Today?"

And quoth she, "Yes, by thy life," and made an appointment with him for this.

When her husband came home, she said to him, "I want to go a-pleasuring," and he said, "With all my heart."

So he went, till he came to a goodly place, abounding in vines and water, whither he carried

her and pitched her a tent by the side of a tall tree; and she betook herself to a place alongside the tent and made her there a Sarddb [an underground vault], in which she hid her lover.

Then said she to her husband, "I want to climb this tree"; and he said, "Do so."

So she clomb it and when she came to the tree-top, she cried out and slapped her face, saying, "O thou lecher, are these thy lewd ways? Thou swarest faith to me, and thou liedest." And she repeated her speech twice and thrice. Then she came down from the tree and rent her raiment and said, "O lecher, an [if] these be thy dealings with me before my eyes, how dost thou when thou art absent from me?"

Quoth he, "What aileth thee?" and quoth she, "I saw thee futter the woman before my very eyes."

Cried he, "Not so, by Allah! But hold thy peace till I go up and see."

So he clomb the tree and no sooner did he begin to do so than out came the lover from his hiding place and taking the woman by the legs, fell to shagging her.

When the husband came to the top of the tree, he looked and beheld a man futtering his wife; so he called out, "O whore, what doings are these?" and he made haste to come down from the tree to the ground.

But meanwhile the lover had returned to his hiding place and his wife asked him, "What sawest thou?" and he answered, "I saw a man shag thee."

But she said, "Thou liest; thou sawest naught and sayst this only by way of phantasy."

The same they did three several times, and every time he clomb the tree the lover came up out of the underground place and mounted her, whilst her husband looked on and she still said, "Seest thou aught, O liar?"

"Yes," would he answer, and came down in haste, but saw no one and she said to him, "By my life, look and speak naught but sooth!"

Then he cried to her, "Arise, let us depart this place, for 'tis full of Jinn and Marids."

Accordingly, they returned to their house and nighted there, and the man arose in the morning, assured that this was all but phantasy and fascination.

And so the lover won his wicked will.

- Source: Richard F. Burton, *Supplemental Nights to the Book of the Thousand and One Nights*, vol. 1 (Printed by the Burton Club for private subscribers only, 1886), pp. 239-41.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Twenty-Ninth Vizier's Story

Turkey

There was in the palace of the world a grocer, and he had a wife, a beauty of the age, and that woman had a lover.

One day this woman's lover said, "If your husband found us out, he would not leave either of us sound."

The woman said, "I am able to manage that I shall make merry with you before my husband's eyes."

The youth said, "Such a thing cannot be."

The woman replied, "In such and such a place there is a large tree. Tomorrow I will go on an outing with my husband to the foot of that tree. Hide yourself in a secret place near that tree, and when I make a sign to you, come."

As her lover left, her husband arrived. The woman said, "Man, I would like to go on an outing with you tomorrow to such and such a tree."

The man replied, "So be it."

When it was morning the woman and her husband went to that tree. The woman said, "They say that he who eats this sweetmeat sees single things as though they were double," and she ate some and gave her husband some to eat.

Half an hour afterward the woman climbed up the tree and turned and looked down and began, "May you be struck blind! May God punish you! Man, what are you doing? Is there anyone who has ever done such a thing? You are making merry with a strange woman under the eyes of your wife. Quick, divorce me!" And she cried out.

Her husband said, "What is with you, woman? Have you gone mad? There is no one with me."

Said the woman, "Be silent, you unblushing and shameless fellow. The woman is with you, and you deny it."

Her husband said, "Come down."

She replied, "I will not come down so long as that woman is with you."

Her husband began to swear, protesting, and the woman came down and said to him, "Where is that harlot? Quick, show her to me, or else!"

Again the man swore, and the woman said, "Can it then be the work of the sweetmeat?"

The man said, "May be."

Said the woman, "You too go up and look down on me, and let us see."

Her husband took hold of the tree, and while he was climbing, the woman made a sign to her lover. The man looked down and saw the woman making merry with a youth.

This time the man cried out, "Away with you! What is with you, you shameless boy?"

The woman said, "You are lying."

But the man could not endure it and began to come down, and the youth ran off.

- Source: Sheykh-Zada, *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, The Story of the Forty Morns and Eves*, translated by E. J. W. Gibb (London: George Redway, 1886), pp. 303-305.
- Translation modernized by D. L. Ashliman. © 1998.
- Return to the table of contents

.

Husband, Wife, Lover, and Mango Tree

Tibet/Nepal

In a certain village lived an honest man who had a wife both beautiful and clever, but devoted to another man. One day she went by assignation to a grove of mango trees, and there dallied with her lover. But the husband also came. So the lover, seeing him approaching, jumped up hastily, and stepping aside, stood modestly concealed.

Then the woman, seeing her lord, said to him, "Can I have a mango to eat?"

He replied, "I will fetch you one."

Quoth she: "My longing is to climb up myself and eat a mango."

"Do so for yourself then," said he.

So when she had climbed up the tree, she looked at her husband and said: "My dear, what do you mean by making love to another woman before my very eyes?"

"What are you talking about?" said he. "There is no other woman."

"Can this be the nature of the tree [so that one sees double]?" said she.

"You come up and look at me standing on the ground." When so it was done, she called her paramour, and took her fill of love.

Then said the husband: "Yes, indeed, it is the nature of the tree."

Whereon the lover made off.

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 20C
(including former type 2033)
in which storytellers from around the world
make light of paranoia and mass hysteria

selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2014

1. The Timid Hare and the Flight of the Beasts (India, *The Jataka Tales*).
2. The Flight of the Beasts (Tibet, Anton Schiefner).
3. The Story of Chicken-Licken (England, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps).
4. Henny-Penny and Her Fellow Travelers (Scotland, Robert Chambers).
5. Henny-Penny (England/Australia, Joseph Jacobs).
6. The End of the World (Ireland).
7. The Cock and the Hen That Went to Dovrefjell (Norway, Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe).
8. The Little Chicken Kluk and His Companions (Denmark, Benjamin Thorpe).
9. The End of the World (Flanders, Jean de Bosschère).
10. Brother Rabbit Takes Some Exercise (African-American, Joel Chandler Harris).
11. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

India

Once upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta [the future Buddha] came to life as a young lion. And when fully grown he lived in a wood. At this time there was near the Western Ocean a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees.

A certain hare lived here beneath a palm sapling, at the foot of a vilva tree. One day this hare, after feeding, came and lay down beneath the young palm tree. And the thought struck him, "If this earth should be destroyed, what would become of me?"

And at this very moment a ripe vilva fruit fell on a palm leaf. At the sound of it, the hare thought, "This solid earth is collapsing," and starting up he fled, without so much as looking behind him. Another hare saw him scampering off, as if frightened to death, and asked the cause of his panic flight.

"Pray, don't ask me," he said.

The other hare cried, "Pray, sir, what is it?" and kept running after him.

"Where are you going, Henny-Penny?" says Cocky-Locky.

"Oh! I'm going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," says Henny-Penny.

"May I come with you?" says Cocky-Locky.

"Certainly," says Henny-Penny. So Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky went to tell the king the sky was falling.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Ducky-Daddles.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky?" says Ducky-Daddles.

"Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky.

"May I come with you?" says Ducky-Daddles.

"Certainly," said Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky. So Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Daddles went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Goosey-Poosey.

"Where are you going to, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Daddles?" said Goosey-Poosey.

"Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky and Ducky-Daddles.

"May I come with you," said Goosey-Poosey.

"Certainly," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky and Ducky-Daddles. So Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosy-Poosey went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Turkey-Lurkey.

"Where are you going, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey?" says Turkey-Lurkey.

"Oh! we're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey.

"May I come with you? Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey?" said Turkey-Lurkey.

"Oh, certainly, Turkey-Lurkey," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, and Goosey-Poosey.

So Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they met Foxy-Woxy, and Foxy-Woxy said to Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey: "Where are you going, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey?"

And Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey said to Foxy-Woxy: "We're going to tell the king the sky's a-falling."

"Oh! but this is not the way to the king, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey," says Foxy-Woxy. "I know the proper way; shall I show it you?"

"Oh certainly, Foxy-Woxy," said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

So Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, Turkey-Lurkey, and Foxy-Woxy all went to tell the king the sky was a-falling.

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along, till they came to a narrow and dark hole. Now this was the door of Foxy-Woxy's cave.

But Foxy-Woxy said to Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey: "This is the short way to the king's palace; you'll soon get there if you follow me. I will go first and you come after, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey."

"Why of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" said Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey.

So Foxy-Woxy went into his cave, and he didn't go very far but turned round to wait for Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Daddles, Goosey-Poosey, and Turkey-Lurkey. So at last at first Turkey-Lurkey went through the dark hole into the cave.

He hadn't got far when "Hrumph," Foxy-Woxy snapped off Turkey-Lurkey's head and threw his body over his left shoulder. Then Goosey-Poosey went in, and "Hrumph," off went her head and Goosey-Poosey was thrown beside Turkey-Lurkey. Then Ducky-Daddles waddled down, and "Hrumph," snapped Foxy-Woxy, and Ducky-Daddles' head was off and Ducky-Daddles was thrown alongside Turkey-Lurkey and Goosey-Poosey. Then Cocky-Locky strutted down into the cave and he hadn't gone far when "Snap, Hrumph!" went Foxy-Woxy and Cocky-Locky was thrown alongside of Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey and Ducky-Daddles.

But Foxy-Woxy had made two bites at Cocky-Locky, and when the first snap only hurt Cocky-Locky, but didn't kill him, he called out to Henny-Penny. But she turned tail and off she ran home, so she never told the king the sky was a-falling.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*, third edition, revised (London: David Nutt, 1898), no. 20, pp. 113-16.
- Jacobs' source: "I give this as it was told to me in Australia in 1860." (Notes and

References, pp. 243-44)
- Return to the table of contents.

The End of the World

Ireland

A hen was standing under a hazel-tree one day, and a nut fell on her tail. Away she ran to the cock, and says she, "Cocky Locky, the end of the world is come."

"How do you know, Henny Penny?" says he.

"Oh, a nut fell on my tail just now."

"If that be so, we have nothing for it but to run away."

So they ran till they met the duck. "Oh, Ducky Lucky, the end of the world is come."

"How do you know, Cocky Locky?"

"Oh, a nut fell just now on Henny Penny's tail."

"If that be so, we must run for it."

When they were pegging off, they met the goose. "Oh, Goosey Poosey, the end of the world is come."

"How do you know, Ducky Lucky?"

"A nut fell on Henny Penny's tail just now."

"If that be the case, we are done for."

They met the fox. "Oh, Foxy Coxy, the world is come to an end."

"How do you know that, Goosey Poosey?"

"Oh, a nut fell on Henny Penny's tail."

"Then let us be off."

So they got into the wood, and says Foxy Coxy, "Let me count if all are safe. I, Foxy Coxy, one; you, Goosey Poosey, two; Ducky Lucky, three; Cocky Locky, four; Henny Penny, five. Number five, I'll put you in a safe place where the end of the world won't hurt you."

So he took Henny Penny behind a hush and put her out of pain. "Now," says he, coming back, "let us count if all the rest are safe. I, Foxy Coxy, one; you, Goosey Poosey, two; etc., etc. Number four, I'll put you in a place where you'll be safe when the end of the world comes."

He took him behind another bush, etc., etc., etc. "Now let me see if all the rest are here. I, Foxy Coxy, one; etc., etc., etc." and so on till he put the fear of the world's end out of every one of them.

- Source: Patrick Kennedy, *The Fireside Stories of Ireland* (Dublin: M'Glashan and Gill, 1870), p. 25.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cock and the Hen That Went to Dovrefjell

Norway

Once upon a time there was a hen that had flown up and perched on an oak tree for the night. When the night came, she dreamed that unless she got to Dovrefjell, the world would come to an end. So that very minute she jumped down, and set out on her way. When she had walked a bit she met a cock.

"Good day, Cocky-Locky," said the hen.

"Good day, Henny-Penny," said the cock. "Where are you going so early?"

"Oh, I'm going to Dovrefjell, that the world won't come to an end," said the hen.

"Who told you that, Henny-Penny?" asked the cock.

"I sat in the oak and dreamed it last night," said the hen.

"I'll go with you," said the cock.

Well, they walked on a good bit, and then they met a duck.

"Good day, Ducky-Lucky," said the cock.

"Good day, Cocky-Locky" said the duck. "Where are you going so early?"

"Oh, I'm going to Dovrefjell, that the world won't come to an end," said the cock.

"Who told you that, Cocky-Locky?"

"Henny-Penny," said the cock.

"Who told you that, Henny-Penny?" asked the duck.

"I sat in the oak and dreamed it last night," said the hen.

"I'll go with you," said the duck.

So they went off together, and after a bit they met a goose.

"Good day, Goosey-Poosey," said the duck.

"Good day, Ducky-Lucky," said the goose. "Where are you going so early?"

"I'm going to Dovrefjell, that the world won't come to an end," said the duck.

"Who told you that, Ducky-Lucky?" asked the goose.

"Cocky-Locky."

"Who told you that, Cocky-Locky?"

"Henny-Penny."

"How do you know that, Henny-Penny?" said the goose.

"I sat in the oak and dreamed it last night, Goosey-Poosey," said the hen.

"I'll go with you," said the goose.

Now when they had all walked along for a bit, a fox met them.

"Good day, Foxy-Cocksy," said the goose.

"God day, Goosey-Poosey."

"Where are you going, Foxy-Cocksy?"

"Where are you going yourself, Goosey-Poosey?"

"I'm going to Dovrefjell, that the world won't come to an end," said the goose.

"Who told you that, Goosey-Poosey?" asked the fox.

"Ducky-Lucky."

"Who told you that, Ducky-Lucky?"

"Cocky-Locky."

"Who told you that, Cocky-Locky?"

"Henny-Penny."

"How do you know that, Henny-Penny?"

"I sat in the oak and dreamed last night, that if we don't get to Dovrefjell, the world will come to an end," said the hen.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the fox. "The world won't come to an end if you don't go there. No, come home with me to my den. That's far better, for it's warm and jolly there."

Well, they went home with the fox to his den, and when they got inside, the fox laid on lots of fuel, so that they all got very sleepy. The duck and the goose, they settled themselves down in a corner, but the cock and hen flew up on a post. So when the goose and duck were well asleep, the fox took the goose and laid him on the embers, and roasted him. The hen smelled the strong roast meat, and sprang up to a higher peg, and said, half asleep, "Phooey, what a nasty smell! What a nasty smell!"

"Oh, stuff!" said the fox. "It's only the smoke driven down the chimney. Go to sleep again, and hold your tongue." So the hen went off to sleep again.

Now the fox had hardly got the goose well down his throat, before he did the very same with the duck. He took and laid him on the embers, and roasted him for a dainty bit.

Then the hen woke up again, and sprang up to a higher peg still. "Phooey, what a nasty smell! What a nasty smell!" she said again, and when she got her eyes open, and came to see how the fox and eaten two of them, both the goose and the duck. So she flew up to the highest peg of all, and perched there, and peeped up through the chimney.

"Nay, nay, just see what a lovely lot of geese are flying over there," she said to the fox.

Out ran Reynard to fetch a fat roast. But while he was gone, the hen woke up the cock and told him how it had gone with Goosey-Poosey and Ducky-Lucky. And so Cocky-Locky and Henny-Penny flew out through the chimney, and if they hadn't got to Dovrefjell, it surely would have been all over with the world.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe, *Popular Tales from the North*, translated by George Webbe Dasent, new edition (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1912), pp. 353-56.
- Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- Link to the original Norwegian text Høna som skulle till Dovre forat ikke allverden skulle forgå.
- Dovrefjell is a mountainous region in south-central Norway.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Little Chicken Kluk and His Companions

Denmark

There was once a little chicken called Kluk. A nut fell on his back, and gave him such a blow that he fell down and rolled on the ground. So he ran to the hen, and said, "Henny Penny, run, I think all the world is falling!"

"Who has told thee that, little chicken Kluk?"

"Oh, a nut fell on my back, and struck me so that I rolled on the ground."

"Then let us run," said the hen.

So they ran to the cock, and said, " Cocky Locky, run, I think all the world is falling."

"Who has told thee that, Henny Penny? "

"Little chicken Kluk."

"Who told thee that, little chicken Kluk?"

"Oh, a nut fell on my back, and struck me so that I rolled on the ground."

"Then let us run," said the cock. So they ran to the duck, and said, "Ducky Lucky, run, I think all the world is falling."

"Who told thee that, Cocky Locky?"

"Henny Penny."

"Who has told thee that, Henny Penny?"

"Little chicken Kluk."

"Who has told thee that, little chicken Kluk?"

"Oh, a nut fell on my back, and struck me so that I rolled on the ground."

"Then let us run," said the duck. So they ran to the goose. "Goosy Poosy, run, I think all the world is falling."

"Who has told thee that, Ducky Lucky?"

"Cocky Locky."

"Who has told thee that, Cocky Locky?"

"Henny Penny."

"Who has told thee that, Henny Penny ?"

"Little chicken Kluk."

"Who has told thee that, little chicken Kluk?"

"Oh, a nut fell on my back, and struck me so, that I rolled on the ground.

"Then let us run," said the goose. Then they ran to the fox, and said, Foxy Coxy, run, I think all the world is falling."

"Who has told thee that, Goosy Poosy?"

"Ducky Lucky."

"Who has told thee that, Ducky Lucky?"

"Cocky Locky."

"Who has told thee that, Cocky Locky?"

"Henny Penny."

"Who has told thee that, Henny Penny?"

"Little chicken Kluk."

"Who has told thee that, little chicken Kluk?"

"Oh, a nut fell on my back, and struck me so, that I rolled on the ground."

"Then let us run," said the fox. So they all ran into the wood. Then the fox said, "I must now count and see if I have got you all here. I, Foxy Coxy, one; Goosy Poosy, two; Ducky Lucky, three; Cocky Locky, four; Henny Penny, five; and little chicken Kluk, six ; Hei ! That one I'll snap up."

He then said : "Let us run."

So they ran further into the wood. Then said he, Now I must count and see if I have got you all here. I, Foxy Coxy, one; Goosy Poosy, two; Ducky Lucky, three; Cocky Locky, four; Henny Penny, five; Hei! That one I'll snap up." And so he went on till he had eaten them all up.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Yule-Tide Stories: A Collection of Scandinavian and North German Popular Tales and Traditions, from the Swedish, Danish, and German*, (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1853), pp. 421-22.
- Return to the table of contents.

The End of the World

Flanders

Once upon a time an old woman sat spinning in a room at the top of a high tower. Beneath her chair Chaton, her cat, lay peacefully sleeping. All of a sudden the spinning wheel jarred and made a loud creaking sound. Startled out of his sleep, Chaton the Cat rushed out of the room and bolted down the stairs as though a thousand demons were at his heels.

In the yard he passed the house dog who was sitting in front of his kennel.

"Hallo, Chaton!" cried the dog. "Where are you going to in such a hurry?"

"I am fleeing the country," answered Chaton. "I have just heard the sounding of the last trump! The end of the world is at hand!"

"If that is so," said the dog, "I would like to run away too. May I come with you?"

"Certainly," answered Chaton. "Seat yourself on my beautiful curly tail."

So the dog perched himself on the cat s tail, and off they went together. A little farther on they came to the farm gate, and there, perched on the topmost rail, was the cock.

"Whither away, Chaton?" asked the cock. "You seem to be in haste."

"Yes," said Chaton. "I have heard the last trump, which proves that the world is coming to an end, and I want to get safely away before that happens."

"Take me with you, Chaton dear," said the cock.

"By all means," answered the cat. "Jump on to my beautiful curly tail beside the dog."

So the cock perched himself on Chaton's tail, and now there were two passengers. Away went the cat even faster than before, so as to make up for lost time, and presently they passed a rabbit who was nibbling the grass in a field.

"Chaton, Chaton," cried the rabbit, "why are you running so quickly?"

"Don't stop me!" answered the cat. "I've heard the last trump! The end of the world is coming!"

"Oh, dear me!" cried the rabbit. "What an unfortunate thing! Don't leave me here, Chaton, for I am afraid to face the end of the world."

"Very well," said Chaton. "Jump on to my beautiful curly tail with the dog and the cock, and I'll take you with me."

So the rabbit also perched himself on the cat's tail, and now there were three of them riding there. Off went the cat again, but not so quickly this time, because of the weight on his tail, and before very long he came to a pond by the side of which a goose was standing.

"Now then, now then, what's the hurry?" asked the goose. "If you run so fast you'll overheat your blood and die of a fever."

"It's all very well to scoff," answered the cat, "but you must know that the end of the world is coming. I have heard the last trump sound!"

"My goodness!" said the goose. "This is dreadful! Take me with you, Chaton, and I'll be grateful for ever."

"Very well," said the cat. "Jump on to my beautiful curly tail with the dog and the fox and the rabbit."

So the goose also perched herself on the cat's tail, so now there were four passengers, and that made five altogether who were running away to escape the end of the world. All that day the cat kept on running, and towards dusk they came to a forest.

"This seems a good place to rest," said Chaton. "Now then, master cock, fly to the top of a

tree and see if you can espy a house in which we can take shelter."

The cock flew to the top of a high tree and from there he saw a number of lights twinkling in the distance. The five fugitives thereupon set off in the direction from which the lights shone, and before long they came to a little village. All the people of the village had left their houses and were gathered together in the square, round a man dressed all in red, with a big red feather in his cap, who was addressing them.

Chaton and his companions pressed close to the edge of the crowd and were just in time to hear these words: "Whoever finds the ring," said the man with the red feather," and places it on the table in my palace tomorrow before dawn, shall have the five bags of gold which hang on my saddle bow." Having said this, the man in red mounted his horse and rode away.

Chaton went up to a little peasant who was standing in the crowd. "Tell me, gossip," said he, "who is the man with the red feather, and what's all this about a ring and five bags of gold?"

"Why," said the peasant, "the man in red is the king of this country. He had a valuable ring which was kept in a tiny wooden case on the table by his bed. This afternoon a magpie flew in through the window, snatched up the case, and bore it away to its nest in the topmost boughs of the walnut tree on the village green. The king wants his ring back again, and will give the five bags of gold to anybody who will recover it for him."

"I see," said Chaton; "and why don't you climb the walnut tree and get the ring?"

"Because I have too much respect for my neck," answered the peasant, "and so has everybody else here. The boughs at the top of the tree where the nest is are so thin and slender that they would not bear the weight of a child, let alone a grown man. Gold is good, but whole limbs are better, that's what I say!"

"And I!"

"And I!" echoed other villagers who had been listening to this conversation.

"In my belief you are quite right," said Chaton seriously. "Let the king risk his own life if he is so anxious to recover his ring."

But afterwards, when he had withdrawn with his companions to the shelter of the wood, he sang a different tune. "My friends," said he, "our fortunes are made! As soon as all is quiet I will climb the tree and get the ring; then you shall sit on my tail again and we'll all go off together to the king's palace and get the bags of gold!"

He danced for joy, and the dog and the cock and the goose and the rabbit danced with him. An hour afterwards the cat climbed the tree and came down safely with the little wooden box. The rabbit gnawed it open with his teeth, and sure enough there was the ring inside it.

"Now," said Chaton, "we will all go to the king's palace, but I am very tired with running all day. I propose that the dog takes a turn at carrying us."

Then the hare stopped a moment and without looking back said, "The earth here is breaking up."

And at this the second hare ran after the other. And so first one and then another hare caught sight of him running, and joined in the chase till one hundred thousand hares all took to flight together. They were seen by a deer, a boar, an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion, and an elephant. And when they asked what it meant and were told that the earth was breaking up, they too took to flight. So by degrees this host of animals extended to the length of a full league.

When the Bodhisatta saw this headlong flight of the animals, and heard the cause of it was that the earth was coming to an end, he thought, "The earth is nowhere coming to an end. Surely it must be some sound which was misunderstood by them. And if I don't make a great effort, they will all perish. I will save their lives."

So with the speed of a lion he got before them to the foot of a mountain, and lion-like roared three times. They were terribly frightened at the lion, and stopping in their flight stood all huddled together. The lion went in amongst them and asked why there were running away.

"The earth is collapsing," they answered.

"Who saw it collapsing?" he said.

"The elephants know all about it," they replied.

He asked the elephants. "We don't know," they said, "the lions know."

But the lions said, "We don't know, the tigers know."

The tigers said, "The rhinoceroses know."

The rhinoceroses said, "The wild oxen know."

The wild oxen, "the buffaloes."

The buffaloes, "the elks."

The elks, "the boars."

The boars, "the deer."

The deer said, "We don't know; the hares know."

When the hares were questioned, they pointed to one particular hare and said, "This one told us."

So the Bodhisatta asked, "Is it true, sir, that the earth is breaking up?"

"Yes, sir, I saw it," said the hare.

This was agreed. The other four got on to the dog's back and clung there while he ambled off as fast as he could along the road towards the palace. Just before dawn they came to a wide river. Now it was the turn of the goose to work for the common good. She was quite used to the water, and one by one she took the other animals across on her back. Shortly afterwards they arrived at the king's palace, and the cock flew up through the open window of the king's room with the ring in his beak, and placed it on the table by the bed. Then he awoke the king with a loud crow and claimed the reward, which was willingly given.

In great glee at their good fortune the animals went on their way, each with his bag of gold, and every one of them had by this time quite forgotten his fear about the coming of the end of the world. They went on and on until they came to a place where five ways met.

Then Chaton said, "Here we are at the parting of the ways. Let us each choose a road, and part good friends."

At this moment there came along a pig with a knife and fork stuck in his back. In his right ear was salt; in his left ear pepper, and mustard was on his tail, so that everybody who was hungry had only to cut themselves a slice of meat and sit down to feast.

Our friends gladly availed themselves of this good chance, and I who tell you this story would willingly have done the same, but as soon as I went up to the pig, he ran at me with his head down and sent me flying through the air, and through the window of my house, where I fell into the chair in which I am now sitting, finishing this story of the wonderful adventures of Chaton, the dog, the cock, the rabbit, and the goose.

- Source: Jean de Bosschère, *Folk Tales of Flanders* (New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company, 1918), pp. 139-46.
- Flanders is a cultural region comprising parts of France, Belgium, and the Netherlands.
- Return to the table of contents.

Brother Rabbit Takes Some Exercise

African American

One night while the little boy was sitting in Uncle Remus's cabin, waiting for the old man to finish his hoe-cake, and refresh his memory as to the further adventures of Brother Rabbit, his friends and his enemies, something dropped upon the top of the house with a noise like the crack of a pistol. The little boy jumped, but Uncle Remus looked up and exclaimed, "Ah-yi!" in a tone of triumph.

"What was that, Uncle Remus?" the child asked, after waiting a moment to see what else would happen.

"New from Jack Frost, honey. When that hickory-nut tree out there hears him coming, she begins to drop what she's got. I'm mighty glad," he continued, scraping the burnt crust from hi hoe-cake with an old case-knife. "I'm mighty glad hickory nuts aren't as big and heavy as

grindstones."

He waited a moment to see what effect this queer statement would have on the child.

"Yes, sir, I'm might glad, that I am. Because if hickory nuts were as big as grindstones, this here old calaboose would be leaking long before Christmas."

Just then another hickory nut dropped upon the roof, and the little boy jumped again. This seemed to amuse Uncle Remus, and he laughed until he was near to choking himself with his smoking hoe-cake.

"You are doing exactly what old Brer Rabbit did, I declare to gracious if you aren't," the old man cried, as soon as he could get his breath. "Exactly for the world."

The child was immensely flattered, and at once he wanted to know how Brother Rabbit did. Uncle Remus was in such good humor that he needed no coaxing. He pushed his spectacles back on he forehead, wiped him mouth on his sleeve, and began:

> It came about that early one morning towards the fall of the year Brer Rabbit was stirring around in the woods after some bergamot to use for making him some hair grease. The wind was blowing so cold that it made him feel right frisky, and every time he heard the bushes rattle, it seemed to scare him. He was going on this way, hoppity-skippity, when by and by he heard Mr. Man cutting on a tree way off in the woods. He sat up, Brer Rabbit did, and listened first with one ear and then with the other.
>
> The man, he cut and cut, and Brer Rabbit, he listened and listened. By and by, while all this was going on, down came the tree: *kubber-lang-bang-blam!* Brer Rabbit, he took and jumped just like you jumped, and not only that, he made a break, he did, and he leaped out of as though the dogs were after him.

"Was he scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Scared! Who? *Him?* Shoo! Don't you fret yourself about Brer Rabbit, honey. In those days there was nothing going that could scare Brer Rabbit. To be sure, he took care of himself, and if you know anyone who refuses to take care of himself, I would mighty well like you to point him out. Indeed I would!" Uncle Remus seemed to boil over wit argumentative indignation.

> Well then, he continued, Brer Rabbit ran until he sort of got heated up, and about the time he was getting ready to squat and catch his wind, who should he meet but Brer Coon going home after sitting up with old Brer Bull-Frog. Brer Coon saw him running, and he hailed him, "What's your hurry, Brer Rabbit?"
>
> "Haven't got time to tarry."
>
> "Folks sick?"

"No, my Lord! Haven't got time to tarry!"

"Trying out your suppleness?"

"No, my Lord! Haven't got time to tarry!"

"Do pray, Brer Rabbit, tell me the news!"

"Mighty big fuss back there in the woods. Haven't got time to tarry!"

This made Brer Coon feel might skittish, because he was far from home, and he just leaped out, he did, and he went a-boiling through the woods. Brer Coon hadn't gone far until he met Brer Fox.

"Hey, Brer Coon, where are you going?"

"Haven't got time to tarry!"

"Going to the doctor?"

"No, my Lord! Haven't got time to tarry!"

Do pry, Brer Coon, tell me the news."

Mighty queer racket back there in the woods! Haven't got time to tarry!

With that, Brer Fox leaped out, he did, and fairly split the wind. He hadn't gone far until he met Brer Wolf.

"Hey, Brer Fox! Stop and rest yourself!"

"Haven't got time to tarry!"

"Who is wanting the doctor?"

"No one, my Lord! Haven't got time to tarry."

"Do pray, Brer Fox, good or bad, tell me the news."

"Mighty curious fuss back there in the woods! Haven't got time to tarry!"

With that, Brer Wolf shook himself loose from the face of the earth, and he didn't get far until he met Brer Bear. Brer Bear, he asked, and Brer Wolf made an answer, and by and by Brer Bear snorted and ran off. And, bless gracious, it wasn't long before the last one of the creatures was a-skaddling through the woods as though the Old Boy were after them, and all because Brer Rabbit heard Mr. Man cut a tree down.

They ran and they ran, Uncle Remus went on, until they them to Brer Terrapin's

house, and they sort of slacked up, because they had nearly lost their wind. Brer Terrapin, he up an asked them where they were going, and they said there was a monstrous, terrifying racket back there in the woods. Brer Terrapin, he asked what it sounded like. One said he didn't know; the other said he didn't know; and they all said they didn't know. This made old Brer Terrapin laugh way down in his insides, and he up and said, "You all can run along if you feel skittish," he said. "After I cook my breakfast and wash up the dishes, and if I get wind of any suspicious racket, maybe I might just take down my parasol and follow along after you," he said.

When the creatures came to ask one another about who started the news, it went right back to Brer Rabbit, but low and behold, Brer Rabbit wasn't there! It turned out that Brer Coon was the one who had seen him last. Then they got to laying the blame of it on one or the other, until they almost began to fight, but then old Brer Terrapin, he up and said that if they wanted to straighten it out, they'd better go see Brer Rabbit.

All the creatures agreed, the they started out for Brer Rabbit's house. When they got there, Brer Rabbit was sitting cross-legged on the front porch winking his eyes at the sun.

Brer Bear spoke up, "What made you fool me, Brer Rabbit?"

"Fool who, Brer Bear?"

"Me, Brer Rabbit, that's who."

"This is the first time I've seen you today, Brer Bear, and you are more than welcome at that."

They all asked him and got the same answer, and then Brer Coon put in, "What made you fool me, Brer Rabbit?"

"How did I fool you, Brer Coon?"

"You made like there was a big racket, Brer Rabbit."

"What kind of a racket, Brer Rabbit?"

"*Ah-yi!* You should have asked me that first, Brer Coon."

"I'm asking you now, Brer Rabbit."

"Mr. Man cut a tree down, Brer Coon."

Of course this made Brer Coon feel like a natural-born slink, and it wasn't long before all the creatures made their bows to Brer Rabbit and moseyed off home.

"Brother Rabbit had the best of it all along," said the little boy, after waiting to see whether there was a sequel to the story.

"Oh, did he ever!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Brer Rabbit was a mighty man in those days."

- Source: Joel Chandler Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus: Myths and Legends of the Old Plantation* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1883), no. 20, pp. 108-13.
- Dialect normalized by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

- Texts of additional chain tales.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised November 11, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

"Where," he asked, "were you living, when you saw it?"

"Near the ocean, sir, in a grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath the shade of a palm sapling at the foot of a vilva tree, methought, 'If this earth should break up, where shall I go?' And at that very moment I heard the sound the breaking up of the earth, and I fled."

Thought the lion, "A ripe vilva fruit evidently must have fallen on a palm leaf and made a 'thud,' and this hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and ran away. I will find out the exact truth about it."

So he reassured the herd of animals, and said, "I will take the hare and go and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not, in the place pointed out by him. Until I return, do you stay here." Then placing the hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion, and putting the hare down in the palm grove, he said, "Come, show us the place you meant."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare.

"Come, don't be afraid," said the lion.

The hare, not venturing to go near the vilva tree, stood afar off and cried, "Yonder, sir, is the place of dreadful sound," and so saying, he repeated the first stanza:

> From the spot where I did dwell
> Issued forth a fearful "thud";
> What it was I could not tell,
> Nor what caused it understood.

After hearing what the hare said, the lion went to the foot of the vilva tree, and saw the spot where the hare had been lying beneath the shade of the palm tree, and the ripe vilva fruit that fell on the palm leaf, and having carefully ascertained that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare on his back and with the speed of a lion soon came again to the herd of beasts.

Then he told them the whole story, and said, "Don't be afraid." And having thus reassured the herd of beasts, he let them go.

Verily, if it had not been for the Bodhisatta at that time, all the beasts would have rushed into the sea and perished. It was all owing to the Bodhisatta that they escaped death.

> Alarmed at sound of fallen fruit
> A hare once ran away,
> The other beasts all followed suit
> Moved by that hare's dismay.
>
> They hastened not to view the scene,
> But lent a willing ear

To idle gossip, and were clean
Distraught with foolish fear.

They who to Wisdom's calm delight
And Virtue's heights attain,
Though ill example should invite,
Such panic fear disdain.

- Source: *The Jataka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births*, edited by E. B. Cowell, vol. 3 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1897), no. 322, pp. 49-52.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Flight of the Beasts

Tibet

At a long distant period there stood on the shore of a lake a vilva forest. In this forest dwelt six hares. Now a vilva tree in that forest fell into the lake, thereby producing a great noise. When the six hares heard this noise, they began, as they had but small bodies, to run away full of fear.

The jackals saw them running, and asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The hares replied, "There was a great noise." Thereupon the jackals also took to flight.

When the monkeys saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The jackals replied, "There was a great noise." Thereupon the monkeys also took to flight.

When the gazelles saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The monkeys replied, "There was a great noise." Thereupon the gazelles also took to flight.

When the boars saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The gazelles replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the boars also took to flight.

When the buffaloes saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run? "

The boars replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the buffaloes also took to flight.

When the rhinoceroses saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The buffaloes replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the rhinoceroses also took to flight.

When the elephants saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The rhinoceroses replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the elephants also took to flight.

When the bears saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The elephants replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the bears also took to flight.

When the hyenas saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The bears replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the hyenas also took to flight.

When the panthers saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The hyenas replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the panthers also took to flight.

When the tigers saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The panthers replied, "There was a noise." Thereupon the tigers also took to flight.

When the lions saw them running they asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye run?"

The tigers replied, "There was a loud noise." Thereupon the lions also took to flight.

At the foot of the mountain there dwelt a maned lion, which likewise seemed to wear a diadem. When it saw the lions running it asked, "O honored ones, wherefore do ye all run, although each of you is strong in claws and strong in teeth?"

The lions replied, "There was a loud noise."

"O honored ones, whence did the noise come?" it asked.

"We do not know," they replied.

Then said that lion, "O honored ones, do not run. Inquiry must be made as to where the noise came from."

It asked the tigers, "Who told you about it?"

The tigers replied, "The panthers."

It asked the panthers, "Who was it told you?"

The panthers replied, "The hyenas."

It asked the hyenas, "Who was it told you?"

The hyenas replied, "The bears."

It asked the bears, "Who was it told you?"

The bears replied, "The elephants."

It asked the elephants, "Who was it told you ?"

The elephants replied, "The rhinoceroses."

It asked the rhinoceroses, "Who was it told you?"

The rhinoceroses replied, "The buffaloes."

It asked the buffaloes, "Who was it told you?"

The buffaloes replied, "The boars."

It asked the boars, "Who was it told you?"

The boars replied, "The gazelles."

It asked the gazelles, "Who was it told you?"

The gazelles replied, "The monkeys."

It asked the monkeys, "Who was it told you?"

The monkeys replied, "The jackals."

It asked the jackals, "Who was it told you?"

The jackals replied, "The hares."

It asked the hares, "Who was it told you?"

The hares replied, "We saw the terrible thing with our own eyes. Come, we will show you whence the noise came." So they guided the lion, and showed it the vilva forest, saying, "That is where the noise came from."

Inasmuch as the noise was caused by the fall of a vilva tree out of that forest into the lake, the lion said, "O honored ones, be not afraid, for that was only an empty sound."

Consequently they were all tranquillized. And a deity uttered this verse, "Let not men believe in words. They ought to see everything for themselves. Observe how, through the fall of a vilva, the forest lost its beasts."

- Source: Anton Schiefner, *Tibetan Tales: Derived from Indian Sources*, translated by W. R. S. Ralston (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Company, 1906), no. 22, pp. 296-98.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Story of Chicken-Licken

England

As Chicken-Licken went one day to the wood, an acorn fell upon her poor bald pate, and she

thought the sky had fallen. So she said she would go and tell the king that the sky had fallen. So Chicken-Licken turned back, and met Hen-Len.

"Well, Hen-Len, where are you going?"

And Hen-Len said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

And Chicken-Licken said, "Oh! Hen-Len, don't go, for I was going, and the sky fell upon my poor bald pate, and I'm going to tell the king."

So Hen-Len turned back with Chicken-Licken, and met Cock-Lock. "Oh! Cock-Lock, where are you going?"

And Cock-Lock said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Hen-Len said, "Oh! Cock-Lock, don't go, for I was going, and I met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Cock-Lock turned back, and met Duck-Luck. "Well, Duck-Luck, where are you going?"

And Duck-Luck said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Cock-Lock said, "Oh! Duck-Luck, don't go, for I was going, and I met Hen-Len, and Hen-Len met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Duck-Luck turned back, and met Drake-Lake.

"Well, Drake-Lake, where are you going?" And Drake-Lake said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Duck-Luck said, "Oh! Drake-Lake, don't go, for I was going, and I met Cock-Lock, and Cock-Lock met Hen-Len, and Hen-Len met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Drake-Lake turned back, and met Goose-Loose. "Well, Goose-Loose, where are you going?"

And Goose-Loose said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Drake-Lake said, "Oh! Goose-Loose, don't go, for I was going, and I met Duck-Luck, and Duck-Luck met Cock-Lock, and Cock-Lock met Hen-Len, and Hen-Len met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Goose-Loose turned back, and met Gander-Lander. " Well, Gander-Lander, where are you going?"

And Gander-Lander said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Goose-Loose said, "Oh! Gander-Lander, don't go, for I was going, and I met Drake-Lake, and Drake-Lake met Duck-Luck, and Duck-Luck met Cock-Lock, and Cock-Lock met Hen-Len, and Hen-Len met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Gander-Lander turned back, and met Turkey-Lurkey. "Well, Turkey-Lurkey, where are you going?"

And Turkey-Lurkey said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat." Then Gander-Lander said, "Oh! Turkey-Lurkey, don't go, for I was going, and I met Goose-Loose, and Goose-Loose met Drake-Lake, and Drake-Lake met Duck-Luck, and Duck-Luck met Cock-Lock, and Cock-Lock met Hen-Len, and Hen-Len met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Turkey-Lurkey turned back, and walked with Gander-Lander, Goose-Loose, Drake-Lake, Duck-Luck, Cock-Lock, Hen-Len, and Chicken-Licken. And as they were going along, they met Fox-lox.

And Fox-Lox said, " Where are you going, my pretty maids?"

And they said, "Chicken-licken went to the wood, and the sky fell upon her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

And Fox-Lox said, "Come along with me, and I will show you the way."

But Fox-Lox took them into the fox's hole, and he and his young ones soon ate up poor Chicken-Licken, Hen-Len, Cock-Lock, Duck-Luck, Drake-Lake, Goose-Loose, Gander-Lander, and Turkey-Lurkey, and they never saw the king, to tell him that the sky had fallen!

- Source: James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales: A Sequel to The Nursery Rhymes of England* (London: J. R. Smith, 1849), pp. 29-31.
- Return to the table of contents.

Henny-Penny and Her Fellow Travelers

Scotland

A hen was picking at a stack of pea-straw when a pea fell on her head, and she thought the sky was falling. And she thought she would go and tell the king about it. And she went, and went, and went, and she met a cock.

And he said, "Where are you going this day, Henny-Penny?"

And she says, "I'm going to tell the king the sky is falling."

And he says, "I'll go with you, Henny-Penny."

And they went, and they went, and they went. And they met a duck. And the duck says,

"Where are you going this day, Cocky-Locky, Henny-Penny?"

"We're going to tell the king the sky is falling."

"I'll go with you, Cocky-Locky, Henny-Penny."

"Then come along, Ducky-Daddles."

And they went, and they went, and they went. And they met a goose. And the goose says, "Where are you going this day, Ducky-Daddles, Cocky-Locky, Henny-Penny?"

"We're going to tell the king the sky is falling."

And he says, "I'll go with you, Ducky-Daddles, Cocky-Locky, Henny-Penny."

"Then come along, Goosie-Poosey," said they.

And they went, and they went, and they went, till they came to a wood, and there they met a fox. And the fox says, "Where are you going this day, Goosie-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles, Cocky-Locky, Henny-Penny?"

"We're going to tell the king the sky is falling."

And he says, "Come along, and I'll show you the road, Goosie-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles, Cocky-Locky, Henny-Penny."

And they went, and they went, and they went, till they came to the fox's hole. And he shoved them all in, and he and his young ones ate them all up, and they never got to tell the king the sky was falling.

- Source: Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, new edition (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1870), p. 59. Preface dated November 24, 1841.
- Dialect normalized by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- Following widespread tradition, I have included Henny-Penny's name in the title. Chambers' title for this story is simply "The Hen and Her Fellow Travelers."
- Return to the table of contents.

Henny-Penny

England/Australia

One day Henny-Penny was picking up corn in the cornyard when -- whack! -- something hit her upon the head.

"Goodness gracious me!" said Henny-Penny; "the sky's a-going to fall; I must go and tell the king."

So she went along and she went along and she went along till she met Cocky-Locky.

The Fairy Flag of Dunvegan Castle

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2009

Contents

1. The Fairy Flag of Dunvegan Castle (Scotland).
2. A Family Tradition (Scotland).
3. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Fairy Flag of Dunvegan Castle

Scotland

Among the treasures of Dunvegan is a green fairy flag, which some materialists believe to be only a relic of the Crusades -- a consecrated banner of the Knights Templars, but which all true Highlanders affirm to have been a gift to some ancestral MacLeod, from a fairy maiden. She promised that on three distinct occasions when he or his clan were in danger, he might wave the flag with certainty of relief.

MacLeod proved false to his fairy, and married a mere commonplace human maiden, whereupon his spirit wife waxed wroth, and ordained that every woman in the clan should give birth to a dead child, and that all the cattle should have dead calves. Then a loud and bitter wail rang through the green valleys, and along the shores, and MacLeod, in sore tribulation, bethought him of the flag. The fairy proved more true to her words than her lover had been to his, so she withdrew her spell, and the clan once more flourished.

Then came a terrible battle, when MacLeod and his men were well-nigh routed, and again, though he must have been sorely ashamed of himself, he waved the flag, and the victory was his. Why the flag was not waved for the third time, when the isles were ruined by the failure of the kelp trade, or during the potato famine, MacLeod best knows. Perhaps he thought it well to save one "last tune in the old fiddle." At all events the green flag still lies in its old case, and is such a treasure as no other laird can show.

- Source: C. F. Gordon Cumming, *In the Hebrides*, a new edition (London: Chatto and Windus, 1883), p. 360.
- The author's full name is Constance Frederica Gordon Cumming.
- Dunvegan Castle is on the Scottish Isle of Skye. The stone bridge where, according to tradition, the fairy and her faithless human lover last parted still stands and is named Fairy Bridge.

- Sir Walter Scott, who visited Dunvegan Castle in August 1814, described the fairy flag as "a pennon of silk, with something like round red rowan-berries wrought upon it," adding that it had three properties: "Produced in battle, it multiplied the numbers of the Macleods; spread on the nuptial bed, it ensured fertility; and lastly, it brought herring into the loch." (J. G. Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, a new edition [Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1852], p. 282)
- Return to the table of contents.

A Family Tradition

Janet MacLeod Golden (age 13)

Once upon a time, way back in the middle ages, the clan MacLeod was a very strong clan in Scotland, and the fairies or "little people" favored it much. So the queen of the fairies gave to the chief a wonderful flag which possessed the quality of granting them three wishes, but only in time of great need. The flag was carefully laid away and not brought out for a long while.

At last there was great woe at Dunvegan, the castle of the MacLeods, for the heir was lost. Then someone thought of the flag and it was used, and soon after the boy was found.

A second time it was used to save the chief from death, and carefully laid away again, but, alas, so carefully that it could not be found till, in 1799, an iron chest that seemed keyless was broken open and found to contain an inner case in which was a scented casket, in that the fairy flag.

Now, before the finding of the flag a seer had predicted that when the third Norman son of an English lady should perish accidentally, the "Maidens" (three large rocks in the ocean belonging to MacLeod) should be sold to the Campbells; a fox should litter in the castle; and the fairy flag be found. The glory of the MacLeods would then depart, but to be more than recovered in the future when another chief called Ian Breac should arise.

In 1799 all these things happened, but at the present time the heir presumptive is called Ian Breac, so it is to be hoped that the glory of the MacLeod's will return.

The fairy flag is still shown at Dunvegan Castle, on the Isle of Skye. It is of fine yellow silk and has many so called "elf marks" on it in red silk thread.

Lovers of Scott's poems will recognize these lines of his translation of "Mackrimmon's Lament," an old song composed by a piper of the clan MacLeod:

> MacLeod's wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,
> The rowers are seated,
> Unmoored are the galleys.

I have before me, as I write, a letter from the twenty-third chief of the clan, in which he tells me that though the belief in fairies is probably gone, the flag is still there to convince people of this tradition.

- Source: *St. Nicholas: An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks*, vol. 33, part 2 (May - October, 1906, p. 659.
- Complete text of the poem quoted above: *The Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. 1 (New York: Conner and Cooke, 1833), p. 692.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to additional legends about fairy artifacts

1. The Luck of Edenhall (Eden Hall), the story of a famous drinking glass abandoned by fairies in Cumberland, England, and now on display at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.
2. The Osenberg Dwarfs (Germany). A pitcher abandoned by dwarfs brings good fortune to a family of innkeepers.
3. Prilling and Pralling Is Dead (Germany). A mysterious being vacates a peasant's cellar, leaving an unusual mug behind.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 14, 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Faithful Wife

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2008

Contents

1. Of Chastity (*Gesta Romanorum*).
2. The Man Hitched to a Plow (France/Germany).
3. Conrad von Tannenberg (Germany).
4. The Lute Player (Russia).
5. A Story Told by a Hindu (India).
6. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Of Chastity

Gesta Romanorum

The Emperor Gallus employed a singularly skilful carpenter in the erection of a magnificent palace. At that period, a certain knight lived who had a very beautiful daughter; and who, perceiving the extraordinary sagacity of the artificer, determined to give him the lady in marriage.

Calling him, therefore, he said, "My good friend, ask of me what you will; so that it be possible, I will do it, provided you marry my daughter."

The other assented, and the nuptial rites were celebrated accordingly.

Then the mother of the lady said to the carpenter, "My son, since you have become one of our family, I will bestow upon you a curious shirt. It possesses this singular property, that as long as you and your wife are faithful to each other, it will neither be rent, nor worn, nor stained. But if -- which Heaven forbid! -- either of you prove unfaithful, instantly it will lose its virtue."

The carpenter, very happy in what he heard, took the shirt, and returned great thanks for the gift. A short while afterward, the carpenter being sent for to superintend the building of the emperor's palace, took with him the valuable present which he had received. He continued, absent until the structure was complete; and numbers, observing how much he labored, admired the freshness and spotless purity of his shirt.

Even the emperor condescended to notice it, and said to him, "My master, how is it that in

supporting life on jungle fruits. Sometimes the prince would go far ahead, for his faithful wife could only travel slowly, and then he would return and wait for her.

At last he got tired of leading her on and made up his mind to abandon her. At night they lay down at the foot of a tree, and the prince thought, "If wild animals would come and eat us, it would be the best that could happen. I cannot bear to see my wife suffer any more. Although her flesh is torn with thorns, she will not leave me. I will leave her here; may wild beasts kill both her and me, but I cannot see her die before my eyes." So thinking he got up quietly and went off as quickly as he could.

When the princess woke and found that she had been abandoned, she began to weep, and wept from dawn to noon without ceasing. At noon a being in the guise of an old woman appeared and asked her why she wept, and comforted her and promised to lead her out of the wood and told her that Chando [a sun god] had had compassion on her and would allow her to find her husband again if they both lived. So saying, the old woman led the princess from the forest and showed her the way to a great city where a Raja lived. The princess went begging her way through the city to the Raja's palace, and there they engaged her as a servant.

Now her husband had also escaped from the jungle and sought employment as a laborer, but no one would give him work for more than a day or two, and at last his search for work brought him to the city in which the princess was; and there he was engaged as a groom in the palace stables. The prince had changed his name, and he had no chance of knowing that his wife was in the palace, because she was confined to the women's apartments. So some years passed without their having news of each other.

At last one day the princess happened to go onto the roof and looking down at the stables saw and thought she recognized her husband. Then she leaned over and listened till she heard his voice, and at that she was sure that it was he, so she hastened to the Raja and begged to be allowed to meet her husband, and the Raja sent to call the syce [a servant who attends to horses] with the name which the princess had given, but no one came, for the prince would not reveal himself.

Then the princess told their story, and how her husband had gambled away his half of the kingdom. The Raja ordered anyone with such a history to come forward, as his wife was in the palace; but the prince did not reveal himself.

Then the princess said, "Let all the syces cook rice and bring me a bit of each man's cooking to taste."

They did so, and when she tasted the rice cooked by her husband, she at once said that it was his. Her husband was unable to deny it and admitted everything. Then they took him away from his work in the stables and let him live with his wife.

After a time the Raja wrote to the younger brother asking whether he would restore the half of the kingdom which he had won; and the younger brother answered that he would gladly do so, if his brother would sign an agreement never to gamble anymore. It was with this object in

view and to teach him the folly of his ways that he had dispossessed him.

The elder brother gladly gave the required promise and returned to his kingdom with his faithful wife, and lived happily ever afterwards.

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 42, pp. 144-47).
- Return to the table of contents.

- Andreas Grein of Purbach (Austria). Opens in a new window.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.
- Return to the table of contents.

Revised March 23, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

despite of your laborious occupation, and the constant use of your shirt, it still preserves its color and beauty?"

"You must know, my Lord," said he, "that as long as my wife and I continue faithful to each other, my shirt retains its original whiteness and beauty; but if either of us forget our matrimonial vows, it will sully like any other cloth."

A soldier, overhearing this, thought within himself, "If I can I will make you wash your shirt."

Wherefore, without giving any cause of suspicion to the carpenter, he secretly hastened to his house, and solicited his wife to dishonor. She received him with an appearance of pleasure, and seemed to be entirely influenced by the same feelings. "But," added she, "in this place we are exposed to observation; come with me, and I will conduct you into a private chamber."

He followed her, and closing the door, she said, "Wait here awhile; I will return presently."

Thus she did every day, all the time supplying him only with bread and water. Without regard to his urgency, she compelled him to endure this humiliating treatment; and before long, two other soldiers came to her from the emperor's court, with the same evil views. In like manner, she decoyed them into the chamber, and fed them with bread and water. The sudden disappearance, however, of the three soldiers gave rise to much inquiry; and the carpenter, on the completion of his labors, received the stipulated sum, and returned to his own home.

His virtuous wife met him with joy, and looking upon the spotless shirt, exclaimed, "Blessed be God! Our truth is made apparent -- there is not a single stain upon the shirt."

To which he replied, "My beloved, during the progress of the building, three soldiers, one after another, came to ask questions about the shirt. I related the fact, and since that time nothing has been heard of them."

The lady smiled, and said, "The soldiers respecting whom you feel anxious thought me a fit subject for their improper solicitation, and came hither with the vilest intent. I decoyed them into a remote chamber, and have fed them with bread and water."

The carpenter, delighted with this proof of his wife's fidelity, spared their lives, and liberated them; and he and his wife lived happily for the rest of their lives.

Application

My beloved, the emperor is God ; the palace is the human heart. The knight who married his daughter to the carpenter is Christ; the carpenter is any good Christian, and the mother is the Church. The shirt is faith; the three soldiers are pride, lusts of the eyes, and lusts of the heart.

- Source: *Gesta Romanorum,* translated from the Latin by Charles Swan; revised and corrected by Wynnard Hooper (London: George Bell and Sons, 1906), no. 69, pp. 122-24.
- The *Gesta Romanorum* (*Deeds of the Romans*) is a collection of tales compiled in

Latin about 1300, probably by Christian monks in England, although possibly in France or Germany. Apparently designed as a sourcebook for preachers, the *Gesta Romanorum* appends a religious "application" to each tale.

- Charles Swan's translation of the *Gesta Romanorum* was first published in 1824.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Man Hitched to a Plow

France/Germany

At Metz in Lorraine there lived a noble knight by the name of Alexander with his beautiful and virtuous wife Florentina. This knight vowed to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Grave. Unable to dissuade him from this journey, his sorrowful wife made for him a white shirt with a red cross and asked him to wear it.

The knight then journeyed abroad and was captured by the infidels. He and his unfortunate companions were hitched to a plow and under the blows of a whip were forced to till the fields until blood ran from their bodies. Miraculously, only the shirt that Alexander had received from his wife and which he always wore remained clean and unstained. Rain, sweat, and blood did it no harm, nor did it tear.

The Sultan himself learned of this rare circumstance, and he asked the slave precisely about his name, where he was from, and who had given him the shirt. The knight told him everything, adding, "I have the shirt from my virtuous wife. That it remains so white proves to me her continuing faithfulness and chastity."

The pagan, his curiosity aroused by this news, resolved to secretly send one of his people to Metz who should spare neither money nor property in order to seduce the knight's wife, and thus determine if the shirt's color would change.

The foreigner journeyed to Lorraine, scouted out the wife, then reported to her how miserable her husband was in the pagan land. This greatly saddened her, but she remained steadfastly virtuous. The emissary spent all his money in his unsuccessful attempts to seduce her, then returned to Turkey.

Soon afterward Florentina dressed herself as a pilgrim, took up her harp, which she played very well, and set forth following foreign pagan. She caught up with him in Venice, then traveled with him to the land of the pagans, without his recognizing her in her disguise.

Arriving at the pagan king's court, the pilgrim so captured him with singing and playing that great presents were offered to her. Rejecting them all, the pilgrim requested one of the captured Christians who were plowing. The request was granted, and Florentina, unrecognized, went to the prisoners, coming finally to the plow where her husband was hitched. Then she requested and received this prisoner, and together they journeyed safely across the sea until they arrived home in Germany. While still a two days' journey from Metz, the pilgrim said to Alexander, "Brother, our paths part here. As a remembrance give me a little piece from your shirt, whose miracle I have heard so much about, so that I can tell and

convince others about it."

The knight agreed to this, cut a piece from the shirt and gave it to the pilgrim. Then they parted. However, Florentina took a shorter way and arrived in Metz one whole day earlier than he did. She put on her accustomed women's clothes and awaited her husband's arrival. Alexander greeted his wife most tenderly, but soon afterward his friends and relatives began whispering to him that Florentina had traveled about the world for twelve months, leading an immoral life and letting no one hear from her.

Alexander, burning with anger, ordered a feast where he publicly accused his wife of unbecoming behavior. Saying nothing, she left the room, went to her chamber, put on the pilgrim's garb that she had worn at that time, took up her harp, and then reappeared. Holding the piece cut from his shirt in her hand, she proved that she had been the pilgrim who had redeemed him from the plow. Then all her accusers fell silently at her feet, and her husband tearfully begged her for forgiveness.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, Der Mann im Pflug, *Deutsche Sagen*, v. 2 (1818), no. 537.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman.
- The Grimms' source: A Flemish chapbook entitled *Florentina de getrouwe*.
- Lorraine is a region in France that has historical ties to Germany.
- Return to the table of contents.

Conrad von Tannenberg

Germany

Ages ago there lived in Tannenberg Castle on the mountain road a knight whose name was Conrad. He had a wife named Ann-Els who was as beautiful as she was pious. One time she became seriously ill, and he vowed that if she should recover he would make a pilgrimage to the Holy Grave and there battle against the infidels. And lo, Ann-Els recovered soon thereafter, and when her health had fully returned, the knight made himself ready to depart on a pilgrimage. With many tears he took leave of his wife and journeyed to the sea, where together with companions he had met underway he boarded a ship.

At sea the ship was attacked by pirates. He and his companions were taken prisoner and sold as slaves to an eminent Turk.

Year upon year passed, and his wife received no news from him. Because she was wealthy, she received many marriage proposals from neighboring knights, but she was interested in none of them and rejected them all, which caused a great deal of hate and animosity toward her.

Then one day she heard from another pilgrim who was returning home from the promised land that her husband was languishing as a prisoner among the Turks, and she resolved to rescue him, cost it what it may. Dressing herself in men's clothes, she took her harp, which she could play very well, and journeyed across the sea to Turkey. Arriving there safely, she

sought and inquired after her husband until finally she discovered where he was. Then one day she approached the Turk who was his master and played such beautiful melodies on her harp, and sang with such charm, that the Turk said she should name her own reward, that he would give her anything she requested.

Then she said, "I ask only for a slave to serve me," and from among the slaves she selected one -- her dear husband. However, she did not identify herself to him, but kept him away from her. After the sea voyage was successfully completed and they found themselves again on Christian soil, she left a sum of money for him, then secretly slipped away and hurried home as fast as possible.

Not long afterward Conrad too arrived at Tannenberg Castle and was joyfully and festively received by his wife. All the knights from the surrounding area came to the castle to wish him well. While they were eating Knight Conrad told them of his adventures, how he had been captured, mistreated, and so miraculously rescued.

Then several of the knights whose marriage proposals Ann-Els had rejected whispered into his ear that in the meantime his wife had been traveling about the land dressed in men's clothes and leading an indecent life.

Upon hearing this Conrad jumped up angrily, drew his sword, and attempted to kill Ann-Els, but she fled into her room and barred the door so that he could not harm her. Not long afterward she returned to the hall carrying her harp and wearing the clothes in which she had freed Conrad, and she played a melody. Then Knight Conrad jumped up and fell into the singer's arms. She threw off the clothes and stood there as the faithful Ann-Els.

It is not necessary to say how happy Conrad was, nor that the gossipers disappeared as soon as they possibly could, not letting themselves be seen again, and that the festival ended even more joyfully than it had begun.

- Source: J. W. Wolf, "Conrad von Tannenberg," *Hessische Sagen* (Göttingen: Dieterichsche Buchhandlung; Leipzig: Fr. Chr. Wilh. Vogel, 1853), no. 238, pp. 147-149.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman.
- Return to the table of contents.

Russia

Once upon a time there was a king and queen who lived happily and comfortably together. They were very fond of each other and had nothing to worry them, but at last the king grew restless. He longed to go out into the world, to try his strength in battle against some enemy and to win all kinds of honor and glory.

So he called his army together and gave orders to start for a distant country where a heathen king ruled who ill treated or tormented everyone he could lay his hands on. The king then gave his parting orders and wise advice to his ministers, took a tender leave of his wife, and set off with his army across the seas.

I cannot say whether the voyage was short or long; but at last he reached the country of the heathen king and marched on, defeating all who came in his way. But this did not last long, for in time he came to a mountain pass, where a large army was waiting for him, who put his soldiers to flight, and took the king himself prisoner.

He was carried off to the prison where the heathen king kept his captives, and now our poor friend had a very bad time indeed. All night long the prisoners were chained up, and in the morning they were yoked together like oxen and had to plow the land till it grew dark.

This state of things went on for three years before the king found any means of sending news of himself to his dear queen, but at last he contrived to send this letter: "Sell all our castles and palaces, and put all our treasures in pawn and come and deliver me out of this horrible prison."

The queen received the letter, read it, and wept bitterly as she said to herself, "How can I deliver my dearest husband? If I go myself and the heathen king sees me he will just take me to be one of his wives. If I were to send one of the ministers! -- but I hardly know if I can depend on them."

She thought, and thought, and at last an idea came into her head. She cut off all her beautiful long brown hair and dressed herself in boy's clothes. Then she took her lute and, without saying anything to anyone, she went forth into the wide world.

She traveled through many lands and saw many cities, and went through many hardships before she got to the town where the heathen king lived. When she got there she walked all round the palace and at the back she saw the prison. Then she went into the great court in front of the palace, and taking her lute in her hand, she began to play so beautifully that one felt as though one could never hear enough.

After she had played for some time she began to sing, and her voice was sweeter than the lark's:

I come from my own country far
Into this foreign land,
Of all I own I take alone
My sweet lute in my hand.

Oh! who will thank me for my song.
Reward my simple lay?
Like lover's sighs it still shall rise
To greet thee day by day.

I sing of blooming flowers
Made sweet by sun and rain;
Of all the bliss of love's first kiss,

And parting's cruel pain,

Of the sad captive's longing
Within his prison wall,
Of hearts that sigh when none are nigh
To answer to their call.

My song begs for your pity,
And gifts from out your store,
And as I play my gentle lay
I linger near your door.

And if you hear my singing
Within your palace, sire,
Oh! give, I pray, this happy day
To me my heart's desire.

No sooner had the heathen king heard this touching song sung by such a lovely voice, than he had the singer brought before him. "Welcome, O lute player," said he. "Where do you come from?"

"My country, sire, is far away across many seas. For years I have been wandering about the world and gaining my living by my music."

"Stay here then a few days, and when you wish to leave I will give you what you ask for in your song -- your heart's desire."

So the lute player stayed on in the palace and sang and played almost all day long to the king, who could never tire of listening and almost forgot to eat or drink or to torment people. He cared for nothing but the music, and nodded his head as he declared, "There's nothing like your playing and singing. It makes me feel as if some gentle hand had lifted every care and sorrow from me."

After three days the lute player came to take leave of the king.

"Well," said the king, "what do you desire as your reward?"

"Sire, give me one of your prisoners. You have so many in your prison, and I should be glad of a companion on my journeys. When I hear his happy voice as I travel along I shall think of you and thank you."

"Come along then," said the king, "choose whom you will." And he took the lute player through the prison himself.

The queen walked about amongst the prisoners, and at length she picked out her husband

and took him with her on her journey. They were long on their way, but he never found out who she was, and she led him nearer and nearer to his own country.

When they reached the frontier the prisoner said, "Let me go now, kind lad; I am no common prisoner, but the king of this country. Let me go free and ask what you will as your reward."

"Do not speak of reward," answered the lute player. "Go in peace."

"Then come with me, dear boy, and be my guest."

"When the proper time comes I shall be at your palace," was the reply, and so they parted.

The queen took a short way home, got there before the king and changed her dress.

An hour later all the people in the palace were running to and fro and crying out, "Our king has come back! Our king has returned to us."

The king greeted every one very kindly, but he would not so much as look at the queen.

Then he called all his council and ministers together and said to them, "See what sort of a wife I have. Here she is falling on my neck, but when I was pining in prison and sent her word of it she did nothing to help me."

And his council answered with one voice, "Sire, when news was brought from you, the queen disappeared and no one knew where she went. She only returned today."

Then the king was very angry and cried, "Judge my faithless wife! Never would you have seen your king again, if a young lute player had not delivered him. I shall remember him with love and gratitude as long as I live."

Whilst the king was sitting with his council, the queen found time to disguise herself. She took her lute, and slipping into the court in front of the palace she sang, clear and sweet:

I sing the captive's longing
Within his prison wall,
Of hearts that sigh when none are nigh
To answer to their call.

My song begs for your pity,
And gifts from out your store
And as I play my gentle lay
I linger near your door.

And if you hear my singing
Within your palace, sire,
Oh! give, I pray, this happy day

To me my heart's desire.

As soon as the king heard this song he ran out to meet the lute player, took him by the hand and led him into the palace.

"Here," he cried, "is the boy who released me from my prison. And now, my true friend, I will indeed give you your heart's desire."

"I am sure you will not be less generous than the heathen king was, sire. I ask of you what I asked and obtained from him. But this time I don't mean to give up what I get. I want *you* -- yourself!"

And as she spoke she threw off her long cloak and everyone saw it was the queen.

Who can tell how happy the king was? In the joy of his heart he gave a great feast to the whole world, and the whole world came and rejoiced with him for a whole week.

I was there too, and ate and drank many good things. I shan't forget that feast as long as I live.

- Source: Andrew Lang, *The Violet Fairy Book* (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1901), pp. 70-76.
- Lang's source: Not stated, but probably Aleksandr Afanasyev.
- Return to the table of contents.

A Story Told by a Hindu

India

Once upon a time there was a Raja who had two sons, and after their father's death they divided the kingdom between them. The two brothers were inveterate gamblers and spent their time playing cards with each other. For a long time fortune was equal, but one day it turned against the elder brother, and he lost and lost until his money and his jewelry, his horses and his elephants and everything that he had, had been won by his younger brother. Then in desperation he staked his share in the kingdom, and that too he lost.

Then the younger brother sent drummers through the city to proclaim that the whole kingdom was his. The shame of this was more than the elder prince could bear, so he resolved to quit the country, and he told his wife of his intention and bade her stay behind. But his faithful wife refused to be parted from him. She vowed that he had married her not for one day nor for two, but for good and all, and that where he went, there she would go, and whatever troubles he met, she would share. So he allowed her to come with him, and the two set off to foreign parts. After some time their path led them through an extensive jungle, and after traveling through it for two days they at last lost their way completely. Their food gave out; they were faint with starvation and torn with briars.

The prince urged his wife to return, but she would not hear of it, so they pushed on,

legends of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 777*

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2013

Seamen implicitly believe in omens, mermaids, the Flying Dutchman, evil spirits, the appearance of the ghosts of the departed, and the pranks of malicious spirits and goblins -- *Naval Sketch-Book* (1826), p. 106.

1. A Common Superstition of Mariners (Scotland, 1803).
2. The Story of the Flying Dutchman (*A Voyage to New South Wales*, 1795).
3. Vanderdecken's Message Home (*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1821).
4. The Fable of the Flying Dutchman (Heinrich Heine, *The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski*, 1833).
5. We Meet the Flying Dutchman (*The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante,"* 1881).
6. Links to additional texts.
7. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Scotland, 1803

It is a common superstition of mariners, that, in the high southern latitudes on the coast of Africa, hurricanes are frequently ushered in by the appearance of a specter-ship, denominated the Flying Dutchman. At dead of night, the luminous form of a ship slides rapidly, with topsails flying, and sailing straight in "the wind's eye." The crew of this vessel are supposed to have been guilty of some dreadful crime in the infancy of navigation, and to have been stricken with the pestilence. They were hence refused admittance into every port, and are ordained still to traverse the ocean on which they perished, till the period of their penance expire.

- Source: John Leyden, *Scenes of Infancy: Descriptive of Teviotdale* (Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne for T. N. Longman and O. Reese, 1803), pp. 175-76.
- Return to the table of contents.

***A Voyage to New South Wales* (1795)**

I had often heard of the superstition of sailors respecting apparitions, but had never given much credit to the report; it seems that some years since a Dutch man-of-war was lost off the Cape of Good Hope, and every soul on board perished; her consort weathered the gale, and

which is soul in imprisoned, how life and death alike reject him, like an empty cask scornfully cast ashore by the sea, then contemptuously again set adrift. He further muses that the poor Dutchman's agony must be as deep as the sea on which he sails -- cast between life and death, his ship without anchor, and his heart without hope.

I believe that these were, more or less, the words with which the bridegroom ends. The bride looks at him earnestly, now and then casting glances at his portrait.

It seems seems that she has guessed his secret; and when he afterwards asks, "Katherine, will you be true to me?" she answers with resolve, "True to death."

.....

[Following the intermission] I returned to my seat in the theater just in time to see the play's last scene. The Flying Dutchman's wife is standing on a high cliff above the sea wringing her hands in despair, while her unhappy husband is seen on the deck of his unearthly ship, tossing on the waves. He loves her, and will leave her lest she be lost with him. He confesses to her his dreadful destiny, and the cruel curse which hangs above his head.

She cries aloud, "I was true to you to this hour, and I know how to be true unto death!

Saying this she throws herself into the waves, and the enchantment is ended. The Flying Dutchman is redeemed, and we see the ghostly ship slowly sink into the depths of the sea.

- Source: *The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski*, ch. 7, *The Works of Heinrich Heine*, translated from the german by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann), vol. 1 (London: William Heinemann, 1903), pp. 130-36.
- Translation corrected and revised by D. L. Ashliman. © 2013.
- Link to the German-language original: Die Fabel von dem fliegenden Holländer.
- The play that Heine ostensibly saw in Amsterdam has not been identified.
- This short sketch by Heinrich Heine served as the impetus for Richard Wagner's opera *Der fliegende Holländer* (first performed in 1843).
- Return to the table of contents.

We Meet the Flying Dutchman

***The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante,"* 1881**

July 11th, [1881] -- At 4:00 a.m. the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up on the port bow. The lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was Van Diemen or the Flying Dutchman or who else must remain unknown.

.....

The *Tourmaline* and *Cleopatra*, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light. At 6:15 a.m. observed land (Mount Diana) to the northeast. At 10:45 a.m. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the Flying Dutchman fell from the foretopmast crosstrees on to the topgallant forecastle and was smashed to atoms. At 4:15 p.m. after quarters we hove to with the head-yards aback, and he was buried in the sea. He was a smart royal yardman, and one of the most promising young hands in the ship, and every one feels quite sad at his loss. (At the next port we came to the Admiral also was smitten down).

- Source: *The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante" 1879-1882.* Compiled from the private journals, letters, and note-books of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, with additions by John N. Dalton, vol. 1 (London: Macmillan and Company, 1886.), p. 551.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to additional texts

- Baring-Gould, Sabine. "Saint Virgilius and the Flying Dutchman," *In Troubadour-Land: A Ramble in Provence and Languedoc* (New York: James Pott and Company, 1891), pp. 72-73.
- Bassett, Wilbur. "Notes of the Flying Dutchman and Punishment Ships," *Wander-Ships: Folk-Stories of the Sea* (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1917), pp. 45-63.
- Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program notes to *The Flying Dutchman* (1920), pp. 1247-1253.
- *Chambers's Journal* (1894). "The Legend of the Phantom Ship," pp. 381-84.
- Glascock, William Nugent. "Superstition of Seamen," *Naval Sketch Book; or, The Service Afloat and Ashore*, vol. 1 (London: Printed for the author, 1826), pp. 106-111.
- St. Clair, Henry. "The Flying Dutchman," *Evening Tales for the Winter: Being a Selection of Wonderful and Supernatural Stories*, three volumes in one (New York: Richard Marsh, 1856), vol. 2, pp. 54-60.
- Scudder, Horace E. "The Flying Dutchman," *The Book of Legends Told Over Again*, (Boston, New York, and Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1899), pp. 46-51.
- Wright, Charlton, "The Phantom Ship; or, The Flying Dutchman," *Tales of the Horrible; or, The Book of Spirits* (London: Charlton Wright, 1837), pp. 49-56.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

- Wikipedia article The Flying Dutchmaan (legend).
- Wikipedia article The Flying Dutchman (opera by Richard Wagner).
- The Wandering Jew. Legends of type 777.
- Wild Huntsman Legends.
- Dishonest Plowman Legends.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to the table of contents.

arrived soon after at the Cape. Having refitted, and returning to Europe, they were assailed by a violent tempest nearly in the same latitude. In the night watch some of the people saw, or imagined they saw, a vessel standing for them under a press of sail, as though she would run them down; one in particular affirmed it was the ship that had foundered in the former gale, and that it must certainly be her, or the apparition of her; but on its clearing up, the object (a dark thick cloud) disappeared.

Nothing could do away the idea of this phenomenon on the minds of the sailors; and, on their relating the circumstances when they arrived in port, the story spread like wildfire, and the supposed phantom was called the Flying Dutchman. From the Dutch the English seamen got the infatuation, and there are very few Indiamen, but what has someone on board, who pretends to have seen the apparition.

About two in the morning I was waked by a violent shake by the shoulder, when, starting up in my hammock, I saw the boatswain, with evident signs of terror and dismay in his countenance, standing by me.

"For God's sake, messmate," said he, "hand us the key of the case, for by the Lord I'm damnably scarified; for, d'ye see, I was just looking over the weather bow, what should I see but the Flying Dutchman coming right down upon us, with everything set -- I know 'twas she -- I cou'd see all her lower-deck ports up, and the lights fore and aft, as if cleared for action. Now as how, d'ye see, I am sure no mortal ship could bear her lower-deck ports up and pot founder in this here weather. Why, the sea runs mountains high. It must certainly be the ghost of that there Dutchman, that foundered in this latitude, and which, I have heard say, always appears in this here quarter, in hard gales of wind."

After taking a good pull or two at the Holland's [a bottle], he grew a little composed, when I jokingly asked him if he was afraid of ghosts?

"Why, as to that, d'ye see," said he, "I think as how I'm as good as another man; but I'd always a terrible antipathy to those things. Even when I was a boy, I never could find it in my heart to cross a churchyard in the dark without whistling and hallooing, to make them believe I had company with me, for I've heard say they appear but to one at a time; for now, when I called to Joe Jackson, who was at the helm, to look over the weather bow, he saw nothing; tho', ask how, I saw it as plain as this here bottle," taking another swig at the Geneva.

Having some curiosity to see if I could make out anything that could take such an appearance, I turned out, and accompanied him upon deck; but it had cleared up, the moon shining very bright, and not a cloud to be seen; though, by what I could learn from the rest of the people who were on deck, it had been very cloudy about half an hour before, of course I easily divined what kind of phantom had so alarmed my messmate.

- Source: George Barrington, *A Voyage to New South Wales* (London, 1795), pp. 45-47.
- Return to the table of contents.

Vanderdecken's Message Home

***Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1821)**

Our ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the southeast. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been water-logged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two p.m. we had a squall, accompanied by thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously ahead. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all aback, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double reefed mainsail and foretopsail till dusk; but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a lookout ahead, for the weather was so hazy, that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something; and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also to the bows, and appeared startled, and at first said nothing.

But presently one of them cried, "William, go call the watch."

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unseasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, "Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but ahead."

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows there was a whispering.

One of them asked, "Where is she? I do not see her."

To which another replied, "The last flash of lightning showed there was not a reef in one of her sails; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will never carry her into port."

By this time, the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanor, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George.

He overheard one of the men asking another, if he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her. To which the other replied, "I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?"

The first speaker replied, "They give different reasons for it, but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows. The story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, 'May I be eternally d__d if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment!' And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get alongside, to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have communication with him."

Tom Willis said, "There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered, "We cannot trust to that, if Vanderdeckcn sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the meantime, the noise of the waves against the vessel, could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay.

The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being re-lighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning showed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary , but it was sufficient to remove doubt from the minds of the passengers.

One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes, top-gallants and all."

The chaplain had brought up his prayer book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the meantime, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, showed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his birth, came on deck, and, with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant-sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at.

The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him. While they were talking together the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things," and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the foretop-sail yard, which was chafing the mast wit a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the university classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis, to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a lookout ahead.

Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their births, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows ahead, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to reappear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see, them letting down a boat."

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and showed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side. The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply.

The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?"

The men looked at each other without offering to do anything. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, "What do you want, or what devil has blown you here in such weather?"

A piercing voice from the boat replied in English, "We want to speak with your captain."

The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boot having come close alongside, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weather-beaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking steadfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine."

The stranger replied, "We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, "Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again! -- We must see our friends again."

When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about; but we must see our friends again."

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "We have lost our count; for our almanac was blown overboard. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea? for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends."

To which the chaplain replied, "Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to

be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the churchyard."

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands, and appeared to weep; and replied, "It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a raindrop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if that were to die elsewhere. But in the meantime, we only ask you to take these letters."

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment, said, "This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it. Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, "One of our men here says that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the Flying Dutchman, said, "It is impossible; we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a banknote to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high headdress."

Tom Willis hearing this, said, "It is most likely that her head now lies under a tombstone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your banknote?"

The stranger replied, "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man, of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking house was gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards a-missing. -- But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible. We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much-beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she alive still, there is no fear that Vanderdecken would ever get home to disturb her."

On hearing this the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take the letters, he would leave them; and looking around he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of the crew successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this, he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed, but the parcel still lay upon deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter bag. Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the meantime the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle-case, pouring out a large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered the glass to him, saying, "Here, Charters, is what is good in a cold night."

The chaplain declined drinking anything, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon and throw it overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor when they are left to throw them out of the ship."

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with the letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirring through the air. There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favorable change which soon took place in the weather, to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got underway again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their births.

- Source: "Vanderdecken's Message Home; or, The Tenacity of Natural Affection," *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, vol. 9, no. 50 (May 1821), pp. 127-31.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fable of the Flying Dutchman

Heinrich Heine, *The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski*, 1833

You certainly know the fable of the Flying Dutchman. It is the story of an enchanted ship which can never arrive in port, and which since time immemorial has been sailing about at sea. When it meets a vessel, some of the unearthly sailors come in a boat and beg the others to take a packet of letters home for them. These letters must be nailed to the mast, else some misfortune will happen to the ship -- above all if no Bible be on board, and no horseshoe nailed to the foremast. The letters are always addressed to people whom no one knows, and who have long been dead, so that some late descendant gets a letter addressed to a far away great-great-grandmother, who has slept for centuries in her grave.

That wooden ghost, that spook-ship, is so called from the captain, a Dutchman, who once swore by all the devils that he would get round a certain mountain -- its name has escaped me -- in spite of a fearful storm, even if he would have to sail until Judgment Day.

The devil took him at his word, therefore he must sail forever, until set free by a woman's loyalty. The devil, in his stupidity, has no faith in female loyalty, and allowed the enchanted captain to land once in seven years and get married, and thus find opportunities to save his soul.

The poor Dutchman! He often has been only too glad to escape from his marriage and his wife-savior, and get on board again.

The play which I saw in Amsterdam [in the year 1827] was based on this fable. Another seven years have passed; the poor Dutchman is more weary than ever of his endless wandering; he comes ashore, befriends a Scottish nobleman, to whom he sells diamonds at an unbelievably low price, and when he hears that his customer has a beautiful daughter, he asks for her hand in marriage. This bargain is agreed to as well.

Next we see the Scotsman's home; with an anxious heart the maiden awaits the bridegroom. With melancholy she often looks up at a large, time-worn picture which hangs in the hall, and depicts a handsome man in Spanish-Dutch clothing. It is an old heirloom, and according to her grandmother, it is a true portrait of the Flying Dutchman as he was seen in Scotland a hundred years earlier, in the time of William of Orange. A warning connected to this portrait has been passed down as well: that the women of the family must beware of the person depicted in the painting.

This warning has naturally enough had the result of deeply impressing the features of the dangerous man in the picture in the girl's mind, from her childhood onward. Therefore, when the authentic Flying Dutchman makes his appearance, she is startled, but not from fear.

He too is moved when he sees the portrait. But when he is told who it represents, he tactfully turns aside all suspicion, makes fun of the superstition, and ridicules the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew of the Ocean.

Nevertheless, now in a melancholy mood, he relates how the gentleman must be suffering horribly out there on the endless waves, how his body is nothing other than a coffin of flesh in

The Fool Whose Wishes All Came True

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 675
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2011

1. Hans Dumb (Germany).
2. Stupid Michel (Germany).
3. Lazy Lars, Who Won the Princess (Denmark).
4. Emelyan the Fool (Russia).
5. Halfman (Greece).
6. Juvadi and the Princess (Italy).
7. Peter the Fool (Giovanni Francesco Straparola, *The Facetious Nights*).
8. Peruonto (Giambattista Basile, *The Pentamerone*).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Germany

There was a king who lived happily with his daughter, his only child. Quite suddenly the princess had a baby, but no one knew who the father was. For some time the king was beside himself. Finally he ordered the princess to take the child to the church. A lemon would be placed in his hand, and whoever he should give it to would be the child's father and the princess's husband. This happened, but only fine people were admitted into the church. However, in the town there was a small, crooked, hunchbacked lad who was not very smart and who was therefore known as Hans Dumb. He mingled with the others and slipped into the church without being seen. When the child reached out with the lemon, it was to Hans Dumb!

The princess was horrified, and the king was so taken aback that he had her, the child, and Hans Dumb placed into a cask and set adrift at sea. The cask soon drifted away, and when they were alone at sea the princess cried out bitterly, "You horrid, hunchbacked, impudent rogue, you are the cause of my suffering. Why did you force your way into the church? You have nothing to do with the child."

"Oh yes," said Hans Dumb. "I have a lot to do with it, because one day I wished that you would have a child, and my wishes come true."

"If that is so, then wish us something to eat."

"I can do that too," said Hans Dumb, and he wished for a plate filled with potatoes. The princess would have liked something better, but because she was so hungry she helped him

wives, your sisters-in-law, desire you to do anything, do as they bid you."

The fool, who had a great longing for a red coat and cap, and red boots, answered that he would do whatever his sisters-in-law bade him. So his brothers went off to the city, and the fool stayed at home with his two sisters.

One day, when the winter was come, and the cold was great, his sisters-in-law told him to go out and fetch water. But the fool remained lying on the stove, and said, "Aye, indeed, and who then are you?"

The sisters began to scold him, and said, "How now, fool! We are what you see. You know how cold it is, and that it is a man's business to go."

But he said, "I am lazy."

"How," they exclaimed, "are you lazy?" Surely you will want to eat, and if we have no water we cannot cook. But never mind," they added. "We will only tell our husbands not to give him anything when they have bought the fine red coat and all for him!"

The fool heard what they said. And, as he longed greatly to have the red coat and cap, he saw that he must go. So he got down from the stove and began to put on his shoes and stockings and to dress himself to go out. When he was dressed, he took the buckets and the ax and went down to the river hard by. And when he came to the river he began to cut a large hole in the ice. Then he drew water in the buckets, and setting them on the ice, he stood by the hole, looking into the water. And as the fool was looking, he saw a large pike swimming about. However stupid Emelyan was, he felt a wish to catch this pike. So he stole cautiously and softly to the edge of the hole, and making a sudden grasp at the pike he caught him, and pulled him out of the water. Then, putting him in his bosom, he was hastening home with him, when the pike cried out, "Ho, fool! Why have you caught me?"

He answered, "To take you home and get my sisters-in-law to cook you."

"Nay, fool! Do not take me home, but throw me back into the water, and I will make a rich man of you."

But the fool would not consent and jogged on his way home. When the pike saw that the fool was not for letting him go, he said to him, "Hark ye, fool! Put me back in the water, and will do for you everything you do not like to do yourself. You will only have to wish, and it shall be done."

On hearing this, the fool rejoiced beyond measure, for as he was uncommonly lazy, he thought to himself, "If the pike does everything I have no mind to do, all will be done without my being troubled to work." So he said to the pike, "I will throw you back into the water if you do all you promise."

The pike said, "Let me go first, and then I will keep my promise."

But the fool answered, "Nay, nay, you must first perform your promise, and then I will let you

go."

When the pike saw that Emelyan would not put him into the water, he said, "If you wish me to do all you desire, you must first tell me what your desire is."

"I wish," said the fool, "that my buckets should go of themselves from the river up the hill to the village without spilling any of the water."

Then said the pike, "Listen now, and remember the words I say to you: 'At the pike's command, go, buckets, of yourselves up the hill!'"

Then the fool repeated after him these words, and instantly, with the speed of thought, the buckets ran up the hill. When Emelyan saw this he was amazed beyond measure, and he said to the pike, "But will it always be so?"

"Everything you desire will be done," replied the pike. "But I warn you not to forget the words I have taught you."

Then Emelyan put the pike into the water and followed his buckets home.

The neighbors were all amazed and said the one another, "This fool makes the buckets come up of themselves from the river, and he follows them home at his leisure."

But Emelyan took no notice of them, and went his way home. The buckets were by this time in the house, and standing in their place on the foot-bench. So the fool got up and stretched himself on the stove.

After some time his sisters-in-law said to him again, "Emelyan, why are you lazying there? Get up and go cut wood."

But the fool replied, "Yes! And you -- who are you?"

"Don't you see it is now winter, and if you don't cut wood you will be frozen?"

"I am lazy," said the fool.

"What! You are lazy?" cried the sisters. "If you do not go instantly and cut wood, we will tell our husbands not to give you the red coat, or the red cap, or the fine red boots!"

The fool, who longed for the red cap, coat, and boots, saw that he must go and cut the wood. But as it was bitterly cold, and he did not like to come down from off the stove, he repeated in an undertone, as he lay, the words, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, up, ax, and hew the wood! And do you, logs, come of yourselves in the stove!"

Instantly the ax jumped up, ran out into the yard, and began to cut up the wood. And the logs came of themselves into the house, and laid themselves in the stove. When the sisters saw this, they wondered exceedingly at the cleverness of the fool. And, as the ax did of its own accord the work whenever Emelyan was wanted to cut wood, he lived for some time in peace

and harmony with them. At length the wood was all finished, and they said to him, "Emelyan, we have no more wood, so you must go in the forest and cut some."

"Aye," said the fool, "and you, who are you, then?"

The sisters replied, "The wood is far off, and it is winter, and too cold for us to go."

But the fool only said, "I am lazy."

"How! You are lazy?" cried they. "You will be frozen then. And moreover, we will take care, when our husbands come home, that they shall not give you the red coat, cap, and boots."

As the fool longed for the clothes, he saw that he must go and cut the wood. So he got off the stove, put on his shoes and stockings, and dressed himself. And, when he was dressed, he went into the yard, dragged the sledge out of the shed, took a rope and the ax with him, and called out to his sisters-in-law, "Open the gate."

When the sisters saw that he was riding off without any horses, they cried, "Why, Emelyan, you have got on the sledge without yoking the horses!"

But he answered that he wanted no horses, and bade them only open the gate. So the sisters threw open the gate, and the fool repeated the words, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, away, sledge, off to the wood!"

Instantly the sledge galloped out of the yard at such a rate that the people of the village, when they saw it, were filled with amazement at Emelyan's riding the sledge without horses, and with such speed that a pair of horses could never have drawn it at such a rate. The fool had to pass through the town on his way to the wood, and away he dashed at full speed. But the fool did not know that he should cry out, "Make way!" so that he did not run over anyone. But away he went, and rode over quite a lot of people. An, though they ran after him, no one was able to overtake and bring him back.

At last Emelyan, having go clear of the town, came to the wood and stopped his sledge. then he got down and said, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, up, ax, hew wood. And you, logs, lay yourselves on the sledge and tie yourselves together."

Scarcely had the fool uttered these words when the ax began to cut wood, the logs to lay themselves on the sledge, and the rope to tie them down. When the ax had cut wood enough, Emelyan desired it to cut him a good cudgel. And when the ax had done this, he mounted the sledge and cried, "Up, and away! At the pike's command, and at my desire, go home, sledge!"

Away then went the sledge at the top of its speed, and when he come to the town, where he had hurt so many people, he found a crowd waiting to catch him. And, as soon as he got into the gates, they laid hold of him, dragged him off his sledge, and fell to beating him. When the fool saw how they were treating him, he said in an under voice, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, up, cudgel, and thrash them!"

Instantly the cudgel began to lay about it on all sides. and, when the people were all driven away, he made his escape, and come to his own village. The cudgel, having thrashed all soundly, rolled home after him. And Emelyan, as usual, when he got home, climbed up and lay upon the stove.

After he had left the town, all the people fell to talking, no so much of the number of persons he had injured, as of their amazement at his riding in a sledge without horses. And the news spread from on to another, till it reached the court and came to the ears of the king. And when the king heard it, he felt an extreme desire to see him. So he sent an officer with some soldiers to look for him. The officer instantly started, and took the road that the fool had taken. And when he came to the village where Emelyan lived, he summoned the starosta, or head-man of the village, and said to him, "I am sent by the king to take a certain fool, and bring him before his majesty."

The starosta at once showed him the house where Emelyan lived, and the officer went into it and asked where the fool was. He was lying on the stove, and answered, "What is it you want with me?"

"How!" said the officer. "What do I want with you? Get up this instant and dress yourself. I must take you to the king."

But Emelyan said, "What to do?" Whereat the officer became so enraged at the rudeness of his replies that he hit him on the cheek.

"At the pike's command, and at my desire," said the fool, "up, cudgel, and thrash them!"

Instantly up sprang the cudgel and began to lay about it on all sides. So the officer was obliged to go back to the town as fast as he could. And when he came before the king, and told him how the fool had cudgeled him, the king marveled greatly, and would not believe the story.

Then the king called to him a wise man and ordered him to bring the fool by craft, if nothing else would do. So the wise man went to the village where Emelyan lived, called the starosta before him, and said, "I am ordered by the king to take your fool. And therefore ask for persons with whom he lived."

Then the starosta ran and fetched Emelyan's sisters-in-law. The king's messenger asked them what it was the fool liked, and they answered, "Noble sir, if anyone entreats our fool earnestly to anything, he flatly refuses the first and second time. The third time he consents, and does what he is required, for he dislikes to be roughly treated."

The king's messenger thereupon dismissed them and forbade them to tell Emelyan that he had summoned them before him. Then he brought raisins, baked plums, and grapes, and went to the fool. When he came into the room, he went up to the stove and said, "Emelyan, why are you lying there?" And with that he gave him the raisins, the baked plums, and the grapes, and said, "Emelyan, we will go together to the king. I will take you with me."

But the fool replied, "I am very warm here," for there was nothing he liked so much as being warm.

Then the messenger began to entreat him, "Be so good, Emelyan, do let us go! You will like the court vastly."

"No," said the fool. "I am lazy."

But the messenger entreated him once more, "Do come with me, there's my good fellow, and the king will give you a fine red coat and cap, and a pair of red boots."

When the fool heard of the red coat he said, "Go on before. I will follow you."

The messenger pressed him no further, but went out and asked the sisters-in-law if there was any danger of the fool's deceiving him. They assured him there was not, and he went away.

Emelyan, who remained lying on the stove, then said to himself, "How I dislike this going to the king!" And after a minute's thought, he said, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, up stove, and away to the town!"

And instantly the wall of the room opened, and the stove moved out. And when it got clear of the yard, it went at such a rate that there was no overtaking it. Soon it came up with the king's messenger, and went along with him into the palace. When the king saw the fool coming, he went forth with all his court to meet him. And he was amazed beyond measure at seeing Emelyan come riding on the stove. But the fool lay still and said nothing.

Then the king asked him why he had upset so many people on his way to the wood.

"It was their own fault," said the fool. "Why did they not get out of the way?"

Just at that moment the king's daughter came to the window, and Emelyan happening suddenly to look up, and seeing how handsome she was, said in a whisper, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, let this lovely maiden fall in love with me!"

And scarcely had he spoken the words when the king's daughter in love with him. Then said the fool, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, up, stove, and away home!"

Immediately the stove left the palace, went through the town, returned home, and set itself in its old place. And Emelyan lived there for some time comfortably and happy.

But it was very different in the town. For, at the word of Emelyan, the king's daughter had fallen in love, and she began to implore her father to give her the fool for her husband. The king was in a great rage, both with her and with fool, but he knew not how to catch him. Then his minister proposed that the same officer, as a punishment for not succeeding the first time, should be sent again to take Emelyan.

This advice pleased the king, and he summoned the officer to his presence, and said, "Hark ye, friend! I sent you before for the fool, and you came back without him. To punish you, I

now send you for him a second time. If you bring him, you shall be rewarded. If you return without him, you shall be punished."

When the officer heard this, he left the king and lost no time to going in quest of the fool. And on coming to the village he called for the starosta and said to him, "Here is money for you. Buy everything necessary for a good dinner tomorrow. Invite Emelyan, and when he comes, make him drink until he falls asleep."

The starosta, knowing that the officer came from the king, was obliged to obey him, so he bought all that was required and invited the fool. And Emelyan said he would come, whereat the officer was greatly rejoiced. So next day the fool came to dinner, and the starosta plied him so well with drink that he fell fast asleep. When the officer saw this, he ordered the kibitka (or carriage) to be brought, and putting the fool into it, they drove off to the town, and went straight to the palace.

As soon as the king heard that they were come, he ordered a large cask to be provided without delay, and to be bound with strong iron hoops. When the cask was brought to the king, and he saw that everything was ready as he desired, he commanded his daughter and the fool to be put in it, and the cask to be well pitched. And when this was done, the cask was thrown into the sea, and left to the mercy of the waves. Then the king returned to his palace, and the cask floated along upon the sea.

All this time the fool was fast asleep. When he awoke, and saw that it was quite dark, he said to himself, "Where am I?" for he thought he was alone.

But the princess said, "You are in a cask, Emelyan! And I am shut up with you in it."

"But who are you?" said the fool.

"I am the king's daughter," replied she. And she told him why she had been shut up there with him.

Then she besought him to free himself and her out of the cask, but the fool said, "Nay, I am warm enough here."

"But grant me at least the favor," said the princess. "Have pity on my tears, and deliver me out of this cask."

"Why so?" said Emelyan. "I am lazy."

Then the princess began to entreat him still more urgently, until the fool was at last moved by her tears and entreaties, and said, "Well, I will do this for you." Then he said softly, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, cast us, O sea, upon the shore, where we may dwell on dry land. But let it be near our own country. And, cask, fall to pieces on the shore."

Scarcely had the fool uttered these words when the waves began to roll, and the cask was thrown on a dry place, and fell to pieces of itself. So Emelyan got up and went with the princess round about the spot where they were cast. And the fool saw that they were on a

fine island, where there was an abundance of trees, with all kinds of fruit upon them.

When the princess saw this, she was greatly rejoiced and said, "But, Emelyan, where shall we live? There is not even a nook here."

"You want too much," said the fool.

"Grant me one favor," replied the princess. "Let there be at least a little cottage in which we may shelter ourselves from the rain," for the princess knew that he could do everything that he wished.

But the fool said, "I am lazy."

Nevertheless, she went on entreating him, until at last Emelyan was obliged to do as she desired. Then he stepped aside and said, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, let me have in the middle of this island a finer castle than the king's, and let a crystal bridge lead from my castle to the royal palace. And let there be attendants of all conditions in the court!"

Hardly were the words spoken, when there appeared a splendid castle, with a crystal bridge. The fool went with the princess into the castle and beheld the apartments all magnificently furnished, and a number of persons, footmen and all kinds of officers, who waited for the fool's commands.

When he saw that all these men were like men, and the he alone was ugly and stupid, he wished to be better, so he said, "At the pike's command, and at my desire, away, let me become a youth without an equal, and extremely wise!" And hardly had he spoken, when he became so handsome and so wise that all were amazed.

Emelyan now sent on of his servants to the king to invite him and all his court. So the servant went along the crystal bridge which the fool had made, and when he came to the court, the ministers brought him before the king, and Emelyan's messenger said, "Please, your majesty, I am sent by my master to invite you do dinner."

The king asked him who his master was, but he answered, "Please, your majesty, I can tell you nothing about my master (for the fool had ordered him not to tell who he was), but if you come to dine with him, he will inform you himself."

The king, being curious to know who had sent to invite him, told the messenger that he would go without fail. The servant went away, and when he got home, the king and his court set out along the crystal bridge to go and visit the fool. And, when they arrived at the castle, Emelyan came forth to meet the king, took him by his white hands, kissed him on his sugared lips, led him into his castle, and seated him at the oaken tables covered with fine diaper tablecloths, and spread with sugar-meats and honey-drinks. The king and him ministers ate and drank and made merry.

When they rose from the table and retired, the fool said to the king, "Does your majesty know who I am?"

As Emelyan was now dressed in fine clothes, and was very handsome, it was not possible to recognize him, so the king replied that he did not know him.

Then the fool said, "Does not your majesty recollect how a fool came riding on a stove to your court, and how you fastened him up in a pitched cask with your daughter, and cast them into the sea? Know me now. I am that Emelyan."

When the king saw him thus in his presence he was greatly terrified and knew not what to do. But the fool went to the princess and led her out to him. And the king, on seeing his daughter, was greatly rejoiced, and said, "I have been very unjust to you, and so I gladly give you my daughter to wife."

The fool humbly thanked the king. And when Emelyan had prepared everything for the wedding, it was celebrated with great magnificence, and the following day the fool gave a feast to the ministers and all the people. When the festivities were at an end, the king wanted to give up his kingdom to his son-in-law, but Emelyan did not wish to have the crown. So the king went back to his kingdom, and the fool remained in the castle and lived happily.

- Source: Robert Steele, *The Russian Garland: Being Russian Folk Tales Translated from a Collection of Chapbooks Made in Moscow* (London: A. M. Philpot, 1916), pp. 166-82.
- Link to another translation of this story: W. R. S. Ralston, "Emilian the Fool," *Russian Folk-Tales* (London: Smith, Elder, and Company, 1873), pp. 263-67.
- Return to the table of contents.

Halfman

Greece

Once upon a time there was a woman who had no children. She was so unhappy about this that one day she prayed to God, "Dear God, give me a child, even if it were only half a child."

Then God gave her a boy with half a head, half a nose, half a mouth, half a body, one hand and one foot. He was so misshapen that the mother always kept him at home and did not send him out to work.

One day, however, he became bored, and he said to his mother, "Mother, I do not want to stay at home any longer. Give me an ax and a mule. I want to go out into the woods to fetch wood."

His mother replied, "How can you chop wood, dear child? You are only half a person."

Nonetheless, he begged so long that finally his mother gave him an ax and a mule. He took these into the woods. He chopped wood and brought it back home. He did this work so well that his mother allowed him to continue.

One day when he was fetching wood he passed by the princess's castle. When she saw him with one foot and one arm sitting on the mule she laughed out loud and called to her

maidservants, "Come and see the half man!"

This embarrassed Halfman so much that he dropped his ax. He thought for a moment, then asked himself, "Shall I get off and pick it up, or shall I not?"

In the end he did not get off, but instead left the ax lying there rode on.

The princess said to the maidservants, "Just look at Halfman! He drops his ax and doesn't even get off to pick it up!"

This embarrassed Halfman even more, and he dropped his rope. Once again he thought for a moment, then said to himself, "Shall I get off and pick up the rope, or shall I not?"

In the end he rode off, leaving the rope lying there.

With that the princess called to her maidservants, "Just look at Halfman! He drops his ax and his rope and doesn't even get off to pick them up!"

Halfman rode on to the place where he was gathering wood, but arriving there he said to himself, "How can I chop wood, and how can I tie it together?"

A lake was there, and while he stood there looking into the water he saw a fish swim up to the bank. He quickly threw his ragged coat onto it and caught it.

The fish begged for its life, saying, "Let me loose, Halfman, and I will teach you a charm to make all your wishes come true."

Then Halfman said, "If what you say is true, then load my mule with wood."

The fish said, "By the first word of God and the second word of the fish, the mule shall be loaded with wood!"

And behold, before he finished speaking this charm, the mule was loaded with wood.

Seeing this, Halfman said to the fish, "If you will teach me the charm I will set you free."

The fish said, "Whenever you want something to happen, just say, 'By the first word of God and the second word of the fish,' and whatever you wish for shall be granted."

With that Halfman set the fish free, took his loaded mule, and walked off toward the princess's castle.

When the princess saw him she called to her maidservants, "Come quickly and see how Halfman has loaded his mule without an ax or a rope." Then they all laughed until they could laugh no more.

This made Halfman angry, and he said, "By the first word of God and the second word of the fish, let the princess become pregnant!"

When her time came she bore a child, and no one knew who the father was.

Her father summoned her and asked her who the father was, but she answered repeatedly, "I have not even spoken with a man. I do not know where the child came from."

When the child was older the king summoned everyone to his capitol. After they had all gathered there he gave the child an apple and said, "Go forth and give this to your father."

While the child was walking about and playing with the apple, he dropped it onto the ground, and it rolled away from him, finally coming to a rest in the corner where Halfman was standing. The child bent over to pick up the apple, then lifting his head he saw Halfman and said, "Here Papa! Take the apple!"

Hearing this, the people took hold of Halfman and brought him before the king.

The king said, "Because it was Halfman who did this, we must kill them all: him, the princess, and the child."

However, some of his councilors said to him, "What you say is unjust. The princess is your daughter, and you cannot shed your own blood. It would be better to make an iron cask, put the princess, Halfman, and the child inside, and throw them into the sea. Give them only a bunch of figs for the child, so that it will not die too quickly."

This advice pleased the king. Thus he had the cask made, the three placed inside, and thrown into the sea.

Now seated inside the cask, the princess said to Halfman, "I have never seen you before. How is it that we are now here together?"

"Give me a fig," replied Halfman, "and I will tell you about it."

The princess gave him a fig from those that they had brought along for the child. After he had eaten it, Halfman said, "Don't you remember how you laughed at me when I passed by the castle, and I dropped my ax and my rope?"

"Yes, I remember that," replied the princess.

"Now I know a charm, and when I repeat it my every wish is fulfilled. At that time I wished that you should become pregnant, and that is why you became pregnant."

To that the princess said, "If you know such a charm that fulfills your every wish, then wish us out of this cask and onto dry land."

Halfman replied, "Give me a fig, and I will do so."

So the princess gave him a fig, and he secretly said, "By the first word of God and the second word of the fish, may this cask drift onto dry land and open itself so that we can get out."

And immediately the cask hit dry land, opened itself, and they all got out.

eat the potatoes.

After they had eaten their fill, Hans Dumb said, "Now I shall wish us a fine ship!" He had scarcely said this and they were sitting in a splendid ship, with an excess of everything that they might want.

The helmsman steered straight for land, and as they were going ashore Hans Dumb said, "Here there shall be a castle!" And there was a splendid castle there, and servants dressed in gold came and led the princess and the child inside, and when they were in the middle of the great hall, Hans Dumb said, "Now I wish to become a young and intelligent prince!" Then his hump disappeared, and he was handsome and straight and friendly. He found favor with the princess, and he became her husband, and they lived happily for a long time.

One day the old king got lost while out riding and came to their castle. He was amazed, because he had never seen it before, and he went inside. The princess recognized her father at once, but he did not know who she was, for he thought that she had long since drowned in the ocean. She received him with splendor, but when he wanted to go back home, she secretly placed a golden goblet into his pocket.

After he had ridden away she sent some knights after him to stop him and see if he hadn't stolen the golden goblet. They found it in his pocket and brought him back. He swore to the princess that he had not stolen it and did not know how it came to be in his pocket.

She said, "You see, one should always be cautious about accusing another person." With this she revealed herself as his daughter. The king was overjoyed, and they lived happily together, and after his death Hans Dumb became king.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Hans Dumm," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, 1st ed., vol. 1 (Berlin: Realschulbuchhandlung, 1812), no. 54, pp. 250-52.
- This story was not included in later editions of the Grimms' famous collection.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- The episode of the golden goblet planted in the father's pocket is reminiscent of the Bible story of Joseph, who had a silver goblet planted in his brother Benjamin's pack. (*Genesis,* chapters 44-45)
- Link to a separate file containing only the Grimms' Hans Dumb. Opens in a new window.
- Return to the table of contents.

Stupid Michel

Germany

Once upon a time there was a peasant woman who had a son named Michel who never got further from the table than the tile stove.

Finally she decided that she would have to send him out into the world, so she said to him, "Michel, go out to the pond and fetch some water."

It was raining outside, and the princess said, "Speak your charm so that we can find shelter and not get wet."

Halfman said, "Give me a fig, and I will do so."

So the princess gave him a fig, and he said to himself, "By the first word of God and the second word of the fish, let there be shelter here!"

Suddenly such was the case, and they got under it.

The princess said to Halfman, "Until now you have done very well! Now speak your charm and give us a large castle whose stones and timbers and furnishings all can speak."

Halfman said, "Give me a fig, and I will do so."

So the princess gave him a fig, and he said to himself, "By the first word of God and the second word of the fish, let there be castle whose stones and timbers and furnishings all can speak!"

Suddenly such a castle was there, and everything connected to it could speak, and they went inside to live there, and Halfman brought forth everything that they needed and whatever the princess wished for herself.

One day the king was out hunting, and he saw in the distance a castle that he had never seen before. He sent two of his servants thither, saying to them, "Take these partridges, go to that castle and broil them there, and see what kind of castle it is, for I have often been here hunting, but I have never before noticed it."

The servants, thus commanded by the king, took the partridges and went to the castle. When they approached the outer door, it said to them, "What do you want here?"

They said, "The king sent us here to broil these two partridges."

The door replied, "Stay here. First I must ask the lady of the house."

Then the outer door asked the first inner door, which in turn asked the second one, which in turn asked the third one, and so on, door to door, until the question reached the lady of the house. She ordered that the strangers be admitted, and suddenly all the doors opened by themselves, allowing the servants to come inside. They were greatly amazed when even the stones and the timbers welcomed them.

Entering the kitchen one of them said, "Where can we find some wood?"

The pieces of wood called out, "Here we are!"

Then they said to one another, "We have no salt and no butter," to which the salt and butter called out, "Here we are!"

After they had prepared the partridges, put them on the spit, and placed them next to the fire,

they wanted to look around outside the kitchen to see if there were other things in the castle that could speak. However, they found so many such things and stayed away from the kitchen so long that the partridges had burned to charcoal when they finally thought about them and ran back to the kitchen.

They did not know how they could excuse themselves to the king for having burned up his partridges. Finally they decided to go directly back to him and tell him what they had seen.

The king did not believe them, and he sent other servants thither. They experienced the same things that the first ones had, and when the king heard them say the same thing, he decided that he would go there himself to see and hear with his own eyes and ears.

When he arrived at the outside door, it said to him, "Welcome, your majesty!"

When he went inside, all the stones and timbers called out the same welcome to him, and the king was amazed that here wood and stones could talk. Hearing that the king himself had arrived, the princess went to him to receive him. She led him into her splendid rooms, but did not tell him who she was. The king wondered about her correct manners and her elegant speech.

Meanwhile the servants in the kitchen wanted to broil the partridges that the king had brought, and the same thing happened to them that had happened to the others. Amazed at all they saw and heard, they let the partridges burn to charcoal.

When the king learned of this he became extremely angry, for he was very hungry and now had nothing to eat.

The princess said, "I beg of your majesty to do us the favor of dining in our humble house."

The king accepted, and she left him in order to look for Halfman, who had sneaked away from the king. Finding him, she said, "I invited the king to eat with us. Now speak a charm to provide a splendid feast with the appropriate servants, musicians, dancers, and everything else to go with it."

To this Halfman said, "Give me a fig, and I will speak the charm."

So the princess gave him a fig, and after he had eaten it he spoke the charm, asking for everything that the princess wanted, and suddenly a feast appeared, with everything that went with it.

As soon as the king and his servants were seated at the table the musicians began to play, and they played so beautifully that the king was amazed. He said, "I am a king, but I have never had such music in my castle."

Then the dancers began to dance, and they danced so beautifully that the king said to the princess, "I am a king, but I have never had such dancers in my castle. Tell me how you came to them."

The princess replied, "My father left them to me as an inheritance."

Then the princess went to Halfman and said, "You must speak a charm that will put a spoon into one of the king's boots."

Halfman replied, "Give me a fig and I will do so."

The princess gave him a fig, and he spoke the charm, granting the princess's wish.

When the king was about to depart, the princes said, "Wait a moment. I believe that something is missing."

This disturbed the king, who said, "No, that is not possible. We are not such people!"

But the princess would not be dissuaded. She called out, "Are you platters all there?"

"Yes!"

"Are you plates all there?"

"Yes!"

"Are you spoons all there?"

With that the spoon inside the king's boot called out, "I am stuck in the king's boot!"

Now the princess began to scold the king, saying, "I invited you into my house, prepared a feast for you, and granted you every honor, and now your are stealing one of my spoons! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

The king said, "This is not possible! Someone put the spoon into my boot! You are doing me a severe injustice!"

To that the princess said, "You also did such an injustice to me when you put Halfman and me into a cask, although I had done nothing wrong."

The king stood there a long time, speechless with amazement. Then the princess brought Halfman to him, and Halfman explained everything that had happened.

The king was amazed at this tale. He took his daughter back home with him and married her to one of his noblemen. He appointed Halfman to be his chief bodyguard and gave him his most beautiful slave girl for a wife.

- Source: "Der halbe Mensch," Johann Georg von Hahn, *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*, vol. 1 (Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann, 1864), pp. 102-109.
- Translated from the German by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- The episode of the spoon planted in the king's boot is reminiscent of the Bible story of Joseph, who had a silver goblet planted in his brother Benjamin's pack. (*Genesis,* chapters 44-45)

- Return to the table of contents.

Juvadi and the Princess

Italy

One day Juvadi went to gather twigs, and he found an oak branch with acorns on it. He picked it up and carefully carried it in his arms. As he approached town he straddled it like a horse and thus pulled it further along.

The little princess was standing at one of the king's windows, and she began to laugh out loud.

Juvadi saw her and said, "May you get pregnant by me!"

She soon became pregnant, and nine months later gave birth to a girl. The king was so angry about this that he called together his council and said, "Advise me what I should do to the person who has brought this shame upon me. I cannot believe what people are saying."

The councilors said, "Bring together all the men in the kingdom, and then we shall see whom the child calls Papa."

So the king summoned all the men to his house. His barons, princes, knights, citizens, and peasants all came, but the child did not call any of them Papa. The only man left was Juvadi, who did not come. Then the king forced him to come, and the child had scarcely seen him when she called him Papa.

Once again the king called together his council and asked, "What should the punishment be for those who caused this shame?"

They answered, "Let us put them into a cask and roll it over a cliff."

So they had a cask made and locked the princess, her daughter, and Juvadi inside, then rolled it to a cliff to push it over.

As it rolled along, Juvadi said, "Let me out! Let me out! I'll give you figs and raisins."

So saying, he threw handfuls of figs and raisins out of the cask. The cask stopped rolling at a level spot. Juvadi broke open the cask, and they all got out.

A witch was in the vicinity, and she laughed so hard that a swelling on her neck disappeared. She was very happy about this, and she said to Juvadi, "What is your wish? I can do everything, and will do something good for you."

Juvadi answered, "Make a house for me, for we have no place to live."

The witch picked up a stick and made a circle with it, saying, "Here shall be a palace, with all the comforts of the world."

Suddenly a beautiful palace was there, and Juvadi happily went inside with the princess and their daughter.

The princess then said to Juvadi, "Now you have to have an enchantment that will drive out your stupidity."

- Source: Albert Wesselski, *Der Hodscha Nasreddin: türkische, arabische, berberische, maltesische, sizilianische, kalabrische, kroatische, serbische und griechische Märlein und Schwänke*, vol. 2 (Weimar: Alexander Duncker Verlag, 1911), no. 439, pp. 123-25.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- Wesselski's source: Calabria, a region in the extreme south of mainland Italy.
- Wesselski does not give this piece a title.
- Return to the table of contents.

Peter the Fool

Giovanni Francesco Straparola

> A simple fellow, named Peter, gets back his wits by the help of a tunny fish which he spared after having taken it in his net, and likewise wins for his wife a king's daughter.

There is proof enough, dear ladies, both in the chronicles of the past and in the doings of our own day, that a fool, whether by lucky accident or by sheer force of blundering, may sometimes score a success where a wise man might fail. Therefore, it has come into my mind to tell you the story of one of these fools, who, through the issue of a very foolish deed, got for his wife the daughter of a king and became a wise man himself into the bargain.

In the Ligurian Sea there is an island called Capraia, which, at the time I am describing, was ruled by King Luciano. Amongst his subjects was a poor widow named Isotta, who lived with her only son Peter, a fisher lad. But from Peter's fishing she would scarce have kept body and soul together, for he was a poor silly creature known to all the neighbors as Peter the Fool.

Though he went fishing every day he never caught anything, but in spite of his ill success he would always come up from his boat shouting and bellowing so that all the town might hear him, "Mother, mother, bring out your tubs and your buckets and your pails. Bring them out all, great and small, for Peter has caught a boatful of fish."

The poor woman soon got to know the value of Peter's bragging, but in spite of this she always prepared the vessels, only to find herself jeered at by the silly youth, who, as soon as he came near, would thrust out his long tongue in ridicule, and otherwise mock at her.

Now it chanced that the widow's cottage stood just opposite to the palace of King Luciano, who had only one child, a pretty graceful girl about ten years old, Luciana by name.

She, it happened, was looking out of the window of the palace one day when Peter came back from fishing, crying out to his mother to bring out her tubs and her buckets and her pails to hold the fish with which he was laden, and so much was she diverted at the silly antics of

the fool, that it seemed likely she would die with laughing.

Peter, when he saw that he was made sport of, grew very angry, and threw some ugly words at her, but the more he raged the more she -- after the manner of willful children -- laughed and made mock at him.

Peter, however, went on with his fishing day after day, and played the same trick on his mother every evening on his return. But at last fortune favored him, and he caught a fine tunny, very big and fat.

Overjoyed at his good luck, he began to shout and cry out over and over again, "Mother and I will have a good supper tonight," when, to his amazement, he heard the tunny which he had just caught begin to speak, "Ah! My dear brother, I pray you of your courtesy to give me my life. When once you have eaten me, what farther benefit do you think you will get from me? But if you will let me live there is no telling what service I may not render you."

But Peter, whose thoughts just then were set only on his supper, hoisted the fish on his shoulders and set off homewards. But the tunny still kept on beseeching his captor to spare his life, promising him first as many fish as he could want, and finally to do him any favor he might demand. Peter was not hardhearted, and, though a fool, fancied he might profit by sparing the fish, so he listened to the tunny's petition and threw him back into the sea.

The fish, sensible of Peter's kindness, and not wishing to seem ungrateful, told Peter to get into his boat again and tilt it over so that the water could run in. This advice Peter at once followed, and, having leant over on one side, he let the boat be half filled with water, which brought in with it such a huge quantity of fish that the boat was in danger of sinking.

Peter was well nigh beside himself with joy when be saw what had happened, and, when he had taken as many fish as he could carry, he betook himself homewards, crying out, as was his wont, when he drew near to the cottage, "Mother, mother, bring out your tubs and your buckets and your pails. Bring out them all, great and small, for Peter has caught a boatful of fish."

At first poor Isotta, thinking that he was only playing his old fool's game, took no heed. But at last, hearing him cry out louder than ever, and fearing that he might commit some greater folly if he should not find the vessels prepared as usual, got them all ready. What was her surprise to see her simpleton of a son at last coming back with a brave spoil!

The Princess Luciana was at the palace window, and hearing Peter bellowing louder than ever, she laughed louder than ever, so that Peter was almost mad with rage, and having left his fish, he rushed back to the seashore, and called aloud on the tunny to come and help him.

The fish, hearing Peter's voice, came to the marge of the shore, and putting his nose up out of the waves, asked what service was required of him.

"What service!" cried Peter. "Why I would that Luciana, that saucy minx, the daughter of our king, should find herself with child at once."

What followed was a proof that the tunny had. not made an empty promise to Peter, for before many days had passed the figure of the young girl, who was not twelve years old, began to show signs of maternity.

Her mother, when she marked this, fell into great trouble, but she could not believe that a child of eleven could be pregnant, and rather set down the swelling to the working of an incurable disease; so she brought Luciana to be examined by some women expert in such cases, and these, as soon as they saw the girl, declared that she was certainly with child.

The queen, overwhelmed by this terrible news, told it also to the king, and he, when he heard it, cried aloud for death rather than such ignominy. Strict inquisition was made to discover who could have violated the child, but nothing was found out; so Luciano, to hide her dire disgrace, determined to have his daughter secretly killed.

The queen, on hearing this, begged her husband to spare the unfortunate Luciana till the child should be born, and then do with her what he would. The king, moved with compassion for his only daughter, gave way so far; and in due time Luciana was delivered of a boy so fine and beautiful that the king could no longer harbor the thought of putting them away, but, on the other hand, gave order to the queen that the boy should be well tended till he was a year old.

When this time was completed the child had become beautiful beyond compare, and then it came into the king's mind that he would again make a trial to find out who the father might be. He issued a proclamation that every man in the city who had passed fourteen years should, under pain of losing his head, present himself at the palace bearing in his hand some fruit or flower which might attract the child's attention. On the appointed day, in obedience to the proclamation, all those summoned came to the palace, bearing, this man one thing and that man another, and, having passed before the king, sat down according to their rank.

Now it happened that a certain young man as he was betaking himself to the palace met Peter, and said to him, "Peter, why are you not going to the palace like all the others to obey the order of the king?"

"What should I do in such a crowd as that?" said Peter. "Cannot you see I am a poor naked fellow, and have hardly a rag to my back, and yet you ask me to push myself in amongst all those gentlemen and courtiers? No."

Then the young man, laughing at him, said, "Come with me, and I will give you a coat. Who knows whether the child may not turn out to be yours?"

In the end Peter let himself be persuaded to go to the young man's house, and having put on a decent coat, they went together to the palace. But when they arrived there Peter's heart again failed him, and he hid himself behind a door. By this time all the men had presented themselves to the king, and were seated in the hall.

Then Luciano commanded the nurse to bring in the child, thinking that if the father should be there the sense of paternity would make him give some sign. As the nurse carried the child

down the hall everyone, as he passed, began to caress him and to give him, this one a fruit and that one a flower; but the infant, with a wave of his hand, refused them all.

When the nurse passed by the entrance door the child began to laugh and crow, and threw himself forward so lustily that he almost jumped out of the woman's arms, but she, not knowing that anyone was there, walked on down the hall. When she came back to the same place the child was more delighted than ever, laughing and pointing with his finger to the door; so that the king, who had already noticed the child's actions, called to the nurse and asked her who was behind the door.

The nurse, being somewhat confused, said that surely some beggar must be hidden there. By the king's command Peter was at once haled forth, and everybody recognized the town fool. But the child, who was close to him, stretched out his arms and clasped Peter round the neck and kissed him lovingly. The king, recognizing the sign, was stricken to the heart with grief, and having discharged the assembly, commanded that Peter and Luciana and the child should be put to death forthwith.

The queen, though assenting to this doom, was fearful lest the public execution of the victims might draw down upon the king the anger of the people; so she persuaded him to have made a huge cask into which the three might be put and cast into the sea to drift at random. Then, at least, no one might witness their dying agony.

This the king agreed to; and when the cask was made, the condemned ones were put therein, with a basket of bread and a flask of wine, and a drum of figs for the child, and thrust out into the rough sea, with the expectation that the waves would soon dash it to pieces against the rocks. But this was not to be their fate.

Peter's poor old mother, when she heard of her son's misfortune, died of grief in a few days; and the unhappy Luciana, tossed about by the cruel waves, and seeing neither sun nor moon, would have welcomed a similar fate. The child, since she had no milk to give it, had to be soothed to sleep with now and then a fig. But Peter seemed to care for nothing, and ate the bread and drank the wine steadily, laughing the while.

"Alas! alas!" cried Luciana in despair. "You care nothing for this evil which you have brought upon me, a poor innocent girl. You eat and drink and laugh without a thought of the danger around us.

"Why," replied Peter, "this misfortune is more your own fault than mine. If you had not mocked me so, it would never have happened. But do not lose heart. Our troubles will soon be over."

"I believe that," cried Luciana, "for the cask will soon be split on a rock, and then we must all be drowned."

"No, no," said Peter." Calm yourself. I have a secret, and were you to know what it is, you would be vastly surprised and vastly delighted too, I believe."

"What secret can you know," said Luciana, "which will avail us in such danger as this?"

"I will soon tell you," Peter replied. "I have a faithful servant, a great fish, who will do me any service I ask of him, and there is nothing he cannot do. I may as well tell you it was through his working that you became with child."

"That I cannot believe," said Luciana. And what may this fish of yours be called?"

"His name is Signor Tunny," replied Peter.

"Then," said Luciana, "to put your fish to the test, I will ask you to transfer to me the power you exercise over him, and to command him to do my bidding instead of yours."

"Be it as you will," said Peter; and without more ado he called the tunny, who at once rose up near the cask, whereupon Peter commanded him to do everything that Luciana might require of him.

She at once exercised her power over the fish by ordering him to make the waves cast the cask ashore in a fair safe cleft in the rocks on an island, a short sail from her father's kingdom.

As soon as the fish had worked her will so far, she laid other and much harder tasks upon him. One was to change Peter from the ugly fool that he was into a clever, handsome gallant. Another was to have built for her forthwith a rich and sumptuous palace with lofty halls and chambers and girt with carven terraces. Within the court there was to be laid out a beautiful garden, full of trees which should bear, instead of fruit, pearls and precious stones, and in the midst of it two fountains, one of the freshest water and the other of the finest wine. All these wonders were wrought by the fish almost as soon as Luciana had spoken.

Now all this time the king and the queen were in deep misery in thinking of the cruel death they had contrived for Luciana and her child, how they had given their own flesh and blood to be eaten by the fishes. Therefore, to find some solace in their woe, they determined to go to Jerusalem and to visit the Holy Land. So they ordered a ship to be put in order for them, and furnished with all things suited to their state.

They set sail with a favoring wind, and before they had gone a hundred miles they came in sight of an island upon which they could see a stately palace, built a little above the level of the sea. Seeing that this palace was so fair and sumptuous, and standing, moreover, within Luciano's kingdom, they were seized with a longing to view it more closely. So, having put into a haven, they landed on the island.

Before they had come to the palace Luciana and Peter saw and recognized them, and, having gone forth to meet them, greeted them with a cordial welcome, but the king and queen did not know their hosts for the great change which had come over them.

The guests were taken first into the palace, which they examined in every part, praising loudly its great beauty, and then they were led by a secret staircase into the garden, the splendor of which pleased them so amazingly that they swore they had never at any time before looked

upon a place so delightful.

In the center of this garden there stood a noble tree, which bore on one of its branches three golden apples. These the keeper of the garden was charged to guard jealously against robbers, and now, by some secret working which I cannot unravel, the finest of these apples was transported into the folds of the king's robe about his bosom, and there hidden.

Luciano and the queen were about to take their leave when the keeper approached and said to Luciana, "Madam, the most beautiful of the three golden apples is missing, and I can find no trace of the thief."

Luciana forthwith gave orders that the whole household should be searched, one by one, for such a loss as this was no light matter. The keeper, after he had searched thoroughly everyone, came back and told Luciana that the apple was nowhere to be found.

At these words Luciana fell into great confusion, and, turning to the king, said, "Your majesty must not be wroth with me if I ask that even you allow yourself to be searched, for I prize the golden apple that is lost almost as highly as my life."

The king, unsuspicious of any trick, and sure of his innocence, straightway loosened his robe, and lo! the golden apple fell from it to the ground.

The king stood as one dazed, ignorant as to how the golden apple could have come into his robe, and Luciana spoke, "Sire, we have welcomed you to our house with all the worship fitting to your rank, and now, as a recompense, you would privily rob our garden of its finest fruit. Meseems you have proved yourself very ungrateful."

The king, in his innocence, attempted to prove to her that he could not have taken the apple, and Luciana, seeing his confusion, knew that the time had come for her to speak, and reveal herself to her father.

"My lord," she said, with the tears in her eyes, "I am Luciana, your hapless daughter, whom you sentenced to a cruel death along with my child and Peter the fisher boy. Though I bore a child, I was never unchaste. Here is the boy, and here is he whom men were wont to call Peter the Fool. You wonder at this change. It has all been brought about by the power of a marvelous fish whose life Peter spared when he had caught it in his net. By this power Peter has been turned into the wisest of men, and the palace you see has been built. In the same way I became pregnant without knowledge of a man, and the golden apple was conveyed into the folds of your robe. I am as innocent of unchastity as you are of theft."

When the king heard these words his eyes were opened, and he knew his child. Then, weeping with joy, they embraced each other, and all were glad and happy. After spending a few days on the island, they all embarked and returned together to Capraia, where with sumptuous feastings and rejoicings Peter was duly married to Luciana, and lived with her in great honor and contentment, until Luciano died, and then he became king in his stead.

- Source: Giovanni Francesco Straparola, *The Facetious Nights of Straparola*: *The*

"Yes," said Michel, "but just where is the pond?"

"Go out the front door, walk down the garden path, and you will see it to the left."

Michel set forth at once and actually found the front door, the garden path, and the pond. When he pulled the bucket from the pond a large pike jumped out of it, and asked Michel to throw him back into the water, and he would reward him greatly.

"Did I tell you to jump out of the bucket?" asked Michel. "You can jump back into the water by yourself!"

The pike continued to beg, finally promising Michel that all his wishes would come true if he would throw him back into the water. Michel did just that, then picked up the bucket and returned home.

Now while at the pond in the distance he had seen a house that glistened magnificently like pure silver and gold, so he asked his mother, "Mother, what kind of a house is the one that I saw from the pond?"

His mother said, "That is the king's house. He lives there with the beautiful princess."

When Michel heard that a beautiful princess lived there, he thought, "I will see if the pike told me the truth. I wish that the princess should become pregnant."

Not long afterward the princess did indeed become pregnant, and when the king discovered this he became very angry and reprimanded her bitterly. But she swore sincerely that no one had been with her; it must have happened while she was asleep. However, the kind did not believe her.

With time she gave birth to a boy, and because the father's name was not known, he was named after his grandfather.

When the boy grew older he noticed that his grandfather was not his father, and he asked, "Tell me, who is my father?"

The grandfather answered, "You do not have a father."

"How can I not have a father?" replied the boy. "Everyone has a father. You just don't know who mine is!"

Then the old king had to admit that he did have a father, but that no one knew who he was.

Then the boy said, "Let's give a large feast, and I'll find out who he is."

The king did just that, and all the ministers, generals, and such people within the king's realm came, and the boy mingled among them, carefully looking at each one. Finally he went back to the king and said, "My father is not here. You will have to give a larger feast."

So the king invited all of his officers and councilors and even some of the most prominent

Italian Novelists, translated into English by W. G. Waters; vol. 1 (London: Privately printed for members of the Society of Bibliophiles, 1901), night 3, tale 1, pp. 242-59.

- First published as *Le piacevoli notti,* 2 vols., 1550/1553.
- Edited by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- The episode of the golden apple planted in the father's robe is reminiscent of the Bible story of Joseph, who had a silver goblet planted in his brother Benjamin's pack. (*Genesis*, chapters 44-45)

Peruonto

Giambattista Basile

Peruonto goes to the forest to gather a fagot of wood, and behaves kindly towards three girls whom he finds sleeping in the sun, and receives from them a charm. The king's daughter mocks him, and he calls down a curse upon her that she should be with child of him, which coms to pass. Knowing that he is the father, the king commands that he should be put inside a cask with his wife and little ones, and thrown into the sea: but in virtue of the charm he has received, he frees himself of the danger, and becoming a handsome youth, is made king.

A good deed is never lost: whoever sows the seed of kindness meets with due reward, and whoever sows the seed of love gathers love in return. The favor which is shown to a grateful heart is never barren, and gratitude gives birth to gifts. Instances of these sayings occur continually in the deeds of mankind: and you will meet with an example of it in the tale that I am about to relate to you.

A countrywoman of Casoria, by the name of Ceccarella, had a son named Peruonto, who was the silliest body and the ugliest lump of flesh that nature had ever created; so that the unhappy mother always felt sad at heart, and cursed the day and the hour upon which she had given birth to this good-for-nothing, who was not worth a dog's hide. The unfortunate woman could cry out as much as she liked, but the ass never stirred to do her the lightest service.

At last, after screaming herself hoarse, and assailing him with all the epithets she could think of, she induced him to go to the forest and gather a fagot of wood, saying, "It is nearly time that we should have something to eat. Run for this wood, that I may get ready somewhat: and forget not yourself on the way, but come back at once, that I may cook the needful so as to keep the life in us."

Peruonto departed, and fared on like a monk among his brethren in a procession. Away he went, stepping as one treading down eggs, with the gait of a jackdaw, counting his paces as he went. At last he reached a certain part of the forest through which ran a streamlet, and nearby he saw three young girls lying on the grass, with a stone for a pillow, fast asleep, with the sun pouring its rays straight upon them. When Peruonto saw them, like a fountain amid a roaring fire, he took compassion upon them; and with the ax which he carried to cut the wood he severed some branches from the trees, and built a kind of arbor over them. Whilst he was busy so doing the young girls awoke (they were the daughters of a fairy), and perceiving the

kindness and goodness of heart of Peruonto, in gratitude they gave him a charm, by which he might possess whatever he knew how to ask for.

Peruonto, having performed this action, continued faring towards the forest, where he cut down a fagot of wood so large that it would require a cart to carry it.

Seeing that it would be impossible for him to lift it, he sat upon it, saying, "Would it not be a fine thing if only this fagot would carry me home?"

And behold, the fagot began to trot like a Besignano horse, and arriving before the king's palace, it began to wheel round, and prance, and curvet, so that Peruonto cried out aloud, enough to deafen all hearers. The young ladies who attended the king's daughter, whose name was Vastolla, happening to look out of the window and behold this marvel, hastened to call the princess, who, glancing out and observing the tricks played by the fagot, laughed until she fell backwards, which thing was unusual, and the young ladies were astonished at the sight, as the Lady Vastolla was by nature so melancholy that they never remembered to have seen her smile.

Peruonto lifted his head, and perceiving that they were mocking him, said, "O Vastolla, may you be with child by me!" and thus saying, tightened his heels on the fagot, which at once moved away, and in an instant arrived home with a train of screaming children behind; and if his mother had not quickly shut the door, they would have slain him with stones.

In the meantime Vastolla, after a feeling of uneasiness, and unrest, and the delay of her monthly period, perceived that she was with child, and hid as long as possible her plight, until she was round as a cask.

The king, discovering her condition, was exceedingly angry, and fumed, and swore terrible oaths, and convened a meeting of the council, and thus spoke to them: '"You all know that the moon of my honor is wearing horns, and you all know that my daughter has furnished matter of which to write chronicles, or, even better, to chronicle my shame. You all know that to adorn my brow she has filled her belly; therefore tell me, advise me what I had better do. Methinks I had rather have her slain than have her give birth to a bastard race. I have a mind to let her feel rather the agonies of death than the labor of childbed. I have a mind to let her depart this world ere she bring bad seed into it."

The ministers and advisers, who had made use of more oil than vinegar, answered him, saying, "Truly she deserves a great punishment, and of the horns which she forces on your brow should the handle be made of the knife that shall slay her; but if we slay her now that she is with child, the villain who has been the principal cause of your disgust, and who has dressed you with horns right and left will escape unhurt. Let us await, therefore, until it comes to port, and then we are likely to know the root of this dishonor; and afterwards we will think and resolve, with a grain of salt, which course we should best follow."

The king was pleased with this advice, perceiving in it sound sense, and therefore held his hand, and said, "Let us await the issue of events."

As heaven willed, the time came, and with little labor, at the first sound of the midwife's voice, and the first squeeze of the body, out sprang two male children like two golden apples.

The king, who was full of wrath, sent for his ministers and counselors, and said to them, "My daughter has been brought to bed, and the time has come for her to die."

The old sages answered (and all to gain time upon time), "No, we will wait until the children get older, so as to be able by their favor to recognize their father."

The king, not desiring his counselors to think him unjust, shrugged his shoulders and took it quietly, and patiently waited until the children were seven years of age, at which time he again sent for his counselors, and asked them for their advice.

One of them said, "As you have not been able to know from your daughter who was the false coiner that altered the crown from your image, it is time that we seek to obliterate the stain. Command that a great banquet should be prepared, and ask all the grandees and noblemen of the city, and let us be watchful, and seek with our own eyes him to whom the children incline most by the inclination of nature, for that one without fail will be the father, and we will at once get hold of him like goat's excrement."

The king was pleased with this advice. He gave orders for the banquet, invited all folk of any consequence, and after they had eaten their fill he asked them to stand in line and pass before the children, but they took as much notice of them as did Alexander's steed of the rabbits, so that the king became enraged and bit his lips with anger, and although he was not wanting in shoes, because of the tightness of those he was compelled to wear he stamped the ground with the excess of pain.

His advisers said to him, "Softly, your majesty! Take heart. We will give another banquet in a short while, no more inviting the noblest of the land, but instead folk of the lower class, as women often attach themselves to the worst: and perchance we will meet with the seed of your wrath amid cutlers, comb-sellers, and other merchants of small wares, as we have not met with him among the noble and well-born."

The king was pleased with this advice, and commanded the second banquet to be prepared, whereto came, by invited by a summons, all folk from Chiaja, all the rogues, all adventurers and fortune-hunters, all quick-witted, all ruffians, and villains, and apron-wights that were to be found in the city, who, taking seat like unto noblemen at a long table spread with rich abundance, began straightway to stuff themselves.

Now it so happened that Ceccarella, having heard the ban which invited folk to this banquet, began to urge Peruonto to go to it also, and so much did she say and do that at last she prevailed upon him to depart, and he went. He had hardly entered the place of feasting, when the two pretty children ran to him, and embraced him, and received him with great joy, and sported and played with him.

The king, beholding this sight, pulled out his own beard, seeing that the winning ticket of this lottery had fallen to an ugly brute, the sight of whom made one sick. He was shaggy-headed,

owl-eyed, had a nose like a parrot's beak, and a mouth like a fish. He was so tattered and torn, that no part of his body was hidden.

Sighing heavily, the king said, "Has ever any one seen anything like this, that that light-o'-brains daughter mine should have it in her head to fall in love with this sea-monster? Has ever any one seen one that could take to the heel of such a hairy foot? Ah, infamous woman, what blind and false metamorphoses are these: to become a strumpet for a pig, so that I should become a ram? But what am I waiting for? What am I thinking of? Let them feel the weight of my just chastisement. Let them be punished as they deserve, and let them bear the penalty that you will adjudge. Take them out of my sight, for I cannot endure them."

The ministers all took counsel together, and resolved that the princess and the malefactor, with the two children, should be put into a cask and thrown into the sea, so that they should thus end their days without the king soiling his hands with his own blood.

No sooner was the sentence pronounced than the cask was brought, and all four were put therein; but before they were thrown in, some of the handmaidens of Princess Vastolla, who were weeping bitterly, put inside the hogshead raisins and dried figs, so that they could live for a little time. Then the cask was closed, and taken away, and flung into the sea, and it kept sailing on wherever the wind blew it.

Meanwhile Vastolla, weeping with sore weeping, her eyes running two streamlets of tears, said to Peruonto, "What great misfortune is ours that our grave should be Bacchus' cradle! Oh, could I but have known who it was that worked in this body to have me thrown into this prison! Alas! I have come to a sad end, without knowing the why or wherefore. O you cruel one, tell me, tell me, what magic art did you use, what wand did thou wave, to bring me to this pass, to be shut herein by this hogshead's hoops? Tell me, tell me, what devil tempted you to put into me the invisible pipe, and gain nothing by it but this dark spectacle?

Peruonto, who had for a time listened and pretended not to hear, answered at last, "If thou want know how it came to pass, give me some raisins and figs."

The princess, desiring to draw from him something, gave him a handful of each; and as soon as he had eaten them, he began to recount all that had happened to him with the three young girls and the fagot of wood, and how at last he had passed under her window, and how, when she laughed at him, he wished her to be with child by him.

When the lady Vastolla heard this, she took heart, and said to him, "Why should we make exit of life inside this hogshead? Why not wish for this vessel to become a splendid ship, so that we may escape from this peril and arrive in good port?'

Peruonto answered, "Give me some figs and raisins, if you want this to happen."

Vastolla at once satisfied his gluttony, so that he should be willing to speak, and like a carnival fisherwoman, with the raisins and figs she fished for the words fresh out of his body. Peruonto said the words desired by the princess, and at once the cask became a ship, with all the sails ready for sailing, and with all the sailors that were needed for the ship's service;

and there were to be seen some lowering the sheets, some hauling the shrouds, some holding the rudder, some setting the studding-sails, some mounting to the upper-main-topsail, one crying, "Put the ship about!" and another, "Put the helm up!" and one blowing the trumpet, and others firing the guns, and some doing one thing, and some another, so long as Vastolla remained on board the ship, swimming in a sea of sweetness.

It was now the hour when the moon played with the sun at going and coming, and Vastolla said to Peruonto, "Handsome youth of mine, wish that this ship may become a palace, so that we may be more secure. You know the proverb, 'Praise the sea, but dwell on shore.'"

Peruonto answered, "If you want this to happen, give me some figs and raisins," and she at once gave him what he asked for.

Peruonto, having eaten, wished his wish, and the ship became a beautiful palace, adorned in all points, and furnished with such splendor that nothing was wanting. So that the princess, who would have parted with life easily but a short time before, now would not have exchanged her place with the highest lady in the world, seeing that she was served and entreated as a queen.

Then, to put a seal, upon her good fortune, she begged Peruonto to obtain the grace of becoming handsome and polished, so that they could be happy together, for although the proverb says, "Better a pig for a husband than an emperor for a friend," if he could change his looks she would take it as the greatest good fortune.

Peruonto once again answered, "Give me some figs and raisins, if you want this to happen,"

Vastolla at once responded with the raisins and figs, so that as soon as the wish was spoken he became from a sparrow a bullfinch, from a ghoul a narcissus, and from a hideous mask a handsome youth. Vastolla, seeing such a transformation, was beside herself with joy, and throwing her arms around him, tasted the sweet juice of happiness.

Now it so happened that at this same time the king, who from the day on which he had pronounced the cruel sentence had not lifted his eyes from the ground, was entreated to go hunting by his courtiers, who though thus to cheer him up.

He went, but was surprised by nightfall. Sighting from afar a light from a lantern at one of the windows of the palace, he sent one of his followers to see if they would receive him there, and he was answered that he could shelter there for the night.

The king accepted the invitation, and mounting the steps, entered, and going from room to room, he could see no person living except the two children, who kept at his side, saying, "Grandfather! grandfather! grandfather!"

The king wondered with greatest wonder, and marveled with greatest marvel. Being wearied, he seated himself by a table, when he beheld spread on it by invisible hands a white cloth and divers dishes of food, of which he partook, and wines of good vintage, of which he drank truly as a king, served by the two pretty children, never ceasing: and whilst he was eating, a

band of musicians played beautifully, touching even the marrow of his bones. When he was finished eating, a bed suddenly appeared made of cloth of gold; and having had his boots pulled off, he took his rest, and all his courtiers did the same, after having eaten well at a hundred tables, which had been made ready in other rooms.

As soon as morning came, the king got ready to depart, and was going to take with him also the little ones, when Vastolla and her husband appeared, and falling at his feet, asked his pardon, and recounted to him all their fortune. The king, seeing that he had won two grandsons that were like two grains of gold and two priceless gems, and a son-in-law like a jinn, embraced first one and then the other, and took them with him to the city, and commanded great festivals and rejoicings to be made for this great gain, which lasted many days, solemnly confessing to himself that "Man proposes, but God disposes."

- Source: Giambattista Basile, *Il Pentamerone; or, The Tale of Tales*, translated by Richard Burton, vol. 1 (London: Henry and Company, 1893), pp. 30-39.
- Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised September 20, 2011.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

citizens to come together, and once the boy mingled among them, examining each one. But he did not find his father, and he said to the king, "You must give a feast for everyone, and then I will find my father."

Then all the citizens and peasants from the entire land were invited to come together. When Michel's mother heard about this she said, "Michel, you too must go to the castle. The king is giving a general feast."

Now Michel had only a dirty, tarry jacket and an old three-cornered hat, but his mother made him look as good as possible, and he went to the court. After everyone had gathered together in a large group, the boy ran quickly among them, and before long he stopped next to Michel in his tarry jacket and three-cornered hat.

Taking Michel by the hand, the boy led him to the king and said, "This is my father!"

At first the king did not want to believe this, and he told the boy that he must be mistaken, but the boy insisted that Michel was his father.

Finally, beside himself with anger, the king said that he would neither accept the father, nor the mother, nor the child. Forthwith he had a large glass ball made with a lid that one could open and close. He had his daughter, Michel, and the boy put inside, then set it adrift on the open sea.

After they had drifted for some distance, with the princess sitting there bemoaning the fact that they had found such a father for her child, and that now they would miserably perish, Michel wished that they would come ashore on an island, and immediately the ball hit solid ground, and they all climbed out safely.

Then Michel wished for a magnificent castle with the best servants and all the houses that belonged to such a place, and immediately everything was there.

Now the princess was happier. Then Michel wished magnificent clothes for himself. Thus he lived here happily with his wife and his child for a long time.

Finally the princess grew lonely for her father and her homeland, and she told this to her husband, so he wished for a bridge to her father's kingdom, and immediately one was there, and indeed it had one railing of gold and the other of silver. Then they flew across the water in a golden coach to her father's castle. His anger disappeared when he discovered how well off his daughter now was, and they all lived happily and satisfied until they died.

- Source: Adalbert Kuhn, "Der dumme Michel," *M&#65533;rkische Sagen und M&#65533;rchen* (Berlin: G. Reimer, 1843), pp. 270-73.
- Kuhn's source: "Oral, from Brodewin [now spelled Brodowin]."
- Return to the table of contents.

Lazy Lars, Who Won the Princess

Denmark

Once upon a time there was a very poor couple who lived not far from the king's castle. They had but one son, and he was not very promising, for he was so terribly lazy that the grass had plenty of time to grow beneath his feet. If you asked him to have a seat, you would be sure to find him later in the same spot. His name was Lars, and no one called him anything but Lazy Lars.

His parents worked every day up at the castle. His mother helped out in the kitchen and the father in the garden. Lars stayed at home the whole day doing nothing but turning into a complete lazybones.

One day at noon his mother came home to fix something to eat for herself and the boy. She was about to hang the pot over the fire, but there was no water in the house. They didn't have a well, so they had to fetch their water from a spring on the other side of the castle.

The mother said, "Listen, Lazy Lars, run and fetch a little water from the spring, or there will be nothing for you to eat."

"I'm going," said Lars, but he did not move from where he was sitting. She said it once again, and he gave her the same answer, but he did not move at all. Then the mother became angry and reached for the poker to teach Lazy Lars a lesson with it, so he had to get up after all.

He took an old broad-brimmed hat and an old iron kettle whose feet had been knocked off and went on his way. But it was a slow trip, because the day was very hot and every few moments he turned the kettle upside down and sat on it for a while.

As he was passing the castle it happened that the king's daughter, a young and spirited princess, was sitting at a window, and when she saw Lazy Lars, whom she knew well, and observed the trip he was making with the kettle, she broke out laughing and called down to him, "Where are you going, Lazy Lars?"

"To the spring to fetch water," he shouted.

"Hurry up, Lazy Lars, or else your kettle without legs will run away from you!" she called back.

Lars answered that there was no danger of that.

"You are going to need a boy to help you carry your kettle, Lazy Lars," she shouted haughtily.

It made Lars angry that she was thus making fun of him, and he looked up toward the window. He had never before seen such a beautiful girl, and he was so taken back that he just stood there with his mouth open staring at her. She laughed at him even more and shouted, "Close your mouth, Lazy Lars, or your heart will get cold!"

Then Lars picked up his feet and did not stop again to rest until he came to the spring.

There he took a string, tied it to the handle of the kettle, and lowered it into the spring. The kettle filled with water, but when he pulled it back up there was a frog in it, and the frog could talk. Lars had never seen anything like this before. He set the kettle on the ground and looked

in amazement at the frog, who asked him very politely if he could not be put back into the spring. But Lazy Lars said that that would not be possible, for it would be double the effort. The frog again asked politely, promising Lars that he could have one wish granted, if he would but put him back into the water.

Lars thought that that would not be bad. He took his old broad-brimmed hat and threw it onto the ground, then said that he wanted to have as many wishes granted as there were blades of grass covered by the hat, for he thought it would be all the same to the frog if he was going to the trouble to grant a wish.

So the frog was able to return to the spring and was happy about that.

Lars sat down next to his kettle, which he had filled up again, in order to take his time and think about what he should fish for. Of course, he thought that the first thing he should wish for would be that his kettle should get some legs and be able to walk, so he would not have to carry it. Then the princess would not be able to laugh at his kettle, saying that it had no feet, and she would not be able to make fun of him by saying that he needed a boy to carry the kettle.

He had scarcely uttered this wish, when the kettle had feet and looked like it wanted to run away. However, Lars took his time, for he wanted to think of another wish, but one did not come to him, so he and the kettle trotted off. He held tightly onto the string that he had tied to the kettle, so that it was half pulling him along behind. Because his large broad-brimmed hat grew too heavy and warm for him, he hung it on the kettle like a lid, and thus, like a proper kettle, it had both feet and a lid.

When he arrived at the castle window the young princess was still there, and when she saw the procession coming by with the kettle and the hat and Lazy Lars, she had to laugh, and she laughed so terribly hard that it almost made her sick.

"Now your kettle is walking by itself, Lazy Lars, and you don't have to carry your hat either!" she shouted. "All you need now is a boy to push from behind!"

"You yourself should have a boy," replied Lars, without thinking what he was saying, for he was tired of being teased.

Then the princess closed the window, for she no longer wanted to talk with Lazy Lars.

Lars arrived home safely with the kettle and got his noon meal. He did not give any thought to further wishes, for could not think of anything that he needed, so everything stayed as it was.

Time passed as always, but nearly a year later something strange was happening at the castle, for the princess had gotten very ill. The doctors were called in. They shook their heads and wrote prescriptions, each one longer than the others, but nothing helped even a little bit. Then the princess's mother had a private talk with her. They spoke for a long time, and the princess cried and insisted that she was innocent, but the queen did not believe her.

More time passed, and then there were no longer any doubts, for, as they say, a little

barefoot boy came to the princes. The just old king nearly jumped out of his skin that such a scandal should come upon his house, and it did not make matters any better that the princess would not say anything about who the little prince's father was.

For good or for evil, more time passed, and the fatherless prince was three years old when the king said that he could no longer endure the scandal. He would find out who the child's father was, and the princess would have to marry whoever it turned out to be.

The king proclaimed across the whole realm that all men in the land, large and small, were to come together before the castle on a certain day. There they would hear the voice of the innocent child, who himself would determine who his father was.

The day arrived, and a large mass of people, fine and course, came together. Around the castle it was black with people.

On this day Lazy Lars's mother came home a little earlier than normal to prepare the noon meal, and as usual she found Lars sitting in the doorway enjoying the sunshine.

"I do say," she called out, "does my Lazy Lars have nothing better to do on such a day than to sit here doing nothing?"

Lars stretched and asked why she had said that, so she told him what was going on up at the castle. Lars thought that he was just as good as anyone else, so he meandered up there himself.

When the king saw Lazy Lars approaching the castle he thought that they could surely begin now, because certainly Lars would be the last one to arrive, even though he lived closest.

They put a golden apple in the little prince's hand, and the one to whom he would give the apple, he would be the father.

The child walked slowly back and forth with the golden apple among the many people, as though he did not know what he should do with it. Finally he caught sight of Lars, who was standing at the very back of the crowd with his hands in his pockets. He walked toward Lars and reached the apple to him.

Lars, in no hurry, slowly removed his hand from his pocket and took the apple. But then there came a huge uproar, so angry were the people -- large and small, poor and rich -- at Lars's good fortune. "Yes," they said, "those who can neither read nor write have all the luck."

Lars was nearly trampled by the envious mob, but he held the apple tightly and finally made his way to the king, the queen, and all the ministers.

When the king saw that it was Lazy Lars who had received the apple, he discovered that this final embarrassment was even worse than the first one. He took the princess, pushed her toward him, and said that he never wanted to see anything of them in his house again. If it had been a handsome gentleman then everything would have been all right, but Lazy Lars --!

The king ordered his people to put Lars and the princess and the child into a boat on the sea east of the castle. They could set their own course and travel to whatever country they might choose.

The king's order was carried out, and Lars and the princess were set adrift on the wild sea. They did not know which direction they were going. Evening came, and the princess cried pitifully. Lars, however, was lying on the bottom of the boat thinking only of himself, for this was the first time he had ever had water beneath him, and he was not up to a voyage at sea.

"What should we do?" cried the princess. "Tell me, Lars, what should we do?"

"Yes, what should be do?" answered Lars. "I don't know what we should do."

And so they sailed on.

After a while the princess said, "Say something, you Lazy Lars. You just lie there without saying a word."

"What should I say then?" mumbled Lars. "The only thing I can say is that I wish we would soon be on land!"

He had scarcely uttered this wish when there was suddenly before them, a beautiful island with woods and houses and people and cattle.

The princess was very happy that Lars had finally opened his mouth, and she thought that everything would now be quite simple, since he was able to wish so well. She would only have to put the words into his mouth, and he would utter the wish. First of all he would have to wish that he were a normal human being and not the lazy beast that he had been up until now. Then he would have to wish for a beautiful castle with everything that went with it. He had scarcely uttered these wishes when suddenly new life came into Lars, and in the middle of the island there stood a beautiful castle, shimmering like bright gold. Then Lars had to wish for splendid clothing, carriages and horses, soldiers, and much more; and suddenly it was all at hand. -- Yes, the princess knew exactly what she wanted.

The next morning after the king had gotten up, he went, as usual, to the window to look out over the sea. He had always liked to do this. There he saw a beautiful island east of his royal castle. On it was a castle that shimmered like bright gold. Could he trust his old eyes? No. He took a pair of spectacles and looked again.

Yes, the island and the castle were still there, and that was more than the old king could comprehend. He called his people and asked if until now they had ever seen anything of this before. They too opened their eyes wide and thought that the devil himself had done this to make fools of them, for previously there had no more been an island there than there are roses on a manure pile.

To assure himself the king had a ship made ready, and with his people he sailed over to the island. When he arrived on land, a row of soldiers was there, extending from the shore up to the castle. They presented arms to the old king, which pleased him greatly.

When the old king and his people finally arrived at the castle, his daughter approached them smiling. She fell at his feet and begged him to accept the two of them into his grace, promising that they would be obedient children.

The king was amazed, and his daughter had to tell him everything that had happened. She told him how she had been punished for having lightheartedly ridiculed Lazy Lars without considering that there might be some good in him after all. But it was good that everything had happened, for now she would not want anyone but Lars. He was no longer the way he had been before. New life had come into him.

Then Lars came out, and in his beautiful clothing he looked as stately as a prince. He confirmed what the princess had said, and he also asked the king for mercy.

All's well that ends well," said the king. We live in a strange world, but whosoever should be together, will be together.

So everything was in order. They celebrated their wedding for many days, and they lived happily together. And when the old king died Lars became king and ruled many years with his queen.

- Source: Klara Stroebe, "Der faule Lars, der die Prinzessin bekam," *Nordische Volksmärchen. 1. Teil: Dänemark und Schweden* (Jena: Eugen Diederichs, 1922), no. 30, pp. 142-49.
- Translated from the German by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- Stroebe's source: Jens Kamp, "Doven Lars, der fik Prinsessen," *Danske Folkæventyr* (Copenhagen: Fr. Wøldikes Forlag, 1879), no. 15, pp. 160-69.
- Kamp recorded this tale from an unidentified informant on the island of Bogø.
- Return to the table of contents.

Emelyan the Fool

Russia

In a certain village lived one time a peasant, who had three sons, two of whom were clever, but the third was a fool, and his name was Emelyan. And when the peasant had lived a long time, and was grown very old, he called his three sons to him, and said to them, "My dear children, I feel that I have not much longer to live, so I give you the house and cattle, which you will divide among you, share and share alike. I have also given you each a hundred rubles."

Soon after, the old man died, and the sons, when they had buried him, lived on happy and contented.

Some time afterward Emelyan's brothers took a fancy to go to the city and trade with the hundred rubles their father had left them. So they said to Emelyan, "Hark ye, fool! We are going to the city, and will take your hundred rubles with us. And if we prosper in trade, we will buy you a red coat, red boots, and a red cap. But do you stay here at home. And when our

The Foolish Friend

and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1586
in which a fool kills an insect resting on someone's head,
with catastrophic consequences,
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2014

Contents

1. The Mosquito and the Carpenter (The Jataka Tales).
2. The Foolish Friend (The Panchatantra).
3. The Gardner and the Bear (Bidpai).
4. The Stupid Boy (Sri Lanka).
5. The Seven Wise Men of Buneyr (Pakistan).
6. The Bald Man and the Fly (Aesop).
7. The Bear and the Amateur of Gardening (Jean de La Fontaine).
8. Fortunio (Italy, Giovanni Francesco Straparola).
9. Giufà and the Judge (Italy).
10. The Little Omelet (Italy).
11. Permission Granted, but Probably Regreted (Switzerland).
12. Foolish Hans (Austria-Hungary).
13. The Blockhead and the Judge (England).
14. The Tale of a Butter Tub (Iceland).
15. The Seven Crazy Fellows (Philippines).
16. The Monkeys and the Dragonflies (Philippines).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Mosquito and the Carpenter

The Jataka Tales

Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta gained his livelihood as a trader. In these days in a border village in Kasi there dwelt a number of carpenters. And it chanced that one of them, a bald gray-haired man, was planing away at some wood with his head glistening like a copper bowl, when a mosquito settled on his scalp and stung him with its dart like sting.

Said the carpenter to his son, who was seated hard by, "My boy, there's a mosquito stinging me on the head. Do drive it away."

And when the good wife heard Fortunio's question she was so much overcome with shame that she could not find a word to say for herself. Meanwhile the bystanders waited, open-mouthed with curiosity, to set eyes on this corpse with horns, and to see whether it really was the body of the missing grocer or not; and when they saw hauled up Fortunio's old ram, they all clapped their hands, and were shaken by loud laughter.

The judge, when he saw the issue of Fortunio's search, deemed that the foolish fellow was acting in good faith, and that he verily believed what he brought out of the well to be the remains of his master. On this account the judge let him go free, as innocent, but the grocer was never seen more, and the good wife, to her dying day, bore the shame anent the horns which Fortunio's cunning trick had cast upon her.

- Source: Giovanni Francesco Straparola, *The Facetious Nights* night 13, tale 4, in: *The Italian Novelists*, vol. 4 (London: Privately printed for members of the Society of Bibliophiles, 1901), pp. 149-56.)
- We know almost nothing about the personal life of Giovanni Francesco [also spelled Gianfrancesco] Straparola (ca. 1480 - ca. 1557). His two-volume work *Le piacevoli notti* (1550-1553), called in English *The Facetious Nights of Straparola* or simply *The Nights of Straparola*, contains some 75 novellas and fairy tales, some of oriental origin. Obviously patterning his collection after Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, Straparola depicts here thirteen nights of revelry in a luxurious villa on the island of Murano near Venice. The participants add to the entertainment by telling one another stories. Included are tales of magic and the supernatural as well as bawdy jokes and anecdotes. Straparola's work is one of Europe's earliest collections of stories based largely on folklore.
- Return to the table of contents.

Giufà and the Judge

Italy

One day Giufà went out to gather herbs, and it was night before he returned. On his way back the moon rose through the clouds, and Giufà sat down on a stone and watched the moon appear and disappear behind the clouds, and he exclaimed constantly, "It appears, it appears! It sets, it sets!"

Now there were near the way some thieves who were skinning a calf which they had stolen, and when they heard, "It appears, it sets!" they feared that the officers of justice were coming, so they ran away and left the meat.

When Giufà saw the thieves running away, he went to see what it was and found the calf skinned. He took his knife and cut off flesh enough to fill his sack and went home. When he arrived there his mother asked him why he came so late. He said it was because he was bringing some meat which she was to sell the next day, and the money was to be kept for him. The next day his mother sent him into the country and sold the meat.

In the evening Giufà returned and asked his mother, "Did you sell the meat?"

"Yes, I sold it to the flies on credit."

"When will they give you the money?"

"When they get it."

A week passed, and the flies brought no money, so Giufà went to the judge and said to him, "Sir, I want justice. I sold the flies meat on credit, and they have not come to pay me."

The judge said, "I pronounce this sentence on them: Wherever you see them, you may kill them."

Just then a fly lighted on the judge's nose, and Giufà dealt it such a blow that he broke the judge's head.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885), no. 100, p. 293.
- Crane adds the following note:

> The anecdote of the fly in the latter part of the story is found independently in a version from Palermo: The flies plagued Giufà and stung him. He sent to the judge and complained of them. The judge laughed and said, "Wherever you see a fly you can strike it." While the judge was speaking, a fly rested on his face and Giufà dealt it such a blow that he broke the judge's nose."

- The trickster Giufà, who is described elsewhere as "stupid, lazy, and cunning" (can one be both stupid and cunning?), is featured in many Italian folktales. His exploits compare to those of Germany's Till Eulenspiegel and Turkey's Hodja, to mention but two of his many counterparts in other nations.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Little Omelet

Italy

Once upon a time there was a little woman who had a little room and a little hen. The hen laid an egg and the little woman took it and made a little omelet of it, and put it to cool in the window. Along came a fly and ate it up. Imagine what an omelet that must have been! The little woman went to the magistrate and told him her story. He gave her a club and told her to kill the fly with it wherever she saw it. At that moment a fly lighted on the magistrate's nose, and the woman, believing it to be the same fly, gave it a blow and broke the magistrate's nose.

- Source: Thomas Frederick Crane, *Italian Popular Tales* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885), no. 101, p. 294.
- Return to the table of contents.

Permission Granted, but Probably Regreted

Switzerland

A peasant left a jug of milk with a neighbor for safekeeping. When he reclaimed the jug, the milk had disappeared. Angry words led to a lawsuit, and the judge decreed that the neighbor should pay for the milk, even though the latter claimed that the flies had consumed it.

"You should have struck them dead," said the judge.

"What?" replied the peasant, "You grant me permission to kill flies?"

"Yes indeed," responded the judge. "You have my permission to kill them anywhere you find them."

In that moment the peasant saw a fly on the judge's cheek. He stepped up to him and gave him a slap, saying, "I bet that cursed fly is one of those who drank up the milk!"

Because of the permission he had granted the peasant, the judge could do nothing about the slap.

- Source: Leander Petzoldt, *Deutsche Schwänke* (Stuttgart: Philipp Reclam jun., 1979), no. 217, p. 228.
- Petzoldt's source: *Der große historische Appenzeller Calender auf das Jahr 1824*.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- Return to the table of contents.

Foolish Hans

Austria-Hungary

Once upon a time there was a poor peasant woman. She was a widow and had but one son. His name was Hans, and he was very stupid.

It was summertime, and his mother gave him a large pot of honey, saying, "I am sending you to town to sell this, but don't let people say too much to you." She was afraid that people would bargain too much with him.

Arriving in town, he cried out, "Buy my honey!"

The people said, "How much does it cost?"

He said, "You are saying too much to me."

"Can't we at least ask how much it costs?"

"No," he said, "you have already said too much," and he packed up and left town.

Out in the country the flies and wasps swarmed around him, wanting his honey.

"Buy my honey!" he said. They were not able to say anything to him, so he poured his honey

out on the ground. "You'll have to pay me in a week," he said.

Then he went home and told his mother, "I sold the honey and will get the money in a week."

A week later he again set off for town. Because of the money for the honey he took along a stout cudgel. He arrived at the spot, and there were still bees and flies there licking up the little honey that was left.

He said, "I want my money now," but they gave him nothing.

"I'll make short work of this," he said. "I am reporting you to the judge."

He went to the judge, who asked, "Just what do you want?"

"The flies and wasps bought honey from me," he said, "and now they refuse to pay."

The judge began to laugh, seeing that he was dealing with a real simpleton. "All I can tell you, is that whenever you see a fly you should strike it dead," he answered.

Just then a fly flew onto the judge's nose, and Hans hit the fly on his nose.

"Ouch, Jeez, my nose!" cried the judge.

Then Hans said, "I was hitting at the fly, not at your nose."

Then the judge thought, "He could kill someone if he sees a fly sitting on them. And who allowed it to happen? The judge, that's what people will say." So he asked, "How much did your honey cost?"

"Three hundred florins," said Hans.

So the judge wrote him a slip and sent him with it to the cashier, and when he received his money, he returned home.

- Source: J. R. Bünker, "Ta' tummi Håns," *Schwänke, Sagen und Märchen in heanzischer Mundart* (Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsactiengesellschaft, 1906), no. 7, pp. 17-20.
- Bünker's source: Tobias Kern, a street sweeper in Sopron (Ödenburg).
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999.
- This story contains two additional episodes (pp. 20-21).
- Return to the table of contents.

The Blockhead and the Judge

England

Every schoolboy knows the story of the blockhead who complained to the judge of being annoyed with flies, and being told that he was at liberty to strike them wherever he saw them, observing a big "blue bottle" alight on the judge's nose, delivered a blow with his fist on that

useful member, and smashed it as well as the fly.

- Source: W. A. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions: Their Migrations and Transformations*, vol. 1 (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1887), p. 55.
- Clouston does not give this brief story a title.
- Additional examples are given on pages 55-57.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Tale of a Butter Tub

Iceland

There lived a king and queen in their realm, and a carl and his old wife in their cottage.

Once the carl and his old wife bought for themselves a barrel full of butter, which they intended to have for their household use during the winter, but now they were at a loss where to hide the barrel, that nobody should steal out of it. At last they agreed upon having it kept at the king's palace. They readily got the king to undertake the guarding of their tub, but its owner put it into its right place, and covered it as they thought fit.

Now the autumn approached, and the old wife began to feel eager for some of the butter, and contrived at once a plan for getting her longing satisfied. One day, in fine weather, she was up early in the morning, and came in to her carl, saying she was called to the king's palace, to hold a child at baptism, wherefore she must go there. The carl said it was a matter of course. Now the old wife got ready in the greatest hurry and went to the king's palace. When she came there she said she should fetch a tiny slice of butter from the barrel. This everyone believed to be true, and she was let in to where the tub stood. Then the old woman took a great pat from the brim of the tub. After that she went home.

Then asked the carl what had been the name of the child at the king's.

The old woman answered, " Brimmy is hight [named] the well-shaped girl."

When the old woman had finished what she had first taken of the butter, she said one morning to her husband, "Eh! I am called yet once again to the king's."

"Well, go then," said the carl.

The old woman went away, and said at the king's as formerly, that she should fetch butter from the barrel. And this time, the old dame took butter away down to the middle of the tub.

When she came home, the carl asked what was the name of the child.

She answered, "Middle, is called the little girl."

When the old wife had finished this provision of butter, she said to the old man : " Yet, once more, am I called to the king's, to hold a child at baptism."

"Go then," quoth the carl.

The old wife went, and coming to the king's palace, said she came for butter. Now she took so much, that she could see the corner which the staves made with the bottom of the tub.

When she came home, the carl asked her what was the name of the child. She answered. "Logg [woodblock] is hight the ugly girl."

Now time passed till the old wife was, once more, in need of butter. Then she said to the old man, "I am called for, once more, at the king's."

"Go then," said the old man. The old woman went, and said, as formerly, that she had come for butter. This time, she took all that was left in the barrel. When she came home, the carl asked what was the name of the child.

"Bottom is hight the stubby swain," said the old woman.

Time passed, till the later months of winter came on. Then the household provisions of the old man and woman began to be rather scarce. The old man said to his old wife, that it would be best to fetch the butter tub from the king's palace. To this, the old woman agreed. They came there and asked for their barrel. It was given to them, and they saw that the covering and everything about the barrel was quite in order.

They rolled the barrel home, into the cottage. Now the carl opened the barrel, and lo! it was quite empty. He was rather startled at this, and asked his wife if she could tell the cause of it. She made believe to be no less astonished, and could find no reason for the trick they had been played.

But, at the same moment, the old wife saw a big fly, which had got into the open barrel, and she said, "Ah! There comes the wretched thief. Look here. This hateful fly has, doubtless, eaten all our butter from the tub."

This, the old man thought must be true, and ran off for the big hammer, with which he used to beat his dried fish, and would break the skull of the fly. He shut the door of the cottage, that the fly should not get out, and now chased the fly all over the place, knocking and beating at it, but never hitting save his own furniture and household chattels, which he broke to pieces. At last, the old man, being tired, sat down in fury and despair.

But then the fly came and sat on his nose. Then the carl begged his wife to kill the fly, and said, "Make haste, while it sits on the nose!" (which since has passed into a common saying). The old woman lifted up, with all her might, the hammer, and thumped it on the old man's nose, and broke his skull so well that he was dead on the spot; but the fly escaped with unbroken skull. It is unscathed yet. But the old woman is still wailing over her carl.

- Source: Jón Árnason, *Icelandic Legends*, series 2 (London: Longmans, Green, and Company, 1866), pp. 606-609.
- The episode about the stolen butter is classified as a type 15 folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Seven Crazy Fellows

Philippines

Once there were living in the country in the northern part of Luzon seven crazy fellows, named Juan, Felipe, Mateo, Pedro, Francisco, Eulalio, and Jacinto. They were happy all the day long.

One morning Felipe asked his friends to go fishing. They stayed at the Cagayan River a long time. About two o'clock in the afternoon Mateo said to his companions, "We are hungry; let us go home!"

"Before we go," said Juan, "let us count ourselves, to see that we are all here!"

He counted; but because he forgot to count himself, he found that they were only six, and said that one of them had been drowned. Thereupon they all dived into the river to look for their lost companion; and when they came out, Francisco counted to see if he had been found; but he, too, left himself out, so in they dived again.

Jacinto said that they should not go home until they had found the one who was lost. While they were diving, an old man passed by. He asked the fools what they were diving for. They said that one of them had been drowned.

"How many were you at first?" said the old man.

They said that they were seven.

"All right," said the old man. "Dive in, and I will count you."

They dived, and he found that they were seven. Since he had found their lost companion, he asked them to come with him.

When they reached the old man's house, he selected Mateo and Francisco to look after his old wife; Eulalio he chose to be water carrier; Pedro, cook; Jacinto, wood carrier; and Juan and Felipe, his companions in hunting.

When the next day came, the old man said that he was going hunting, and he told Juan and Felipe to bring along rice with them. In a little while they reached the mountains, and he told the two fools to cook the rice at ten o'clock. He then went up the mountain with his dogs to catch a deer. Now, his two companions, who had been left at the foot of the mountain, had never seen a deer. When Felipe saw a deer standing under a tree, he thought that the antlers of the deer were the branches of a small tree without leaves: so he hung his hat and bag of rice on them, but the deer immediately ran away.

When the old man came back, he asked if the rice was ready. Felipe told him that he had hung his hat and the rice on a tree that ran away.

The old man was angry, and said, "That tree you saw was the antlers of a deer. We'll have to

go home now, for we have nothing to eat."

Meanwhile the five crazy fellows who had been left at home were not idle. Eulalio went to get a pail of water. When he reached the well and saw his image in the water, he nodded, and the reflection nodded back at him. He did this over and over again; until finally, becoming tired, he jumped into the water, and was drowned.

Jacinto was sent to gather small sticks, but he only destroyed the fence around the garden.

Pedro cooked a chicken without removing the feathers. He also let the chicken burn until it was as black as coal.

Mateo and Francisco tried to keep the flies off the face of their old mistress. They soon became tired, because the flies kept coming back; so they took big sticks to kill them with. When a fly lighted on the nose of the old woman, they struck at it so hard that they killed her. She died with seemingly a smile on her face. The two fools said to each other that the old woman was very much pleased that they had killed the fly.

When the old man and his two companions reached home, the old man asked Pedro if there was any food to eat. Pedro said that it was in the pot. The old man looked in and saw the charred chicken and feathers. He was very angry at the cook.

Then he went in to see his wife, and found her dead. He asked Mateo and Francisco what they had done to the old woman. They said that they had only been killing flies that tried to trouble her, and that she was very much pleased by their work.

The next thing the crazy fellows had to do was to make a coffin for the dead woman; but they made it flat, and in such a way that there was nothing to prevent the corpse from falling off. The old man told them to carry the body to the church; but on their way they ran, and the body rolled off the flat coffin. They said to each other that running was a good thing, for it made their burden lighter.

When the priest found that the corpse was missing, he told the six crazy fellows to go back and get the body. While they were walking toward the house, they saw an old woman picking up sticks by the roadside.

"Old woman, what are you doing here?" they said. "The priest wants to see you."

While they were binding her, she cried out to her husband, "Ah! here are some bad boys trying to take me to the church."

But her husband said that the crazy fellows were only trying to tease her. When they reached the church with this old woman, the priest, who was also crazy, performed the burial ceremony over her. She cried out that she was alive; but the priest answered that since he had her burial fee, he did not care whether she was alive or not. So they buried this old woman in the ground.

When they were returning home, they saw the corpse that had fallen from the coffin on their

way to the church. Francisco cried that it was the ghost of the old woman. Terribly frightened, they ran away in different directions, and became scattered all over Luzon.

- Source: Fansler, *Filipino Popular Tales* (Lancaster, Pennsylvania and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1921), no. 9, pp. 75-79.
- The episode about the fools who cannot count themselves is a type 1287 folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Monkeys and the Dragonflies

Philippines

One day, when the sun was at the zenith and the air was very hot, a poor dragonfly, fatigued with her long journey, alighted to rest on a branch of a tree in which a great many monkeys lived.

While she was fanning herself with her wings, a monkey approached her, and said, "Aha! What are you doing here, wretched creature?"

"O sir! I wish you would permit me to rest on this branch while the sun is so hot," said the dragonfly softly. "I have been flying all morning, and I am so hot and tired that I can go no farther," she added.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the monkey in a mocking tone. "We don't allow any weak creature such as you are to stay under our shelter. Go away!" he said angrily, and, taking a dry twig, he threw it at the poor creature.

The dragonfly, being very quick, had flown away before the cruel monkey could hit her. She hurried to her brother the king, and told him what had happened. The king became very angry, and resolved to make war on the monkeys. So he dispatched three of his soldiers to the king of the monkeys with this challenge:

> The King of the Monkeys
>
> Sir,
>
> As one of your subjects has treated my sister cruelly, I am resolved to kill you and your subjects with all speed.
>
> DRAGON

The monkey king laughed at the challenge. He said to the messengers, "Let your king and his soldiers come to the battlefield, and they will see how well my troops fight."

"You don't mean what you say, cruel king," answered the messengers. "You should not judge before the fight is over."

"What fools, what fools!" exclaimed the king of the monkeys. "Go to your ruler and tell him my

answer," and he drove the poor little creatures away.

When the king of the dragonflies received the reply, he immediately ordered his soldiers to go to the battlefield, but without anything to fight with. Meanwhile the monkeys came, each armed with a heavy stick.

Then the monkey king shouted, "Strike the flying creatures with your clubs!"

When King Dragon heard this order, he commanded his soldiers to alight on the foreheads of their enemies. Then the monkeys began to strike at the dragonflies, which were on the foreheads of their companions. The dragonflies were very quick, and were not hurt at all; but the monkeys were all killed. Thus the light, quick-witted dragonflies won the victory over the strong but foolish monkeys.

- Source: Fansler, *Filipino Popular Tales* (Lancaster, Pennsylvania and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1921), no. 57, pp. 379-82.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised November 20, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

"Hold still then father," said the son. "One blow will settle it."

(At that very time the Bodhisatta had reached that village in the way of trade, and was sitting in the carpenter's shop.)

"Rid me of it!" cried the father.

"All right, father," answered the son, who was behind the old man's back, and, raising a sharp ax on high with intent to kill only the mosquito, he cleft his father's head in two. So the old man fell dead on the spot.

Thought the Bodhisatta, who had been an eye witness of the whole scene, "Better than such a friend is an enemy with sense, whom fear of men's vengeance will deter from killing a man." And he recited these lines:

> Sense-lacking friends are worse than foes with sense;
> Witness the son that sought the gnat to slay,
> But cleft, poor fool, his father's skull in two.

So saying, the Bodhisatta rose up and departed, passing away in after days to fare according to his deserts. And as for the carpenter, his body was burned by his kinsfolk.

- Source: *The Jataka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births*, edited by E. B. Cowell, vol. 1, translated by Robert Chalmers (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1895), book 1, no. 44, pp. 116-17.
- The following *Jataka* story is very similar: no. 45, pp. 117-18.
- Part of the canon of sacred Buddhist literature, this collection of some 550 anecdotes and fables depicts earlier incarnations -- sometimes as an animal, sometimes as a human -- of the being who would become Siddhartha Gautama, the future Buddha. Traditional birth and death dates of Gautama are 563-483 BC. The Jataka tales are dated between 300 BC and 400 AD. In spite of the collection's sacred and didactic nature, it nonetheless includes elements -- obviously derived from ancient folktales -- whose primary function is entertainment.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Foolish Friend

The Panchatantra

A king, while visiting his wives' apartments, took a monkey from a neighboring stable for a pet. He kept him constantly close at hand for his amusement, for as it is said, parrots, partridges, doves, rams, monkeys, and such creatures are a king's natural companions.

It goes without saying that the monkey, fed on the various dishes that the king gave him, grew large and was given respect by all who surrounded the king. Indeed, the king, due to his love and exceeding trust of the monkey, even gave him a sword to carry.

In the vicinity of the palace the king had a grove artfully planted with many trees of various

sorts. Early in the springtime the king noticed how beautiful the grove was. Its blossoms exuded a magnificent fragrance, while swarms of bees sang praise to the god of love. Thus overcome by love, he entered the grove with his favorite wife. He ordered all his servants to wait for him at the entrance.

After having pleasantly strolling through and observing the grove, he grew tired and said to his monkey, "I want to sleep a little while in this arbor of flowers. Take care that nothing disturbs me!" Having said this, the king fell asleep.

Presently a bee, pursuing the aroma of the flowers, betel, and musk, flew up and lit on his head. Seeing this, the monkey thought angrily, "What is this? Am I to allow this common creature to bite the king before my very eyes?"

With that he proceeded to drive it away. However, in spite of the monkey's defense, the bee approached the king again and again. Finally, blinded by anger, the monkey drew his sword and struck down the bee with a single blow. However, the same blow also split the king's head.

The queen, who was sleeping next to the king jumped up in terror. Seeing the crime, she said, "Oh, oh, you foolish monkey! What have you done to the king who placed such trust in you?"

The monkey explained how it had happened, but thereafter he was shunned and scorned by everyone. Thus it is said, "Do not choose a fool for a friend, for the king was killed by a monkey."

And I say, "It is better to have a clever enemy than a foolish friend."

- Source: The *Panchatantra*, book 1, story 12.
- I have used the following edition: *Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*, translated from the Sanskrit by Theodor Benfey, vol. 2 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), book 1, story 12, pp. 154-55.
- Translation © 1999 by D. L. Ashliman.
- India's most influential contribution to world literature, the *Panchatantra* (also spelled *Pañcatantra* or *Pañca-tantra*) consists of five books of animal fables and magic tales (some 87 stories in all) that were compiled, in their current form, between the third and fifth centuries AD. It is believed that even then the stories were already ancient. The tales' self-proclaimed purpose is to educate the sons of royalty. Although the original author's or compiler's name is unknown, an Arabic translation from about 750 AD attributes the Panchatantra to a wise man called Bidpai, which is probably a Sanskrit word meaning "court scholar." The fables of the *Panchatantra* found their way to Europe through oral folklore channels and by way of Persian and Arabic translations. They substantially influenced medieval writers of fables.

- Return to the table of contents.

The Gardener and the Bear

Bidpai

In the eastern part of Persia there lived at one time a gardener whose one joy in life was his flowers and fruit trees. He had neither wife, nor children, nor friends; nothing except his garden. At length, however, the good man wearied of having no one to talk to. He decided to go out into the world and find a friend. Scarcely was he outside the garden before he came face to face with a bear, who, like the gardener, was looking for a companion. Immediately a great friendship sprang up between these two.

The gardener invited the bear to come into his garden, and fed him on quinces and melons. In return for this kindness, when the gardener lay down to take his afternoon nap, the bear stood by and drove off the flies.

One afternoon it happened that an unusually large fly alighted on the gardener's nose. The bear drove it off, but it only flew to the gardener's chin. Again the bear drove it away, but in a few moments it was back once more on the gardener's nose. The bear now was filled with rage. With no thought beyond that of punishing the fly, he seized a huge stone, and hurled it with such force at the gardener's nose that he killed not only the fly, but the sleeping gardener.

It is better to have a wise enemy than a foolish friend.

- Source: *The Tortoise and the Geese and other Fables of Bidpai*, retold by Maude Barrows Dutton (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1908), pp. 22-23.
- Dutton's source appears to have been the *Anvar-i-Suhaili*, a Persion translation of the Panchatantra. According to Persian and Arabic traditions, the *Panchatantra*, was compiled by a man named Bidpai.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Stupid Boy

Sri Lanka

In a certain city there are a Gamarala, a Gama-gaeni (his wife), and a son of theirs. The Gamarala went to the Chena. The Gama-gaeni lay down and told the Gama-puta (the son) to examine her head (for insects). While he was looking through the hair she fell asleep, and a fly settled on her head. "Ade! Fly, do not bite our mother's head," he said. "Mother will scold me."

The fly having gone flying away, settled again on her head. Saying ,"Now then, this fly is biting mother's head again," he placed his mother's head gently on the ground. Then having gone and taken a rice pestle, and come back with it, he said, "Is the fly still biting the head?" and struck at the fly with the rice pestle, killing his mother with the blow.

The boy's father having come, tried to arouse her. "How is it that mother is dead?" he asked.

The boy said, "A fly was biting our mother's head. I struck it with the rice pestle. Because of it she died."

So the Gamarala took the woman away and buried her.

- Source: H. Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. 1 (London: Luzac and Company, 1910), no. 58, p. 319.
- This tale continues with additional episodes.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bald Man and the Fly

Aesop

A fly settled on the head of a bald man and bit him. In his eagerness to kill it, he hit himself a smart slap.

But the fly escaped, and said to him in derision, "You tried to kill me for just one little bite; what will you do to yourself now, for the heavy smack you have just given yourself?"

"Oh, for that blow I bear no grudge," he replied, "for I never intended myself any harm; but as for you, you contemptible insect, who live by sucking human blood, I'd have borne a good deal more than that for the satisfaction of dashing the life out of you!"

- Source: *Æsop's Fables*, translated by V. S. Vernon Jones (London: William Heinemann, 1916), p. 129.
- Link to additional folktales about bald men.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Seven Wise Men of Buneyr

Pakistan

Seven men of Buneyr once left their native wilds for the purpose of seeking their fortunes. When evening came they all sat down under a tree to rest, when one of them said, "Let us count to see if we are all here." So he counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six," but, quite omitting to reckon himself, he exclaimed, "There's one of us missing, we are only six!"

"Nonsense!" cried the others, and the whole company of seven began counting with uplifted forefingers, but they all forgot to count themselves.

Fearing some evil, they now rose up, and at once set out to search for their missing comrade. Presently they met a shepherd, who greeted them civilly and said, "Friends, why are you in such low spirits?"

"We have lost one of our party," answered they; "we started this morning seven in number, and now we are only six. Have you seen any one of us hereabouts?"

"But," said the shepherd, "seven you are, for I have found your lost companion; behold: one, two, three, four, five, six, *seven!*"

"Ah," answered the wise men of Buneyr, "you have indeed found our missing brother. We owe you a debt of gratitude. Because you have done us this service, we insist on doing a month's free labor for you."

So the shepherd, overjoyed with his good fortune, took the men home with him.

Now, the shepherd's mother was a very old woman, in her dotage, utterly feeble and unable to help herself. When the morning came he placed her under the care of one of the Buneyris, saying to him, "You will stay here and take care of my old mother."

To another Buneyri he said, "You take out my goats, graze them on the hills by day, and watch over them by night."

To the other five he said, "As for you, I shall have work for you tomorrow."

The man who was left in charge of the old crippled mother found that his time was fully occupied in the constant endeavor to drive off the innumerable flies which in that hot season kept her in a state of continual excitement and irritation. When, however, he saw that all his efforts were fruitless, and that he flapped the wretches away in vain, he became desperate, and, lifting up a large stone, he aimed it deliberately at a certain fly which had settled on the woman's face. Hurling it with all his might, he of course missed the fly, but, alas! he knocked the woman prone on her back. When the shepherd saw this he wrung his hands in despair. "Ah," cried he, "what has your stupidity done for me? The fly has escaped, but as for my poor old mother, you have killed her dead."

Meanwhile, the second Buneyri led his flock of goats up and down among the hills, and when midday came he rested to eat his bread, while many of the assembled goats lay down beside him. As he was eating he began to observe how the goats were chewing the cud and occasionally looking at him So he foolishly imagined that they were mocking him, and waxed wroth. "So," cried he, "because I am taking my food, you must needs crowd round and make game of me, must you?" And, seizing his hatchet, he made a sudden rush at the poor animals, and he had already struck off the heads of several of them, when the shepherd came running to the spot, bemoaning his bad luck and crying to the fellow to desist from slaughter.

That night was a sorrowful one for the trustful shepherd, and bitterly he repented his rashness. In the morning the remaining five wise men of Buneyr came to him, and said, "It is now our turn. Give us some work to do, too!"

"No, no, my friends," answered he; "you have amply repaid me for the trifling favor I did for you in finding your missing companion; and now, for God's sake, go your way and let me see you no more."

Hearing these words, the wise men of Buneyr resumed their journey.

- Source: Charles Swynnerton, *Indian Nights' Entertainment; or, Folk-Tales from the Upper Indus* (London: Elliot. Stock, 1892), no. 74, pp. 305-307.

- The episode describing the fools' inability to count themselves is a type 1287 folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bear and the Amateur of Gardening

Jean de La Fontaine

A certain mountain bruin once, they say,
Was wont within a lonely wood to stray,
A new Bellerophon secluded there,
His mind had gone, and left his brain-pan bare.
Reason on lonely people sheds no ray.
It's good to speak -- better to silent stay:
Both in excess are bad. No animal
Was ever seen, or was within a call.
Bear though he was, he wearied of this life,
And longed for the world's joy and the world's strife.
Then "Melancholy marked him for her own."

Not far from him an old man lived alone.
Dull as the bear, he loved his garden well;
Was priest of Flora and Pomona; still,
Though the employment's pleasant, a kind friend
Is needfull, its full charms to it to lend.
Gardens talk little, save in my small book.

Weary at last of their mere smiling look,
And those his dumb companions, one fine day,
Our man set forth upon his lonely way,
To seek a friend. The bear, with the same thought,
Had left his mountain, satisfied with naught.

By chance most strange the two adventurers meet
At the same turning. He's afraid to greet
The bear; but fly he can't. What can he do?
Well, like a Gascon, he gets neatly through:
Conceals his fright. The bear is not well bred;
"Here is my cottage; pray come in, my lord;"
Still growls, "Come see me!" but the other said,
"Do me the honor at my frugal board
To lunch *al fresco*. I have milk and fruit,
That will, perhaps, your worship's pleasure suit
For once, though not your ordinary fare.
I offer all I have." With friendly air
They're chums already before reaching home;
Still better friends when there they've fairly come.

In my opinion it's a golden rule:
Better be lonely than be with a fool.
The bear, who did not speak two words a day,
Left the drudge there to work and toil away.

Bruin went hunting, and brought in the game,
Or flapped the blow-flies, when the blow-flies came;
And kept from off his sleeping partner's face
Of wingèd parasites the teasing race.

One day a buzzer o'er the sleeping man
Poised, and then settled on his nose -- their plan.
The bear was crazy: all his chase was vain;
"I'll catch you, thief!" he cried. It came again.
'Twas said, 'twas done: The flapper seized a stone,
And launched it bravely -- bravely it was thrown.
He crushed the fly, but smashed the poor man's skull --
A sturdy thrower, but a reasoner dull.

Nothing's so dangerous as a foolish friend;
Worse than a real wise foe, you may depend.

- Source: Jean de La Fontaine, *Fables*, translated into English verse by Walter Thornbury, book 10, fable 3.
- Like his contemporary Charles Perrault (1628-1703), Jean de La Fontaine (1621-1695) was a member of the *Académie Française* and a leading intellectual of his time. La Fontaine's 245 fables, published in twelve books between 1668 and 1694, exemplify the grace and wit of his age.

- Return to the table of contents.

Fortunio

Italy, Giovanni Francesco Straparola

Fortunio, a servant, endeavoring to crush a fly, kills his master, and saves himself from the gallows by a pleasantry.

There lived in the city of Ferrara a rich grocer of good descent, who had in his service Fortunio, a fat good-tempered fellow of very slender wit. Now in the great heats the grocer was wont to lie down to sleep in the middle of the day, and at such times it was Fortunio's part to keep off the flies with a fan, lest they should disturb his master. One day it chanced that, amongst the others, was a very greedy meddlesome horsefly, which took no heed of Fortunio's fanning, nor of his strokes, but alighted constantly on the grocer's bald pate and stung him grievously. And though the fly was chased away three or four times, it always came back to give fresh trouble.

At last the servant, incensed at the boldness and persistency of the fly, rashly made trial to kill it when it was about to settle again on his master's temple and suck his blood. Simple fool that he was, he caught up a weighty bronze pestle, and, striking at the fly with all his might with the intent to kill it, he made an end of the grocer instead.

As soon as Fortunio saw that he had slain his master and thereby made himself liable to death by the law, he took counsel with himself how he might best save his neck, and first resolved to seek safety in flight, but he afterwards fixed upon another scheme, which was to bury the corpse secretly. Therefore, having wrapped up the dead body of his master in a sack and carried it into a garden adjacent to the shop, he buried it there. This done he went to the sheepfold, and, having chosen a big old ram, he took it and threw it down the well.

As the master did not appear at his usual hour in the evening the wife's suspicion fell upon Fortunio, and she questioned him as to her husband's whereabouts, but the fellow declared stoutly that he knew nothing of it. Then the good wife, overcome with grief, began to weep and to call for her husband aloud, but she called in vain. She went to her kinsfolk and told them her grief; whereupon they sought the governor of the city, and laid the crime to Fortunio's charge, demanding that he should be imprisoned and put to the question, in order to make him tell what had become of his master.

The governor, having put the servant in hold and tied him to the rope, gave him the strappado as prescribed by law, on account of the charges against him. Handling of this sort was not to his taste, and he forthwith promised to tell all he knew, if they would let him down.

So they brought him before the judge, and this was the cunning tale he had prepared for their befooling: "Yesterday, O judge! when I was asleep near the well, I was awakened by a great noise, as of some mighty rock being hurled down into the water below. In my amazement I ran to the well and looked into it, but the water was quite clear and I could see nothing amiss; so I turned to go back to the house, when the same noise again met my ears. I am now quite sure in my mind that my master, when trying to draw some water up out of the well, fell down into it. Now, that the truth of the matter may be laid bare, I make petition that all now present may go to the spot; then I will descend into the well and disclose what I may find therein."

The judge was favorable to Fortunio's prayer, holding that experiment is the surest proof, and that no evidence can equal what is brought before one's eyes, and betook himself to the well, bidding the whole assembly follow. There went not only the worshipful persons who were about the judge, but also a vast crowd of the common people, who were curious to learn what might be the issue of the affair.

Fortunio, obeying the commandment of the judge, went straightway down the well, and, when he had reached the bottom, made believe to be searching for his master's body in the water; but what he found was the carcass of the old ram which he himself had lately cast in.

Feigning to be vastly amazed at this, the cunning fellow bawled up from the bottom of the well, "O my mistress! Tell me whether your husband, my poor master, had horns or not; for I have alighted on somebody down here who has got an enormous pair, both long and large. Is it possible that he can be your husband?"

6-002: THE FOUNDLING WHO WAS BEFRIENDED BY WOLVES

The elder of two brothers was very expert at catching eagles. He would cover a hole with leaves and brush, place on top the carcass of some animal, and hide underneath until an eagle settled on the brush to eat the meat. Then he would seize the bird's legs, draw it inside, and kill it. Once he caught a big red eagle, but not wishing to kill such a bird he let it fly away.

The younger boy now begged permission to catch eagles also. The elder refused him three times. The fourth time he consented, but warned the lad not to touch a big red eagle. So the boy concealed himself in the trap.

One of the smaller eagles soared down and began to eat the meat. The boy caught and killed it without difficulty. Another settled on the trap, then a third. Those also he killed. Then came a big red eagle. Forgetting his brother's warning and tempted by its bright feathers, he seized its wing and tried to drag it down. The eagle, however, was too strong. It pulled him out of the trap and carried him far away. His brother looked for him that evening, saw the gaping hole in the trap, and knowing what had happened sat down and wept. He wept and wept, until he shriveled up and became a tiny baby again.

An old woman who was traveling to one side of a party happened to hear the baby cry. She picked it up, wrapped it in her blanket, gathered some of the feathers that were strewn about, and hurried on to rejoin her people.

In the party were her ten sons. As the eldest was pitching his tent that evening, she said to him, "Back yonder on the hill I found a little baby and brought it along with me. May we sleep in your tent tonight?"

"No", he answered gruffly. "The child will disturb us too much."

She approached the second son, the third, the fourth; each rejected her in almost the same words. Last of all, she approached the tenth and youngest. "Yes, mother, come in and bring your baby with you. He will be a little brother to me."

So the old woman lodged with her youngest son, to whom she gave her eagle feathers. The years passed by, and her baby grew into a sturdy youth. One winter the Indians set up their tents beside a large pond and began to scour the countryside for buffalo. Not an animal could they find anywhere. Before long their supply of food ran low, yet they would not move away, for they still hoped that one or more herds would appear in their neighbourhood.

While they were idly waiting, the chief of the band tried to capture two foxes that had made their dens in the vicinity, but the animals were too cunning for him. Annoyed at the failure, he sent a crier round the camp to proclaim that the man who brought him their skins might marry one of his daughters. All the best hunters went out to try their skill but failed -- the foxes outwitted every one.

One day the boy brought some sticks into his foster-grandmother's tent and began to make a bow and arrows. She said to him, "What are you going to shoot, my grandson?"

"I am going to try for the foxes."

"Foolish boy. If the best hunters in the camp can't catch them, you certainly will not succeed."

"I can at least try. It may be that I can shoot them with my arrows."

The grandmother only laughed; she said no more.

Unnoticed by anyone in the camp, the boy slipped away the next morning and hid near one of the dens. A fox emerged and wandered away. As soon as it disappeared, he planted a circle of pointed sticks around the hole, then hid again and waited. Not long afterwards the fox returned, spied the watching lad, and darted for its hole. The sharp sticks pierced its neck and killed it. The boy killed the other fox in exactly the same manner and, concealing the furs under his coat, he started for home. As he trudged along, snow fell and obliterated his tracks so that no one discovered where he had been.

Outside his tent he stopped, glanced quickly round, and concealed his furs in a heap of firewood. Then he went inside and sat down without saying a word. His grandmother looked up and asked:

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, I just went out and caught the foxes."

She laughed again.

"Oh, but I will prove it," he said. And going outside he plucked a few hairs from the furs and brought them in to her.

"You shouldn't pull the hair out of our dogs," she said. "The weather is very cold, and they need all their fur."

Three times he brought in scraps of the fox fur, and each time she declared that he had pulled them out of the dogs. The fourth time he brought in the furs themselves.

The old woman gazed at them in amazement. At last she said, "My grandchild, you have been very lucky. But you are too young to marry one of the chief's daughters. You had better give the furs to one of your brothers."

The boy did not answer. In the evening she told her younger son what had happened. Loudly he voiced his praise and said to the boy:

"Don't give the furs to anyone else. Take them to the chief yourself."

At dawn the people discovered that the foxes were missing and informed the chief, who walked through the camp crying before every tent, "Who killed the foxes?"

No one answered him. None of the hunters could produce the furs, and no one thought of the poor orphan lad. Greatly perplexed, the chief retired to his tent again.

The sun had reached noon when the old woman, concealing the furs under her robe, stole inside the tent and sat down humbly at the right of the door.

The chief looked up and said to his family, "This old woman has never visited me before. Feed her well, and then let her tell us what she wants."

They fed her, but instead of announcing why she had come, she quietly slipped through the door and returned home.

"I brought the furs back," she said to the boy. "You are such a poor wretched orphan that I was ashamed to tell him."

Before he could reply, her own son spoke up, "You did wrong, mother. You should have told the chief. Go back now and give him the furs."

The old woman went out slowly. Presently she returned with her message again undelivered. He sent her a third time but shame still sealed her lips. Driven back for the fourth time, she sat with bowed head inside the doorway vainly trying to muster up her courage. At last she rose to steal outside again but as she stooped to pass through the door, the fox's tail slipped down into view below her robe. With one bound the chief pulled it away from her, seized the other fox fur also, and cried, "Now -- which of your sons was it that killed them?"

"It was my foster-grandson", she murmured. "I was too ashamed to give you the furs before."

The chief sat down in silence, and his elder daughter turned her face away in disgust. But the younger girl cried out, "If her grandson has killed the foxes, I will marry him."

So the younger girl returned with the old woman and married the youth, while her sister remained with her father. Three days passed without incident. On the fourth, the youth said to his bride, "Tell your father to build the pound higher and to keep a sharp watch, for tomorrow I am going to drive in some buffalo".

The girl carried his message to her father, who issued the necessary orders to his people. He was a wise old man and realized that the orphan possessed great medicine-power. Most of the hunters, however, ridiculed the youth, and the boys in the camp pelted him with clods when he started out at dawn for the hunting grounds.

All that morning the camp waited expectantly. A party that left before the orphan had returned empty-handed and reported that there was no sign of game. The sun was already low when a watchman excitedly signaled that a large herd of buffalo was approaching the pound, driven by someone he could not distinguish. It was the orphan, who, having changed himself into a wolf as soon as the camp was out of sight, had rounded up the animals and now in his proper form was herding them toward the corral. Glowing with pride, the old chief shouted to his followers, "Come and watch my son-in-law drive in the buffalo."

As the last of the buffalo stampeded into the pound, the Indians closed the barrier, mounted the ramparts, and shot them down. Not one escaped. Then they butchered them and divided the meat and hides among all the families in the camp.

Next day the youth drove in more buffalo, and still more on the third day. At daybreak on the fourth he said to his wife, "Tell your father to strengthen the pound, because in today's herd will come the biggest animal he has ever seen. That animal he must reserve for me to kill."

The herd he drove in that day was even larger than the three earlier ones. He did not stay to watch the massacre, but retired to his tent, where he ordered his wife to comb and dress her hair. Then from behind his sleeping place he mysteriously produced two beautiful costumes, one for her and one for himself. Arraying themselves in these garments, they proceeded to the pound, where the hunters had killed all the buffalo except the giant animal he had specially reserved for his own arrows. He shot this last buffalo, and his wife carried the meat in a precious otter skin to his tent. There she disdained to wash the skin, but scornfully threw it away, for now she and her husband were so prosperous that even an otter skin possessed little value in their eyes.

Henceforth the camp recognized the orphan youth as its leader and promptly obeyed whatever commands he issued through the old chief, his father-in-law. Yet there was one person who hated him -- his wife's older sister, the girl who had scorned him in the days of his poverty. If her parents offered her meat from any buffalo he had driven into the pound, she flung it to the ground in contempt.

Constantly did she spy on his movements in the hope that her "medicine", which was a mole, might be able to work him some injury.

Now the youth frequently visited a hilltop above the camp and often slept there. One day the girl discovered him asleep and sent her mole-spirit to tunnel the ground under his body. The mole did its work so well that the earth collapsed and precipitated him into a deep pit, from which he could not get out. Then day after day his sister-in-law climbed the hill and mockingly threw dirt in his face. In vain he cried for mercy and begged her to help him out, or a t least to tell his people. She merely derided his misery. Not knowing what had become of him, his people concluded that he had perished. Even his own wife gave up all hope and went into mourning for him.

Now that they had no one to drive the buffalo into their pound the Indians moved away. Then a wolf that was prowling for food round the deserted campsite discovered the youth, and howled. Soon a whole pack gathered about the pit. The mother wolf said to them:

"Whoever succeeds in extricating this man may take him for her son."

The animals scratched vigorously, but no sooner had they loosened the earth all around than the old wolf herself caught hold of him and pulled him out. She adopted him as her son and allowed him to join the wanderings of her pack. At night, because he no longer owned a blanket, the wolves made a soft mattress for him by spreading their tails together on the ground; but within two or three days they killed a buffalo, whose hide provided him with a

warm robe.

This pack of wolves roaming in the vicinity spoiled the hunting of the youth's people, who set traps to catch them. But the youth protected his companions by breaking the traps. The old chief awakened one night and listened to their howling.

"Hark," he said. "I seem to hear a man calling to those wolves."

He roused the hunters, who intercepted the pack and seized the youth as he ran in front of it. The prisoner tried to bite them, but they said, "Don't bite. You haven't yet changed to a wolf."

They then led him quietly home, where he settled down again with his wife and people.

Every night thereafter he lay awake in his tent, listening for the howl of his foster-mother. For several nights he could not hear it. Then one day he saw her skin drying outside a hunter's tent for she had wandered away from the pack and had been caught in a trap. The youth sent his grandmother to ask for the skin. When she handed it to him, he grunted over it four times, at the fourth grunt it became a live wolf again. He set the animal free and it returned to the prairies. Thus he repaid his debt to his foster-mother.

He now resumed his hunting and rounded up a large herd of buffalo. As the animals trotted over the plain, he called to a young heifer, "When my arrow strikes you, leap over the rampart of the pound and flee to that tall poplar beyond the hill. Then lie down and die."

The Indians slaughtered all the buffalo he drove into the pound except the young heifer, which leaped the rampart and fled over the hill. The youth shouted to his wife, "Come with me. We will follow it".

"Let me go too", cried his sister-in-law.

"Yes, you may come", he answered.

So the two women accompanied him to the dead heifer and watched him butcher it. "There is your load," he said to his wife. "Carry it to our tent."

"Give me a load also", his sister-in-law demanded.

"Yes here is a load for you too. You can use the intestine of the heifer for your pack-strap."

The two women started back with their loads but had traveled only a very short distance when the intestine broke and the elder woman's pack fell to the ground. While she was retying it, her sister walked on and disappeared over the top of the hill. Then the youth, who had lingered behind, began to howl like a wolf.

"Why do you howl like that?" his sister-in-law asked anxiously.

Without answering he turned his back to her and howled three times again. Suddenly a pack of wolves appeared --his foster family. They pounced on the woman and devoured her.

This information is intended for research purposes or for general interest only.
Any other use may violate one or more copyrights which rest with the original authors.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Fox (or Jackal) and the Fleas

folktales of Aarne-Thompson type 63
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999

Contents

1. The Fox and the Flees (Scotland).
2. The Jackal and the Flees (India).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's index of folklore and mythology electronic texts.

The Fox and the Fleas

Scotland

The fox is much troubled by fleas, and this is the way in which he gets rid of them. He hunts about until he finds a lock of wool, and then he takes it to the river, and holds it in his mouth, and so puts the end of his brush into the water, and down he goes slowly. The fleas run away from the water, and at last they all run over the fox's nose into the wool, and then the fox dips his nose under and lets the wool go off with the stream.

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* (London: Alexander Gardner, 1890), v. 1, p. 276.
- Campbell heard the tale from a namesake, John Campbell, piper, "and many other sources." J. F. Campbell adds the following note: "This is told as a fact. The place where an 'old gray fellow' was seen performing this feat, was mentioned by one of my informants. The fox was seen in the sea near the Caithness hills."
- Return to the table of contents.

The Jackal and the Flees

India

Once upon a time a monkey noticed some wheat which had fallen into a small hollow in a rock. Thrusting in his hand, he filled it with the grain, but the entrance was so narrow that he was unable to draw it out without relinquishing most of his prize. This, however, he was unwilling to do, greedily desiring to have it all. So the consequence was that he remained without any, and finally went hungry away.

- Source: Charles Swynnerton, *Indian Nights' Entertainment; or, Folk-Tales from the Upper Indus* (London: Elliot Stock, 1892), no. 66, p. 267.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's index of folklore and mythology electronic texts.

Revised October 27, 1999.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Fox and the Cat
or
The Fox and the Hedgehog

and other fables of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 105
and similar stories
about the dangers of being too clever
selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2001-2013

The fox knows many things; the hedgehog one big thing. (Archilochus)	The fox knows many things, the hedgehog but one, but it is enough. (Greek proverb)	Here's a good rule of thumb: Too clever is dumb. (Ogden Nash)

Contents

1. The Fish That Were Too Clever (India, *The Panchatantra*).
2. The Crow and the Swan (India, *The Mahabharata*).
3. The Fox and the Cat (Aesop).
4. The Cat and Fox (Jean de La Fontaine).
5. The Fox and the Cat (Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm).
6. The Seven-Witted Fox and the One-Witted Owl (Romania).
7. The Fox and His Bagful of Wits and the One-Witted Hedgehog (Romania).
8. The Fox and the Hedgehog (South Slavonic).
9. The Fox and the Hedgehog (Greece).
10. The Bear as Judge (Finland).
11. Two Losses (Georgia).
12. Can You Swim? (England).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Fish That Were Too Clever

The Panchatantra

Two fish lived in a pond. Their names were Satabuddhi (having the understanding of a hundred) and Sahasrabuddhi (having the understanding of a thousand). The two of them had a frog for a friend, whose name was Ekabuddhi (having the understanding of one).

1915), no. 110, pp. 320-21.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fox and His Bagful of Wits and the One-Witted Hedgehog

Romania

I do not know how he managed it, but a fox one day got into a poultry yard, and there he ate his fill. Some time afterwards, going along to the poultry yard, the hedgehog met him.

"Where are you going, brother?"

"I am going to eat my fill."

"Surely you cannot get it just as you like."

"Oh," he said, "you just come with me, and I will show you. I know my way, and there is plenty for me and for you, and some to leave behind for another time."

The hedgehog, who was a wise old fellow, said to the fox, "Now, be careful. Are you sure that the owners of the poultry yard will let you in again so easily?"

"Don't you trouble," said the fox. "I know my business. You just come with me."

And the hedgehog went with him. But the people of the poultry yard were not such fools as the fox had taken them for, and just where the fox had got in last time they had dug a deep pit, and into that the fox and the hedgehog tumbled.

When they found themselves at the bottom of the pit, the hedgehog turned to the fox and said, "Well, you clever fellow, is that the proper way to get into the poultry yard? Did I not warn you?"

"What is the good of talking?" replied the fox. "We are here now, and we must see how to get out of it."

"But you are so clever, and I am only a poor old fool."

"Never mind. You were always a wise one. Can you help me?"

"No," he said. "I cannot help you. This sudden fall has upset me, and I feel queer and sick."

"What," cried the fox. "You are not going to be sick here. That is more than I can stand. Out you go!"

So he got hold of the hedgehog by the snout, and the hedgehog coiled himself up with his little paws into a little ball round the fox's mouth. The fox lifted up his head with a jerk and threw the little fellow out of the pit.

As soon as he saw himself safely out of the pit, the little hedgehog, bending over the mouth of

the pit, said, chuckling to the fox, "Where is your wisdom, you fool? You boast that you have a bagful of wits, whilst it is I who get myself out of the pit, though I have only a little wit."

"Oh," said the fox, whining, "do have pity on me! You are such a clever old fellow. Help me out of it too."

"Well, said the hedgehog, "I will help you. Now, you pretend to be dead, and when the people come and find you stiff and stark, and a nasty smell about you, they will say, 'The fox has died, and his carcass is rotting. It is going to make all the poultry yard offensive.' They will take you and throw you out. And then see whither your way lies."

The fox did as the hedgehog had advised him, and when the people came and found him in that state, they hauled him out and threw him out of the yard onto the road. Quicker than you could clap your hands, the fox was on his legs, and he ran as if the ground was burning under him.

Since then the fox and the hedgehog are good friends.

- Source: M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1915), no. 111, pp. 322-23.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fox and the Hedgehog

South Slavonic

A fox meeting a hedgehog asked him, "How many wits have you?"

And he replied, "Only three. But how many have you?"

"I," boasted the fox," have seventy-seven."

As they were talking and walking along, not noticing where they were going, they fell into a deep hole which the peasants had dug.

The fox asked the hedgehog to save him.

The hedgehog said, "I have only three wits. Perhaps you will save me first, then I will see about you afterwards," and he asked the fox to pitch him out of the hole.

The fox did so, and then asked the hedgehog whether he could help him.

The hedgehog said, "I cannot help you with three, if you cannot help yourself with seventy-seven."

And so the fox was caught in the morning by the peasants and killed.

- Source: M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1915), pp. 323-24.

- Gaster's source: F. S. Krauss, "Fuchs und Igel," *Sagen und Märchen der Südslaven*, vol. 1 (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Friedrich, 1883), no. 13, pp. 44-45.
- Link to another version of this tale: Louise Seymour Houghton, "The Fox and the Hedgehog," *The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913), pp. 73-76.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fox and the Hedgehog

Greece

Once in the fall time a hedgehog and a fox ran into one another, and the fox said to the hedgehog, "Come with me to the vineyard to steal some grapes."

The hedgehog answered, "No, I am afraid of the traps that they have set out there."

The fox said, "Have no fear. You'll come to no harm, because I have three bags full of tricks."

So they went there together and ate until they were full, but just as they were leaving, the fox caught herself in an iron trap. She called out, "Help me, Hedgehog! I'm caught in a trap."

He said, "Empty the tricks out of your bag, so I can free you."

The fox said, "I jumped over a ditch, and all my tricks fell out. Don't you know even one?"

The hedgehog replied, "I know two of them. The one is that when the farmer comes, just play dead; the other is that while you are playing dead you should let a mighty fart."

The fox did what the hedgehog had advised, and when the farmer came by, he thought that the fox was already stinky rotten and threw her out of the vineyard. Thus she escaped.

Another time the fox again asked the hedgehog to go with her the vineyard and eat grapes. Because everything had worked out so well the first time, he went with her this time as well. After they had eaten until they were full and were about to leave, the hedgehog caught himself in a trap.

He called out, "Help me, Mistress Fox, I'm caught in a trap. Empty out your tricks and free me from the trap."

The fox replied, "I jumped over a ditch again, and all my tricks fell out."

The hedgehog said, "Since I am about to die, forgive me of my sins."

The fox said, "If you will forgive me all of my sins against you, then I will ask God to forgive you of all your sins."

Then the hedgehog asked, "Come closer and we'll hug one another, because we have lived together for such a long time."

The fox went to him, and they hugged one another. Then the hedgehog said, "You should also kiss me on the mouth."

The fox did so, but the hedgehog grabbed hold of her tongue with his teeth and held her there until the farmer came by. When the farmer saw how the hedgehog had caught the fox he laughed, then he killed the fox and let the hedgehog run away.

- Source: Johann Georg von Hahn, "Die Füchsin und der Igel," *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*, vol. 2 (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann, 1864), no. 91, pp. 103-104.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Bear as Judge

Finland

A dispute arose among a number of animals, namely the wolf, the fox, the cat, and the hare. Unable to settle matters by themselves, they summoned the bear to act as judge.

The bear asked the disputants, "What are you quarreling about?"

"We are arguing about the question as to how many ways each of us has to save his life in time of danger," they answered.

The bear first asked the wolf, "Now, how many ways do you have to escape?"

"A hundred," was the answer.

"And you?" he asked the fox.

"A thousand," he answered.

Then the bear asked the hare, "How many do you know?"

"I have only my fast legs," was the answer.

Finally the bear asked the cat, "How many ways to escape do you know?"

"Only one," answered the cat.

Then the bear decided to put them all to the test in order to see how each one would save himself in time of danger. He suddenly threw himself at the wolf and crushed him half to death. Seeing what had happened to the wolf, the fox started to run away, but the bear grabbed him by the tip of his tail, and even to this day the fox has a white spot on his tail. The hare, with his fast legs, escaped by running away.

The cat climbed a tree, and from his high perch sang down, "The one who knows a hundred ways was captured; the one who knows a thousand ways was injured; Longlegs must run on

forever; and the one who has only one way to escape sits high in a tree and holds his own."

So it is.

- Source: Emmy Schreck, "Der Bär als Richter," *Finnische Märchen* (Weimar: Hermann Böhlau, 1887), pp. 231-32.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- Return to the table of contents.

Two Losses

Georgia

During a great storm at sea, a learned man heard the skipper giving his orders, but could not understand a word. When the danger was past, he asked the skipper in what language he had spoken.

The sailor replied: "In my mother tongue, of course!"

The scholar expressed his regret that a man should have wasted half his life without learning to speak grammatically and intelligibly. A few hours later the storm arose again, and this time the ship sprang a leak and began to founder. Then the captain went to the scholar and asked if he could swim.

The man of books replied that he had never learned.

"I am sorry, sir, for you will lose your whole life. The ship will go to the bottom in a minute, and my crew and I shall swim ashore. You would have done well if you had spent a little of your time in learning to swim."

- Source, Marjory Wardrop, *Georgian Folk Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1894), pp. 167-68.
- The skipper in this anecdote is sometimes identified as Nasreddin Hodja, the Turkish trickster.
- Return to the table of contents.

Can You Swim?

England

I [John Ellerthorpe] once heard of a professor who was being ferried across a river by a boatman, who was no scholar.

So the professor said, "Can you write, my man?"

"No, sir," said the boatmam.

"Then you have lost one third of your life," said the professor. "Can you read?" again asked he of the boatman.

"No," replied the latter, "I can't read."

"Then you have lost the half of your life," said the professor.

Now came the boatman's turn. "Can you swim?" said the boatman to the professor.

"No," was his reply.

"Then," said the boatman, "you have lost the whole of your life, for the boat is sinking and you'll be drowned."

- Source: Henry Woodcock, *The Hero of the Humber; or, The History of the Late Mr. John Ellerthorpe*, 2nd edition (London: S. W. Partridge, 1880), p. 32.
- The boatman in this anecdote is sometimes identified as Nasreddin Hodja, the Turkish trickster.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised June 5, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

For a time they would enjoy friendly conversation on the bank, and then they would return to the water. One day when they had gathered for conversation, some fishermen came by just as the sun was setting. They were carrying nets in their hands and many dead fish on their heads.

When the fishermen saw the pond, they said to one another, "There seem to be a lot of fish in this pond, and the water is very low. Let us come back here tomorrow morning!" After saying this, they went home.

These words struck the three friends like a thunderbolt, and they took counsel with one another.

The frog said, "Oh, my dear Satabuddhi and Sahasrabuddhi, what shall we do? Should we flee, or stay here?"

Hearing this, Sahasrabuddhi laughed and said, "Oh, my friend, don't be afraid of words alone! They probably will not come back. But even if they do come back, I will be able to protect myself and you as well, through the power of my understanding, for I know many pathways through the water."

After hearing this, Satabuddhi said, "Yes, what Sahasrabuddhi says is correct, for one rightly says: *Where neither the wind nor the sun's rays have found a way, intelligent understanding will quickly make a path.* And also: *Everything on earth is subject to the understanding of those with intelligence*. Why should one abandon the place of one's birth that has been passed down from generation to generation, just because of words? We must not retreat a single step! I will protect you through the power of my understanding."

The frog said, "I have but one wit, and it is advising me to flee. This very day I shall go with my wife to another pond."

After saying this, as soon as it was night, the frog went to another pond.

Early the next day the fishermen came like servants of the god of death and spread their nets over the pond. All the fish, turtles, frogs, crabs, and other water creatures were caught in the nets and captured, also Satabuddhi and Sahasrabuddhi, although they fled, and through their knowledge of the various paths escaped for a while by swimming to and fro. But they too, together with their wives, fell into a net and were killed.

That afternoon the fishermen happily set forth toward home. Because of his weight, one of them carried Satabuddhi on his head. They tied Sahasrabuddhi onto a string and dragged him along behind.

The frog Ekabuddhi, who had climbed onto the bank of his pond, said to his wife, "Look, dear! Mr. Hundred-Wit lies on someone's head, and Mr. Thousand-Wit is hanging from a string. But Mr. Single-Wit, my dear, is playing here in the clear water."

- Source: *Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*. Aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen von Theodor Benfey, vol.

2 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), book 5, story 6, pp. 337-38.

- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2001.
- India's most influential contribution to world literature, the *Panchatantra* (also spelled *Pañcatantra* or *Pañca-tantra*) consists of five books of animal fables and magic tales (some 87 stories in all) that were compiled, in their current form, between the third and fifth centuries AD. It is believed that even then the stories were already ancient. The tales' self-proclaimed purpose is to educate the sons of royalty. Although the original author's or compiler's name is unknown, an Arabic translation from about 750 AD attributes the *Panchatantra* to a wise man called Bidpai, which is probably a Sanskrit word meaning "court scholar." The fables of the *Panchatantra* found their way to Europe through oral folklore channels and by way of Persian and Arabic translations. They substantially influenced medieval writers of fables.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Crow and the Swan

The Mahabharata

There lived on the other side of the ocean a *Vaicya* (commoner) who had an abundance of wealth and corn. He performed sacrifices, made liberal gifts, was peaceful, devoted to the duties of his own order, and pure in habits and mind. He had many sons whom he loved, and was kind unto all creatures. He lived fearlessly in the dominions of a king that was guided by virtue.

There was a crow that lived on the refuse of the dishes set before those well-behaved young children of the *Vaicya*. Those *Vaicya* children always gave the crow meat and curds, and milk, and sugared milk with rice, and honey, and butter. Thus fed with the refuse of their dishes by the young children of that *Vaicya*, the crow became arrogant and came to disregard all birds that were equal to him or even superior.

It chanced that on a time certain swans of cheerful hearts, of great speed and capable of going everywhere at will and equal unto Garuda himself in range and speed of flight, came to that side of the ocean.

The *Vaicya* boys, beholding those swans, addressed the crow and said, "O ranger of the skies, thou art superior to all winged creatures!"

Deceived by those children of little understanding, that oviparous creature, from folly and pride, regarded their words to be true. Proud of the refuse of the children's dishes upon which he fed, the crow then, alighting in the midst of those swans capable of traversing great distances, desired to enquire as to who amongst them was their leader.

The foolish crow at last challenged him amongst those birds of tireless wings whom he regarded their leader, saying, "Let us compete in flight!"

Hearing those words of the raving crow, the swans that had been assembled there, those foremost of birds endued with great strength, began to laugh.

The swans then, that were capable of going everywhere at will, addressed the crow, saying, "We are swans, having our abode in the Manasa lake. We traverse the whole earth, and amongst winged creatures we are always applauded for the length of the distances we traverse! Being, as thou art, only a crow, how canst thou, O fool, challenge a swan endued with might, capable of going everywhere at will, and doing large distances in course of his flight? Tell us, O crow, how thou shalt fly with us!"

The boastful crow, in consequence of the foolishness of his species, repeatedly finding fault with the words of that swan, at last gave this answer. The crow said, "I shall, without doubt, fly, displaying a hundred and one different kinds of motion! Doing every hundred *Yojanas* in a separate and beautiful kind of motion, I shall display all those motions! Rising up, and swooping down, and whirling around, and coursing straight, and proceeding gently, and advancing steadily, and performing the diverse courses up and down in a slanting direction, and floating still, and wheeling around, and receding back, and soaring high, and darting forward, and soaring upwards with fiercer velocity, and once more proceeding gently and then proceeding with great impetuosity, and once again swooping down and whirling around, and advancing steadily, and rising up and up by jerks, and soaring straight, and once more falling down, and wheeling in a circle, and rushing proudly, and diverse other kinds of motion, -- these all I shall display in the sight of all you! Ye shall then witness my strength! With one of these different kinds of motion I shall presently rise into the sky. Point out duly, ye swans, by which of these motions I shall course through space. Settling the kind of motion amongst yourselves, you will have to course with me. Adopting all those different motions, ye shall have to course with me through supportless space!"

The crow having said these words, one of the swans addressed him. The swan spoke, "Thou, O crow, wilt doubtless fly the hundred and one different kinds of flight! I shall, however, fly in that one kind of motion that all other birds know, for I do not, O crow, know any other! As regards thee, O thou of red eyes, fly thou in any kind of course that thou likest!"

At these words, those crows that bad been assembled there laughed aloud, saying, "How will the swan by only one kind of flight get the better of a hundred different kinds of flight?"

Then those two, viz., the swan and the crow, rose into the sky, challenging each other. Capable of going everywhere at will, the swan proceeded in one kind of motion, while the crow coursed in a hundred different kinds. And the swan flew and the crow also flew, causing each other to wonder at his skill and each speaking highly of his own achievements.

Beholding the diverse kinds of flight at successive instants of time, the crows that were there were filled with great joy and began to caw more loudly. The swans also laughed in mockery, uttering many remarks disagreeable to the crows. And they began to soar and alight repeatedly, here and there. And they began to come down and rise up from tree-tops and the surface of the earth. And they uttered diverse cries indicative of their victory.

The swan, however, with that one kind of slow motion with which he was familiar began to traverse the skies. For a moment, therefore, he seemed to yield to the crow.

The crows, at this, disregarding the swans, said these words: "That swan amongst you which

has soared into the sky, is evidently yielding!"

Hearing these words, the soaring swan flew westwards with great velocity to the ocean. Then fear entered the heart of the crow who became almost senseless at not seeing any island or trees whereon to perch when tired. And the crow thought within his heart as to where he should alight when tired, upon that vast expanse of water. The ocean, being as it is the abode of countless creatures, is irresistible. Dwelt in by hundreds of monsters, it is grander than space. Nothing can exceed it in depth! Men know that the waters of the ocean are as limitless as space. For the extent of its waters, what is a crow to it?

The swan, having traversed a great distance in a moment, looked back at the crow, and, though capable, could not leave him behind. Having transgressed the crow, the swan cast his eyes on him and waited, thinking, "Let the crow come up."

The crow then, exceedingly tired, came up to the swan.

Beholding him succumbing, and about to sink, and desirous of rescuing him in remembrance of the practices of good folks, the swan addressed him in these words: "Thou hadst repeatedly spoken of many kinds of flight while speaking on the subject! Thou wouldst not speak of this, thy present motion, because of its having been a mystery to us? What is the name of this kind of flight, O crow, that thou hast now adopted? Thou touchest the waters with thy wings and beak repeatedly. Which amongst those diverse kinds of flight is this, O crow, that thou art now practicing? Come, come, quickly, O crow, for I am waiting for thee!"

Exceedingly afflicted, and touching the water with his wings and beak, the crow, beheld in that state by the swan, addressed the latter. Indeed, not seeing the limit of that watery expanse, and sinking down in fatigue, and exhausted with the effort of his flight, the crow said unto the swan, "We are crows, we wander hither and thither, crying caw, caw! O swan, I seek thy protection, placing my life-breaths at thy hands! Oh, take me to the shores of the ocean!"

Exceedingly afflicted, and touching the ocean with his wings and beak, the crow, very much fatigued, suddenly fell down. Beholding him fallen upon the waters of the ocean with a melancholy heart, the swan, addressing the crow who was on the point of death, said these words: "Remember, O crow, what thou hadst said in praise of thyself! Thy words even were that thou wouldst course through the sky in a hundred and one different kinds of flight. Thou, therefore, that wouldst fly a hundred different kinds of flight, thou that art superior to me, alas, why then art thou tired and fallen down on the ocean?"

Overcome with weakness, the crow then, casting his eyes upwards at the swan, and seeking to gratify him, replied, saying, "Proud of the remains of others' dishes upon which I fed, I had, O swan, regarded myself as the equal of Garuda, and had disregarded all crows and many other birds! I now, however, seek thy protection and place my life-breaths at thy hands! Oh, take me to the shores of some island! If, O swan, I can, O lord, return in safety to my own country, I will never again disregard anybody! Oh, rescue me now from this calamity!"

Him that said so and was so melancholy and weeping and deprived of his senses, him that was sinking in the ocean, uttering cries of caw, caw, him so drenched by the water and so

disgusting to look at and trembling with fear, the swan, without a word, took up with his feet and slowly caused to ride on his back. Having caused the crow whose senses had deserted him to ride upon his back, the swan quickly returned to that island whence thy had both flown, challenging each other. Placing down that ranger of the sky on dry land and comforting him, the swan, fleet as the mind, proceeded to the region he desired. Thus was that crow, fed on the remains of others' dinners, vanquished by the swan. The crow, then, casting off the pride of might and energy, adopted a life of peace and quiet.

- Source: *The Mahabharata of Krishna-Dwaipayana Vyasa* (Calcutta: Bharata Press, 1889), pp. 141-45.
- Edited, and slightly shortened by D. L. Ashliman. © 2011.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fox and the Cat

Aesop

A fox was boasting to a cat of its clever devices for escaping its enemies.

"I have a whole bag of tricks," he said, "which contains a hundred ways of escaping my enemies."

"I have only one," said the cat. "But I can generally manage with that."

Just at that moment they heard the cry of a pack of hounds coming towards them, and the cat immediately scampered up a tree and hid herself in the boughs.

"This is my plan," said the cat. "What are you going to do?"

The fox thought first of one way, then of another, and while he was debating, the hounds came nearer and nearer, and at last the fox in his confusion was caught up by the hounds and soon killed by the huntsmen.

Miss Puss, who had been looking on, said, "Better one safe way than a hundred on which you cannot reckon."

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *The Fables of Æsop* (London and New York: Macmillan and Company, 1894), pp. 91-92.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cat and Fox

Jean de La Fontaine

The cat and fox, each like a little saint,
On pious pilgrimage together went;
Two real Tartufes, two Patelins, birds of prey,
Soft-footed rogues, who paid or cleared the way,

Picking the bones of poultry, stealing cheese,
Rivalling each other. They the road to ease,
For it was tedious and long,
Oft shortened by contentions sharp and strong.

Dispute's a very happy source;
Without it restless souls would sleep of course.

Our pilgrims with it made each other hoarse,
Quarrelled their fill, then dirt on neighbours cast.

Reynard said to the cat at last:
"Pretender, are you bettor skilled than I,
Who could with tricks a hundred cats supply?"

"No," said the cat, "I only boast of one,
But that's worth any thousand known."

Ready again their quarrel to begin,
With "Yes" and "No," through thick and thin,
The pack alarmed them, silencing their din.

"Friend," cried the cat, "now search your cunning brain,
Examine all your tricks, and search again
For some sure plan -- mine's ready, do you see?"
He said, and quick sprang up a lofty tree.

Sly Reynard played a hundred pranks in vain,
Entered a hundred holes -- escaped assault,
Put Finder and his brothers in default;
He sought asylum all around,
But he nowhere asylum found.

They watched the burrow where he hid so sly,
And smoked him out -- two terriers were nigh,
Who worried him as he went bounding by.

Avoid too many schemes; there ruin lies;
For while we choose, the happy moment flies.

Have but one plan, and let that plan be wise.

- Source: Jean de La Fontaine (1621-1695), *The Fables of La Fontaine*, translated mainly by R. Thomson (London: J. C. Nimmo and Bain, 1884), book 9, fable 14, pp. 215-16.
- Link to the text in the original French: Le Chat et le Renard.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Fox and the Cat

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

It happened that the cat met Mr. Fox in the woods. She thought, "He is intelligent and well experienced, and is highly regarded in the world," so she spoke to him in a friendly manner, "Good-day, my dear Mr. Fox. How is it going? How are you? How are you getting by in these hard times?"

The fox, filled with arrogance, examined the cat from head to feet, and for a long time did not know whether he should give an answer. At last he said, "Oh, you poor beard-licker, you speckled fool, you hungry mouse hunter, what are you thinking? Have you the nerve to ask how I am doing? What do you know? How many tricks do you understand?"

"I understand only one," answered the cat, modestly.

"What kind of a trick is it?" asked the fox.

"When the dogs are chasing me, I can jump into a tree and save myself."

"Is that all?" said the fox. "I am master of a hundred tricks, and in addition to that I have a sackful of cunning. I feel sorry for you. Come with me, and I will teach you how one escapes from the dogs."

Just then a hunter came by with four dogs. The cat jumped nimbly up a tree, and sat down at its top, where the branches and foliage completely hid her.

"Untie your sack, Mr. Fox, untie your sack," the cat shouted to him, but the dogs had already seized him, and were holding him fast.

"Oh, Mr. Fox," shouted the cat. "You and your hundred tricks are left in the lurch. If you had been able to climb like I can, you would not have lost your life."

- Source: "Der Fuchs und die Katze," *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Children's and Household Tales -- Grimms' Fairy Tales), 7th ed., vol. 1 (Göttingen: Verlag der Dieterichschen Buchhandlung, 1857), no. 75, p. 388.
- This fable was added to the Grimms' *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* with the second edition (1819).
- The Grimms' immediate source has not been identified precisely.
- Link to a separate file containing this tale alone: The Fox and the Cat by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2001.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Seven-Witted Fox and the One-Witted Owl

Romania

One day the owl met a fox, and the latter bragged about his intelligence and cleverness, and said that he was very cunning and slim.

The owl asked him, "Brother mine, how many minds (wits) have you?"

"Seven," he said, boastingly.

"No wonder you are so clever. I have only one," said the owl.

A short time afterwards the owl again met the fox, but this time he was running for his life. The hunters were after him, and the hounds were trying to catch him. Running as fast as his legs could carry him, he at last managed to slip into a hole.

The owl followed him, and seeing him there, exhausted, asked him, "How many minds (wits) have you?"

And he replied, "Six. I have lost one by the chase."

Meanwhile the hunters and dogs came nearer and nearer, so they could hear the baying of the dogs. The fox did not know what to do.

The owl asked him, "How many minds (wits) have you now, old fellow?"

"Oh, I have lost all my minds (wits). I have none left."

"Where is your cunning of which you bragged?"

"It is not kind of you, now, to go for a poor fellow when the dogs are at his heels, and there is no escape for him."

"Well," said the owl, "I have but one mind (wit), and I will see whether I cannot save you with my one wit. It is my turn. I am going to lie down here at the entrance as though dead. When the hunters come, they will see me and get hold of me and talk about me. Meanwhile they will forget you, and in the midst of the trouble, you just dash out and run for your life."

It happened just as the owl had said.

No sooner did the hunters come up and find the owl than they said, "What is this ugly bird doing here? And a dead one to boot."

And whilst they were busy with the owl, trying to get hold of it to throw it away, off went the fox through them and escaped.

Soon afterwards the owl met him again, and she said, "How have your seven minds (wits) helped you when in time of danger? It is like that with people who have too much. They often have nothing when they want it most, but you see, I had only one mind (wit), but a strong one and not a dissolute one like yours, and that saved both you and me."

- Source: M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London: Folk-Lore Society,

and other fables of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 57

Selected by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2008-2011

1. The Fox and the Crow (Aesop, translated by V. S. Vernon Jones).
2. Links to Additional Type 57 Fables.

Return to **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Aesop

A crow was sitting on a branch of a tree with a piece of cheese in her beak when a fox observed her and set his wits to work to discover some way of getting the cheese. Coming and standing under the tree he looked up and said, "What a noble bird I see above me! Her beauty is without equal, the hue of her plumage exquisite. If only her voice is as sweet as her looks are fair, she ought without doubt to be queen of the birds." The crow was hugely flattered by this, and just to show the fox that she could sing she gave a loud caw. Down came the cheese, of course, and the fox, snatching it up, said, "You have a voice, madam, I see. What you want is wits."

- Source: *Æsop's Fables*, translated by V. S. Vernon Jones (London: W. Heinemann, 1912), p. 6.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to Additional Type 57 Fables

Links open in new windows. Most links lead to volumes in the digital library books.google.com.

1. Aesop. The Raven and the Fox. In The Fables of Aesop: As First Printed by William Caxton in 1484. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Vol 2: Text and Glossary, p. 21. London: David Nutt, 1889.
2. Aesop. The Fox and the Crow. In Fables of Æsop and Others. Translated into English with Instructive Applications by Samuel Croxall. No. 9, pp. 38-39. Philadelphia: Thomas Cowperthwait and Co., 1850.
3. Aesop. The Fox and the Crow. In Æsop: Retold by Joseph Jacobs, no. 8. Harvard Classics, vol. 17, part 1. New York: P. F. Collier and Son, 190914.
4. Aesop. The Fox and the Crow. In Aesop's Fables. Translated by V. S. Vernon Jones. Introduction and Notes by D. L. Ashliman. No. 9, p. 21. New York: Barnes and Noble, 2003.
5. Jātaka. Jambu-Khādaka-Jātaka. In The Jātaka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former

Births. Edited by E. B. Cowell. Vol. 2 translated by W. H. D. Rouse. No. 294, pp. 299-300. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, [1895].
6. Jātaka. Anta-Jātaka. In The Jātaka; or, Stories of the Buddha's Former Births. Edited by E. B. Cowell. Vol. 2 translated by W. H. D. Rouse. No. 295, pp. 300-301. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, [1895].
7. La Fontaine, Jean de. Le Corbeau et le Renard. In Fables de La Fontaine. Book 1, fable 2, pp. 39-40. Tours: Alfred Mame et Fils, 1888.
8. La Fontaine, Jean de. The Crow and the Fox. In The Fables of La Fontaine. Translated from the French [mainly by Robert Thomson]. Book 1, fable 2, p. 18. London: J. C. Nimmo and Bain, 1884.
9. Fansler, Dean Spruill. Auac and Lamiran. In Filipino Popular Tales, no. 64, pp. 395-97. Lancaster, PA. and New York: American Folk-Lore Society, 1921.
10. Wilhelm, Richard. The Fox and the Raven. In The Chinese Fairy Book. Translated from the German by Frederick H. Martens. No. 13, pp. 29-30. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1921.

Return to:

- The table of contents
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised April 27, 2011.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Fox, the Wolf, and the Horse

and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 47E
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2000-2013

Contents

1. The Fox, the Wolf, and the Horse (France, Jean de La Fontaine).
2. Two Foxes and a Horse (Scotland).
3. The Wolf and the Tailor (Russia).
4. External link to The Vixen and the Mule (Italy, *Novellino*).
5. Related links.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Fox, the Wolf, and the Horse

Jean de La Fontaine

A fox, though young, by no means raw,
Had seen a horse, the first he ever saw:

"Ho! neighbour wolf," said he to one quite green,
"A creature in our meadow I have seen, --
Sleek, grand! I seem to see him yet, --
The finest beast I ever met."

"Is he a stouter one than we?"
The wolf demanded, eagerly;
"Some picture of him let me see."

"If I could paint," said fox, I should delight
T' anticipate your pleasure at the sight;
But come; who knows? perhaps it is a prey
By fortune offer'd in our way."

They went. The horse, turn'd loose to graze,
Not liking much their looks or ways,
Was just about to gallop off.

"Sir," said the fox, "your humble servants, we
Make bold to ask you what your name may be."

The horse, an animal with brains enough,
Replied, "Sirs, you yourselves may read my name;
My shoer round my heel hath writ the same."

The fox excus'd himself for want of knowledge:
"Me, sir, my parents did not educate, --
So poor, a hole was their entire estate.
My friend, the wolf, however, taught at college,
Could read it were it even Greek."

The wolf, to flattery weak,
Approach'd to verify the boast;
For which four teeth he lost.
The high raised hoof came down with such a blow,
As laid him bleeding on the ground full low.

"My brother," said the fox, "this shows how just
What once was taught me by a fox of wit, --
Which on thy jaws this animal hath writ, --
'All unknown things the wise mistrust.'"

- Source: Jean de La Fontaine (1621-1695), *The Fables of La Fontaine*, translated from the French by Elizur Wright (London: George Bell and Sons, 1888), book 12, fable 17, p. 333.
- Return to the table of contents.

Two Foxes and a Horse

Scotland

Two foxes came to a smith's house, and there was a horse tied at the door, and he had a golden shoe, and there was a name on it. "I will go and read what is written on that shoe," said the big fox, and went. But the horse lifted his foot, and struck a kick on him, and drove his brains out.

- Source: J. F. Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, new edition, vol. 1 (London: Alexander Gardner, 1890), pp. 286-87.
- Campbell's source: John Mackinnon, a stable boy at Broadford in Skye.
- Campbell does not give this tale a title.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Wolf and the Tailor

Russia

This story is a story of the past of the days when Christ and the twelve apostles still walked on earth.

One day they were still on their road, going on a long, long road, and a wolf met them and said: "Lord, I am feeling hungry."

"Go," Christ said to him, "and eat a mare."

So the wolf went to look for a mare. And he saw her going up and down, and said: "Mare, the Lord has bidden me eat you!"

So she answered: "Well, please do not eat me it is not the proper thing. But I have a passport on me; only it is driven in very hard."

"Well, show it me."

"Just come near my hind feet!"

So the wolf went up, and she kicked him with her hoofs, and knocked out his front teeth, so that the wolf was thrown, at a blow, three *sazhéns* away, and the mare ran off. [A *sazhén* is seven feet.]

Back the wolf came with a petition, met Christ, and said: "Lord, the mare almost killed me!"

"Well, go on and eat the ram."

So the wolf ran up to the ram ran up and said: "Ram, I am going to eat you; it is the command of the Lord."

"Well, come and eat me up if you will. I will stand on the hill, and will jump up into your mouth all ready."

So the wolf stood on the hill, and the ram told him to open his mouth. So the wolf went and stood on the hill and opened his mouth for the food, and the ram ran down and hit him hard with the horns on his fore-head whack! The wolf was knocked off his feet, and the ram went away. And the wolf got up, looked all round, and there was never a sign of the ram.

So he went up with another complaint. And he found Christ and said: "Lord, even the ram has deceived me. Why, it almost knocked me to bits."

"All right!" said Christ. "Go and eat the tailor."

So the wolf ran up, and he met a tailor on the way.

"Tailor," he said, "I am going to eat you, by command of the Lord."

"All right. Let me say good-bye I should like to greet my kin."

"No, I cannot let you say good-bye with your kin."

"Well, I cannot help it it must be so. Come and eat me up. Only at least let me take your measurements. I only want to see whether I shall slip in easily."

"All right! Measure away," said the wolf.

So the tailor went back, took hold of the wolf by his tail, twined his tail round in his hand, and began to whip the wolf. And the wolf struggled and tussled, roared and shrieked, and tore until he tore his tail loose, and he then took to his feet. So he ran away with all of his might, and he met seven other wolves.

They said: "Why are you, grey wolf, tailless?"

"Oh, the tailor tore it out."

"Where is the tailor?"

"You see him there, on the road."

" All right we will hunt after him."

And they started after the tailor.

When the tailor heard the chase coming after him, and saw that it was a disagreeable business, he scaled up a tree as fast as he could.

So the wolves arrived there and said: "We will stop here, brothers, and wait until the tailor comes down. Do you, manx-wolf, stop below, and we will each of us climb on the other's shoulders."

So the manx-wolf lay at the bottom, and all the seven wolves went after the others and climbed up.

When the tailor saw his ill-fate coming so near him, for they were nearer and nearer, he cried out to the top one: "It is nobody's fault, only the manx-wolf's!"

So the manx-wolf was frightened, and jumped out from below and ran off. All the seven wolves tumbled down and chased after him, caught him up, and tore him to bits.

But the tailor slid down the tree and went back home.

- Source: Alexander Afanasyev, *Russian Folk-Tales*, translated from the Russian by Leonard A. Magnus (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Company, 1916), pp. 33-35.
- The episodes in this tale are classified as follows:
    1. The wolf attempts to read the message on the horse's hoof: type 47E.
    2. The ram offers to run into the wolf's stomach: type 122M*.
    3. The tailor asks for one last favor before being eaten: type 122A.
    4. The wolves climb on top of one another: type 121.
- Return to the table of contents.

- Catching a Horse by Its Tail. Fables of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 47A.

by the
Brothers Grimm

a comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857
compiled and translated
by

D. L. Ashliman

Return to:

- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.

	In olden times, when wishing still did some good, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, who, indeed, has seen so much, marveled every time it shone upon her face. In the vicinity of the king's castle there was a large, dark forest, and in this forest, beneath an old linden tree, there was a well. In the heat of the day the princess would go out into the forest and sit on the edge of the cool well.
Once upon a time there was a princess who went out into a forest and sat next to a cool well.	
She took great pleasure in throwing a golden ball into the air and catching it, but once it went too high. She held out her hand with her fingers curved to catch it, but it fell to the ground and rolled and rolled right into the water.	To pass the time she would take a golden ball, throw it into the air, and then catch it. It was her favorite plaything. Now one day it happened that the princess's golden ball did not fall into her hands, that she held up high, but instead it fell to the ground and rolled right into the water
Horrified, the princess followed it with her eyes, but the well was so deep that she could not see its bottom.	The princess followed it with her eyes, but the ball disappeared, and the well was so deep that she could not see its bottom.
Then she began to cry bitterly, "I'd give anything, if only I could get my ball back: my clothes, my precious stones, my pearls, anything in the world."	Then she began to cry. She cried louder and louder, and she could not console herself.
At this a frog stuck his head out of the water and said, "Princess, why are you crying so bitterly?"	As she was thus lamenting, someone called out to her, "What is the matter with you, princess? Your crying would turn a stone to pity."
"Oh," she said, "you ugly frog, how can you help me? My golden ball	She looked around to see where the voice was coming from and saw a frog, who had stuck his thick, ugly head out of the water. "Oh, it's you, old water-splasher," she

has fallen into the well."

said. "I am crying because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

"Be still and stop crying," answered the frog. I can help you, but what will you give me if I bring back your plaything?"

The frog said, "I do not want your pearls, your precious stones, and your clothes, but if you'll accept me as a companion and let me sit next to you and eat from your plate and sleep in your bed, and if you'll love and cherish me, then I'll bring your ball back to you."

"Whatever you want, dear frog," she said, "my clothes, my pearls and precious stones, and even the golden crown that I am wearing."

The frog answered, "I do not want your clothes, your pearls and precious stones, nor your golden crown, but if you will love me and accept me as a companion and playmate, and let me sit next to you at your table and eat from your golden plate and drink from your cup and sleep in your bed, if you will promise this to me, then I'll dive down and bring your golden ball back to you."

The princess thought, "What is this stupid frog trying to say? After all, he does have to stay here in the water. But still, maybe he can get my ball. I'll go ahead and say yes," and she said aloud, "Yes, for all I care. Just bring me back my golden ball, and I'll promise everything."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I promise all of that to you if you will just bring the ball back to me." But she thought, "What is this stupid frog trying to say? He just sits here in the water with his own kind and croaks. He cannot be a companion to a human."

The frog stuck his head under the water and dove to the bottom.

As soon as the frog heard her say "yes" he stuck his head under and dove to the bottom.

He returned a short time later with the golden ball in his mouth and threw it onto the land.

He paddled back up a short time later with the golden ball in his mouth and threw it onto the grass.

When the princess saw her ball once again, she rushed toward it, picked it up, and was so happy to have it in her hand again, that she could think of nothing else than to run home with it.

The princess was filled with joy when she saw her beautiful plaything once again, picked it up, and ran off.

The frog called after her, "Wait, princess, take me with you like you promised," but she paid no attention to him.

"Wait, wait," called the frog, "take me along. I cannot run as fast as you." But what did it help him, that he croaked out after her as loudly as he could? She paid no attention to him, but instead hurried home and soon forgot the poor frog, who had to return again to his well.

The next day the princess was sitting at her table when she heard something coming up the marble steps: plip, plop.

The next day the princess was sitting at the table with the king and all the people of the court, and was eating from her golden plate when something came creeping up the marble steps: plip, plop, plip, plop.

Then there came a knock at the

door, and a voice called out, "Princess, youngest, open the door for me!"

She ran and opened the door. It was the frog, whom she had put completely out of her mind.
Frightened, she slammed the door shut and returned to the table.
The king saw that her heart was pounding and asked, "Why are you afraid?"

"There is a disgusting frog out there," she said, "who got my golden ball out of the water. I promised him that he could be my companion, but I didn't think that he could leave his water, but now he is just outside the door and wants to come in."

Just then there came a second knock at the door, and a voice called out:
The king said, "What you have promised, you must keep. Go and let the frog in."
She obeyed, and the frog hopped in, then followed her up to her chair.
After she had sat down again, he called out, "Lift me up onto your chair and let me sit next to you."
The princess did not want to, but the king commanded her to do it.
When the frog was seated next to her he said, "Now push your golden plate closer. I want to eat from it."
She had to do this as well.
When he had eaten all he wanted, he said, "Now I am tired and want to sleep. Take me to your room, make your bed, so that we can lie in it together."

As soon as it reached the top, there came a knock at the door, and a voice called out, "Princess, youngest, open the door for me!"

She ran to see who was outside. She opened the door, and the frog was sitting there.

Frightened, she slammed the door shut and returned to the table.
The king saw that her heart was pounding and asked, "My child, why are you afraid? Is there a giant outside the door who wants to get you?"
"Oh, no," she answered. "it is a disgusting frog." "What does the frog want from you?"
"Oh, father dear, yesterday when I was sitting near the well in the forest and playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I was crying so much, the frog brought it back, and because he insisted, I promised him that he could be my companion, but I didn't think that he could leave his water. But now he is just outside the door and wants to come in."

Just then there came a second knock at the door, and a voice called out:

The king said, "What you have promised, you must keep. Go and let the frog in."

She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in, then followed her up to her chair.

He sat there and called out, "Lift me up next to you."

She hesitated, until finally the king commanded her to do it.

When the frog was seated next to her he said, "Now push your golden plate closer, so we can eat together."

She did it, but one could see that she did not want to.

The frog enjoyed his meal, but for her every bite stuck in her throat. Finally he said, "I have eaten all I want and am tired. Now carry me to your room and make your bed so that we can go to sleep."

The princess was horrified when she heard that. She was afraid of the cold frog and did not dare to even touch him, and yet he was supposed to lie next to her in her bed; she began to cry and didn't want to at all.

The princess began to cry and was afraid of the cold frog and did not dare to even touch him, and yet he was supposed to sleep in her beautiful, clean bed.

Then the king became angry and commanded her to do what she had promised.

The king became angry and said, "You should not despise someone who has helped you in time of need."

There was no helping it; she had to do what her father wanted, but in her heart she was bitterly angry. She picked up the frog with two fingers, carried him to her room, and climbed into bed, but instead of laying him next to herself, she threw him bang! against the wall.

She picked him up with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and set him in a corner. As she was lying in bed, he came creeping up to her and said, "I am tired, and I want to sleep as well as you do. Pick me up or I'll tell your father." With that she became bitterly angry and threw him against the wall with all her might.

"Now you will leave me in peace, you disgusting frog!"

"Now you will have your peace, you disgusting frog!"

But when the frog came down onto the bed, he was a handsome young prince, and he was her dear companion, and she held him in esteem as she had promised, and they fell asleep together with pleasure.

But when he fell down, he was not a frog, but a prince with beautiful friendly eyes. And he was now, according to her father's will, her dear companion and husband. He told her how he had been enchanted by a wicked witch, and that she alone could have rescued him from the well, and that tomorrow they would go together to his kingdom. Then they fell asleep.

The next morning the prince's faithful Heinrich arrived in a splendid carriage drawn by eight horses, decorated with feathers and glistening with gold.

The next morning, just as the sun was waking them, a carriage pulled up, drawn by eight horses. They had white ostrich feathers on their heads and were outfitted with chains of gold. At the rear stood the young king's servant, faithful Heinrich.

He had been so saddened by the prince's transformation that he had had to place three iron bands around his heart to keep it from bursting in sorrow.

Faithful Heinrich had been so saddened by his master's transformation into a frog that he had had to place three iron bands around his heart to keep it from bursting in grief and sorrow.

The prince climbed into the carriage with the princess. His faithful servant stood at the rear to drive them to his kingdom.

The carriage was to take the king back to his kingdom. Faithful Heinrich lifted them both inside and took his place at the rear. He was filled with joy over the redemption.

After they had gone a short distance, the prince heard a loud crack from behind.

After they had gone a short distance, the prince heard a crack from behind, as though something had broken.

He turned around and said:

"Heinrich, the carriage is breaking apart."
"No, my lord, the carriage it's not,
But one of the bands surrounding my heart,
That suffered such great pain,
When you were sitting in the well,
When you were a frog."

Once again, and then once again the prince heard a cracking sound and thought that the carriage was breaking apart, but it was the bands springing from faithful Heinrich's heart because his master was now redeemed and happy.

He turned around and said:
"Heinrich, the carriage is breaking apart."
"No, my lord, the carriage it's not,
But one of the bands surrounding my heart,
That suffered such great pain,
When you were sitting in the well,
When you were a frog."

Once again, and then once again the prince heard a cracking sound and thought that the carriage was breaking apart, but it was the bands springing from faithful Heinrich's heart because his master was now redeemed and happy.

- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.
- Der Froschkönig von den Brüdern Grimm. A comparison of the versions of 1812 and 1857, in the original German.
- Frog Kings: Folktales of Aarne-Thompson Type 440.
- The Grimm Brothers' Home Page.

Revised November 30, 2005.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Man

Fables of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 160
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2014

1. The Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Man (India, *The Panchatantra*).
2. The Traveler and the Goldsmith (India, *Kalila and Dimna*).
3. Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman (India, *The Kathasaritsagara*).
4. The Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Man (Tibet).
5. Vitalis and the Woodcutter (England, attributed to Richard the Lionheart (*Richard Coeur de Lion*).
6. Of Ingratitude (*Gesta Romanorum*).
7. Adrian and Bardus (England, John Gower).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

India, *The Panchatantra*

In a certain place there lived a Brahmin whose name was Jadschnjadatta [Given to Sacrifice].

His wife, overcome by poverty, every day would say: "Oh, you cowardly, heard-hearted Brahmin. Do you not see how your children are tormented by hunger, while you stand by without caring! Set forth from here and with all your strength seek a way to get some food, then come back as soon as possible."

Exhausted from her complaints, he set forth on a lengthy journey. After a few days he found himself in a great forest. Tormented by hunger he began to look for water when he saw a deep pit covered over with leaves. At the bottom of the pit he saw a tiger, a monkey, snake, and a man; and they saw him as well.

Perceiving that he was a man, the tiger said, "Oh, you honorable one, remember that it is a great virtue to rescue a living being, and pull me out, so that I can return to the circle of my dear friends, my wife, and my family!"

The Brahmin said, "The mere mention of your name brings fear to all living creatures. Should not I too be afraid of you?"

The tiger replied, "Repentance is possible for the murderer of a Brahmin, for drunkards, hooligans, thieves, and promise-breakers, but not for those who are ungrateful. I swear with a three-fold oath that you have no cause to fear me. Therefore have mercy on me and pull me

The Woman's Story

I am the wife of a young Kshatriya in the king's employ, a man in the bloom of youth, brave, generous, handsome and high-minded. Nevertheless I was wicked enough to enter into an intrigue with another man. When my husband found it out, he determined to punish me. And I heard of this from my confidante, and that moment I fled, and entered this wood at night, and fell into this well, and was dragged out by you.

Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman

"And thanks to your kindness I will now go and maintain myself somewhere. May a day come when I shall be able to requite your goodness."

When the sinful woman had said this to the Bodhisattva, she went to the town of a king named Gotravardhana. She obtained an interview with him, and remained among his attendants, in the capacity of maid to the king's principal queen.

But because that Bodhisattva talked with that woman, he lost his power, and could not procure fruits and roots and things of that kind. Then, being exhausted with hunger and thirst, he first thought of the lion.

And, when he thought of him, he came and fed him with the flesh of deer, and in a short time he restored him to his former health with their flesh; and then the lion said: "My curse is at an end, I will depart."

When he had said this, the Bodhisattva gave him leave to depart, and the lion became a Vidyadhara and went to his own place.

Then that incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, being again exhausted by want of food, thought upon that golden-crested bird, and he came, when thought of by him.

And when he told the bird of his sufferings, the bird went and brought a casket full of jewels and gave it him, and said: "This wealth will support you for ever, and so my curse has come to an end, now I depart; may you enjoy happiness!"

When he had said this, he became a young Vidyadhara prince, and went through the air to his own world, and received the kingdom from his father.

And the Bodhisattva, as he was wandering about to sell the jewels, reached that city where the woman was living whom he had rescued from the well. And he deposited those jewels in an out-of-the-way house belonging to an old Brahmin woman, and went to the market, and on the way he saw coming towards him the very woman whom he had saved from the well, and the woman saw him. And the two fell into a conversation, and in the course of it the woman told him of her position about the person of the queen.

And she asked him about his own adventures. So the confiding man told her how the golden-crested bird had given him the jewels. And he took her and showed her the jewels in the house of the old woman, and the wicked woman went and told her mistress, the queen, of it.

Now it happened that the golden-crested bird had managed artfully to steal this casket of jewels from the interior of the queen's palace, before her eyes. And when the queen heard from the mouth of that woman, who knew the facts, that the casket had arrived in the city, she informed the king. And the king had the Bodhisattva pointed out by that wicked woman, and brought by his servants as a prisoner from that house with the ornaments. And after he had asked him the circumstances, though he believed his account, he not only took the ornaments from him, but he put him in prison.

Then the Bodhisattva, terrified at being put in prison, thought upon the snake, who was an incarnation of the hermit's son, and the snake came to him.

And when the snake had seen him, and inquired what his need was, he said to the good man: "I will go and coil round the king from his head to his feet. And I will not let him go until I am told to do so by you. And you must say here, in the prison: 'I will deliver the king from the serpent.' And when you come and give me the order, I will let the king go. And when I let him go, he will give you half his kingdom."

After he had said this, the snake went and coiled round the king, and placed his three hoods on his head.

And the people began to cry out: "Alas I the king is bitten by a snake."

Then the Bodhisattva said: "I will deliver the king from this snake."

And the king's servants, having heard this, informed him.

Thereupon the king, who was in the grasp of the snake, had the Bodhisattva summoned, and said to him: "If you deliver me from this snake, I will give you half my kingdom, and these my ministers are your guarantees that I will keep my promise."

When his ministers heard this, they said, "Certainly," and then the Bodhisattva said to that snake: "Let the king go at once."

Then the snake let the king go, and the king gave half his kingdom to that Bodhisattva, and thus he became prosperous in a moment. And the serpent, as its curse was at an end, became a young hermit, and he told his story in the presence of the court and went back to his hermitage.

> Thus you see that good fortune certainly befalls those of good dispositions. And transgression brings suffering even upon the great. And the mind of women cannot be relied upon; it is not touched even by such a service as rescue from death; so what other benefit can move them?

- Source: *Ocean of Story: Being C. H. Tawney's Translation of Somadeva's Katha Sarit Sagara (Or Ocean of Streams of Story)*, vol. 5 (London: Privately printed for subscribers only, 1926), no. 148, pp. 157-64.
- According the the Internet Archive, this book is not in copyright.
- The *Katha Sarit Sagara*, also spelled *Kathasaritsagara*, is an eleventh-century

collection of Indian tales as retold by a Brahmin named Somadeva.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Man

Tibet

In long past times King Brahmadatta came to the throne in Varanasi. A man, who had gone with his axe and wood-basket into the forest to fetch wood, was frightened by a lion while looking for wood, and in running away fell into a pit. Into it fell likewise the lion which was intending to devour him. A mouse, which had been frightened by a snake, ran away from it, and a falcon pursued the mouse, in order to devour it. They all four fell into the pit, and they all entertained the evil design of putting each other to death.

But the lion said, "O honored ones, ye are all comrades of mine. As things are so, and we are suffering intolerable pain from woe, it is now no time for us to expose one another to danger. Therefore sit quietly without disturbing yourselves."

By the dispensation of destiny a hunter, who was looking for gazelles, came to that spot, and while he was looking at that pit, all those creatures exclaimed in confused words, "Ho, friend, rescue us!"

Understanding what they said, the hunter drew out first of all the lion. It touched his feet and said, "I shall prove grateful to you. But do not draw out that black-headed one who forgets accepted benefits."

Having thus spoken, the lion departed.

The hunter then proceeded to extricate them all by degrees from the pit. One day the hunter came again to that spot when the lion had killed a gazelle. The lion recognized the man, and touched his feet, and gave him the gazelle.

At another time King Brahmadatta had gone into the park with his spouse, and, after enjoying himself there, had lain down to sleep. Left at their ease, the women took off their clothes and exposed them to the air. And they laid aside their ornaments in divers places and roamed about, or sat, reposed, and slept in the grove. When one of the wives had laid aside her ornaments at a certain spot, and had gone to sleep, the falcon carried them off, and gratefully presented them to the hunter. When the king awoke from his sleep he went swiftly to Varanasi And away went quickly also the wives, princes, ministers, townspeople, and country-folk.

The wife, who looked for her ornaments but could not find them, said to the king, "O king, my ornaments are lost in the park."

The king gave orders to his ministers, saying, "O honored ones, as the ornaments are lost, find out who has carried them off."

When they began to make inquiries, the black-headed man, who had visited the hunter from

time to time and knew that he was in possession of the ornaments, came with ungrateful heart and told the king. Then the king was very angry.

And the king's men summoned the hunter, and said to him, "Ho, friend, you stole the ornaments out of the park."

The hunter was terrified and related what had taken place. The ornaments were restored to the king. But the hunter was bound and cast into prison.

Then the mouse went to the snake and said, "By the contrivance of the black-headed sinner has our benefactor been bound and cast into prison."

The snake said, "O hunter, I will bite the king today. Then do you heal him with this spell and this remedy. If that is done, no doubt the king will set you at liberty, and will confer upon you gifts and good things."

The hunter said, "Good, so be it!"

The snake bit the king, and the hunter came and healed him with the spell and the remedy. Then the king joyfully released him from the prison, and bestowed upon him gifts and good things.

- Source: Kanjur, *Tibetan Tales Derived from Indian Sources*; translated from the Tibetan of the Kay-Gyur [Kanjur] by F. Anton von Schiefner; done into English from the German by W. R. S. Ralston. (London: Trübner and Company, 1882), no. 26, pp. 309-310.
- Return to the table of contents.

Vitalis and the Woodcutter

Attributed to Richard the Lionheart (*Richard Coeur de Lion*)

About this time [1195 A.D.] a remarkable circumstance happened to a rich and miserly Venetian, which we think it worth while to insert in this place:

His name was Vitalis; and when he was on the point of giving his daughter in marriage, he went into a large forest near the sea to provide delicacies for the table. As he wandered alone through the forest, with his bow and arrows ready, and intent on taking venison, he suddenly fell into a pitfall which had been cunningly set for the lions, bears, and wolves, out of which he found it impossible to escape, because the bottom of it was so wide and the mouth so narrow.

Here he found two fierce animals, a lion and a serpent, which had also by accident fallen in; and Vitalis signing himself with the cross, neither of them, though fierce and hungry, ventured to attack him. All that night he spent in this pit, crying and moaning, and expecting with lamentations the approach of so base a death.

A poor woodcutter, passing by chance that way to collect faggots, heard his cries, which

seemed to come from beneath the ground, and following the sound till he came to the pit's mouth, he looked in and called out, "Who is there?"

Vitalis sprang up, rejoiced beyond measure, and eagerly replied, "It is I, Vitalis, a Venetian, who knowing nothing of these pitfalls, fell in, and shall be devoured by wild beasts, besides which I am dying of hunger and terror. There are two fierce animals here, a lion and a serpent, but, by God's protection and the sign of the cross, they have not yet hurt me, and it remains for you to save me, that I may afterwards show you my gratitude. If you will save me, I will give you half of all my property, namely, five hundred talents; for I am worth a thousand."

The poor man answered, "I will do as you request, if you will be as good as your word."

Upon this Vitalis pledged himself on oath to do as he had promised. Whilst they were speaking, the lion by a bland movement of his tail, and the serpent by a gentle hissing, signified to the poor man their approbation, and seemed to join in Vitalis's request to be delivered.

The poor man immediately went home for a ladder and ropes, with which he returned and let the ladder down into the pit, without anyone to help him. Immediately the lion and serpent, striving which should be first, mounted by the rounds of the ladder and gave thanks to the poor man, crouching at his feet, for their deliverance.

The woodcutter, approaching Vitalis, kissed his hand, saying, "Long live this hand! I am glad to say that I have earned my bargain," and with these words he conducted Vitalis until they came to a road with which he was acquainted.

When they parted, the poor man asked when and where Vitalis would discharge his promise.

"Within four days," said Vitalis, "in Venice, in my own palace, which is well known and easy to find."

The countryman returned home to dinner, and as he was sitting at table, the lion entered with a dead goat, as a present in return for his deliverance, and having laid it down, took his leave without doing any hurt. The countryman, however, wishing to see where so tame an animal lay, followed him to his den, the lion all the time licking his feet, and then came back to his dinner.

The serpent now came also, and brought with him in his mouth a precious stone which he laid in the countryman's plate. The same proceedings again took place as before.

After two or three days the rustic, carrying the jewel with him, went to Venice, to claim from Vitalis his promise.

He found him feasting with his neighbors in joy for his deliverance and said to him, "Friend, pay me what you owe me."

"Who art thou!" replied Vitalis, "and what dost thou want!"

"I want the five hundred talents you promised me."

"Do you expect," replied Vitalis, "to get so easily the money which I have had so much difficulty to amass!" and, as he said these words, he ordered his servants to cast the rash man into prison.

But the rustic by a sudden spring escaped out of the house and told what had happened to the judges of the city. When, however, they were a little incredulous, he showed them the jewel which the serpent had given him, and immediately one of them, perceiving that it was of great value, bought it of the man at a high price. But the countryman further proved the truth of his words by conducting some of the citizens to the dens of the lion and the serpent, when the animals again fawned on him as before. The judges were thus convinced of his truth, and compelled Vitalis to fulfil the promise which he had given, and to make compensation for the injury which he had done the poor man.

This story was told by King Richard to expose the conduct of ungrateful men.

- Source: Roger of Wendover *Flowers of History: Comprising the History of England from the Descent of the Saxons to A.D. 1235*, translated from the Latin by J. A. Giles; vol. 2 (London: Henry G. Bohn, 1849), pp. 143-45.
- Roger of Wendover died in 1236. This story was inserted into Roger of Wendover's account by Matthew Paris (ca. 1200-1259). King Richard the Lionheart lived between 1157 and 1199.
- Return to the table of contents.

Of Ingratitude

Gesta Romanorum

In the reign of a certain king there lived a proud and oppressive seneschal. Now, near the royal palace was a forest well stocked with game; and by the direction of this person various pits were dug there, and covered with leaves, for the purpose of entrapping the beasts.

It happened that the seneschal himself went into this forest, and with much exaltation of heart exclaimed internally, "Lives there a being in the empire more powerful than I am?"

This braggart thought was scarcely formed, ere he rode upon one of his own pitfalls, and immediately disappeared.

The same day had been taken a lion, a monkey, and a serpent.

Terrified at the situation into which fate had thrown him, he cried out lustily, and his noise awoke a poor man called Guido, who had come with his ass into that forest to procure firewood, by the sale of which he got his bread. Hastening to the mouth of the pit, he was promised great wealth if he would extricate the seneschal from his perilous situation.

"My friend," answered Guido, "I have no means of obtaining a livelihood except by the faggots which I collect. If I neglect this for a single day, I shall be thrown into the greatest

difficulties."

The seneschal reiterated his promises of enriching him; and Guido went hack to the city, and returned with a long cord, which he let down into the pit, and bade the seneschal bind it round his waist. But before he could apply it to the intended purpose, the lion leaped forward, and seizing upon the cord, was drawn up in his stead. Immediately, exhibiting great signs of pleasure, the beast ran off into the wood.

The rope again descended, and the monkey, having noticed the success of the lion, vaulted above the man's head, and shaking the cord, was in like manner set at liberty, and hurried off to his haunts.

A third time the cord was let down, and the serpent, twining around it, was drawn up, gave signs of gratitude, and escaped.

"Oh, my good friend," said the seneschal, "the beasts are gone, now draw me up quickly, I pray you."

Guido complied, and afterwards succeeded in drawing up his horse, which the seneschal instantly mounted and rode back to the palace.

Guido returned home; and his wife observing that he had come without wood, was very dejected, and inquired the cause. He related what had occurred, and the riches he was to receive for his service. The wife's countenance brightened. Early in the morning her husband went to the palace. But the seneschal denied all knowledge of him, and ordered him to be whipped for his presumption. The porter executed the directions, and beat him so severely that he left him half dead.

As soon as Guido's wife understood this, she saddled their ass, and brought him home in a very infirm state. The sickness which ensued consumed the whole of their little property; but as soon as he had recovered, he returned to his usual occupation in the wood.

Whilst he was thus employed, he beheld afar off ten asses laden with packs, and a lion following close on them, pursuing the path which led towards Guido. On looking narrowly at this beast, he remembered that it was the same which he had freed from its imprisonment in the pit. The lion signified with his foot that he should take the loaded asses, and go home. This Guido did, and the lion followed. On arriving at his own door, the noble beast fawned upon him, and wagging his tail as if in triumph, ran back to the woods.

Guido caused proclamation to be made in different churches, that if any asses had been lost, the owners should come to him; but no one appearing to demand them, he opened the packages, and, to his great joy, discovered them full of money.

On the second day Guido returned to the forest, but forgot an iron instrument to cleave the wood. He looked up, and beheld the monkey whose liberation he had effected; and the animal, by help of teeth and nails, accomplished his desires. Guido then loaded his asses and went home.

The next day he renewed his visit to the forest; and sitting down to prepare his instrument, discerned the serpent, whose escape he had aided, carrying a stone in its mouth of three colors; on one side white, on another black, and on the third red. It opened its mouth and let the stone fall into Guido's lap. Having done this, it departed. Guido took the stone to a skillful lapidary, who had no sooner inspected it than he knew its virtues, and would willingly have paid him an hundred florins for it.

But Guido refused; and by means of that singular stone obtained great wealth, and was promoted to a military command. The emperor having heard of the extraordinary qualities which it possessed, desired to see it. Guido went accordingly; and the emperor was so struck with its uncommon beauty, that he wished to purchase it at any rate; and threatened, if Guido refused compliance, to banish him the kingdom.

"My lord," answered he, "I will sell the stone; but let me say one thing -- if the price be not given, it shall be presently restored to me."

He demanded three hundred florin, and then, taking it from a small coffer, put it into the emperor's hands.

Full of admiration, he exclaimed, "Tell me where you procured this beautiful stone."

This he did; and narrated from the beginning the seneschal's accident and subsequent ingratitude. He told how severely he had been injured by his command; and the benefits he had received from the lion, the monkey, and serpent.

Much moved at the recital, the emperor sent for the seneschal and said, "What is this I hear of thee?"

He was unable to reply.

"O wretch!" continued the emperor -- "monster of ingratitude! Guido liberated thee from the most imminent danger, and for this thou hast nearly destroyed him. Dost thou see how even irrational things have rendered him good for the service he performed? but thou hast returned evil for good. Therefore I deprive thee of thy dignity, which I will bestow upon Guido; and I further adjudge you to be suspended on a cross."

This decree infinitely rejoiced the noblemen of the empire; and Guido, full of honors and years, ended his days in peace.

Application: My beloved, the emperor is God; the pauper, man. The forest is the world, which is full of pits. The lion is the Son of God, who assumed humanity; the monkey is conscience; and the serpent is a prelate or confessor. The cord is Christ's passion; the loaded asses are the divine precepts.

- Source: *Gesta Romanorum*, translated from the Latin by Charles Swan (London: George Bell and Sons, 1906), no. 119, pp. 212-16.
- The *Gesta Romanorum* (*Deeds of the Romans*) was compiled in Latin about 1300 AD. Different scholars identify its compiler as of English, French, or German nationality.
- Return to the table of contents.

Adrian and Bardus

England, John Gower

Adrian, a great lord of Rome, while hunting in a forest, fell into a pit. He cried for help all day, but none heard till evening, when one Bardus, a woodcutter, came by with his ass, and heard Adrian promise to give half his goods to him who should help him.

He let down a rope, and first an ape and then a serpent was drawn up by it. Bardus was terrified, but still the voice implored help, and at length Adrian was drawn up. At once this lord departed without thanks, and threatened Bardus with vengeance if ever he should claim the promise.

The poor man went home, not daring to speak more, and on the next day, going to get wood, he found that the ape had requited his kindness by gathering for him a great heap of sticks, and so continued to do day by day; and the serpent brought him a precious stone in her mouth. This last he sold to a jeweler and afterwards found it again in his purse, and as often as he sold it, the same thing followed.

At length this came to be known, and the Emperor heard of it. Calling Bardus before him he listened to his tale, and gave judgment that Adrian should fulfil his promise.

- Source: *Confessio Amantis*, *The Complete Works of John Gower: The English Works*, edited by G. C. Macaulay (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901), p. lxxi.

  This is Macaulay's summary, in modern English, of Gower's longer tale in Middle English.

- Link to a somewhat more detailed summary: William Alexander Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions: Their Migrations and Transformations*, vol. 1 (Edinburgh and London: William blackwood and Sons, 1887), pp. 224-26.
- Link to the full-length Middle English text: *Confessio Amantis*, *The Complete Works of John Gower: The English Works*, edited by G. C. Macaulay (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1901), book 5, pp. 81-87.
- Gower's *Confessio Amantis* was written between about 1386 and 1390.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised September 18, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50%*

out!"

The Brahmin thought to himself, "Death would bring salvation, if suffered while saving the life of another living being," and he helped the tiger out of the pit.

Then the monkey said to him, "My good man, help me out too!"

Hearing this, the Brahmin pulled him out.

The snake said, "Oh, consecrated one, pull me out too."

The Brahmin replied, "Just saying your name causes one to tremble, much less touching you!"

The snake said, "We do not act arbitrarily. We only bite if we are provoked into doing so. I swear with a three-fold oath that you have no cause to fear me."

After hearing this the Brahmin pulled the snake out.

Then they all said to him, "The man down there embraces every kind of sin. Take note of this, and do not help him out. Do not trust him."

Then the tiger spoke up again, "My den is in a crack in the cliff on the north side of the many-peaked mountain that you can see. You must come to me there so I can repay you and not be in your debt in a future life." Having said this he departed for his home.

Then the monkey said, "I live next to a waterfall in the vicinity of the tiger's den. You must visit me there!" And with that he went on his way.

The snake said, "If your life is ever threatened, just think of me!" And he went on his way.

Then the man in the pit cried out repeatedly, "Oh, Brahmin, help me out!"

Overcome by pity, the Brahmin finally pulled him out too.

"I am a goldsmith," said the rescued man, "and if you ever need any gold-work done, just bring it to me." Then he too went on his way.

The Brahmin wandered about without finding anything to eat. Tormented by hunger he turned towards home, but then remembered what the monkey had said and went to him instead.

The monkey gave him fruits as sweet as ambrosia, saying, "Whenever you have need of fruit, just come back to me."

Then the consecrated one said, "You have done well. Now show me the way to the tiger."

The monkey led him to the tiger's den. Recognizing him, the tiger gave the Brahmin a gold necklace along with other ornaments in payment for his good deed.

The tiger explained: "A certain prince, whose horse ran away with him, came under my claws, and I killed him. These things came from him, and I brought them here for you. Take them and go in peace!"

The Brahmin remembered the goldsmith and thought, "He will know who I am, and will help me sell this gold."

The goldsmith received him with every courtesy: foot-washing, refreshment, and so forth, then said, "Just let me know what I can do for you."

The consecrated one said, "I have brought gold that you should sell for me."

The goldsmith said, "Show me the gold!"

The Brahmin showed him the pieces, and the goldsmith recognized them as work that he himself had done for the king's son.

"Just wait here," he said, "while I show the gold to someone."

Then he went to the palace and showed the gold to the king.

"Where did you get this?" asked the king.

"There is a Brahmin in my house who brought it to me."

The king thought, "He is the villain who killed my son. He shall pay for that!"

The king had his watchmen bind the Brahmin, with the order that he was to be impaled at the break of day.

As he was being bound, the Brahmin remembered the snake, and in that same instant the snake appeared before him, and said, "How can I serve you?"

The consecrated one said, "Set me free."

The snake replied, "I shall bite the king's favorite wife. Neither the incantations of the greatest sorcerers nor the medications of the best physicians shall free her from the poison. It will only go away when you touch her with your hand. And then you shall be set free."

After saying this, the snake bit the queen. A cry of despair arose at the palace, and the entire city was in shock. Sorcerer, healers, magicians, and physicians all tried to cure her, but their efforts had no effect on the poison.

Answering the call of the public drummer, the consecrated one said, "I can free her from the poison."

Thus the Brahmin was taken from prison and led to the king, who said, "Free her from the poison!"

The Brahmin went to the queen, and with a mere touch of his hand he freed her from the poison.

Seeing his wife alive and well once again, he approached the Brahmin with honor and respect. "Where did you get the gold?" he asked.

The consecrated one related to him everything that had happened, from the very beginning. Now knowing the truth of the matter, the king had the goldsmith thrown into prison and he appointed the Brahmin as his minister and gave him a thousand villages.

The Brahmin summoned his family and lived happily with his friends, taking pleasure in good works and enjoying the fruits of a virtuous preexistence.

- Source: *Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*, translated from the Sanskrit by Theodor Benfey; vol. 2 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), pp. 128-32.
- Translated from the German by D. L. Ashliman. © 2014.
- The genders of the tiger, monkey, and snake are not clear from Benfey's German translation. I have arbitrarily made them male.
- Link to another translation of this story: "The Ungrateful Man," *The Panchatantra*, translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1925), pp. 112-17.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Traveler and the Goldsmith

Kalila and Dimna

A number of persons dug a pit, and there fell into it a goldsmith, a serpent, a monkey, and a tiger; and a traveler, who was passing by, stood over the pit, and saw the man and his companions, and said to himself, "I cannot perform any deed that will plead more strongly in my favor in the life to come, than by saving this man from the enemies by whom he is surrounded."

So he took a rope, and let it down into the pit; and the monkey, owing to his dexterity and nimbleness, was the first to cling to it, and climb up; he then let it down a second time, and the serpent twisted himself round it, and came out; then a third time, and the tiger took hold of it, and he drew him up.

Then the three beasts thanked him for his having assisted them to escape, but begged him not to release the goldsmith, adding, that men in general, and especially the person in question, were incapable of gratitude.

And the monkey said to him, "I live on a mountain near a city called Nawadarkht."

The tiger said, "I live in a wood close by this city."

And the serpent, "I dwell in the walls of the city, and if you pass in our neighborhood at any

time, and have occasion for our services, call to us, and we will come and reward you for the kindness which you have shown us."

But the traveler paid no attention to what they had told him of the ingratitude of the man, but let down the rope again, and brought out the goldsmith, who thanked him for what he had done, and said, "If ever you come to Nawadarkht, enquire for my house; I am a goldsmith, and shall be happy to be of any use to you I can for the service you have rendered me."

Then the goldsmith returned to the city, and the traveler continued his journey.

Some time after the traveler had occasion to go to Nawadarkht, and as he was walking along, the monkey met him, and saluted him, and kissed his feet, and made apologies for the inability of monkeys to do much for a friend, but begged him to sit down, and wait till he returned; then the monkey went away, and very soon came back, bringing some choice fruit, which he placed before the traveler, who having eaten as much as he chose, continued his journey.

And as he approached the gate of the city, the tiger advanced towards him, and placing himself in an humble posture before him, said, "Wait a moment, and I will very soon come back to you."

Then the tiger went away, and entered the city by one of the walls, and killed the king's daughter, and tore off her trinkets, and brought them to the traveler, without informing him by what means he had procured them.

Then the traveler said to himself, "These beasts have rewarded me very handsomely, and I am now curious to see what the goldsmith will do. If he is poor, and has no means of showing his gratitude, he may at least sell these trinkets for their full value, with which of course he is acquainted, and divide with me the sum of money which he obtains for them."

So he went to the goldsmith, who, as soon as he saw him, saluted him, and made him enter his house; and observing the trinkets, he immediately recognized them to be those which he had made for the daughter of the king. He then told the traveler that he had no provisions in the house good enough for him, but if he would wait a little while, he would fetch him something to eat.

Then he went out, and said to himself, "This is an opportunity not to be lost; I will go to the king, and inform him of the discovery I have made, and he will no doubt acknowledge and reward my zeal."

Then he went to the antechamber of the king, and announced himself by a message to the following purport: "The person who has killed your majesty's daughter and stolen her trinkets is at this moment in my house."

Then the king desired the traveler, to be brought before him, and as soon as he saw the jewels in his possession, he immediately ordered him to be put to the torture, and after that to be led through the city, and in the end put to death.

Whilst the punishment was being executed, the traveler began to weep, and cry out with a loud voice, "If I had attended to the hints which the monkey, the serpent, and the tiger gave me of the ingratitude of this man, I should have escaped this misfortune."

And as he repeated the same words several times, the serpent heard what he said, and came out from her hole, and knew her benefactor again, and was so distressed at the situation in which she found him, that she immediately thought of some contrivance to release him, and went and stung the son of the king; and the king called together the wise men of his kingdom, who endeavored to charm the bite by their incantations and magical arts, but all to no purpose.

Now the serpent had a sister, who was one of the Genii; so she went to her, and informed her of the kindness she had experienced from the traveler, and of the misfortune into which he was fallen; and the sister felt pity for him, and went to the king's son, and rendering herself invisible told him that he would not get well, unless the man who had been punished so undeservedly pronounced an incantation over him.

Then the serpent went to the traveler in prison, and reproached him for not having attended to her advice concerning the goldsmith; and she gave him leaves, which she told him served as an antidote to her poison, and desired him, when he was called to charm the bite which the king's son had received, to make the young prince drink a decoction of the leaves, which would cure him; and if the king enquired into his circumstances, he must give a true account of himself, and by the favor of heaven he would by these means escape.

Then the king's son told his father, that he had heard the voice of someone speaking, who said to him, that he would not get well, unless the man who had been unjustly imprisoned charmed the sting of the serpent; upon which the king ordered the traveler to be sent for, and desired him to charm his son.

The traveler replied, "Incantations will be of no use to him, but if he drinks a decoction of these leaves, he will with the assistance of heaven be cured."

Then he made him drink, and the child got well, to the great joy and satisfaction of his father; and the king desired the traveler to give some account of himself, and the latter related his history.

Then the king thanked him, and made him a handsome present, and commanded that the goldsmith should be put to death in his stead; and the sentence was carried into execution, as a just punishment for the false evidence which he had given, and the bad return he had made to a good action.

So in the ingratitude of the goldsmith towards the traveler, and the gratitude on the other hand of the beasts towards their benefactor, by the means of one of whom he escaped from the danger which threatened him, is contained a salutary lesson for those who will listen to instruction, and matter of reflection for the considerate man, who will learn from this example to select, from motives of prudence as well as interest, those only as objects of his generosity and favor, who are possessed of integrity and honorable sentiments, in whatever rank or

condition of life he may find them.

- Source: *Kalila and Dimna; or, The Fables of Bidpai*, translated from the Arabic by Wyndham Knatchbull (Oxford: Printed by W. Baxter, 1819), no. 17, pp. 346-54.
- *Kalila and Dimna*, based on the Indian *Panchatantra*, was translated into Arabic in 750 AD by the Persian scholar Abdullah Ibn al-Muqaffa.
- Return to the table of contents.

Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman

The Kathasaritsagara

Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman

There was a certain man of noble soul, who was an incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva, whose heart was melted by compassion only, who had built a hut in a forest and lived there, performing austerities. He, while living there, by his power rescued living beings in distress, and Pisachas and others he gratified by presents of water and jewels.

One day, as he was roaming about in the wood to assist others, he saw a great well and looked into it. And a woman, who was in it, said to him in a loud voice: "Noble sir, here are four of us, myself a woman, a lion, and a golden-crested bird, and a snake, fallen into this well in the night; so take us out; have mercy upon us."

When he heard this, he said: "Granted that you three fell in because the darkness made it impossible for you to see your way, but how did the bird fall in?"

The woman answered him: "It fell in by being caught in a fowler's net."

Then the ascetic tried to lift them out by the supernatural power of his asceticism, but he could not; on the contrary, his power was gone.

He reflected: "Surely this woman is a sinner, and owing to my having conversed with her, my power is gone from me. So I will use other means in this case."

Then he plaited a rope of grass, and so drew them all four up out of the well, and they praised him. And in his astonishment he said to the lion, the bird and the snake: "Tell me, how come you to have articulate voice, and what is your history?"

Then the lion said: " We have articulate speech and remember our former births, and we are mutual enemies; hear our stories in turns."

So the lion began to tell his own story as follows:

The Lion's Story

There is a splendid city on the Himalayas, called Vaiduryasringa; and in it there is a prince of the Vidyadharas named Padmavesa, and to him a son was born named Vajravega. That

Vajravega, while he dwelt in the world of the Vidyadharas, being a vainglorious person, quarreled with anybody and everybody, confiding in his courage. His father ordered him to desist, but he paid no attention to his command.

Then his father cursed him, saying: "Fall into the world of mortals."

Then his arrogance was extinguished, and his knowledge left him, and smitten with the curse he wept, and asked his father to name a time when it should end. Then his father Padmavesa thought a little, and said immediately: "You shall become a Brahmin's son on the earth, and display this arrogance once more, and by your father's curse you shall become a lion and fall into a well. And a man of noble character, out of compassion, shall draw you out, and when you have recompensed him in his calamity, you shall be delivered from this curse."

This was the termination of the curse which his father appointed for him.

Then Vajravega was born in Malava as Devaghosha, the son of Harighosha, a Brahmin. And in that birth also he fought with many, confiding in his heroism, and his father said to him: "Do not go on in this way quarrelling with everybody."

But he would not obey his father's orders, so his father cursed him: "Become immediately a foolish lion, over-confident in its strength."

In consequence of this speech of his father's, Devaghosha, that incarnation of a Vidyadhara, was again born as a lion in this forest.

Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman

"Know that I am that lion. I was wandering about here at night, and as chance would have it, I fell into this well; and you, noble sir, have drawn me up out of it. So now I will depart, and, if you should fall into any difficulty, remember me; I will do you a good turn and so get released from my curse."

After the lion had said this, he went away, and the golden-crested bird, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his tale.

The Golden-Crested Bird's Story

There is on the Himalayas a king of the Vidyadharas, named Vajradamshtra. His queen gave birth to five daughters in succession. And then the king propitiated Siva with austerities and obtained a son, named Rajatadamshtra, whom he valued more than life. His father, out of affection, bestowed the knowledge of the sciences upon him when he was still a child, and he grew up, a feast to the eyes of his relations. One day he saw his eldest sister, by name Somaprabha, playing upon a *pinjara*.

In his childishness he kept begging for the *pinjara*, saying: "Give it me, I too want to play on it."

And when she would not give it him, in his flightiness he seized the *pinjara*, and flew up to

heaven with it in the form of a bird.

Then his sister cursed him, saying: "Since you have taken my *pinjara* from me by force, and flown away with it, you shall become a bird with a golden crest."

When Rajatadamshtra heard this, he fell at his sister's feet, and entreated her to fix a time for his curse to end, and she said: "When, foolish boy, you fall, in your bird-form, into a blind well, and a certain merciful person draws you out, and you do him a service in return, then you shall be released from this curse."

When she had said this to her brother, he was born as a bird with a golden crest.

Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman

"I am that same golden-crested bird, that fell into this pit in the night, and have now been drawn out by you, so now I will depart. Remember me when you fall into calamity, for by doing you a service in return, I shall be released from my curse."

When the bird had said this, he departed.

Then the snake, being questioned by that Bodhisattva, told his story to that great-souled one.

The Snake's Story

Formerly I was the son of a hermit in the hermitage of Kasyapa. And I had a companion there who was also the son of a hermit. And one day my friend went down into the lake to bathe, and I remained on the bank. And while I was there, I saw a serpent come with three heads. And, in order to terrify that friend of mine in fun, I fixed the serpent immovable on the bank, opposite to where he was, by the power of a spell. My friend got through his bathing in a moment, and came to the bank, and unexpectedly seeing that great serpent there, he was terrified and fainted.

After some time I brought my friend round again, but he, finding out by meditation that I had terrified him in this way, became angry, and cursed me, saying: "Go and become a similar great snake with three crests."

Then I entreated him to fix an end to my curse, and he said: "When, in your serpent condition, you fall into a well, and at a critical moment do a service to the man who pulls you out, then you shall be freed from your curse."

Story of the Grateful Animals and the Ungrateful Woman

"After he had said this, he departed, and I became a serpent, and now you have drawn me out of the well; so now I will depart. And when you think of me I will come; and by doing you a service I shall be released from my curse."

When the snake had said this, he departed, and the woman told her story.

The Grateful Dead

folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 505
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2008

Contents

1. Sila Tsarevich and Ivashka with the White Smock (Russia).
2. The Three Pennies (Denmark).
3. Links to additional stories.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Sila Tsarevich and Ivashka with the White Smock

Russia

There was once a tsar, named Chotei, who had three sons -- the first, Aspar Tsarevich; the second, Adam Tsarevich; and the third and youngest son, Sila Tsarevich. The two eldest brothers entreated their father's permission to travel in foreign countries and see the world. Then the youngest brother, Sila Tsarevich, also begged the tsar's permission to travel with his brothers.

But Chotei said, "My dear son, you are still young, and not used to the difficulties of traveling; remain at home, and think no more of this fancy you have taken."

But Sila Tsarevich had a great longing to see foreign lands, and entreated his father so much that at length the tsar consented, and gave him a ship likewise. As soon as the three brothers embarked, each on board his ship, they all gave orders to set sail. And when they were out on the open sea, the eldest brother's ship sailed first, the second brother's next, and Sila Tsarevich sailed last.

On the third day of the voyage they saw a coffin with iron bands floating on the waves. The two eldest brothers sailed past without heeding it, but as soon as Sila Tsarevich saw the coffin, he ordered the sailors to pick it up, lay it on board his ship, and carry it to land.

The next day a violent storm arose, by which Sila's ship was driven out of its course, and cast upon a steep shore in an unknown country. Then Sila ordered his sailors to take the coffin and to carry it on shore, whither he himself followed, and buried it in the earth.

Thereupon Sila Tsarevich ordered the captain to remain upon the spot where the ship was stranded, and await his return for three years; but adding that, should he not come back in

that time, he should be free to set sail and return home. So saying, Sila took leave of his captain and his crew, and went forthwith, journeying on and on.

He wandered about for a long while, without seeing anyone; at length he heard a man running after him, dressed all in white. Then Sila Tsarevich turned round and saw the man following him; whereupon he instantly drew his sword to be upon his guard. But no sooner did the man come up to him than he fell on his knees and thanked Sila for having saved him. And Sila asked the man what he had done to deserve his thanks.

Then the stranger stood up and answered, "Ah, Sila Tsarevich, how can I thank you enough? There I lay in the coffin, which you picked up at sea and buried; and had it not been for you I might have remained floating about for a hundred years."

"But how did you get into the coffin?" asked Sila.

"Listen, and I will tell you the whole story," replied Ivashka. "I was a great magician; my mother was told that I did great mischief to mankind by my arts, and therefore ordered me to be put into the coffin and set adrift on the open sea. For more than a hundred years I have been floating about, and no one has ever picked me up; but to you I owe my rescue, and I will therefore serve you, and render you all the help in my power. Let me ask you whether you have not a wish to marry. I know the beautiful Queen Truda, who is worthy of being your wife."

Sila replied that if this queen were indeed beautiful, he was willing to marry her; and Ivashka told him she was the most beautiful woman in the world. When Sila heard this, he begged Ivashka to accompany him to her kingdom. So they set out and traveled on and on till they reached that country.

Now, Queen Truda's kingdom was surrounded by a palisade; and upon every stake was stuck a man's head, except one, which had no head. When Sila saw this, he was terrified, and asked Ivashka what it meant; and Ivashka told him that these were the heads of heroes who had been suitors to Queen Truda. Sila shuddered on hearing this, and wished to return home without showing himself to the father of Truda. But Ivashka told him to fear nothing and go with him boldly, so Sila went on.

When they entered the kingdom, Ivashka said, "Hearken Sila Tsarevich, I will be your servant, and when you enter the royal halls, salute King Salom humbly. Then he will ask you whence you came, and whose son you are, what is your name and business. Tell him everything and conceal nothing; but say that you are come to sue for his daughter's hand. He will give her to you with great joy."

So Sila Tsarevich went into the palace, and, as soon as Prince Salom saw him, he went himself to meet him, took him by his white hands, led him into the marble halls, and asked him, "Fair youth, from what country do you come, whose son are you, what is your name, and what is your business?"

"I am from the kingdom of my father the Tsar Chotei," replied Sila. "My name is Sila

Tsarevich, and I am come to sue for your daughter, the beautiful Queen Truda."

King Salom was overjoyed that the son of such a renowned tsar should be his son-in-law, and immediately ordered his daughter to prepare for the wedding. And when the day for the marriage came, the king commanded all his princes and boyars to assemble in the palace; and they all went in procession to the church, and Sila Tsarevich was married to the fair Queen Truda. Then they returned to the palace, seated themselves at table, and feasted and made merry.

When the time came to retire to rest, Ivashka took Sila aside and whispered to him, "Hark, ye, Sila Tsarevich, when you go to rest, beware lest you speak a word to your bride or you will not remain alive, and your head will be stuck on the last stake. She will in every way try to make you embrace her, but attend to what I say."

Then Sila Tsarevich enquired why he warned him thus, and Ivashka replied, "She is in league with an evil spirit, who comes to her every night in the shape of a man, but flies through the air in the shape of a six-headed dragon. Now, if she lays her hand upon your breast and presses it, jump up and beat her with a stick until all her strength is gone. I will meanwhile remain on watch at the door of your apartment."

When Sila Tsarevich heard this, he went with his wife to rest, and Queen Truda tried in every way to get him to kiss her, but Sila lay quite still and spoke not a word. Then Truda laid her hand upon his breast and pressed him so hard that he could scarcely breathe. But up jumped Sila Tsarevich and seized the stick which Ivashka had laid there ready for him, and fell to beating her as hard as he could.

On a sudden there arose a storm, and a six-headed dragon came flying into the room and was going to devour Sila Tsarevich, but Ivashka seized a sharp sword and attacked the dragon, and they fought three hours, and Ivashka struck off two of the dragon's heads, whereupon the monster flew away. Then Ivashka desired Sila Tsarevich to go to sleep and fear nothing. Sila obeyed him, laid himself down, and fell asleep.

Early in the morning King Salom went to be informed whether his dear son still lived, and when he heard that Sila was alive and well, the king rejoiced, since he was the first who had been saved from his daughter; and he instantly ordered Sila to be called, and the whole day was spent in merrymaking.

The following night Ivashka gave Sila Tsarevich the same caution as before, not to speak a word to his wife, and he placed himself on watch at the door. Then it fell out as before, and when Sila Tsarevich began to beat the queen, on a sudden the dragon came flying in, and was going to devour Sila Tsarevich. But Ivashka rushed from behind the door, sword in hand, and fought with the dragon and struck off two more of his heads. Then the dragon flew away, and Sila Tsarevich lay down to sleep. Early in the morning the king commanded Sila to be invited, and they spent this day in the same pleasures as before.

The third night the same happened again, and Ivashka cut off the last two heads of the dragon, and he burnt all the heads and strewed the ashes in the fields.

Thus time passed on, and Sila Tsarevich lived with his father-in-law a whole year, without speaking to his wife or gaining her love. Then Ivashka told him one day to go to King Salom and ask permission to return to his native country. So Sila went to the king, who dismissed him, and gave him two squadrons of his army to accompany him as an escort. Then Sila took leave of his father-in-law, and set out with his wife on their journey to his own country.

When they had gone half way, Ivashka told Sila Tsarevich to halt and pitch his tent. So Sila obeyed and ordered the tent to be put up. The next day Ivashka laid pieces of wood in front of Sila's tent and set fire to them. Then he led Queen Truda out of the tent, unsheathed his sword, and cut her in twain.

Sila Tsarevich shuddered with terror and began to weep; but Ivashka said, "Weep not, she will come to life again."

And presently all sorts of evil things came forth from the body, and Ivashka threw them all into the fire. Then he said to Sila Tsarevich, "See you not the evil spirits which troubled your wife? She is now relieved from them."

And, so saying, he laid the parts of Truda's body together, sprinkled them with the water of life, and the queen was instantly sound and whole as before.

Then said Ivashka, "Now, farewell, Sila Tsarevich, you will find that your wife loves you truly, but you will never see me more." And so saying he vanished.

Sila Tsarevich ordered the tent to be struck, and journeyed on to his native country. And when he came to the place where his ship was waiting for him, he went onboard with the fair Queen Truda, dismissed the escort which accompanied him, and set sail. And on arriving at his own kingdom, he was welcomed with salvos of cannon, and Tsar Chotei came out of his palace and took him and the beautiful Queen Truda by their lily-white hands, led them into the marble halls, placed them at table, and they feasted and made merry.

Sila Tsarevich lived with his father two years. Then he returned to the kingdom of King Salom, received from him the crown, and ruled over the country with his Queen Truda in great love and happiness.

- Source: Robert Steele, *The Russian Garland of Fairy Tales: Being Russian Folk Legends Translated from a Collection of Chapbooks Made in Moscow* (New York: Robert M. McBride and Co., 1916), pp. 194-201.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Three Pennies

Denmark

Many years ago an old soldier was discharged from the army. He received in consideration of his excellent and faithful service a small loaf of rye bread and three pennies, whereupon he was at liberty to go whither he pleased. As he was walking along the highroad, he met three men. The one carried shovel, the second a pickaxe, and the third a spade.

The soldier stopped, looked at them, and said, "Where are you going?"

"I will tell you," answered one of them. "Today there was buried a man who owed each of us one penny, and now we will dig him up, since we are determined upon getting our dues."

"What an idea!" returned the soldier. "You had better leave the dead man alone. At any rate, he is at present unable to pay you even one penny, so don't disturb his peace!"

"It is all very fine for you to talk," answered the man. "But we must have the money, and up he must come."

When the soldier felt that his fair words could not settle the matter, he said, "Here, I have two pennies. Will you take them and promise to leave the dead man undisturbed?"

"Two pennies are not to be refused," said the man again, "but they will pay only two of us. What can you give the third one, since he is bent upon having his share?"

As the soldier saw that there was no dealing with these three wretches, he resumed, "Since you are so desperately determined, here is my third and last penny. Take it, and be content."

Now all three were well satisfied, so they pursued their way with the three pennies in their pockets.

When the soldier had advanced a distance, a stranger came walking along. He looked rather pale, but saluted the soldier in a very civil manner, and followed him along the road without uttering a single sound.

At last they reached a church, and here the stranger turned to his companion, saying, "Let us walk in!"

The soldier looked wistfully at him, and answered, "That would not do. What business have we in the church at midnight?"

"I tell you," replied the stranger, "we must walk in!"

Upon this they entered the church and walked straight up to the altar. There was an old woman sitting with a burning light in her hand.

"Take a hair from her head, and smell at it!" commanded the stranger.

The soldier complied, but nothing remarkable happened. The stranger asked him to repeat the action, which he did; but there was no effect. The third time, however, when he tore a whole tuft of hair from the woman's head, she became so furious that she darted off, out above the church, carrying the whole leaden vault with her.

The two men went out of the church and down to the beach, where they found the whole leaden vault. Turning to the soldier, the stranger said, "Sit up. We will put to sea!"

"Is that so?" remarked the soldier, who understood nothing of all this. "I see no ship,

however."

"Let me manage it all," says the stranger. "Just seat yourself by me on the vault! Beyond the sea there is a princess of whom it was predicted that she would be married only to a man who should come across the sea in a leaden ship. Here you will be able to make your fortune."

The leaden vault now floated out upon the open sea, and landed them safely on the other side. Great was the joy and happiness throughout the country, and the marriage between the soldier and the princess was celebrated with such pomp and splendor as was never seen, before or after.

When the ceremony had been performed, and the carriage was standing in front of the church door, bride and groom entered, with the stranger who had followed the soldier all along. The coachman asked to what place he might drive them.

"Drive away, as fast as you can, towards the side where the sun will rise," said the stranger, and in a little while they were carried along at a furious rate.

Somewhere they saw a large herd of cattle. They stopped, and the soldier called the herdsman to the carriage door, asking who he was. "I am the Count of Ravensburg," answered the shepherd, "and yonder is my castle."

The stranger again bid the coachman drive as fast as possible. In a little while they rushed up to Ravensburg Castle. As they were ready to alight from the carriage, there was someone who knocked hard at the gate. It was the herdsman, who was anxious to come in. The stranger walked to the gate, inquiring what, he could do for him. He wished to come into the castle, he said, for it belonged to him, and he had a right to demand admittance. The stranger meditated a little, whereupon he told the herdsman, who was a conjurer, that he might be allowed to come in, but first he must suffer the whole fate of the rye.

"The fate of the rye!" repeated the conjurer. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," answered the stranger, "that next fall you must be sown deep in the ground, and towards spring, when you come up, you must ripen in the sunshine and grow in the rain until you are ready for the harvest. Then you will be mowed and dried, and kept in the barn, until at length you will be threshed."

"How is that!" cried the conjurer. "Am I to be threshed?"

"Of course you are," replied the stranger. "First you will be threshed, and then taken to the mill and ground."

"Ground, too!" shouted the conjurer. "Will I be ground also?"

"Yes, both ground and sifted," answered the stranger.

But the conjurer, hearing this, became so furious that he burst all into flint-stones.

The stranger now bid good-bye to the princess and the soldier, shook hands with them, and said, "Now I have seen you married to the princess. The troll of Ravensburg is dead and gone, and his castle, with all its treasures, is yours. I was as good to you as you were to me when you gave away your three pennies for my sake!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed the soldier. "I never thought of those three pennies again!"

"I know that," answered the stranger, "and otherwise I would not have been able to help you. However, I bid farewell to you and your, wife, for I must return to the place where I belong."

- Source: J. Christian Bay, *Danish Fairy and Folk Tales* (New York and London: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1899), pp. 23-27.
- Bay's source appears to have been Svend Grundtvig, "De tre Mark," *Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde: Folkeæventyr, Folkeviser, Folkesagn og andre Rester af Fortidens Dictnung og Tro* (Copenhagen: C. G. Iversens Forlag, 1855), pp. 105-108.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to Additional Stories

Links open in new windows. Most links lead to volumes in the digital library books.google.com.

1. Andersen, Hans Christian. Reisekammeraten (1835). This link leads to a Danish-language site sponsored by *Det Kongelige Bibliotek*.
2. Andersen, Hans Christian. The Travelling Companion.
3. Andersen, Hans Christian. The Travelling Companions [sic]. In *Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen*, pp. 361-78. London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1907.
4. Asbjørnsen, Peter Christen. The Companion. In *Tales from the Fjeld: A Second Series of Popular Tales*, pp. 71-88. Translated by G. W. Dasent. London: Chapman and Hall, 1874.
5. Campbell, J. F. The Barra Widow's Son. In *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 2, pp. 110-2.1 Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860.
6. Crane, Thomas Frederick. Fair Brow. In *Italian Popular Tales*, no. 35, pp. 131-36. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1885.
7. Curtin, Jeremiah. Shaking Head. A *Forgotten Books* electronic publication. This story originally appeared in *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland*, pp. 186-203. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1890.
8. Gale, James S. The Grateful Ghost. In *Korean Folk Tales Imps, Ghosts and Fairies Translated from the Korean of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk*, no. 18, pp. 80-82. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1913.
9. Gerould, Gordon Hall. *The Grateful Dead: The History of a Folk Story*. London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 1908.
10. Groome, Francis Hindes. The Dead Man's Gratitude [Turkish-Gypsy]. In *Gypsy Folk-Tales*, pp. 1-4. London: Hurst and Blackett, Limited, 1899.
11. Grundtvig, Svend. De tre Mark. In *Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde: Folkeæventyr, Folkeviser, Folkesagn og andre Rester af Fortidens Dictnung og Tro*, pp. 105-108. Copenhagen: C. G. Iversens Forlag, 1855.

12. Grundtvig, Svend. The Three Pennies. In J. Christian Bay, *Danish Fairy and Folk Tales* , translated by J. Christian Bay, pp. 23-27. New York and London: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1899.
13. Kennedy, Patrick. Jack the Master and Jack the Servant. In *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, pp. 32-39. London: Macmillan and Co., 1866.
14. Lorimer, D. L. R. and E. O. The Story of the Grateful Corpse. In *Persian Tales*, pp. 169-75. London: Macmillan and Co., 1919.
15. MacManus, Seumas. The Snow, the Crow, and the Blood. In *Donegal Fairy Stories*, pp. 153-74. New York: McClure, Phillips, and Co., 1900.
16. Spence, Lewis. The Man of Honour. In *Legends and Romances of Brittany*, pp. 147-55. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., [1917]
17. Straparola, Giovanni Francesco (or Gianfrancesco). Night 11, Fable 2. In *The Facetious Nights of Straparola*, translated by W. G. Waters, vol. 4, pp. 19-39. London: Privately Printed for Members of the Society of Bibliophiles, 1901.
18. Tobit. Article in *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia* about *The Book of Tobit*, a scriptural account with parallels to the "grateful dead" folktales.
19. Wolf, Johann Wilhelm. Des Todten Dank. In *Deutsche Hausmärchen*, pp. 243-50. Göttingen: Dieterich'sche Buchhandlung, 1851.
20. Wratislaw, Albert Henry. The Spirit of a Buried Man. In *Sixty Folk-Tales from Exclusively Slavonic Sources*, pp. 121- 25. London: Elliot Stock, 1889.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 19, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Green Knight

edited by

D. L. Ashliman

Return to:

- Cinderella: Aarne-Thompson-Uther folktale type 510A and related stories of persecuted heroines.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Green Knight

Denmark (Svendt Grundtvig)

Once upon a time there were a king and a queen and they had but one little daughter, and when she was very young her dear mother became sick unto death. When the queen knew that she had only a short time to live, she called the king and said, "My dear lord and husband! in order that I may die in peace you must promise me one thing, and that is, that you will never refuse our child anything that she may ask of you if it be possible to grant her wish." That the king promised her and she died soon afterward.

The king's heart was nearly broken for he loved his wife devotedly, and his little daughter alone could comfort him. The princess grew up, and the fulfillment of the promise was indeed easy for the king; he never refused her a request. That spoiled her a little, but otherwise she was a dear, good child who only needed a mother to understand and love her; for the lack of this she was often moody and melancholy. The princess did not care for games and amusements like other children, but instead she liked to wander alone in the gardens and woods, and above all she loved flowers and birds and animals, and she was also fond of reading poetry and stories.

Not far from the palace there lived the widow of a count, who had a daughter a little older than the princess. The young countess, however, was not a good girl, but was vain, selfish and hard-hearted; on the other hand she was clever, like her mother, and could dissimulate when she thought it would serve her ends. The countess cleverly devised ways so that her daughter was often thrown together with the princess, and both mother and daughter spared no pains to please her. They did everything in their power to give her pleasure and cheer her, and soon she always had to have either one or the other by her side.

Now that was just what the countess wanted and had been working for; so that when she saw that she had brought matters to that point, she made her daughter tell the princess, amid tears, that they must now separate because she and her mother had to go far away into another country. Then the little princess ran at once to the countess and told her that she

must not leave with her daughter, for she could not live without her and would grieve to death if she left her. Then the countess pretended to be deeply moved and told the princess that there was only one way that she could be persuaded to stay in the country, and that was for the king to marry her. Then both mother and daughter could always stay with her, and they painted in glowing colors the joys that would be hers if that should come to pass.

Then the princess went to her father, the king, and begged and implored him to marry the countess, for otherwise she would go away and his poor little daughter would lose her only friend and grieve to death.

"You would certainly repent of it, if I were to do it," said the king, "and I should also, for I have no desire whatever to marry, and I have no confidence in the deceitful countess and her deceitful daughter."

But the princess did not cease crying and imploring him until he promised to grant her wish. Then the king asked the countess to marry him and she at once consented. Soon after that the wedding ceremony took place and the countess became queen and was now the stepmother of the young princess.

But after the marriage all was changed. The queen did nothing but tease and torment her stepdaughter, while nothing was too good for her own child. Her daughter did not pay any attention to the poor princess, but did everything she could to make her life miserable.

The king, who could see all this, took it very much to heart, for he loved his daughter deeply; so he said to her on one occasion, "Alas, my poor little daughter, you are having a sad life and must certainly have repented many a time of that which you asked of me, for it has all turned out as I foretold. But now, unfortunately, it is too late. I think it would be better for you to leave us for a time and go out to my summer palace on the island; there you would, at least, have peace and quiet."

The princess agreed with her father, and although it was very hard for them to be separated, it was nevertheless absolutely necessary, as she could no longer endure her wicked stepmother and her malicious stepsister. So she took with her two of her ladies in waiting to live in the summer palace on the island, and her father came from time to time to visit her; and he could see very plainly that she was much happier here than she would have been at home with her wicked stepmother.

So she grew up to be a lovely maiden, pure, innocent and thoughtful, kind to both men and beasts. But she was never really happy, and there was always an undercurrent of sadness in her nature, and a longing for something better than she had hitherto found in the world.

One day her father came to her to bid her farewell, for he had to go on a long journey to be present at a gathering of kings and nobles from many lands, and would not return for a long time. The king wanted to cheer his daughter, so he said to her jestingly that he would look carefully among the princes to see whether he could not find one among them all who would be worthy to become her husband. Then the princess answered him and said, "I thank you, dear father; if you see the Green Knight, greet him and tell him that I am waiting and longing

for him, for he alone and no other can free me from my suffering."

When the princess said that, she was thinking of the green churchyard with its many green mounds, for she longed for death. But the king did not understand her and wondered much at the strange greeting to a strange knight whose name he had never heard of before; but he was accustomed to grant her every wish, so he only said he would not forget to greet the knight as soon as he met him. Then he bade his daughter a tender farewell and started on his journey to the meeting of the kings.

There he found many princes, young nobles and knights, but among them there was no one called the Green Knight, so that the king could not deliver his daughter's message. At last he started on his homeward journey and had to cross high mountains and wide rivers and to go through dense forests. And as the king one day was passing through one of those great woods with his train, they came upon a large open space where thousands of boars were feeding. These were not wild, but tame, and were guarded by a swineherd in the garb of a huntsman who sat, surrounded by his dogs, on a little knoll and had a pipe to whose notes all animals listened and were obedient.

The king wondered at this herd of tame boars, and had one of his retainers ask the swineherd to whom they belonged. He answered that they belonged to the Green Knight. Then the king remembered what his daughter had asked him, and he himself rode up to the man and asked whether the Green Knight lived in the neighborhood.

"No," he replied, "he lives far from here, towards the east. If you ride in that direction you will meet other herdsmen who will show you the way to his castle."

Then the king and his men rode eastward for three days through a great forest, until they came again to a large plain surrounded by great forests, on which immense herds of elks and wild oxen were grazing. These also were guarded by a herdsman in hunter's dress, accompanied by his dogs. And the king rode to the man, who told him that all these herds belonged to the Green Knight, who lived further eastward. And again after three days the King came to a great clearing, where he saw great herds of stags and does, and the herdsman, in answer to his question, said that the Green Knight's castle was but a day's journey distant. Then the king rode for a day on green paths, through green woods, until he came to a great castle which was also green, for it was entirely covered by vines and climbing plants. When they rode up to the castle, a large number of men dressed in green like hunters, appeared and escorted them into the castle, and announced that the king of such and such a kingdom had arrived and desired to greet their master. Then the lord of the castle came himself -- a tall, handsome, young man, also clad in green -- and bade his guest welcome and entertained them in a lordly manner.

Then said the king, "You live far away and you have so great a domain that I had to go much out of my way to fulfill my daughter's wish. When I rode forth to attend the gathering of the kings, she asked me to greet the Green Knight for her, and to tell him how she longed for him, and that he alone could free her from her torment. This is a very strange commission that I have undertaken, but my daughter knows what is right and proper, and moreover I promised her mother on her deathbed that I would never refuse our only child a wish; so I

have come here to deliver the message and keep my promise."

Then the Green Knight said to the king, "Your daughter was sad, and was certainly not thinking of me when she gave you her message, for she can never have heard of me; she was probably thinking of the churchyard with its many green mounds, where alone she hoped to find rest. But perhaps I can give her something to alleviate her sorrow. Take this little book, and tell the princess when she is sad and heavy-hearted to open her east window and to read in the book; it will gladden her heart."

Then the knight gave the king a little green book, but he could not read it, because he did not know the letters with which the words were written. He took it, however, and thanked the Green Knight for his kind and hospitable reception. He was very sorry, he assured the knight, that he had disturbed him, as the princess had not meant him at all.

They had to remain overnight in the castle, and the knight would gladly have kept them longer, but the king insisted that he must leave the next day; so the following morning he said goodbye to his host, and rode back the way he had come until he came to the clearing where the boars were, and from there he went straight home.

The first thing the king did, was to go to the island and take the little green book to his daughter. She was astonished when her father told her about the Green Knight, and gave her his greetings and the book, for she had not thought of a human being, nor had she the faintest idea that a Green Knight existed. But that very evening, when her father was gone, the princess opened her east window and began to read her green book, although it was not written in her mother tongue. The book contained many poems, and its language was beautiful. One of the first things that she read began as follows:

> The wind has risen on the sea,
> And bloweth over field and lea,
> And while on earth broods silent night,
> Who, to the knight, her troth will plight?

While she was reading the first verse she heard distinctly the rushing of the wind over the water; at the second verse she heard a rustling in the trees; at the third verse her ladies in waiting and all those in or near the palace, fell into a deep slumber. And when the princess read the fourth line, the Green Knight himself flew through the window in the shape of a bird.

Then he resumed his human form, greeted her kindly, and begged her to have no fear. The knight told her that he was the Green Knight whom the king had visited, and from whom he had received the book, and that she herself had brought him thither by reading those lines. She could speak freely to him, and this would relieve her sadness. Then the princess at once felt a great confidence in him, so that she told him her inmost thoughts; and the knight spoke to her with such sympathy and understanding that she felt happy as never before.

Then he said to her that every time she opened the book and read those first verses, the same would come to pass that had happened that evening; everybody on the island would fall asleep except the princess, and he would come to her immediately, although he lived far

from her. And the prince also told her that he would always gladly come to her if she really wanted to see him. Now, however, she would better close the book and betake herself to rest.

And at the very moment that she closed the book, the Green Knight disappeared, and the court ladies and all the attendants awoke. Then the princess went to bed and dreamed of the knight and all that he had said to her. When she awoke the next morning she was light-hearted and happy as she had never been before, and day by day her health improved. Her cheeks grew rosy and she laughed and jested, so that all about her were amazed at the change that had taken place in her.

The king said that the evening air and the little green book had really helped her, and the princess agreed with him. But what nobody knew was, that every evening when the princess had read in her book, she received a visit from the Green Knight, and that they had long talks together. On the third visit he gave her a gold ring, and they became betrothed. But not until three months had elapsed could he go to her father and ask her hand in marriage; then he would take her home with him as his beloved wife.

In the meantime the stepmother learned that the princess was growing stronger and more beautiful, and that she was happier than ever before. The queen wondered at this and was vexed, for she had always believed and hoped that the princess would waste away and die, and that then her own daughter would become princess and heiress to the throne.

So one day she sent one of her court ladies over to the island to pay the princess a visit, and to try to find out what was the cause of this remarkable improvement. On the following day the young woman returned and told the queen that it seemed to be particularly helpful to the princess to sit at an open window every evening and read in a book that a strange prince had given her. The evening air had made her drowsy and she had fallen into a deep sleep; the same thing, she said, happened every evening to the court ladies who complained that it made them ill, while the princess became rosier and happier every day. The next day the queen sent her daughter to act as a spy, and told her to pay careful attention to all that the princess did.

"There is some mystery about that window; perhaps a man comes in by it."

The daughter came back the next day, but she could not tell any more than the maid, for she, too, had fallen into a deep sleep when the princess seated herself at the window and began to read.

Then on the third day the stepmother went herself to call on the princess. She was as sweet as honey to her, and pretended to be delighted to see how well she was. The queen questioned her as much as she dared, but could learn nothing from her. Then she went to the east window where the princess was in the habit of sitting and reading every evening, and examined it carefully, but could discover nothing special about it. The window was high above the ground, but vines grew up to it, so that it might have been possible for a very active person to climb up. For that reason the queen took a small pair of scissors, smeared them with poison, and fastened them in the window with their points turned upward, but in such a

manner that no one could see them. When evening came and the princess seated herself at the window with the little green book in her hand, the queen said to herself that she would take good care not to fall asleep as the others had done. But her resolve did not help her in the least, for, in spite of herself, when the princess began to read, the queen's eyelids fell and she slept soundly as did the others. And at that same moment the Green Knight in the form of a bird came in through the window, unseen and unheard by all except the princess. They talked of their love for each other and how there remained only one week of the three months, and then the knight would go to her father's court and ask for her hand in marriage. Then he would take her home, and she would always be with him in his green castle, which lay in the midst of the great woodland realm over which he ruled, and about which he had told her so often.

Then the Green Knight bade his betrothed a tender farewell, resumed the form of a bird, and flew out of the window. But he flew so low that he grazed the scissors that the queen had fastened there, and scratched one leg. He uttered a cry, but disappeared quickly. The princess, who had heard him, sprang up; but in so doing, the book fell from her hand to the floor and closed, and she also uttered a piercing cry which awoke the queen and all the court ladies. They rushed to her and asked what had happened. She answered that nothing was the matter, but that she had only dozed a little, and had been awakened by a bad dream. But that very hour she became ill with a fever and had to go to bed at once. The queen, in the meantime, slipped to the window to get her scissors, and when she found that there was blood on them, she hid them under her apron and took them home.

The princess, however, could not sleep the whole night, and felt miserable all the next day; nevertheless towards evening she rose in order to get a little fresh air. So she seated herself at the open east window, opened the book and read as usual:

> The wind has risen on the sea,
> And bloweth over field and lea,
> And while on earth broods silent night
> Who to the knight her troth will plight?

And the wind soughed through the trees, and the leaves rustled and all slept, except the princess -- but the knight came not. And so the days passed and she waited and watched, and read in her little green book and sang -- but no Green Knight came. Then her red cheeks again became pale and her happy heart, sad and heavy; and she began to waste away, to the sorrow of her father, but to the secret joy of her stepmother.

One day the princess walked feebly alone through the castle garden on the island, and seated herself on a bench under a high tree, and there she remained a long time plunged in sad and gloomy thoughts; while she was there two ravens came and perched on a branch over her head, and began to talk together.

"It is pitiful," said one, "to see our dear princess grieving to death for her beloved."

"Yes," said the other one, "especially as she is the only one who can cure him of the wound inflicted on him by the poisoned scissors of the queen."

"How so?" asked the first raven.

"Like cures like," replied the other one. "Over yonder, in the courtyard of the king, west of the stables, there lies, in a hole under a stone, an adder with her nine young. If the princess could get these and cook them, and give three young adders every day to the sick knight, he would recover. Otherwise there is no help for him."

As soon as night came the princess slipped out of the castle, went down to the shore where she found a boat, and rowed over to the palace. She went straight to the stone in the courtyard and rolled it away, heavy as it was, and there she found the nine young adders. These she tied up in her apron, and went forth on the way that she knew her father had taken when he returned from the gathering of the kings.

So she traveled on foot for weeks and months over high mountains and through dense forests, until she came at last upon the same swineherd that her father had met. He pointed out to her the way through the woods to the second herdsman, who in turn showed her the path to the third man. At last she reached the green castle where the knight lived, and lay sick with the poison and a fever, so ill that he recognized nobody, but only rolled and tossed in anguish and pain. Physicians had been called from the ends of the earth, but no one could procure for him the slightest relief.

The princess went into the kitchen and asked whether they could not give her some employment; she would wash the dishes, or do anything they asked her to, if only they would allow her to stay. The cook consented, and because she was so neat and quick and willing at every kind of work, he soon found her a valuable helper, and let her have her own way in many things.

So one day she said to him, "Today you must let me prepare the soup for our sick master. I know very well how it ought to be cooked, but I want to be allowed to cook it alone, and no one may look into the pot."

The cook was willing, and so she cooked three of the young adders in the soup, which was carried up to the Green Knight. And when he had eaten the soup, the fever went down so much that he could recognize those about him and speak intelligently; then he called the cook, and asked him whether he had cooked the soup that had done him so much good. The cook answered that he had done so, as no one else was allowed to prepare the food for his master. Then the Green Knight bade him make more of the same kind of soup on the morrow.

Now it was the cook's turn to go to the princess and beg her to prepare the soup for the knight; and as before, she cooked three young adders in it. This time, after partaking of it, he felt so well that he could get up out of bed. At this, all the doctors were amazed and could not understand how it happened; but, of course, they said that the medicines they had been giving him were beginning to have an effect.

On the third day, the kitchen maid again had to prepare the soup, and she cooked in it the last three young adders. And as soon as the knight had eaten it he felt perfectly well. Then he

jumped up and wanted to go down to the kitchen himself to thank the cook, for, after all, he was certainly the best physician.

Now it happened that when he entered the kitchen there was no one there except a maid who was wiping dishes; but even as he looked he recognized her, and it suddenly dawned upon him what she had done for him. He folded her in his arms and said, "It was you then, was it not, who saved my life and cured me of the poison that penetrated into my blood, when I scratched myself on the scissors that the queen had put into the window?" She could not deny it; she was overjoyed, and he also. Soon after that their wedding was celebrated in the green castle; and there they are probably still living together and ruling over all the inhabitants of the green forests.

- Source: Svendt Grundtvig, *Danish Fairy Tales*, translated by J. Grant Cramer (Boston: Richard G. Badger, 1912), pp. 22-37.
- This tale combines elements of a traditional Cinderella story (Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 510A) with those of type 425N (The Bird Husband) and type 432 (The Prince as Bird).

Return to

- Cinderella: Aarne-Thompson folktale type 510A and related stories of persecuted heroines.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised April 29, 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The House That Jack Built

an English nursery rhyme of folktale type 2035
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2009

1. This is the house that Jack built.
2. This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
3. This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

- Source: James Orchard Halliwell [Halliwell-Phillipps], *The Nursery Rhymes of England: Collected Chiefly from Oral Tradition*, 4th edition (London: John Russell Smith, 1846), no. 398, pp. 175-78.
- Links to additional nineteenth-century versions:

  1. *Bentley's Miscellany*, vol. 13 (London: Richard Bentley, 1843), p. 481. This is a parody of the traditional rhyme. It was first published in the *Morning Chronicle*, September 22, 1809.
  2. [William Hone], *The Political House That Jack Built*, illustrated by George Cruikshank (1819). This is a parody of the traditional rhyme.
  3. "A New House That Jack Built," *The Examiner: A Sunday Paper on Politics, Domestic Economy and Theatricals*, for the year 1819 (London: John Hunt, 1819), p. 652. This is a parody of the traditional rhyme.
  4. *A Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People* (London: Sampson Low and Son, 1856), no. 5, pp. 1-16. Each story in this volume is numbered separately.

5. Laura Valentine, *Games for Family Parties and Children* (London: Frederick Warne and Company, 1869), p. 66.
6. William Alexander Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions: Their Migrations and Transformations*, vol. 1 (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1887), pp. 289-91.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised May 1, 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

The Luck of Edenhall (Eden Hall)

edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2005-2013

Contents

1. The Luck of Edenhall (1). A fairy legend from Cumberland, England.
2. The Luck of Eden Hall (2). Another version of the above tale.
3. Link to another account of this legend: The Luck of Eden Hall: A Tale of the Musgraves.
4. Das Glück von Edenhall. A German ballad by Ludwig Uhland.
5. The Luck of Edenhall. An English translation of Uhland's ballad by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
6. Link to a description of the antique goblet "The Luck of Edenhall" on display at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.
7. Link to a photograph of "The Luck of Edenhall."
8. Link to additional Fairy Cup Legends.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Luck of Edenhall (1)

England

In an excursion to the North of England, I was easily prevailed upon to see the *Luck of Edenhall*,* [*Edenhall, the antient seat of Sir Philip Musgrave, near Penrith, Cumberland] celebrated in a ballad of Ritson's Select Collection of English Songs. The only description I can give you of it is, a very thin, bell-mouthed, beaker glass, deep and narrow, ornamented on the outside with fancy work of coloured glass, and may hold something more than a pint.

Antient superstition may have contributed not a little to its preservation; but that it should not, in a more enlightened age, or in moments of conviviality (see the Ballad), meet with one *gentle rap* (and a gentle one would be quite sufficient for an *ordinary glass* of the same substance), is to me somewhat wonderful. Superstition, however, cannot be entirely eradicated from the mind at once. The late agent of the family had such a *reverential regard* for this glass, that he would not suffer any person to touch it, and but few to see it . When the family, or other curious people, had a desire to drink out of it, a napkin was held underneath, less any accident should befall it; and it is still carefully preserved in a case made on purpose. The case is said to be the second, yet bears the marks of antiquity, and is charged with **ihs**.

Tradition, our only guide here, says, that a party of Fairies were drinking and making merry round a well near the Hall, called St. Cuthbert's well; but, being interrupted by the intrusion of some curious people, they were frightened, and made a hasty retreat, and left the cup in question: one of the last screaming out,

> If this cup should break or fall,
> Farewell the Luck of Edenhall.

- Source: George Laurence Gomme, editor, *The Gentleman's Magazine Library: Being Classified Collection of the Chief Contents of the* Gentleman's Magazine *from 1731 to 1868: Popular Superstitions* (London: Elliot Stock, 1884), pp. 189-90. These pages are reprinted from *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1791, part 2, pp. 721 ff.
- The ballad alluded to is reproduced on pages 190-93 of the above volume.
- This glass is now on display at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Luck of Eden Hall

England

In this house (Eden Hall, a seat of the Musgraves), are some good old-fashioned, apartments. An old painted drinking glass, called the *Luck of Eden Hall*, is preserved with great care. In the garden near to the house is a well of excellent spring water, called St. Cuthbert's Well. (The church is dedicated to that saint.) This glass is supposed to have been a sacred chalice; but the legendary tale is, that the butler, going to draw water, surprised a company of Fairies, who were amusing themselves upon the green near the well; he seized the glass which was standing upon its margin. They tried to recover it; but, after an ineffectual struggle, flew away, saying,

> If that glass either break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden Hall.

- Source: Thomas Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology: Illustrative of the Romance and Superstition of various Countries*, vol. 2 (London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Company, 1833), pp. 111-12.
- Keightley's source: William Hutchinson, *The History of the County of Cumberland*, vol. 1 (Carlisle: F. Jolie, 1794), p. 269.
- This glass is now on display at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.
- Return to the table of contents.

Das Glück von Edenhall

Ludwig Uhland

> Von Edenhall der junge Lord
> Läßt schmettern Festtrommetenschall,
> Er hebt sich an des Tisches Bord

Und ruft in trunkner Gäste Schwall:
»Nun her mit dem Glücke von Edenhall!«

Der Schenk vernimmt ungern den Spruch,
Des Hauses ältester Vasall,
Nimmt zögernd aus dem seidnen Tuch
Das hohe Trinkglas von Kristall,
Sie nennen's: *das Glück von Edenhall.*

Darauf der Lord: »Dem Glas zum Preis
Schenk Roten ein aus Portugal!«
Mit Händezittern gießt der Greis,
Und purpurn Licht wird überall,
Es strahlt aus dem Glücke von Edenhall.

Da spricht der Lord und schwingt's dabei:
»Dies Glas von leuchtendem Kristall
Gab meinem Ahn am Quell die Fei,
Drein schrieb sie: kommt dies Glas zu Fall,
Fahr wohl dann, o Glück von Edenhall!

Ein Kelchglas ward zum Los mit Fug
Dem freud'gen Stamm von Edenhall;
Wir schlürfen gern in vollem Zug,
Wir läuten gern mit lautem Schall;
Stoßt an mit dem Glücke von Edenhall!«

Erst klingt es milde, tief und voll,
Gleich dem Gesang der Nachtigall,
Dann wie des Waldstroms laut Geroll,
Zuletzt erdröhnt wie Donnerhall
Das herrliche Glück von Edenhall.

»Zum Horte nimmt ein kühn Geschlecht
Sich den zerbrechlichen Kristall;
Er dauert länger schon als recht,
Stoßt an! mit diesem kräft'gen Prall
Versuch ich das Glück von Edenhall.«

Und als das Trinkglas gellend springt,
Springt das Gewölb mit jähem Knall,
Und aus dem Riß die Flamme dringt;
Die Gäste sind zerstoben all
Mit dem brechenden Glücke von Edenhall.

Ein stürmt der Feind, mit Brand und Mord,
Der in der Nacht erstieg den Wall,

Vom Schwerte fällt der junge Lord,
Hält in der Hand noch den Kristall,
Das zersprungene Glück von Edenhall.

Am Morgen irrt der Schenk allein,
Der Greis, in der zerstörten Hall',
Er sucht des Herrn verbrannt Gebein,
Er sucht im grausen Trümmerfall
Die Scherben des Glücks von Edenhall.

»Die Steinwand – spricht er – springt zu Stück,
Die hohe Säule muß zu Fall,
Glas ist der Erde Stolz und Glück,
In Splitter fällt der Erdenball
Einst gleich dem Glücke von Edenhall.«

- Return to the table of contents.

The Luck of Edenhall

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

From the German of [Ludwig] Uhland

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it [note by Longfellow].

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call.
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord, "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
"This glass of flashing crystal tall

Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly:
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
King! klang!--with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

- Source: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Ballads and Other Poems*, 3rd edition

6-006: THE MAGIC GIFTS

A certain man left his tribesmen and traveled away with his wife and three children to a new hunting ground. After a time they ran short of food, and the father left camp one morning during a heavy snowstorm to look for game. He had not traveled far when he came upon fresh snowshoe tracks. He wondered whose they could be for he knew of no one else hunting in that district. He followed them all day expecting every moment to overtake the stranger; but it was almost dark before he sighted smoke rising from the edge of a plain not far ahead. Cautiously he approached. There sat an old man, stripped to the waist, warming his back at a fire under the shelter of some brush, and roasting a lynx at the flame.

"Strange, how quickly he has arranged his camp and undressed", the hunter thought.

He was still more astonished when the old man called without even looking round at him, "Make a bed for yourself on the other side of my fire. You are a long way from home, and it is too late now to return or to go on."

And he added, as he drew the lynx off its stake, "Take half this meat to your side of the fire and eat".

The hunter ate part of his meat and arranged a bed for himself. Everything had happened so strangely, and his companion seemed so friendly, that he felt nervous and yet he dared not show any suspicion.

Before lying down, however, he placed his spare clothing under his head for a pillow, and his snowshoes below the bundle. Then about midnight he rose, took down his moccasins, which had been drying beside the fire, and placed them also under his head. Even so he felt uneasy and cautiously remained awake.

Not long after he had lain down for the second time the old man rose, took from the line what were really his own moccasins, though he thought they were his guest's, and pushed them into the hollow of a burning log. Next he placed his own snowshoes on the fire mistaking them for his guest's. Then he too lay down again.

The hunter rose at daybreak, put on his moccasins, ate some of his lynx meat, adjusted his snowshoes, and prepared to leave. Meanwhile the old man was looking in vain for his own moccasins and snowshoes. Presently he cried, "I can't find my moccasins or my snowshoes."

"Of course you can't", answered the hunter. "Don't you know that I never go to sleep in a strange camp. With my own eyes I say you burn them."

"Alas, it was a unfortunate mistake I made. Now I am in trouble. Let my buy the spare pair of moccasins you are carrying, and the extra filling for your snowshoes."

"I am willing to sell them to you but what will you pay for them?"

"For your moccasins I'll give you a round piece of fat, not large, but very wonderful and for your snowshoe filling I'll give you two marvelous arrows."

Skeptically the hunter answered, "Show me first how marvelous the arrows are."

The old man extracted two arrows from his quiver, and said, "One of these is a male arrow, the other a female. Notch the male arrow to your bowstring and I will chant a song."

The hunter notched the arrow to his bow, while the old man chanted, "I sit on a tree - I sit on a tree". Immediately a male lynx climbed a tree nearby.

"Shoot," cried the old man. The hunter shot, and the lynx fell dead.

"I'll buy this arrow."

"Notch the female arrow now," the old man said. And he chanted, "We sit on the tree - we sit on the tree". A female lynx climbed the tree, carrying a young one. The hunter shot the arrow and killed them also.

"They are wonderful arrows", he said, greatly pleased with his good fortune. "I'll buy them both. But tell me, what is the marvelous power that resides in your ball of fat?"

"That is more wonderful than the arrows", answered the old man. "You must wrap it away out of sight and never show it to anyone. Also you must never eat it, though you are starving. But whenever you are in dire straits for food, take it to a lake beside a mountain, arm your brothers with sharp spears, and station them on either side of a gulch that leads down to the water. Then, if you point your ball of fat at the mountain and chant, 'Come to us, O mother of fat', something will roll down from the mountain. Spear it, but do not touch what falls into the lake."

After the hunter had handed over his snowshoe filling and the spare pair of moccasins, he went home with the two arrows and the ball of fat. Without telling anyone of his adventure, he concealed the magic weapons until he needed them.

Finally, a winter came when famine overtook his family and his kinsmen. Remembering his magic gifts, he led the hunters to a lake, stationed them on either side of a gulch, and pointed his ball of fat at the mountain above, chanting, "Come to us, O mother of fat."

Down the mountainside rolled a gigantic ball of fat. The hunters struck it with their spears and broke off all except one small portion, which rolled into the lake. That piece they made no effort to recover, remembering the old man's warning, but with the rest they filled all their packs and returned to camp.

The fat nourished them for many days, but at last they ran short of food again. From time to time the man would bring in two lynxes, shot with his magic arrows, so that they did not starve. But one day his three children, tired of the constant lynx meat, opened his bag and ate his magic ball of fat. Then their bodies swelled prodigiously, and they died.

This information is intended for research purposes or for general interest only.
Any other use may violate one or more copyrights which rest with the original authors.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

and other folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 1645
about
dreamers who seek treasure abroad
but find it at home

selected and edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2011

1. The Ruined Man Who Became Rich Again Through a Dream (*The 1001 Nights*).
2. A Man of Baghdad (Persia).
3. Numan's Dream (Turkey).
4. How the Junkman Traveled to Find Treasure in His Own Yard (Turkey).
5. The Peddler of Swaffham (England).
6. The Swaffham Legend (England).
7. A Cobbler in Somersetshire (England).
8. Upsall Castle (England).
9. Dundonald Castle (Scotland).
10. Themselves (Isle of Man).
11. Dreaming Tim Jarvis (Ireland).
12. The Dream of Treasure under the Bridge at Limerick (Ireland).
13. The Dream of the Treasure on the Bridge (Germany).
14. The Dream of Treasure (Austria).
15. The Dream of the Zirl Bridge (Austria).
16. The Church at Erritsø (Denmark).

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

1001 Nights

There lived once in Baghdad a very wealthy man, who lost all his substance and became so poor, that he could only earn his living by excessive labor. One night, he lay down to sleep, dejected and sick at heart, and saw in a dream one who said to him, "Thy fortune is at Cairo; go thither and seek it."

So he set out for Cairo; but, when he arrived there, night overtook him and he lay down to sleep in a mosque. Presently, as fate would have it, a company of thieves entered the mosque and made their way thence into an adjoining house; but the people of the house, being aroused by the noise, awoke and cried out; whereupon the chief of the police came to their aid with his officers. The robbers made off; but the police entered the mosque and finding the man from Baghdad asleep there, laid hold of him and beat him with palm-rods, till he was well-nigh dead.

advantage."

Nothing daunted by the difficulties of so long a journey five hundred years ago, when, not to utter a hint of railroads, even stage coaches had not been invented, the tinker heeded the voice of his good spirit, and went to London. After standing about the bridge for several hours -- some versions of the legend mention the traditional three days -- a man accosted him, and invited him to unfold the nature of his errand.

With candor quite equal to his faith, John Chapman replied that he came there on the "vain errand of a dream."

Now it appears that the stranger was a dreamer also, but, unlike the tinker, he was neither superstitious nor imprudent. "Alas! good friend," said he, "if I had heeded dreams, I might have proved myself as very a fool as thou art, for 'tis not long since I dreamt that at a place called Swaffham in Norfolk dwelt John Chapman, a pedlar, who hath a tree at the back of his house, under which is buried a pot of money."

John Chapman, of course, on hearing this hastened home, dug under his tree, and very soon found the treasure. But not all of it. The box that he found had a Latin inscription on the lid, which of course John Chapman could not decipher. But though unlettered, he was not without craftiness and a certain kind of wisdom, so in the hope that some unsuspicious wayfarer might read the inscriptiou in his hearing, he placed it in his window.

It was not long before he heard some youths turn the Latin sentence into an English couplet:

> Under me doth lie
> Another much richer than I.

Again he went to work, digging deeper than before, and found a much richer treasure, than the former.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude for his good fortune, the tinker shortly afterwards, when the inhabitants of Swaffham wished to re-edify their church, astonished the whole town by offering to defray the expense of a large portion of the works.

On the ends of the oaken bench nearest the pulpit, there is the carved effigy of John Chapman on one side and that of his dog on the other, and this is sufficient to establish the truth of the legend in the minds of the credulous of the district.

- Source: John Glyde, *The Norfolk Garland: A Collection of the Superstitious Beliefs and Practices, Proverbs, Curious Customs, Ballads, and Songs of the People of Norfolk* (London: Jarrold and Sons, 1872), pp. 68-70.
- Return to the table of contents.

A Cobbler in Someretshire

England

A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamt that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he would meet with something to his advantage. He dreamt the same the next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London Bridge, and walked thither accordingly.

When arrived there, he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walked about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London, and return home.

At this moment a stranger came up and said to him, "I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for anyone?"

The answer was, "No."

"Then, what is your object in staying here?"

The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there, and the dream that had visited him three successive nights.

The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work, and no more pay any attention to dreams. "I myself," he said "had about six months ago a dream. I dreamt three nights together that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple tree, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dream, and have remained quietly at my business."

It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple tree. He immediately returned home, dug under the apple tree, and found a pot of gold.

After this increase of fortune, he was enabled to send his son to school, where the boy learnt Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, on which was some writing. He said, "Father, I can show you what I have learnt at school is of some use."

He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus: "Look under, and you will find better."

They did look under, and a larger quantity of gold was found.

- Source: George Laurence Gomme, *English Traditions and Foreign Customs* (London: Elliot Stock, 1885), pp. 335-36.
- Gomme's source: *The Saturday Review*, December 28, 1878.
- Return to the table of contents.

Upsall Castle

England

Many years ago there resided in the village of Upsall a man who dreamed three nights successively that if he went to London Bridge he would hear of something greatly to his advantage. He went, traveling the whole distance from Upsall to London on foot. Arrived there, he took his station on the bridge, where he waited till his patience was nearly exhausted, and the idea that he had acted a very foolish part began to arise in his mind.

At length he was accosted by a Quaker, who kindly inquired what he was waiting there so long for. After some hesitation, he told his dreams. The Quaker laughed at his simplicity, and told him that *he* had had that night a very curious dream himself, which was, that if he went and dug under a certain bush in Upsall Castle in Yorkshire, he would find a pot of gold; but he did not know where Upsall was, and inquired of the countryman if he knew, who, seeing some advantage in secrecy, pleaded ignorance of the locality; and then, thinking his business in London was completed, returned immediately home, dug beneath the bush, and there he found a pot filled with gold, and on the cover an inscription in a language he did not understand.

The pot and cover were, however, preserved at the village inn, where one day a bearded stranger like a Jew made his appearance, saw the pot, and read the inscription, the plain English of which was:

> Look lower, where this stood
> Is another twice as good.

The man of Upsall, hearing this, resumed his spade, returned to the bush, dug deeper, and found another pot filled with gold far more valuable than the first. Encouraged by this, he dug deeper still, and found another yet more valuable.

This story has been related of other places, but Upsall appears to have as good a claim to this yielding of hidden treasure as the best of them. Here we have the constant tradition of the inhabitants, and the identical bush still remains beneath which the treasure was found -- an elder near the northwest corner of the ruins.

- Source: Eliza Gutch, *County Folk-Lore*, vol. 2: *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning the North Riding of Yorkshire, York, and the Ainsty* (London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 1901), pp. 408-409.
- Gutch's source: William Grainge, "Crocks of Gold," *The Vale of Mowbray: A Historical and Topographical Account of Thirsk and Its Neighbourhood* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Company, 1859), pp. 277-78.
- Return to the table of contents.

Dundonald Castle

Scotland

In Ayrshire, the following rhyme is prevalent, and is probably very old:

> Donald Din

Built his house without a pin,

alluding to Dundonald Castle, the ancient seat of King Robert II, and now the last remaining property in Ayrshire of the noble family who take their title from it. According to tradition, it was built by a hero named Donald Din, or Din Donald, and constructed entirely of stone, without the use of wood, a supposition countenanced by the appearance of the building, which consists of three distinct stories, arched over with strong stonework, the roof of one forming the floor of another.

Donald, the builder, was originally a poor man, but had the faculty of dreaming lucking dreams. Upon one occasion he dreamed, thrice in one night, that if he were to go to London Bridge, he would become a wealthy man. He went accordingly, saw a man looking over the parapet of the bridge, whom he accosted courteously, and, after a little conversation, entrusted with the secret of the occasion of his coming to London Bridge.

The stranger told him that he had made a very foolish errand, for he himself had once had a similar vision, which direct him to go to a certain spot in Ayrshire, in Scotland, where he would find a vast treasure, and, for his part, he had never once thought of obeying the injunction.

From his description of the spot, the sly Scotsman at once perceived that the treasure in question must be concealed in no other place than his own humble *kail-yard* [cabbage patch] at home, to which he immediately repaired, in full expectation of finding it. Nor was he disappointed; for, after destroying many good and promising cabbages, and completely cracking credit with his wife, who esteemed him mad, he found a large potful of gold coin, with the proceeds of which he built a stout castle for himself, and became the founder of a flourishing family.

- Source: Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, new edition (London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1870), pp. 236-38.

- Note by Chambers:

Dundonald Castle, the scene of King Robert's early attachment and nuptials with the fair Elizabeth (Mure), is situated in Kyle-Stewart, of which, from the remotest period, it appears to have been the chief messuage, about six miles southwest of Rowallan, and approaching within about a mile of the Firth of Clyude. Its situation, on the summit of a beautiful round hill, in the close vicinity of Dundonald Church, is singularly noble and baronial. Although evidently of considerable antiquity, yet certainly another of still greatly more remote origin to the present castle of Dundonald once occupied the same site. To the more remote building may allude the following rude rhyme, if it be not altogether a piece of rustic wit of recent times:

> There stands a castle in the west,
> They ca' it Donald Din;
> There's no nail in a' its proof,
> Nor yet a wooden pin.
> --*History of the House of Rowallan*, p. 50.

King Robert died at Dundonald Castle anno 1390. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell visited the ruins on their return from the Hebrides; and the former laughed outright at the idea of a Scottish monarch being accommodated, with his court, in so narrow a mansion.

- Return to the table of contents.

Themselves

Isle of Man

There was a man once in the Isle of Man who met one of the Little Fellows, and the Little Fellow told him that if he would go to London Bridge and dig, he would find a fortune. So he went, and when he got there he began to dig, and another man came to him and said, "What are you doing?"

"One of Themselves told me to come to London Bridge and I would get a fortune," says he.

And the other man said, "I dreamed that I was back in the lil' islan' an' I was at a house with a thorn tree at the chimley of it, and if I would dig there I would find a fortune. But I wouldn' go, for it was only foolishness."

Then he told him so plainly about the house that the first man knew it was his own, so he went back to the Island. When he got home he dug under the little thorn tree by the chimney and he found an iron box. He opened the box, and it was full of gold, and there was a letter in it, but he could not read the letter because it was in a foreign language. So he put it in the smithy window and challenged any scholar who went by to read it. None of them could, but at last one big boy said it was Latin and it meant, "Dig again and you'll find another."

So the man dug again under the thorn tree, and what did he find but another iron box full of gold! And from that day till the day of his death, that man used to open the front door before going to bed, and call out, "My blessing with the Little Fellows!"

- Source: Sophia Morrison, *Manx Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1911), pp. 1-2.
- *Themselves* and *Little Fellows* are circumlocutions for *fairies*, who do not like to be referred to directly.
- Return to the table of contents.

Dreaming Tim Jarvis

Ireland

Timothy Jarvis was a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, as every body knows that knows Balledehob.

Now Balledehob is a small place, about forty miles west of Cork. It is situated on the summit of a hill, and yet it is in a deep valley; for on all sides there are lofty mountains that rise one above another in barren grandeur, and seem to look down with scorn upon the little busy village, which they surround with their idle and unproductive magnificence. Man and beast have alike deserted them to the dominion of the eagle, who soars majestically over them. On

the highest of those mountains there is a small, and as is commonly believed, unfathomable lake, the only inhabitant of which is a huge serpent, who has been sometimes seen to stretch its enormous head above the waters, and frequently is heard to utter a noise which shakes the very rocks to their foundation.

But, as I was saying, everybody knew Tim Jarvis to be a decent, honest, quiet, hard-working man, who was thriving enough to be able to give his daughter Nelly a fortune of ten pounds; and Tim himself would have been snug enough besides, but that he loved the drop sometimes. However, he was seldom backward on rent day.

His ground was never distrained but twice, and both times through a small bit of a mistake; and his landlord had never but once to say to him, "Tim Jarvis, you're all behind, Tim, like the cow's tail."

Now it so happened that, being heavy in himself, through the drink, Tim took to sleeping, and the sleep set Tim dreaming, and he dreamed all night, and night after night, about crocks full of gold and other precious stones; so much so, that Norah Jarvis his wife could get no good of him by day, and have little comfort with him by night. The grey dawn of the morning would see Tim digging away in a bog-hole, maybe, or rooting under some old stone walls like a pig. At last he dreamt that he found a mighty great crock of gold and silver, and where, do you think? Every step of the way upon London Bridge, itself! Twice Tim dreamt it, and three times Tim dreamt the same thing; and at last he made up his mind to transport himself, and go over to London, in Pat Mahoney's coaster; and so he did!

Well, he got there, and found the bridge without much difficulty. Every day he walked up and down looking for the crock of gold, but never the find did he find it. One day, however, as he was looking over the bridge into the water, a man, or something like a man, with great black whiskers, like a Hessian, and a black cloak that reached down to the ground, taps him on the shoulder, and says he, "Tim Jarvis, do you see me?"

"Surely I do, sir," said Tim; wondering that anybody should know him in the strange place.

"Tim," says he, "what is it brings you here in foreign parts, so far away from your own cabin by the mine of grey copper at Balledehob?"

"Please your honor," says Tim, "I'm come to seek my fortune."

"You're a fool for your pains, Tim, if that's all," remarked the stranger in the black cloak; "this is a big place to seek one's fortune in, to be sure, but it's not so easy to find it."

Now, Tim, after debating a long time with himself, and considering, in the first place, that it might be the stranger who was to find the crock of gold for him; and in the next, that the stranger might direct him where to find it, came to the resolution of telling him all.

"There's many a one like me comes here seeking their fortunes," said Tim.

"True," said the stranger.

"But," continued Tim, looking up, "the body and bones of the cause for myself leaving the woman, and Nelly, and the boys, and traveling so far, is to look for a crock of gold that I'm told is lying somewhere hereabouts."

"And who told you that, Tim?"

"Why, then, sir, that's what I can't tell myself rightly; only I dreamt it."

"Ho, ho! is that all, Tim?" said the stranger, laughing; "I had a dream myself; and I dreamed that I found a crock of gold, in the fort field, on Jerry Driscoll's ground at Balledehob; and by the same token, the pit where it lay was close to a large furze bush, all full of yellow blossom."

Tim knew Jerry Driscoll's ground well; and, moreover, he knew the fort field as well as he knew his own potato garden; he was certain, too, of the very furze bush at the north end of it. So, swearing a bitter big oath, says he, "By all the crosses in a yard of check, I always thought there was money in that same field!"

The moment he rapped out the oath the stranger disappeared, and Tim Jarvis, wondering at all that had happened to him, made the best of his way back to Ireland. Norah, as may well be supposed, had no very warm welcome for her runaway husband -- the dreaming blackguard, as she called him -- and so soon as she set eyes upon him, all the blood of her body in one minute was into her knuckles to be at him; but Tim, after his long journey, looked so cheerful and so happy-like, that she could not find it in her heart to give him the first blow!

He managed to pacify his wife by two or three broad hints about a new cloak and a pair of shoes, that, to speak honestly, were much wanting to her to go to chapel in; and decent clothes for Nelly to go to the patron with her sweetheart, and brogues for the boys, and some corduroy for himself.

"It wasn't for nothing," says Tim, "I went to foreign parts all the ways; and you'll see what'll come out of it -- mind my words."

A few days afterwards Tim sold his cabin and his garden, and bought the fort field of Jerry Driscoll, that had nothing in it, but was full of thistles, and old stones, and blackberry bushes; and all the neighbors -- as well they might -- thought he was cracked!

The first night that Tim could summon courage to begin his work, he walked off to the field with his spade upon his shoulder; and away he dug all night by the side of the furze bush, till he came to a big stone. He struck his spade against it, and he heard a hollow sound; but as the morning had begun to dawn, and the neighbors would be going out to their work, Tim, not wishing to have the thing talked about, went home to the little hovel, where Norah and the children were huddled together under a heap of straw; for he had sold everything he had in the world to purchase Driscoll's field, that was said to be "the back-bone of the world, picked by the devil."

It is impossible to describe the epithets and reproaches bestowed by the poor woman on her unlucky husband for bringing her into such a way. Epithets and reproaches which Tim had

but one mode of answering, as thus: "Norah, did you see e'er a cow you'd like?" -- or, "Norah, dear, hasn't Poll Deasy a featherbed to sell?" -- or, "Norah, honey, wouldn't you like your silver buckles as big as Mrs. Doyle's?"

As soon as night came Tim stood beside the furze bush spade in hand. The moment he jumped down into the pit he heard a strange rumbling noise under him, and so, putting his ear against the great stone, he listened, and overheard a discourse that made the hair on his head stand up like bulrushes, and every limb tremble.

"How shall we bother Tim?" said one voice.

"Take him to the mountain, to be sure, and make him a toothful for the old serpent; 'tis long since he has had a good meal," said another voice.

Tim shook like a potato blossom in a storm.

"No," said a third voice; "plunge him in the bog, neck and heels."

Tim was a dead man, barring the breath.

"Stop!" said a fourth; but Tim heard no more, for Tim was dead entirely. In about an hour, however, the life came back into him, and he crept home to Norah.

When the next night arrived the hopes of the crock of gold got the better of his fears, and takings care to arm himself with a bottle of potheen, away he went to the field. Jumping into the pit, he took a little sup from the bottle to keep his heart up -- he then took a big one -- and then, with desperate wrench, he wrenched up the stone. All at once, up rushed a blast of wind, wild and fierce, and down fell Tim -- down, down, and down he went -- until he thumped upon what seemed to be, for all the world, like a floor of sharp pins, which made him bellow out in earnest. Then he heard a whisk and a hurra, and instantly voices beyond number cried out:

Welcome, Tim Jarvis, dear!

Welcome, down here!"

Though Tim's teeth chattered like magpies with the fright, he continued to make answer: "I'm he-he-har-ti-ly ob-ob-liged to-to you all, gen-gentlemen, fo-for your civility to-to a poor stranger like myself."

But though he had heard all the voices about him, he could see nothing, the place was so dark and so lonesome in itself for want of the light. Then something pulled Tim by the hair of his head, and dragged him, he did not know how far, but he knew he was going faster than the wind, for he heard it behind him, trying to keep up with him, and it could not.

On, on, on, he went, till all at once, and suddenly, he was stopped, and somebody came up to him, and said, "Well, Tim Jarvis, and how do you like your ride?"

"Mighty well! I thank your honor," said Tim; "and 'twas a good beast I rode, surely!"

There was a great laugh at Tim's answer; and then there was a whispering, and a great cugger mugger, and coshering; and at last a pretty little bit of a voice said, "Shut your eyes, and you'll see, Tim."

"By my word, then," said Tim, "that is the queer way of seeing; but I'm not the man to gainsay you, so I'll do as you bid me, any how."

Presently he felt a small warm hand rubbed over his eyes with an ointment, and in the next minute he saw himself in the middle of thousands of little men and women, not half so high as his brogue, that were pelting one another with golden guineas and lily-white thirteens, as if they were so much dirt.

The finest dressed and the biggest of them all went up to Tim, and says he, "Tim Jarvis, because you are a decent, honest, quiet, civil, well-spoken man," says he, "and know how to behave yourself in strange company, we've altered our minds about you, and will find a neighbor of yours that will do just as well to give to the old serpent."

"Oh, then, long life to you, sir!" said Tim, "and there's no doubt of that."

"But what will you say, Tim," inquired the little fellow, "if we fill your pockets with these yellow boys? What will you say, Tim, and what will you do with them?"

"Your honor's honor, and your honor's glory," answered Tim, "I'll not be able to say my prayers for one month with thanking you -- and indeed I've enough to do with them. I'd make a grand lady, you see, at once of Norah -- she has been a good wife to me. We'll have a nice bit of pork for dinner; and, maybe, I'd have a glass, or maybe two glasses; or sometimes, if 'twas with a friend, or acquaintance, or gossip, you know, three glasses every day; and I'd build a new cabin; and I'd have a fresh egg every morning, myself, for my breakfast; and I'd snap my fingers at the 'squire, and beat his hounds, if they'd come coursing through my fields; and I'd have a new plow; and Norah, your honor, should have a new cloak, and the boys should have shoes and stockings as well as Biddy Leary's brats -- that's my sister what was -- and Nelly should marry Bill Long of Affadown; and, your honor, I'd have some corduroy for myself to make breeches, and a cow, and a beautiful coat with shining buttons, and a horse to ride, or maybe two. I'd have every thing," said Tim, "in life, good or bad, that is to be got for love or money -- hurra-whoop! -- and that's what I'd do."

"Take care, Tim," said the little fellow, "your money would not go faster than it came, with your hurra-whoop."

But Tim heeded not this speech: heaps of gold were around him, and he filled and filled away as hard as he could, his coat and his waistcoat and his breeches pockets; and he thought himself very clever, moreover, because he stuffed some of the guineas into his brogues. When the little people perceived this, they cried out, "Go home, Tim Jarvis, go home, and think yourself a lucky man."

"I hope, gentlemen," said he, "we won't part for good and all; but maybe ye'll ask me to see you again, and to give you a fair and square account of what I've done with your money."

To this there was no answer, only another shout, "Go home, Tim Jarvis; go home; fair play is a jewel; but shut your eyes, or ye'll never see the light of day again."

Tim shut his eyes, knowing now that was the way to see clearly; and away he was whisked as before -- away, away he went 'till he again stopped all of a sudden.

He rubbed his eyes with his two thumbs -- and where was he? -- Where, but in the very pit in the field that was Jer Driscoll's, and his wife Norah above with a big stick ready to beat "her dreaming blackguard." Tim roared out to the woman to leave the life in him, and put his hands in his pockets to show her the gold; but he pulled out nothing only a handful of small stones mixed with yellow furze blossoms. The bush was under him, and the great flag-stone that he had wrenched up, as he thought, was lying, as if it was never stirred, by his side: the whiskey bottle was drained to the last drop; and the pit was just as his spade had made it.

Tim Jarvis, vexed, disappointed, and almost heart-broken, followed his wife home; and, strange to say, from that night he left off drinking, and dreaming, and delving in bog-holes, and rooting in old caves. He took again to his hard working habits, and was soon able to buy back his little cabin and former potato garden, and to get all the enjoyment he anticipated from the fairy gold.

Give Tim one or, at most, two glasses of whiskey punch (and neither friend, acquaintance, or gossip can make him take more), and he. will relate the story to you much better than you have it here. Indeed it is worth going to Balledehob to hear him tell it.

He always pledges himself to the truth of every word with his forefingers crossed; and when he comes to speak of the loss of his guineas, he never fails to console himself by adding: "If they stayed with me I wouldn't have luck with them, sir; and father O'Shea told me 'twas as well for me they were changed, for if they hadn't, they'd have burned holes in my pocket, and got out that way."

I shall never forget his solemn countenance, and the deep tones of his warning voice, when he concluded his tale, by telling me, that the next day after his ride with the fairies, Mick Dowling was missing, and he believed him to be given to the serpent in his place, as he had never been heard of since. "The blessing of the saints be between all good men and harm," was the concluding sentence of Tim Jarvis's narrative, as he flung the remaining drops from his glass upon the green sward.

- Source: Thomas Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, part 2 (London: John Murray, 1828), pp. 221-33.
- Link to additional legends of fairy abduction: Abducted by Aliens.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Dream of Treasure under the Bridge at Limerick

Then they cast him into prison, where he abode three days, after which the chief of the police sent for him and said to him, "Whence art thou?"

"From Baghdad," answered he.

"And what brought thee to Cairo?" asked the magistrate.

Quoth the Baghdadi, "I saw in a dream one who said to me, 'Thy fortune is at Cairo; go thither to it.' But when I came hither, the fortune that he promised me proved to be the beating I had of thee.

The chief of the police laughed, till he showed his jaw teeth, and said, "O man of little wit, thrice have I seen in a dream one who said to me, 'There is in Baghdad a house of such a fashion and situate so-and-so, in the garden whereof is a fountain and thereunder a great sum of money buried. Go thither and take it.' Yet I went not; but thou, of thy little wit, hast journeyed from place to place, on the faith of a dream, which was but an illusion of sleep."

Then he gave him money, saying, "This is to help thee back to thy native land."

Now the house he had described was the man's own house in Baghdad; so the latter returned thither, and digging underneath the fountain in his garden, discovered a great treasure; and [thus] God gave him abundant fortune.

- Source: *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, translated by John Payne, vol. 4 (London: Printed for subscribers only, 1884), pp. 134-35. Translation revised by D. L. Ashliman.
- Since its first translation into a European language between 1704 and 1717, *The Thousand and One Nights,* also known as *The Arabian Nights,* has been recognized as a universal classic of fantasy narrative. It is, of course, a much older work and one with a complicated genealogy. Based on Indian, Persian, and Arab folklore, this work dates back at least 1000 years as a unified collection, with many of its individual stories undoubtedly being even older.
- One of the collection's forebears is a book of Persian tales, likely of Indian origin, titled *A Thousand Legends.* These stories were translated into Arabic about 850, and at least one reference from about the year 950 calls them *The Thousand and One Nights.*
- Arabic stories, primarily from Baghdad and Cairo were added to the ever evolving collection, which by the early 1500's had assumed its more-or-less final form.
- Return to the table of contents.

Persia

An anecdote is told of a man of Baghdad who was in great distress, and who, after calling on God for aid, dreamt that a great treasure lay hid in a certain spot in Egypt. He accordingly journeyed to Egypt, and there fell into the hands of the patrol, who arrested him, and beat him severely on suspicion of being a thief.

Calling to mind the proverb that "falsehood is a mischief but truth a remedy," he determined

Ireland

I heard of a man from Mayo went to Limerick, and walked two or three times across the bridge there. And a cobbler that was sitting on the bridge took notice of him, and knew by the look of him and by the clothes he wore that he was from Mayo, and asked him what was he looking for. And he said he had a dream that under the bridge of Limerick he'd find treasure.

"Well," says the cobbler, "I had a dream myself about finding treasure, but in another sort of a place than this." And he described the place where he dreamed it was, and where was that, but in the Mayo man's own garden.

So he went home again, and sure enough, there he found a pot of gold with no end of riches in it. But I never heard that the cobbler found anything under the bridge at Limerick.

- Source: Lady Isabelle Augusta Gregory, *Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland*, 2nd series (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1920), pp. 36-37.
- Lady Gregory's source: John Phelan.
- Lady Gregory does not give this piece a title.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Dream of the Treasure on the Bridge

Germany

Some time ago a man dreamed that he should go to the bridge at Regensburg where he would become rich. He went there, and after spending some fourteen days there a wealthy merchant, who wondered why was spending so much time on the bridge, approached him and asked him what he was doing there.

The latter answered, "I dreamed that I was to go to the bridge at Regensburg, where I would become rich."

"What?" said the merchant, "You came here because of a dream? Dreams are fantasies and lies. Why I myself dreamed that there is a large pot of gold buried beneath that large tree over there." And he pointed to the tree. "But I paid no attention, for dreams are fantasies."

Then the visitor went and dug beneath the tree, where he found a great treasure that made him rich, and thus his dream was confirmed.

Agricola adds: "I have often heard this from my dear father."

This legend is also told about other cities, for example about Lübeck (or Kempen), where a baker's servant dreams that he will find a treasure on the bridge. Upon going there and walking back and forth, a beggar speaks to him, telling how he has dreamed that a treasure lies beneath a linden tree in the churchyard at Möln (or at Dordrecht beneath a bush) but that he is not about to go there.

The baker's servant answers, "Yes, dreams are often nothing but foolishness. I will give my

bridge-treasure to you."

With that he departed and dug up the treasure from beneath the linden tree.

- Source: Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, "Traum vom Schatz auf der Brücke," *Deutsche Sagen*, vol. 1 (Berlin: In der Nicolaischen Buchhandlung, 1816), no. 211, pp. 290-91. In later editions this legend is numbered 212.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 1999-2011.
- Link to the text by Agricola: Es hat eynem auff eyn zeit getrewmet er solt gen Regenspurg gehen auff die brucken / da solt er reich werden. Source: Johannes Agricola, *Sibenhundert Vnnd Fünfftzig Teutscher Sprüchwörter* (1541), no. 623.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Dream of Treasure

Austria

On the Tyrolean border near Wopnitz there lived a peasant from Krain whose name was Japnig. His domestic situation had fallen to the point that he feared his few remaining goods would be confiscated by the authorities.

One night he dreamed he should go to Stall in the Möll Valley, and, according to the dream, he would find a treasure on his way there. Japnig found this dream very striking, so he set forth immediately. Underway he met an old invalid on a bridge, who, as is customary asked him how far he was going.

"To Stall," answered the peasant, then added, "And you?"

"I don't know" answered the invalid, "I have neither home nor money."

This all-too-frequent topic of conversation gave the two common ground, and they complained to one another about their hard times. Finally the peasant told the old soldier about his dream.

The latter laughed into his face and said, "Anyone can dream about treasure. I myself have dreamed three times that there was a treasure in the hearth of someone named Japnig, or was it Havenot -- have you ever heard such a horrible name? What good is this to me? Do I even know if such a fellow exists? Dreams are foam."

Japnig was right startled to hear his name. He became still as a mouse, then said farewell to the soldier.

He did not go to Stall, but after a small detour returned immediately to his home in Wopnitz, where he forthwith began to tear apart his hearth. His wife thought that he had gone mad, but mortared into the hearth he found a pot filled with thalers, which solved all of Japnig's difficulties.

According to another legend, Japnig walked all the way to the bridge at Prague where he met

the old soldier. That would have been a great distance, but this frequently told legend always features a bridge, with the favorites being at Innsbruck, Regensburg, or Prague.

- Source: Johann Nepumuk Ritter von Alpenburg, "Geträmter Schatz," *Deutsche Alpensagen* (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller, 1861), no. 331, pp. 313-14.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2009.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Dream of the Zirl Bridge

Austria

It was not going well for the peasant of G. in Rinn, and his shoes pinched him on all sides. Once he dreamed that he should go to the bridge at Zirl where he would discover something important. After having the same dream the following night he shared this information with his wife and declared that he wanted to go to Zirl.

But his old woman would not allow this, saying, "Why do you want to waste an entire day and wear out your shoes for nothing? You will not have as much as a green twig to show for yourself!"

So he remained unhappily at home, but behold, the next night he had exactly the same dream again. He arose very early and hurried to Zirl. At sunrise he was already standing by the bridge there. After walking back and forth for a quarter hour, he was approached by a goat herder who wished him a good morning, then drove his herd onward. He did not see anyone for a long time after that. Noon finally arrived, and hunger was tormenting him. He took a piece of Turkish bread [a confection made from peanuts] from his pocket and let it suffice, for he was not going to leave the bridge for any price. But however long he waited, no one came to him.

He was losing his patience, and he was irritated by the thought of how his wife would laugh at him and ridicule him for his gullibility. But he nevertheless held out, until finally the sun was about to set, and the goat herder returned with his herd. He was more that a little surprised to see that the man from Rinn was still there, and he asked him why he had been waiting there so long.

"You see," said the peasant, "I dreamed that if I were to go to the Zirl bridge that I would discover something important."

"Indeed!" answered the goat herder, laughing. "And I dreamed that if I were to go to G. in Rinn that I would find a pot of gold beneath the hearth."

The man from Rinn had now heard enough. He ran home to see if the herder's words were true. Arriving home late in the evening, he secretly dismantled his hearth at once, and he did indeed find a pot completely filled with gold. Thus he became the richest peasant far and wide. (Zillertal)

- Source: Ignaz D. Zingerle, *Sagen aus Tirol* (Innsbruck: Verlag der Wagner'schen

Universitäts-Buchhandlung, 1891), no. 624, pp. 353-54.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Church at Erritsø

Denmark

Many years ago there lived at Erritsø, near Fredericia, a very poor man, who one day said, "If I had a large sum of money, I would build a church for the parish."

The following night he dreamed that if he went to the south bridge at Veile, he would make his fortune. He followed the intimation, and strolled backwards and forwards on the bridge, until it grew late, but without seeing any sign of his good fortune. When just on the point of returning, he was accosted by an officer, who asked him why he had spent the whole day so on the bridge.

He told him his dream, on hearing which the officer related to him in return, that he also, on the preceding night, had dreamed, that in a barn at Erritsø, belonging to a man whose name he mentioned, a treasure lay buried. But the name he mentioned was the man's own, who prudently kept his own counsel, hastened home, and found the treasure in his barn. The man was faithful to his word and built the church.

- Source: Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology, Comprising the Popular Traditions and Superstitions of Scandinavia, North Germany, and the Netherlands*, vol. 2 (London: Edward Lumley, 1851), pp. 253-54.
- Two closely related Danish-language legends, both recorded by J. M. Thiele in his *Danmarks Folkesagn*, vol. 1 (Copenhagen: Universitetsboghandler C. A. Reitzels Forlag, 1843):
    1. "Kirken i Erritsø," p. 246.
    2. "Skatten i Tanslet," p. 357.
- Return to the table of contents.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 19, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

to confess the true reason of his coming to Egypt, and accordingly told them all the particulars of his dream.

On hearing them they believed him, and one of them said, "You must be a fool to journey all this distance merely on the faith of a dream. I myself have many times dreamt of a treasure lying hid in a certain spot in Baghdad, but was never foolish enough to go there."

Now the spot in Baghdad named by this person was none other than the house of the poor man of Baghdad, and he straightway returned home, and there found the treasure.

- Source: Jalalu-d'-Din Muhammad i Rumi, Masnavi i Ma'navi: The Spiritual Couplets (London: Trübner and Company, 1887), p. 322.
- *Wikipedia* article about Jalalu-d'-Din Muhammad i Rumi (1207-1273).
- *Wikipedia* article about the *Masnavi*, written between about 1258 and 1273.
- Return to the table of contents.

Numan's Dream

Turkey

There was of old time in the city of Cairo a man called Numan, and he had a son. One day when this boy's time to learn to read was fully come he took him to a school and gave to a teacher. This Numan was exceeding poor, so that he followed the calling of a water seller, and in this way he supported his wife and child.

When the teacher had made the boy read through the Koran, he told the boy to fetch him his present. So the boy came and told his father.

His father said, "O son, the Koran is the Word of God Most High, we have nothing worthy of it; there is our camel with which I follow my trade of water seller, take it at least and give it to thy teacher."

The boy took the camel and brought it to his teacher. But that day his father could gain no money, and that night his wife and his son and himself remained hungry.

Now his wife was a great scold, and when she saw this thing she said, "Out on thee, husband, art thou mad? Where are thy senses gone? Thou hadst a camel, and by means of it we made shift to live, and now thou hast taken and given it in a present; would that that boy had not been born, or that thou hadst not sent him to read; what is he and what his reading?'

And she made so much noise and clamor that it cannot be described. Numan saw this thing, and he bowed down his head, and from the greatness of his distress he fell asleep.

In his dream a radiant elder, white-bearded and clad in white raiment, came and said, "O Numan, thy portion is in Damascus; go, take it."

Just then Numan awoke and he saw no one, and he arose and said, "Is the vision divine or is it satanic?"

While saying this, he again fell asleep, and again he saw it. Brief, the elder appeared three times to him that night in his dream and said, "Indeed is thy provision in Damascus; delay not, go to Damascus and take it."

When it was morning Numan spake to his wife of the vision; his wife said, "Thou gavest away our camel and didst leave us hungry, and now thou canst not abide our complaints and wishest to run off; I fear thou wilt leave thy child and me here and go off."

Numan said, "My life, I will not run off."

Quoth the woman, "I will not bide, I will not bide; where thou goest I too will go with thee."

Numan sware that he would not run off, and the woman was persuaded and let him go.

So Numan went forth; and one day he entered Damascus, and he went in through the gate of the Amawi Mosque. That day someone had baked bread in an oven and was taking it to his house; when he saw Numan opposite him and knew him to be a stranger, he gave him a loaf. Numan took it and ate it, and lay down through fatigue and fell asleep.

That elder again came to him in his vision and said, "0 Numan, thou hast received thy provision; delay not, go back to thy house."

Numan awoke and was amazed and said, "Then our bearing this much trouble and weariness was for a loaf."

And he returned. One day he entered his house, and the woman looked and saw there was nothing in his hand; and Numan told her.

When the woman learned that Numan had brought nothing, she turned and said, "Out on thee, husband, thou art become mad, thou art a worthless man; had thy senses been in thy head, thou hadst not given away our camel, the source of our support, and left us thus friendless and hungry and thirsty; not a day but thou doest some mad thing."

And she complained much. And Numan's heart was broken by the weariness of the road and the complaining of the woman, and he fell asleep.

Again in his vision that elder came and said, "O Numan, delay not, arise, dig close by thee, thy provision is there, take it."

But Numan heeded not. Three times the elder appeared to him in his dream and said, "Thy provision is indeed close by thee; arise, take it."

So Numan, unable to resist, arose and took a pick-axe and shovel and began to dig where his head had lain.

The woman made mock of Numan and said, "Out on thee, man; the half of the treasure revealed to thee is mine."

Numan replied, "So be it; but I am weary, come thou and dig a bit that I may take breath a little."

The woman said, "Thou art not weary now; when thou art weary I will help."

Numan went on: and when he had dug as deep as half the height of a man, a marble slab appeared. The woman saw the marble and, saying in herself, "This is not empty," she asked the pick-axe from Numan.

Numan said, "Have patience a little longer."

The woman said, "Thou art weary."

Numan replied, "Now am I rested."

Quoth the woman, "I am sorry for thee, thou dost not know kindness."

While thus talking they saw that one side of that marble was pierced and that there was a hole. Thereupon grew Numan eager, and he pulled the marble from its place, and below it was a well and a ladder. He caught hold of the ladder and went down and saw a royal vase filled full with red gold, and he called out to the woman, "Come here."

Thereupon the woman descended likewise and saw the vase of gold, and she threw her arms round Numan's neck and said, "O my noble little husband! Blessed be God, for thy luck and thy fortune."

Numan took up some of these sequins, and the woman said, "What wilt thou do?"

Numan replied, "I shall take these to our king and tell him that there is a vase full of them, and that an elder came to me in my dream and told me, and I shall say, 'Take them all; and, if thou wilt, bestow on me a few of them that I and my wife may eat and drink, and in our comfort may bless and praise thee.'"

Quoth the woman, "My life, husband, speak not to our king now, so that all of them may remain ours and we shall have ease of heart."

Numan listened not, but took them and laid them before the king.

The king said, "What is this?"

Numan answered, "O king, I found them in thy ground." And he told of the elder's coming in his dream and of there being a vase full of them, and said, "O king, send a slave of thine, and he will return; and I shall accept the king's alms, whatever it may be."

The king said to a scribe, "Come, read this, let us see from whose time it has remained."

When the scribe took the sequin into his hand he saw that there was written on the one side of it, "This is an alms from before God to Numan." Then the scribe turned over the other side and saw that it was thus written on that side, "By reason of his respect toward the Koran."

When the scribe had read the inscriptions to the king, the king said, "What is thy name?"

He replied, "My name is Numan."

The king caused all these sequins to be read, and the writing on the whole of them was the same.

The king said, "Go ye and bring some from the bottom of the vase."

And they went and brought some from the bottom of the vase, and they read them, and they all bore the inscription of the first. And the king wondered and said, "Go, poor man, God Most High has given it thee, on my part too be it lawful for thee; come, take these sequins also."

So Numan took them and went to his house, and he took out the sequins that were in the vase; and he enjoyed delight in the world until he died, and in the hereafter he attained a lofty station. And all this felicity was for his respect to the glorious Koran.

- Source: Sheykh-Zada, "The Twenty-Sixth Vezir's Story," *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, The Story of the Forty Morns and Eves*, translated by E. J. W. Gibb (London: George Redway, 1886), pp. 278-84.
- In Gibbs's translation the hero's name is given as Nu'mān.
- Return to the table of contents.

How the Junkman Traveled to Find Treasure in His Own Yard

Turkey

In one of the towers overlooking the Sea of Marmora and skirting the ancient city of Stamboul, there lived an old junkman, who earned a precarious livelihood in gathering cinders and useless pieces of iron, and selling them to smiths.

Often did he moralize on the sad Kismet that had reduced him to the task of daily laboring for his bread to make a shoe, perhaps for an ass. Surely he, a true Muslim, might at least be permitted to ride the ass. His eternal longing often found satisfaction in passing his hours of sleep in dreams of wealth and luxury. But with the dawning of the day came reality and increased longing.

Often did he call on the spirit of sleep to reverse matters, but in vain; with the rising of the sun began the gathering of the cinders and iron. One night he dreamt that he begged this nocturnal visitor to change his night to day, and the spirit said to him, "Go to Egypt, and it shall be so."

This encouraging phrase haunted him by day and inspired him by night. So persecuted was he with the thought that when his wife said to him, from the door, "Have you brought home any bread?" he would reply, "No, I have not gone; I will go tomorrow; " thinking she had asked him, " Have you gone to Egypt?"

At last, when friends and neighbors began to pity poor Ahmet, for that was his name, as a

man on whom the hand of Allah was heavily laid, removing his intelligence, he one morning left his house, saying, "I go! I go! to the land of wealth!" And he left his wife wringing her hands in despair, while the neighbors tried to comfort her. Poor Ahmet went straight on board a boat which he had been told was bound for Iskender (Alexandria), and assured the captain that he was summoned thither, and that he was bound to take him. Half-witted and mad persons being more holy than others, Ahmet was conveyed to Iskender.

Arriving in Iskender, Hadji Ahmet roamed far and wide, proceeding as far as Cairo, in search of the luxuries he had enjoyed at Constantinople when in the land of Morpheus, which he had been promised to enjoy in the sunshine, if he came to Egypt. Alas! for Hadji Ahmet; the only bread he had to eat was that which was given him by sympathizing humanity. Time sped on, sympathy was growing tired of expending itself on Hadji Ahmet, and his crusts of bread were few and far between.

Wearied of life and suffering, he decided to ask Allah to let him die, and wandering out to the pyramids he solicited the stones to have pity and fall on him. It happened that a Turk heard this prayer, and said to him, "Why so miserable, father? Has your soul been so strangled that you prefer its being dashed out of your body, to its remaining the prescribed time in bondage?"

"Yes, my son," said Hadji Ahmet. "Far away in Stamboul, with the help of God, I managed as a junkman to feed my wife and myself; but here am I, in Egypt, a stranger, alone and starving, with possibly my wife already dead of starvation, and all this through a dream."

"Alas! Alas! my father! that you at your age should be tempted to wander so far from home and friends, because of a dream. Why, were I to obey my dreams, I would at this present moment be in Stamboul, digging for a treasure that lies buried under a tree. I can even now, although I have never been there, describe where it is. In my mind's eye I see a wall, a great wall, that must have been built many years ago, and supporting or seeming to support this wall are towers with many corners, towers that are round, towers that are square, and others that have smaller towers within them. In one of these towers, a square one, there live an old man and woman, and close by the tower is a large tree, and every night when I dream of the place, the old man tells me to dig and disclose the treasure. But, father, I am not such a fool as to go to Stamboul and seek to verify this. It is an oft-repeated dream and nothing more. See what you have been reduced to by coming so far."

"Yes," said Hadji Ahmet, "it is a dream and nothing more, but you have interpreted it. Allah be praised, you have encouraged me; I will return to my home." And Hadji Ahmet and the young stranger parted, the one grateful that it had pleased Allah to give him the power to revive and encourage a drooping spirit, and the other grateful to Allah that when he had despaired of life a stranger should come and give him the interpretation of his dream. He certainly had wandered far and long to learn that the treasure was in his own garden.

Hadji Ahmet in due course, much to the astonishment of both wife and neighbors, again appeared upon the scene not a much changed man. In fact, he was the cinder and iron gatherer of old.

To all questions as to where he was and what he had been doing, he would answer, "A dream sent me away, and a dream brought me back."

And the neighbors would say, "Truly he must be blessed."

One night Hadji Ahmet went to the tree, provided with spade and pick, that he had secured from an obliging neighbor. After digging a short time a heavy case was brought to view, in which he found gold, silver, and precious jewels of great value. Hadji Ahmet replaced the case and earth and returned to bed, much lamenting that it had pleased God to furnish women, more especially his wife, with a long tongue, long hair, and very short wits. "Alas!" he thought, "If I tell my wife, I may be hung as a robber, for it is against the laws of nature for a woman to keep a secret."

Yet, becoming more generous when thinking of the years of toil and hardship she had shared with him, he decided to try and see if, by chance, his wife was not an exception to other women. Who knows, she might keep the secret. To test her, at no risk to himself and the treasure, he conceived a plan.

Crawling from his bed, he sallied forth and bought, found, or stole an egg. This egg on the following morning he showed to his wife, and said to her, "Alas! I fear I am not as other men, for evidently in the night I laid this egg; and, wife mine, if the neighbors hear of this, your husband, the long-suffering Hadji Ahmet, will be bastinadoed, bowstrung, and burned to death. Ah, truly, my soul is strangled."

And without another word Hadji Ahmet, with a sack on his shoulder, went forth to gather the cast-off shoes of horse, ox, or ass, wondering if his wife would prove an exception in this, as she had in many other ways, to other women.

In the evening he returned, heavily laden with his finds, and as he neared home he heard rumors, ominous rumors, that a certain Hadji Ahmet, who had been considered a holy man, had done something that was unknown in the history of man, even in the history of hens: that he had laid a dozen eggs.

Needless to add that Hadji Ahmet did not tell his wife of the treasure, but daily went forth with his sack to gather iron and cinders, and invariably found, when separating his finds of the day, in company with his wife, at first one, and then more gold and silver pieces, and now and then a precious stone.

- Source: Cyrus Adler and Allan Ramsay, *Told in the Coffee House: Turkish Tales* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1898), pp. 35-42.
- The episode describing the junkman's wife embellishment of his "secret" is classified as a type 1381D folktale.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Peddler of Swaffham

England

Constant tradition says that there lived in former times in Soffham (Swaffham), alias Sopham, in Norfolk, a certain peddler, who dreamed that if he went to London Bridge, and stood there, he should hear very joyful news, which he at first slighted, but afterwards, his dream being doubled and trebled upon him, he resolved to try the issue of it, and accordingly went to London, and stood on the bridge there two or three days, looking about him, but heard nothing that might yield him any comfort.

At last it happened that a shopkeeper there, hard by, having noted his fruitless standing, seeing that he neither sold any wares nor asked any alms, went to him and most earnestly begged to know what he wanted there, or what his business was; to which the peddler honestly answered that he had dreamed that if he came to London and stood there upon the bridge he should hear good news; at which the shopkeeper laughed heartily, asking him if he was such a fool as to take a journey on such a silly errand, adding, "I'll tell you, country fellow, last night I dreamed that I was at Sopham, in Norfolk, a place utterly unknown to me where I thought that behind a peddler's house in a certain orchard, and under a great oak tree, if I dug I should find a vast treasure! Now think you," says he, "that I am such a fool to take such a long journey upon me upon the instigation of a silly dream? No, no. I'm wiser. Therefore, good fellow, learn wit from me, and get you home, and mind your business."

The peddler observing his words, what he had said he dreamed, and knowing they concerned him, glad of such joyful news, went speedily home, and dug and found a prodigious great treasure, with which he grew exceeding rich; and Soffham (Church) being for the most part fallen down, he set on workmen and rectified it most sumptuously, at his own charges; and to this day there is his statue therein, but in stone, with his pack at his back and his dog at his heels; and his memory is also preserved by the same form or picture in most of the old glass windows, taverns, and alehouses of that town unto this day.

- Source: Edwin Sidney Hartland, *English Fairy and Other Folk Tales* (London: Walter Scott Publishing Company, ca. 1890), pp. 76-77.
- Hartland's source: The Diary of Abraham de la Pryme, the Yorkshire Antiquary (Durham: Andrews and Company, 1870), pp. 219-20. De la Pryme lived from 1671 to 1704.
- Another version of this legend: Joseph Jacobs, "The Pedlar of Swaffham," *More English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1894), pp. 91-93.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Swaffham Legend

England

Swaffham Church, noted for its architectural beauties, has furnished material for a legend worth recording. According to tradition, the entire expense of erecting this noble edifice was defrayed by a tinker or pedlar residing in the parish named John Chapman, who, if the voice of the legend is to be believed, was marvelously provided for by Divine Providence.

It is said that this tinker dreamed that if he went to London Bridge he would, to use the phraseology of a certain class of advertisements, "hear of something greatly to his

The Mouse Who Was to Marry the Sun

fables of Aarne-Thompson-Uther type 2031C
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2002-2014

1. The Transformed Mouse Seeks a Bridegroom (India, *The Panchatantra*).
2. A Story on Caste (India).
3. The Rats and Their Daughter (Japan).
4. A Bridegroom for Miss Mole (Korea).
5. The Most Powerful Husband in the World (French North Africa).
6. The Vole Who Sought a Wife (Marie de France).
7. The Mouse Metamorphosed into a Maid (Jean de La Fontaine).
8. The Story of the Rat and Her Journey to God (Romania).
9. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

India (*The Panchatantra*)

On the shore of the Ganges there was a hermitage filled with holy men dedicated to prayer, self denial, repentance, the study of holy scriptures, fasting, and meditation. They drank only small amounts of very pure water, and mortified their bodies with a diet of bulbs, roots, fruits, and water plants. Their only clothing were loincloths made from tree bark.

The father of the hermitage was named Yajnavalkya. He had just finished bathing in the Ganges and was about to rinse out his mouth when a little mouse fell from a falcon's beak into his hand. After looking at it, he set it onto a fig leaf, bathed himself once more, rinsed out his mouth, and performed his penitential and other rituals. Then through the power of his holiness he transformed the mouse into a girl.

Taking her home with him to his hermitage, he said to his wife, who was childless, "My dear, take her in place of a daughter. Bring her up with care!"

Thereafter she was reared, loved, and nurtured. When she was twelve years old, and the wife saw that she was ready for marriage, she said to her husband, "Listen, husband, do you not see that it is past time for our daughter's marriage?"

He said, "What you say is quite right! So if she is willing, I will summon the exalted sun god and present her to him as a wife.

- Source: Martha Ward Carey, transl. *Fairy Legends of the French Provinces* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co., 1887), pp. 118-20.
- The stories in this collection were gathered from the French folklore journal *Mélusine* and Paul Sébillot's *Contes des provinces de la France.* This tale is identified as "An Arabian Story," suggesting that its origin is one of the former French colonies in North Africa.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Vole Who Sought a Wife

Marie de France

Once there was a proud vole (a kind of mouse) that wanted to marry, but would not have a bride from his own lineage, wanting instead the daughter of a most high being. Thus he went to the sun, whom he held to be the mightiest being of all, and asked for the hand of his daughter.

The sun replied, "But there is one even mightier than I: the cloud, for he is able to cover my brightness entirely."

So the vole went to the cloud, addressed him as "the mightiest one," and asked to wed his daughter.

The cloud responded that the vole would find an even stronger being in the wind, who had the power to push the cloud away at will.

Next the vole journeyed to the wind, explaining that he understood him to be the most powerful creature of all, and wishing therefore to marry his daughter.

"You are mistaken," answered the wind. "The wall is stronger than I. He can withstand my mightiest blast."

"Then I withdraw my request for you daughter's hand," replied the vole. I will marry only into the mightiest family." And he went forthwith to the wall.

Upon hearing the vole's request to marry his daughter, and the explanations thereto, the wall replied, "You have been misled, my friend. There is a creature still mightier than I."

"Who, then?" asked the vole. "He must be the strongest in the world."

"Quite so," said the wall. "It's the mouse who has a nest inside of me. No mortar can withstand her gnawing. With time she'll be the death of me. However far you go, you'll find no better wife than this little lady mouse."

And thus it is with the proud and the arrogant who strive beyond their rightful place, and end up even lower than where they started.

- Source: Retold from the Anglo-Norman verse fable: "Dou Muset ki quist Fame,"

Poésies de Marie de France, vol. 2 (Paris: Chasseriau, 1820), no. 64, pp. 274-80.

• © D. L. Ashliman, 2014.

• Little is known about the life of the medieval poet Marie de France, except that she probably was born in France and lived in England during the late 12th century.

• Return to the table of contents.

The Mouse Metamorphosed into a Maid

Jean de La Fontaine

A mouse once from an owl's beak fell;
I'd not have pick'd it up, I wis;
A Brahmin did it: very well;
Each country has its prejudice.

The mouse, indeed, was sadly bruised.
Although, as neighbors, we are used
To be more kind to many others,
The Brahmins treat the mice as brothers.
The notion haunts their heads, that when
The soul goes forth from dying men,
It enters worm, or bird, or beast,
As Providence or Fate is pleased;
And on this mystery rests their law,
Which from Pythagoras they're said to draw.

And hence the Brahmin kindly pray'd
To one who knew the wizard's trade,
To give the creature, wounded sore,
The form in which it lodged before.

Forthwith the mouse became a maid,
Of years about fifteen;
A lovelier was never seen.
She would have waked, I ween,
In Priam's son, a fiercer flame
Than did the beauteous Grecian dame.

Surprised at such a novelty,
The Brahmin to the damsel cried,
"Your choice is free;
For every he
Will seek you for his bride."

Said she, "Am I to have a voice?
The strongest, then, shall be my choice."

"O sun!" the Brahmin cried, "this maid is thine,
And thou shalt be a son-in-law of mine."

"No," said the sun, "this murky cloud, it seems,
In strength exceeds me, since he hides my beams;
And him I counsel you to take."

Again the reverend Brahmin spake --
"O cloud, on-flying with thy stores of water,
Pray wast thou born to wed my daughter?"

"Ah, no, alas! for, you may see,
The wind is far too strong for me.
My claims with Boreas' to compare,
I must confess, I do not dare."

"O wind," then cried the Brahmin, vex'd,
And wondering what would hinder next, --
"Approach, and, with thy sweetest air,
Embrace -- possess -- the fairest fair."

The wind, enraptured, thither blew; --
A mountain stopp'd him as he flew,
To him now pass'd the tennis-ball,
And from him to a creature small.

Said he, "I'd wed the maid, but that
I've had a quarrel with the rat.
A fool were I to take the bride
From one so sure to pierce my side."

The rat! It thrill'd the damsel's ear;
The name at once seem'd sweet and dear.
The rat! 'Twas one of Cupid's blows;
The like full many a maiden knows;
But all of this beneath the rose.

One smacketh ever of the place
Where first he show'd the world his face.

Thus far the fable's clear as light;
But, if we take a nearer sight,
There lurks within its drapery
Somewhat of graceless sophistry;
For who, that worships e'en the glorious sun,
Would not prefer to wed some cooler one?
And doth a flea's exceed a giant's might,

Because the former can the latter bite?

And, by the rule of strength, the rat
Had sent his bride to wed the cat;
From cat to dog, and onward still
To wolf or tiger, if you will:
Indeed, the fabulist might run
A circle backward to the sun. --

But to the change the tale supposes, --
In learned phrase, metempsychosis.
The very thing the wizard did
Its falsity exposes --
If that indeed were ever hid.

According to the Brahmin's plan,
The proud aspiring soul of man,
And souls that dwell in humbler forms
Of rats and mice, and even worms,
All issue from a common source,
And, hence, they are the same of course. --

Unequal but by accident
Of organ and of tenement,
They use one pair of legs, or two,
Or e'en with none contrive to do,
As tyrant matter binds them to.

Why, then, could not so fine a frame
Constrain its heavenly guest
To wed the solar flame?
A rat her love possess'd.

In all respects, compared and weigh'd,
The souls of men and souls of mice
Quite different are made, --
Unlike in sort as well as size.
Each fits and fills its destined part
As Heaven doth well provide;
Nor witch, nor fiend, nor magic art,
Can set their laws aside.

- Source: Jean de La Fontaine, *The Fables of Fontaine*, translated from the French by Elizur Wright; a new edition with notes by J. W. M. Gibbs (London: George Bell and Sons, 1888), book 9, fable 7, pp. 231-33.
- Link to this fable in the original French: La souris métamorphosée en fille.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Story of the Rat and Her Journey to God

Romania

In a mill a rat once lived and prospered. It took after the miller, and from day to day its paunch grew bigger. It became as round as a cucumber and as fat as a candle.

One day, looking at its round, sleek figure, the rat said to itself, "Behold I am so beautiful and strong. Why should I not go and pay a visit to God? He is sure to receive me."

No sooner said than done. Leaving the mill, he started on his journey to God. After traveling a few days and not coming nearer to God, he stopped and said, "Methinks that either God lives much farther away than I believed, or I have lost my way. I will go to the sun and ask where God is."

Coming to the sun, the rat asked, "Where is God?"

"Off with you," shouted the sun. "I have no time for idle talkers."

The rat went to the clouds and asked them, "Where is God?"

"We cannot stop to bandy words with the like of you."

Away the rat went and came to the wind. "Where is God?" asked the rat.

"There," replied the wind, whistling, and getting hold of the rat hurled him down onto an ant-heap, and there he found his level.

- Source: M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London: Folk-Lore Society, 1915), no. 109, p. 318.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

- Texts of additional chain tales.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised October 30, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

His wife said, "What could be said against that? Do it!"

Through the power of prayer and incantations the sun appeared without delay, saying, "Holy man, why do you summon me?"

The man answered, "Behold! Here stands my little daughter. If she will have you, take her as a wife!"

Having said this, he said to his daughter, "Daughter, does this exalted one please you, this sun god who illuminates the three worlds?"

The daughter said, "Father, he is too hot. I do not want him. Summon a better one!"

Hearing this, the wise man said to the sun, "Exalted one, is there a being more powerful than you?"

The sun answered, "Yes, there is a stronger one than I. The cloud, through whose cover I become invisible."

Then the wise man summoned the cloud and said to his daughter, "Daughter, shall I give you to this one as a wife?"

She answered, "He is black and cold. Therefore give me to another powerful being!"

Upon this the wise man asked the cloud, "Listen, cloud! Is there anyone more powerful than you?"

The cloud answered, "The wind is more powerful than I! Driven by the wind, I am scattered into a thousand pieces."

After hearing this, the wise man summoned the wind and said, "Daughter, does the wind please you most of all as a husband?"

She answered, "Father! He is entirely too inconstant. Summon a more powerful one instead!"

The wise man said, "Wind, is there anyone more powerful than you?"

The wind said, "The mountain is more powerful than I, for however strong I am, he still stands firmly against me."

Then the wise man summoned the mountain and said to the girl, "Daughter, shall I give you to this one in marriage?"

She answered, "Father, he is hard and rigid. Therefore give me to another one."

The wise man asked the mountain, "Listen, king of the mountains, is there anyone more powerful than you?"

The mountain answered, "The mice are more powerful than I, for they make holes in my body

with violence."

With that the wise man summoned a mouse and showed him to her, saying, "Daughter, shall I give you to him as a wife? Does this mouse king please you?"

Seeing him, she thought, "He is of my own kind."

Her hair stood on end with pleasure, making her even more beautiful, and she said, "Father, make me into a mouse and give me to him as a wife so I can fulfill the domestic duties prescribed for my kind!"

Through the power of his holiness he transformed her into a little mouse and gave her to the other mouse as a wife.

- Source: *The Panchatantra*, book 3.
- I have used the following edition: "Die verwandelte Maus soll sich einen Bräutigam wählen," *Pantschatantra: Fünf Bücher indischer Fabeln, Märchen und Erzählungen*, aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen von Theodor Benfey, vol. 2 (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1859), pp. 262-66.
- Translated from the German by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- In addition to making a few minor stylistic changes, I have omitted from my translation a lengthy discourse in verse, presented by the wise man to his wife, on the supposed benefits of child marriage.
- About *The Panchatantra*

    - One of India's most influential contributions to world literature, *The Panchatantra* (also spelled *Pañcatantra* or *Pañca-tantra*) consists of five books of animal fables and magic tales (some 87 stories in all) that were compiled in their current form between the third and fifth centuries AD. It is believed that even then the stories were already ancient. The tales' self-proclaimed purpose is to educate the sons of royalty.

      Although the original author's or compiler's name is unknown, an Arabic translation from about 750 AD attributes *The Panchatantra* to a wise man called Bidpai, which is probably a Sanskrit word meaning "court scholar."

      The fables of *The Panchatantra* found their way to Europe through oral folklore channels and by way of Persian and Arabic translations. They substantially influenced medieval writers of fables.

- Link to additional Tales from the Panchatantra.
- Return to the table of contents.

A Story on Caste

India

There was once a village inhabited only by Musahars. Among them was one girl who was so

beautiful that she seemed more than human. Her father and mother were so proud of her looks that they determined not to marry her to a man of their own caste. They were constantly discussing whom they should choose as a son-in-law; one day they began to consider who were the greatest persons in the world. The old woman was of opinion that there was no one greater than Chando, the Sun God, and suggested that they should marry the girl to him. Her husband agreed and off they set and presented themselves before Chando. Chando asked why they had come.

"O Chando, we understand that you are the greatest being in the world and we have come to marry our daughter to you."

Chando answered, "I fancy there is some one greater than I."

"Who is he?" asked the parents.

"The cloud is greater than I, for it can hide my face and quench my rays."

At this the father and mother hurried off with their daughter in search of the cloud, and when they found him, told him that they had brought their daughter to give him to wife, as he was the greatest being in the world.

"I may be great," said the cloud, "but there is a greater than I, the wind. The wind rises and blows me away in a minute."

So they went in search of the wind and when they found him, explained to him why they had brought him their daughter.

The wind said, "I am strong but there are stronger than I. The mountains are stronger. I can blow things down or whirl them away, but I cannot move the mountains."

So on they went to the mountain and explained their errand.

The mountain said, "I am great but there are more powerful than I. The ground-rat is more powerful, for however high I may be the ground-rats burrow holes in me and I cannot resist them."

The poor parents by this time began to feel rather discouraged, but still they made up their minds to persevere and went on to look for the ground-rat. They found him and offered him their daughter in marriage, but the ground-rat denied that he was the most powerful being on earth. The Musahars were more powerful for they lived by digging out ground-rats and eating them.

The hapless couple went home very dejectedly, reflecting that they had begun by despising their own caste and had gone in search of something greater and had ended where they began. So they arranged to marry their daughter to a man of their own caste after all.

Moral. You should not despise your own caste or race; you cannot help what caste you are born into. A Santal may learn to read and write and associate with men of good position and

thereby his mind may be perverted. He may wish to change his caste and become a Sadhu, or a Kherwar, or a Boistab, or a Mussulman, or a Christian or anything else; but people will still know him for a beef-eating Santal. If he becomes a Christian, no one will think him the equal of a Saheb or a Brahman; no Saheb will marry his daughter or give him his daughter in marriage. Remember what happened to the Musahar, who despised his own caste. God caused you to be born in a certain caste. He and not we made the different castes, and He knows what is good and bad for us.

- Source: Cecil Henry Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London: David Nutt, 1909), no. 51, pp. 168-70.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Rats and Their Daughter

Japan

Once near a lonely farmhouse surrounded by rice fields there lived a rat couple. They were highly regarded by their own kind and very prosperous. One day, in addition to their many other children, a little daughter was born to them. She was so dainty with her shiny gray fur, her broad little upright ears, and her glistening eyes, that her parents became quite proud of their little daughter. Day in and day out their only thoughts were how they might prepare a magnificent future for her.

When the little rat came of age, both parents came to the conclusion that only the most powerful being in the entire world should be her husband.

Once they were discussing this matter with a neighbor, and he said, "If you want to give your daughter in marriage to the most powerful being, you must choose the sun as your son-in-law, for without question, no one equals the sun in power.

The rat couple saw that this was true, and without hesitation they made their way to the sun and presented to him their proposal that he should marry their daughter.

The sun replied, "I am much indebted to you that you have come so far, and that you have the kind intention to give me your daughter in marriage, but please tell me just why you have chosen me to be your son-in-law."

The rats said, "We would like to give our daughter in marriage to the most powerful being in the world, and without dispute you are that one. Therefore we have chosen you to be our son-in-law."

Then the sun said, "What you say is not without foundation, but there is a being more powerful than I, and it is he to whom you must give your daughter."

The rats replied, "Can there in truth be someone more powerful than you?"

The sun said, "When I want to shine on the earth, a cloud often comes by and covers me up, and my rays are unable either to penetrate it or to frighten it away. I am powerless against the

cloud. Thus you must go to the cloud and make him your son-in-law."

The rats saw that it was so, and they went to the cloud.

After they had presented their proposal to him, the cloud said, "You are in error if you think that I am the most powerful being. I do indeed have the power to cover the sun, but I am powerless against the wind. When he begins to blow, he drives me away and tears me to pieces. There is nothing I can do against him."

So the rats went to the wind and made the proposal to him that he should marry their daughter, whom they wanted to give in marriage to the most powerful being.

But the wind said, "You are in error. I do indeed have the power to drive away the cloud, but I am powerless against the wall that people build to hold me back. I can neither blow through it nor do anything to it. The wall is much more powerful than I."

So the rats again set forth and came to the wall, to whom, in a similar manner, they made their request.

The wall replied, "It is indeed true that I have the power to resist the wind, but there is a rat that is undermining me, boring into me and making holes throughout me, and there is nothing I can do to stop him. I am powerless against the rat. It would be better for you to take the rat for your son-in-law than to choose me!"

This pleased the rats, for they saw that the wall was right. They returned home and married their dear daughter to a handsome young rat.

They never regretted this, for their daughter lived happily and contentedly with a man of her own kind. And the parents, who once had wanted to elevate her so high, shared in her happiness and satisfaction.

- Source: David Brauns, "Die Ratten und ihr Töchterlein," *Japanische Märchen und Sagen* (Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Friedrich, 1885), pp. 85-87.
- Translated from the German by D. L. Ashliman. © 2008.
- Link to additional Folktales from Japan.
- Return to the table of contents.

A Bridegroom for Miss Mole

Korea

By the river Kingin stands the great stone image, or Miryek, that was cut out of the solid rock ages ago. Its base lies far beneath the ground and around its granite cap, many feet square, the storm clouds gather and play as they roll down the mountain.

Down under the earth, near this mighty colossus, lived a soft-furred mole and his wife. One day a daughter was born to them. It was the most wonderful mole baby that ever was known. The father was so proud of his lovely offspring that he determined to marry her only to the

grandest thing in the whole universe. Nothing else would satisfy his pride in the beautiful creature he called his own.

Father Mole sought long and hard to find out where and what, in all nature, was considered the most wonderful. He called in his neighbors and talked over the matter with them. Then he visited the king of the moles and asked the wise ones in his court to decide for him. One and all agreed that the Great Blue Sky was above everything else in glory and greatness.

So up to the Sky the Mole Father went and offered his daughter to be the bride of the Great Blue, telling how, with his vast azure robe, the Sky had the reputation, both on the earth and under it, of being the greatest thing in the universe.

But, much to the Mole Father's surprise, the Sky declined. "No, I am not the greatest. I must refer you to the Sun. He controls me, for he can make it day or night as he pleases. Only when he rises, can I wear my bright colors. When he goes down, darkness covers the world, and men do not see me at all, but the stars instead. Better take your charming daughter to him."

So to the Sun went Mr. Mole and though afraid to look directly into his face, he made his plea. He would have the Sun marry his attractive daughter. But the mighty luminary, that usually seemed so fierce, dazzling men's eyesight and able to burn up the very grass of the field, seemed suddenly very modest. Instead of accepting at once the offer, the Sun said to the father, "Alas! I am not master. The Cloud is greater than I, for he is able to cover me up and make me invisible for days and weeks. I am not as powerful as you think me to be. Let me advise you to offer your daughter to the Cloud."

Surprised at this, the Mole Father looked quite disappointed. Now he was in doubt as to what time he had best propose to the Cloud, -- when it was silvery white and glistening in a summer afternoon, or when it was black and threatening a tempest. However, his ambition to get for his daughter the mightiest possible bridegroom prompted him to wait until the lightnings flashed and the thunder rolled. Then, appearing before the terrible dark Cloud that shot out fire, he told of the charms of his wonderful daughter and offered her as bride.

"And why do you come to me?" asked the Cloud, its face inky black with the wrath of a storm and its eyes red with the fires of lightning.

"Because you are not only the greatest thing in the universe, but you have proved it by your terrible power," replied the Father Mole.

At this the Cloud ceased its rolling, stopped its fire and thunder and almost laughed. "So far from being the greatest thing in the world, I am not even my own master. See already how the Wind is driving me. Soon I shall be invisible, dissolved in air. Let me commend you to the Wind. The Master of the Cloud will make a grand son-in-law."

Thereupon Papa Mole waited until the Wind calmed down, after blowing away the clouds. Then telling of his daughter's accomplishments and loveliness, he made proffer of his only child as bride to the Wind. But the Wind was not half so proud as the Mole Father had

expected to find him. Very modest, almost bashful seemed the Wind, as he confessed that before Miryek, the colossal stone image, his power was naught.

"Why, I smite that Great Stone Face and its eyes do not even blink. I roar in his ears, but he minds it not. I try to make him sneeze, but he will not. Smite him as I may, he still stands unmoved and smiling. Alas, no. I am not the grandest thing in the universe, while Miryek stands. Go to him. He alone is worthy to marry your daughter."

By this time the Mole Father was not only footsore and weary, but much discouraged also. Evidently all appreciated his shining daughter; but would he be able, after all, to get her a worthy husband?

He rested himself a while and then proceeded to Miryek, the colossus of granite as large as a lighthouse, its head far up in the air, but with ears ready to hear. The Mole Father squeaked out compliments to the image as being by common confession the greatest thing on earth. He presented his request for a son-in-law and then in detail mentioned the accomplishments of his daughter, sounding her praises at great length. Indeed, he almost ruined his case by talking so long.

With stony patience, Miryek listened to the proud father with a twinkle in his white granite eyes. When his lips moved, he was heard to say, "Fond Parent, what you say is true. I am great. I care not for the sky day or night, for I remain the same in daylight and darkness. I fear not the sun, that cannot melt me, nor the frost that is not able to make me crumble. Cold or hot, in summer or in winter time, I remain unchanged. The clouds come and go, but they cannot move me. Their fire and noise, lightning and thunder, I fear not. Yes, I am great." Then the stone lips closed again.

"You will make, then, a good bridegroom for my daughter? You will marry her, I understand?" asked the proud father as his hopes began to rise, though he was still doubtful.

"I would gladly do so, if I were greatest. But I am not," said Miryek. "Down under my feet is the Mole. He digs with his shovel-like hands and makes burrows day and night. His might I cannot resist. Soon he shall undermine my base and I shall topple down and lie like common stone along the earth. Yes I by universal confession, the Mole is the greatest thing in the universe and to him I yield. Better marry your daughter to him."

So after all his journeying, the lovely daughter's father sought no further. Advised on all sides, and opinion being unanimous, he found out that the Mole was the greatest thing in the universe. His daughter's bridegroom was found at home and of the same family of creatures. He married her to a young and handsome Mole, and great was the joy and rejoicing at the wedding. The pair were well-mated and lived happily ever afterward.

- Source: William Elliot Griffis, *The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1911), pp. 50-55.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Most Powerful Husband in the World

French North Africa

It is said that a monk, whose prayers were always answered, was one day seated on the seashore, when he saw a kite fly holding in one of its claws a little mouse, which escaped and fell on the monk. Touched with compassion for the mouse, he took it, wrapped it up in a leaf, and carried it home with him. Fearing that his people would not be very eager to care for it, he prayed his Lord to change it into a young girl; and immediately it became a young girl gifted with great beauty.

The monk led her to his wife, and said to the latter, "Here is a girl who belongs to me, and I desire that you shall treat her as my own child."

When she had come to the age of womanhood, the monk said to her, "My dear daughter, you are quite grown up, and you absolutely must have a husband; choose then, one to suit yourself, so that I may unite you to him."

"Since you leave me free to choose," she replied, "I wish for my husband, he who is the most powerful in the world."

"Perhaps you would like the sun?" said he; and he went to find the sun, and said to it, "O! thou who art so essentially great, I have a daughter who desires to have for a husband he who is the most powerful in the world; would you be willing to marry her?"

"I will show you someone who is more powerful than I," said the sun. "It is the cloud which obscures me, and makes my rays pale and tarnishes the splendor of my fires."

The monk went to the cloud and repeated to him the sun's words."

"And I," said the cloud, "I will show you someone more powerful than I. Go find the wind which makes me come and go, which drives me from east to west."

The monk went to find the wind, and said to him the same things which he had said to the cloud; but the wind said to him also, "I will show you someone more powerful than I. It is the mountain that I cannot move."

Then the monk went to speak to the mountain, which made him this reply, "I will show you someone more powerful than I. It is the rat, against which I cannot defend myself, when he bores into me and makes his home in me."

At last the monk went and said to the rat, "Do you wish to marry my young daughter?"

"And how could I do so?" cried the rat. "My hole is narrow, and a rat only marries a mouse."

The monk then prayed his Lord to change the young girl into a mouse, as she was before, and this to the entire contentment of the young girl.

Immediately she resumed her original shape, and she ran away with the rat.

The Old Woman and Her Pig

and Other Chain-Folktales of Aarne-Thompson-Uther Type 2030
translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2009

Contents

1. The Old Woman and Her Pig (England).
2. Moorachug and Meenachug (Scotland).
3. The Wife and Her Bush of Berries (Scotland).
4. The Wifie an Her Kidie (Scotland).
5. Nanny Who Wouldn't Go Home to Supper (Norway).
6. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

The Old Woman and Her Pig

England

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile. But the piggy wouldn't go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to him, "Dog! Dog! Bite pig. Piggy won't go over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the dog wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said, "Stick! Stick! Beat dog! Dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the stick wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, "Fire! Fire! Burn stick. Stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the fire wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said, "Water! Water! Quench fire. Fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the water wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox! Ox! Drink water. Water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over

won't come home in time. I am so hungry, and I want my supper."

"No," said the wolf, "I won't wear out my paws and teeth on a skinny fox."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the bear and ask him to slay the wolf," said the mother.

The lad went to the bear. "My dear bear, slay the wolf, for the wolf won't tear the fox, and the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, that I won't," said the bear; "I don't want to wear out my claws for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the Finn and ask him to shoot the bear."

The lad went to the Finn. "My dear Finn, shoot the bear, for the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the Finn; "I am not going to shoot away my bullets for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well go to the fir," said his mother, "and ask it to crush the Finn."

The lad went to the fir tree: "My dear fir, crush the Finn, for the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the fir, "I am not going to break my boughs for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the fire," said his mother, "and ask it to burn the fir."

The lad went to the fire: "My dear fire, burn the fir, for the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the fire, "I am not going to burn myself out for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the water, and ask it to quench the fire," she said.

The lad went to the water. "My dear water, quench the fire, for the fire won't burn the fir, the fir

won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the water, "I am not going to waste myself for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the ox," said she, "and ask him to drink up the water."

The lad went to the ox: "My dear ox, drink up the water, for the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the ox. "I'm not going to burst myself for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the yoke," said she, "and ask it to throttle the ox."

The lad went to the yoke. "My dear yoke, throttle the ox, for the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the yoke. "I'm not going to break myself in two for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the axe," said she, "and tell it to split the yoke."

The lad went to the axe. "My dear axe, split the yoke, for the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the axe. "I am not going to blunt my edge for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the smith," said she, "and ask him to hammer the axe."

The lad went to the smith. "My dear smith! hammer the axe, for the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the smith. "I'll not burn my coals and wear out my sledge-hammers for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the rope," said she, "and ask it to hang the smith."

The lad went to the rope. "My dear rope, hang the smith, for the smith won't hammer the axe, the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the rope. "I'm not going to break in two for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the mouse," said she, "and ask her to gnaw the rope."

The lad went to the mouse. "My dear mouse, gnaw the rope, for the rope won't hang the smith, the smith won't hammer the axe, the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the mouse. "I'm not going to wear out my teeth for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the cat," said she, "and ask her to catch the mouse."

The lad went to the cat. "My dear cat, catch the mouse, for the mouse won't gnaw the rope, the rope won't hang the smith, the smith won't hammer the axe, the axe won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't tear the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"Yes, but give me a drop of milk for my kittens, and then" said the cat.

Yes, that she should have. So the cat caught the mouse, and the mouse gnawed the rope, and the rope hanged the smith, and the smith hammered the axe, and the axe split the yoke, and the yoke throttled the ox, and the ox drank the water, and the water quenched the fire, and the fire burned the fir, and the fir crushed the Finn, and the Finn shot the bear, and the bear slew the wolf, and the wolf tore the fox, and the fox bit Nanny, and Nanny took to her heels, scampered home, and ran against the barn wall and broke one of her legs.

"M-a-h-a-h!" bleated the goat. There she lay, and if she isn't dead she is still limping about on three legs. But Espen said it served her right, because she would not come home in time for supper that day.

- Source: Peter Christen Asbjørnsen, Fairy Tales from the Far North, translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad (London: David Nutt, 1897), pp. 246-52.
- The text of this tale in Norwegian: Hårslå, som aldri ville hjem gå.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

Links open in new windows.

- Chain Tales. Texts of additional cumulative stories.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised April 29, 2009.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the ox wouldn't. She went a little further and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher! Butcher! Kill ox. Ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the butcher wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, "Rope! Rope! Hang butcher. Butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the rope wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! Rat! Gnaw rope. Rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight." But the rat wouldn't.

She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! Cat! Kill rat. Rat won't gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home tonight."

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haystack, and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the hay-stack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.

- Source: Joseph Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1890), no. 4, pp. 20-23.

  Jacobs' source: "Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, 114."

- An earlier edition: James Orchard Halliwell, *The Nursery Rhymes of England: Collected Chiefly from Oral Tradition* (London: John Russell Smith, 1846), pp. 182-84.
- Return to the table of contents.

Moorachug and Meenachug

Scotland

Moorachug and Meenachug went to gather fruit, and as Moorachug would gather Meenachug would eat. Moorachug went to seek a rod to lay on Meenachaig, and she eating his share of fruit.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai ?" said the rod.

"'T is my own news, that I am seeking a rod to lay on Meenachug, and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me until thou gettest an axe that will reap me."

He reached the axe.

"What's thy news to-day, oh Voorachai?"

"'T is my own news that I am seeking an axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachug -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me until thou gettest a stone to smooth me."

He reached a stone.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the stone.

"'Tis my own news that I am seeking stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the stone, "till thou gettest water will wet me."

He reached the water.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the water.

"'Tis my own news that I am seeking -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the water, "till thou gettest a deer to swim me."

He reached the deer.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai ?" said the deer.

"'Tis my own news, that I am seeking -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meeuachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the deer, " until thou gettest a dog to run me."

He reached the dog.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the dog.

"'Tis my own news that I am seeking -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the dog, "till thou gettest butter to be rubbed to my feet."

He reached the butter.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the butter.

"'T is my own news, that I am seeking -- butter to feet of dog -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the butter, "till thou gettest a mouse will scrape me."

He reached the mouse.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the mouse.

"'T is my own news, that I am seeking -- mouse to scrape butter -- butter to feet of dog -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the mouse, "till thou gettest a cat to hunt me."

He reached the cat.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the cat.

"'Tis my own news, that I am seeking -- cat to hunt mouse -- mouse to scrape butter -- butter to feet of dog -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get me," said the cat, "until thou gettest milk for me."

He reached the cow.

"What's thy news today, oh! Voorachai?" said the cow.

"'Tis my own news, that I am seeking -- milk for the cat -- cat to hunt mouse -- mouse to scrape butter -- butter to feet of dog -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get milk from me till thou gettest a whisp from the barn gillie."

He reached the barn gillie.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the barn gillie.

"'T is my own news, that I am seeking -- a whisp for the cow -- a cow will shed milk for the cat -- cat to hunt mouse -- mouse to scrape butter -- butter to feet of dog -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenachaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get a whisp from me," said the barn gillie, "till thou gettest a bonnach for me from the kneading wife."

He reached the kneading wife.

"What's thy news today, oh Voorachai?" said the kneading wife.

"'Tis my own news, that I am seeking -- bonnach to the barn gillie -- whisp to the cow from the barn gillie -- milk from the cow to the cat -- cat will hunt mouse -- mouse will scrape butter -- butter to feet of dog -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenaehaig -- and she eating my share of fruit."

"Thou wilt not get bonnach from me till thou bringest in water will knead it."

"How will I bring in the water?"

"There is no vessel but that sowen's sieve."

Moorachug took with him the sowen's sieve. He reached the water, and every drop he would put in the sowen's sieve it would go through.

A hoodie came over his head, and she cried, "*Gawr-rag, gawr-rag* (little silly, little silly)."

"Thou art right, oh hoodie," said Moorachug.

"*Crèah rooah s' còinneach, crèah rooah s' còinneach,*" said the hoodie.

Moorachug set *crèah rooah s' còinneach* (brown clay and moss) to it, and he brought in the water to the kneading wife -- and he got bonnach from the kneading wife to barn gillie -- whisp from the barn gillie to the cow -- milk from the cow to the cat -- cat to hunt mouse -- mouse to scrape butter -- butter to feet of dog -- dog to run deer -- deer to swim water -- water to stone -- stone to smooth axe -- axe to reap rod -- rod to lay on Meenaehaig -- and she eating his share of fruit.

And when Moorachug returned Meenachag had just BURST.

- Source: John Francis Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands: Orally Collected*, vol. 1 (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1860), pp. 157-60.
- Campbell's sources: "From Ann Darroch, James Wilson, Hector MacLean, Islay, and many others in other parts of the Highlands."

- Notes by Campbell (pp. 160-61):

This is the best known of all Gaelic tales. It is the infant ladder to learning a chain of cause and effect, and fully as sensible as any of its kind. It used to be commonly taught to children of five or six years of age, and repeated by school boys, and it is still remembered by grown-up people in all parts of the highlands. There are few variations. In one version the crow was a little bird ; in another a gull was introduced, which advised the use of sand to stuff the riddle.

The tale has sixteen steps, four of which contain double ideas. The English "House that Jack Built" has eleven. The Scotch "Old Woman with the Silver Penny" has twelve. The Norsk "Cock and Hen A-nutting" twelve, ten of which are double. The German story in Grimm has five or six, all single ideas. All these are different. In Uist the actors are *Biorachan mor agus Biorchan Beag*; in Sutherland, *Morachan agus Mionachan*.

The speech of the Hoodie is always a very close imitation of his note. In another version she says, "*Cuir criadh righin ruadh Ris-Put tough red clay to it;" and the gull said, " Cuir Poll Bog ris* (Put soft mud to it)," which is rather the speech of some other bird. There are several rare words in this ; for example, *gadhar*, a dog.

- Link to the Gaelic text of this story: Murchadh a's Mionachag.

- Return to the table of contents.

The Wife and Her Bush of Berries

Scotland

Lang syne, when geese were swine,
And turkeys chewed tobacco,
And birds biggit their nests in auld mens's beards,
And mowdies del't potawtoes --

There was a wife that lived 'n a wee house by hersel', and as she was soopin' the house one day, she fand twall pennies. So she thought to hersel' what she wad do wi' her twall pennies, and at last she thought she couldna do better than gang wi't to the market and buy a kid. Sae she gaed to the market and coffed a fine kid. And as she was gaun hame, she spied a bonny buss o' bernies growin' beside a brig. And she says to the kid, "Kid, kid, keep my house till I pu' my bonny, bonny buss o' berries."

"'Deed no," says the kid, "I'll no keep your house till ye pu' your bonny buss o' berries."

Then the wife gaed to the dog, and said, "Dog, dog, bite kid. Kid winna keep my house till I pu' my bonny buss o' berries."

"'Deed," says the dog, "I'll no bite the kid, for the kid never did me ony ill."

Then the wife gaed to a staff and said, "Staff, staff, strike dog; for dog winna bite kid, and kid winna keep my house," etc.

"'Deed," says the staff, "I winna strike the dog, for the dog never did me ony ill."

Then the wife gaed to the fire, and said, "Fire, fire, burn staff. Staff winna strike dog; dog winna bite kid," etc.

"'Deed," says the fire, "I winna burn the staff, for the staff never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Water, water, slocken fire. Fire winna," etc.

"'Deed," says the water, "I winna slocken fire, for fire never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Ox, ox, drink water. Water winna slocken fire," etc.

"'Deed, says the ox, "I winna drink water, for water never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Ax, ax, fell ox. Ox winna drink water," etc.

"'Deed , says the ax, "I winna fell ox, for ox never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Smith, smith, smooth ax. Ax winna," etc.

"'Deed," says the smith, "I winna smooth ax, for ax never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Rope, rope, hang smith. Smith winna smooth ax," etc.

"'Deed," says the rope, "I winna hang smith, for smith never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Mouse, mouse, cut rope. Rope winna hang smith," etc.

"'Deed," says the mouse, "I winna cut rope, for rope never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Cat, cat, kill mouse. Mouse winna cut rope; rope winna hang smith; smith winna smooth ax; ax winna fell ox; ox winna drink water; water winna slocken fire; fire winna burn staff; staff winna strike dog; dog winna bite kid; kid winna keep my house till I pu' my bonny buss o' berries."

"'Deed, says the cat, "I winna kill the mouse, for the mouse never did me ony ill."

Wife: "Do't, and I'll gie ye milk and bread."

Wi' that the cat to the mouse, and the mouse to the rope, and the rope to the smith, and the smith to the ax, and the ax to the ox, and the ox to the water, and the water to the fire, and the fire to the staff, and the staff to the dog, and the dog to the kid, and the kid keepit the wife's house, till she pu'd her bonny buss o' berries.

- Source: Robert Chambers, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, new edition (London and

Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1870), pp. 57-59. Preface dated November 24, 1841.

• Return to the table of contents.

The Wifie an Her Kidie

Scotland

There wiz a wifie, an she sweipit her hoosie clean an fair, an she fan twal pennies. An she geed till the market, an she bocht a kid. An she said, "Kid, kid, rin hame, leuk the hoose, an come again, till I gedder a puckle sticks to my fair firie."

"Niver a lenth," said the kid, "will I rin hame, leuk the hoose, an come again; ye can dee't yersel."

An the wifie said to the dog, "Dog, dog, bite kid; kid winna rin hame, leuk the hoose, an come again till I gedder a puckle sticks to my fair firie."

"Niver a lenth," said the dog, "will I bite the kid; the kid niver did me ony ill."

"Stick, stick, ding dog. Dog winna bite kid, kid winna rin hame," etc.

"Niver a lenth," said the stick, "will I ding dog; dog niver did me ony ill."

"Fire, fire, burn stick; stick winna ding dog, dog winna bite kid, kid winna rin," etc.

"Niver a lenth," said the fire, "will I burn the stick; the stick niver did me ony ill."

"Watter, watter, quench fire; fire winna burn stick, stick winna ding dog," etc.

"Niver a lenth," said the watter, "will I quench fire; fire niver did me ony ill."

"Ox, ox, drink watter; watter winna quench fire; fire winna burn stick," etc.

"Niver a lenth," said the ox, "the watter niver did me ony ill."

"Aix, aix, kill ox; ox winna drink watter; watter winna quench fire; fire," etc.

"Niver a lenth," said the aix, "the ox niver did me ony ill."

"Smith, smith, smee aix; aix winna kill ox; ox," etc.

"Niver a lenth," said the smith, "the aix niver did me ony ill."

"Rope, rope, hang smith; smith winna smee aix; aix winna," etc.

"Niver a lenth," said the rope, "the smith niver did me ony ill."

"Moosie, moosie, gnaw rope; rope winna hang smith; smith," etc.

Noo, a' this time the cattie wiz sittin i' the ingle-neuk singin a sang till hersel. So the wifie said,

"Bonnie cattie, gin ye wud tak moosie, I wud gie you some fine milk an breed t' yersel."

So the cattie t' the moosie, an the moosie t' the rope, an the rope t' the smith, an the smith t' the aix, an the aix t' the ox, and the ox t' the watter, an the watter t' the fire, an the fire t' the stick, an the stick t' the dog, an the dog t' the kid, an the kid ran hame, leukit the hoose, an cam again till the wifie gedderit a puckle sticks till her fair firie.

Another version of the ending is: An the kiddie ran ower the brig o' the waulk-mill an broke her neck.

- Source: Walter Gregor, "A Folk-Tale from Aberdeenshire," *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. 2, no. 9 (September 1884), pp. 277-78.
- Gregor's source: Mr. James Moir, M.A., rector of the grammar school, Aberdeen.
- Return to the table of contents.

Nanny Who Wouldn't Go Home to Supper

Norway

There was once upon a time a woman who had a son and a goat. The son was called Espen and the goat they called Nanny. But they were not good friends, and did not get on together, for the goat was perverse and wayward, as goats will be, and she would never go home at the right time for her supper. So it happened one evening that Espen went out to fetch her home, and when he had been looking for her a while he saw Nanny high, high up on a crag:

"My dear Nanny, you must not stay any longer up there; you must come home now, it is just supper time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I shan't," said Nanny, "not before I have finished the grass on this tussock, and that tussock and this and that tussock."

"Then I'll go and tell mother," said the lad.

"That you may, and then I shall be left to eat in peace," said Nanny.

So Espen went and told his mother.

"Go to the fox and ask him to bite Nanny," said his mother.

The lad went to the fox. "My dear fox, bite Nanny, for Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry, and I want my supper," said Espen.

"No, I don't want to spoil my snout on pig's bristles and goat's beard," said the fox.

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the wolf," said his mother.

The lad went to the wolf: "My dear wolf, tear the fox, for the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny

The Creation of Life on Earth

according to
The Raelian Movement
abstracted from the official web site of RAEL (The True Face of God) by

D. L. Ashliman

Scientists from another planet created all life on earth using DNA.

On December 13, 1973, in the heart of the Puy de Lassolas crater, near Clermond-Ferrand in the center of France, a journalist, Claude Vorilhon, saw a metallic looking engine about 7 meters in diameter in the shape of a flattened bell descend from the sky. It resembled no existing terrestrial technology.

Astounded, he saw the engine stop and a trap door open. A human being of small size (1.2 meters) descended and approached him. Reassured by the pacifist attitude of the visitor, Claude Vorilhon wanted to communicate, and questioned him in French, "Where do you come from?"

He heard the small being answer, "From very far, from another planet. I have come to meet you, you Claude Vorilhon. I have many things to tell you, and I have chosen you for a difficult mission. You are going to transmit to humans what I am going to tell you, and according to their reactions we will see if we can officially show ourselves to them. I know that you have recently read the Bible. Come into my machine. We will be more comfortable to talk."

The extra-terrestrial was about four feet in height, had long dark hair, almond-shaped eyes, olive skin, and exuded harmony and humor. He gave Claude Vorilhon the name Rael, then told him, "We were the ones who made all life on earth. You mistook us for gods. We were at the origin of your main religions. Now that you are mature enough to understand this, we would like to enter official contact through an embassy."

The messages dictated to Rael explain how life on Earth is not the result of random evolution, nor the work of a supernatural "God." It is a deliberate creation, using DNA, by a scientifically advanced people who made human beings literally in their image, what one can call "scientific creationism."

References to these scientists and their work, as well as to their symbol of infinity can be found in the ancient texts of many cultures. For example, in Genesis, the biblical account of creation, the word "Elohim" has been mistranslated as "God" in the singular, but it is a plural, which means "those who came from the sky."

A very long time ago on a distant planet, the development of knowledge made it possible to scientifically create life. The ethics committees at the time, which were put in place by this

distant government, banned such experiments from being done on their planet.

The scientific teams were given the material and technological means to go and explore other planets in order to continue these projects deemed dangerous for the population.

Our planet, "the Earth," was one of these sites where such research was applied, in particular the synthesis of life in laboratories.

They made reconnaissance flights, and artificial satellites were placed around the Earth to study its constitution and atmosphere, as we are currently doing on Mars or Jupiter.

Then, they started a vast terraforming project, in other words, planning of the soil and the implementation of a big colony of technicians, scientists in all disciplines, and artists. They pursued the project they were forced to stop on their planet of origin: the creation of life.

The work done in genetic engineering allowed them to conceive all imaginable life forms on a planet which could offer such a luxury of possibilities, since it was virgin.

After the creation of elementary life forms from the synthesis of DNA, they created more complex forms. First was plant life. Then there were the aquatic animals, which were carefully conceived so as to find the right ecological balance. Then came birds of all sorts. The conjunction of the scientist's and artist's ideas gave diverse and remarkable colors, forms, and attitudes to life on earth.

Despite strict directives from their government, after the creation of terrestrial animals some scientists were tempted to reproduce a being with human shape and behavior. These works, which were done in total secrecy, succeeded after a long period of trials and prototypes. The public opinion on their planet was scandalized when they discovered the facts. Public opinion was forced to accept that the first humans were a reality. So, the experiment was continued officially, with orders as strict as the previous ones: to keep these new creatures in total ignorance of their origin.

At this time in their history, these scientists were not aware yet that they had given birth to a new humanity on earth, our humanity. They were merely repeating an unwavering cycle in the cosmos: The created will one day become creator.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised January 8, 2003.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Four young men who were hunting in the mountains killed several full-grown goats and captured alive a little kid, which they carried back to their camp. There they kindled a fire and to amuse themselves alternately pushed the animal into the flames and pulled it out again, while they laughed at its piteous bleating

Another youth who was hunting in the vicinity heard the bleating and entered their camp. He reproached them for their cruelty and warned them that they would surely be punished. Then he took the kid away from them, set it free in a pleasant spot on the mountainside, and returned home. The four youths also returned to the village, wearing heavy packs of goat meat.

Summer came round and the people turned their attention to fishing. No sooner had the fishing season ended than three strangers entered the village and invited them to attend a great feast that was to be held in a place not far away. The villagers joyfully accepted the invitation and, guided by the three messengers, started out in a body.

They traveled for three days toward the setting sun and at last reached a big village whose large and imposing houses were fronted by many totem poles. Their hosts offered them abundant meat of different kinds and assigned them a house in which to pass the night. But a youth of the village quietly approached the man who had rescued the kid and invited him to stay in a different house far over to one side.

That evening their hosts summoned them to an entertainment in another large house. Someone said to each chief as he entered the building, "Sit down yonder, and you will see something".

The villagers sat around the three sides of the house and waited expectantly. Suddenly the house seemed to split in two, and in what had been the middle of the floor appeared a high precipice.

"Look", said a voice.

Far down the face of the precipice wandered two mountain goats. The scene vanished, and the house took in its normal appearance.

"Look again", said the voice.

The house parted a second time, and the floor was transformed into a lake of dark-blue water. Then the lake also vanished, and the house became as it was before.

Now that the entertainment had ended, the visitors returned to the house that had been assigned to them and slept. But the man who had rescued the kid returned to the house far over to one side where he had been told to sleep. There his young host cooked some food for him and, after he had eaten said, "If you hear a noise in the night, don’t move. All your companions are about to die, but I will save your life."

They lay down together, his host sleeping on the outside. In the middle of the night came a great wind accompanied by the bleating of young goats.

The man was frightened and tried to rise but directly in front of him, hemming him in, stood a young goat. Unable to move he waited anxiously until daylight, when he found himself lying on a narrow ledge overlooking a high precipice. Far below were the mangled remains of his companions who had been destroyed during the night.

The goat now rubbed his feet and hands and allowed him to stand up.

"I will descend in front of you", it said. "Place your feet exactly in my tracks and grasp the rock with your hands."

With the goat leading the way, he began the descent. Wherever he touched the rock, it felt like soft mud that offered a sure footing. So they reached the bottom in safety. The man now opened his paint bag, rubbed some red paint on the young goat's shoulders, and said:

"Next year many people will come to this mountain to hunt goats; but I have marked you with this paint that no one may harm you, because you have saved my life."

And the goat replied, "Search among these corpses for your family and kinsmen. Rub them with your hands, and they will come back to life. Next year I will gather all the goats on this mountain for you and your people to kill. I myself will be among them."

The man restored his kinsfolk to life and led them home.

A year later they gathered at the same mountain to hunt goats. So many animals did they see standing above on its slopes that the mountain seemed covered with snow. The hunters pursued them until they killed all except one, the goat with red paint on its shoulders. This one the man whom it had rescued held in his hands and forbade them to kill.

"Let them kill me if they wish", the goat said to him.

But he answered, "No. You saved my life. If they kill you, they must kill me also".

So the young goat was given its liberty. Ever since it has remained high up on this mountain.

This information is intended for research purposes or for general interest only.
Any other use may violate one or more copyrights which rest with the original authors.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Native American Indian language

Native American culture **What's new on our site today!**

This article has been archived from the now-defunct Chapleau Cree Legends site (http://www.geocities.com/chapleaucree/21mig02/CCFN_Migration_Vol2-04.html) for educational purposes. Contents are the sole property of the authors. Please visit our Article Archive Index for further information. If you are the author of this article and would like to make changes to it, or if you are the author of another article you would like us to add to our archives, please contact us.

The Seagulls and the Whiskey Jacks

She started her story like this; "Long ago, the animals were more like people than they are today. They could talk with us and we could talk with them" And with that type of an introduction, she told me her little story.

Some people, long ago came to live near the water. A large family of white seagulls lived on an island of rock in a bay far from the camp. They were pretty birds and could fly a long time without moving their wings. The people first thought that they were very beautiful. But if people went near the rock island, the Seagulls would scream and insult them, and fly at them to scare then off.

Closer to the camp was a family of Whisky Jacks who lived in the Spruces. They were never noisy, and when the people walked near their home, the Whiskey Jacks would just say hello.

When the people set nets and cleaned the fish they caught, these two bird families would hear the people working hard with their fish. The Whiskey Jacks would come to visit and whistle softly and praise the people for their good fishing and tell the people how lucky they were to catch so many fish. They jumped from tree to tree talked quietly, and provided good company for the people, and the people would look up from their work and smile, and throw the birds a piece of liver or some fish eggs. The Whisky Jacks, would fly down, politely pick up a piece and fly away quietly.

The Seagulls were quite different. When they saw the people cleaning fish, they would fly close, screaming and screaming and yelling that the fish were not for the people, but were theirs and theirs alone. The people would try to be pleasant, and sometimes would give a piece of liver to the seagulls as they worked. But each time that they did, the whole bunch of Seagulls would run in, and fight each other for the food. Many times those that fought lost the food to another while they were fighting. After many times like this, the people stopped giving the Seagulls food because it made the people feel uncomfortable. They never ever stopped giving the Whiskey Jacks fresh food and they never ever stopped them from visiting the

camp. In the end, the seagulls only got to eat the scraps that floated on the water. They were pretty birds, but people knew what they were like.

Storytelling is an oral tradition passed on from one generation to another. The stories are memorized and repeated, sometimes changing each time they are told. The special stories about the origins of sacred ceremonies, and especially the Creation legend, are told with great precision. The stories of the Cree incorporate all that life incorporates, accepting good and evil, cruelty and beauty, crudeness and fancy equally, as part of the world.

Storytellers are judged according to their eloquence, and their ability to improvise and improve stories for entertainment. They are welcomed wherever they go. Some people who are not storytellers by trade also have the ability to memorize and invent stories.

The Cree tell long stories about personal hunting adventures. The narrator uses gestures and movements to illustrate the story. The movements of the animals, the stealthy approach of the hunter, the aim, the shot, the cry of the animal or the pursuit are all acted out as the tale unfolds.

Stories are used to entertain all ages, to instruct the young, and to preserve history, rituals and beliefs. They are told during the long cold winter nights when everyone craved stimulation, wanting something to spark their imagination.

The Cree belief that stories based on fiction cannot be told during the summer is shared by many nations. Summer is the season when people are supposed to use their time as well as possible. People who narrate such stories in the summer risk having their lives destroyed by lizards, who would come to suck their blood. It was believed that toads or snakes would creep into the beds of people who wasted precious time telling stories before the first snow fell. This type of punishment is also reserved for narrators of the endless cycles about the superhuman chameleon-like joker Wisakecahk, a revered character in the Cree storytelling tradition. During the summer, spirits are about and may take revenge on people who tell stories that are damaging to them. Animals may also overhear and be offended by the stories when they are roaming in the summer.

Stories lose meaning when translated from their original language. Meaning is also lost to people of other cultures. There are images, suggestions and associations in these stories that mean nothing to the outsider but are apparent in the minds of the Cree. The connection to nature, to the Great Spirit and to other peoples is part of Cree culture and is reflected in the stories that are told to children from the time they are born.

Sponsored links:

More stories to read:

Native American bird myths
Legends about seagulls
Legends about aggression

The Underwater Panther (Great Water Lynx, Night Panther, Mishibizhiw)

Name: Water Panther (or Underwater Panther)
Tribal affiliation: Ojibwe, Algonquin, Ottawa, Menominee, Shawnee, Cree
Native names: Mishibizhiw, Mishibizhii, Mishipeshu, Mishipizheu, Mishibijiw, Mishipizhiw, Mshibzhii, Mshibzhiw, Mishipizhu, Misipisiw, Mishipiishiiw, Messibizi, Missipissy, Mitchipissy, Michipichi, Mishibizhi, Michipizhiw, Mishupishu, Mishepishu, Michipeshu, Misibizhiw, Michipichik, Msipissi, Msi-Pissi, Msipessi, Missibizi, Michi-Pichoux, Gichi-anami'e-bizhiw, Gitche-anahmi-bezheu, Nampeshiu, Nambiza, Nampèshiu, Nampe'shiu, Nambi-Za, Nampeshi'kw, Nambzhew, Naamipeshiwa, Namipeshiwa, Nah-me-pa-she, Peshipeshiwa, Manetuwi-Rusi-Pissi, Manetúwi Msí-Pissí, Maeci-Pesew, Matc-Piseo, Wiä'bskinit Mätc Pis'eu
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: usually mih-shih-bih-zhew or mih-shih-bih-zhee in Anishinabe, and nahm-bee-zhuh in Potawatomi
Also known as: Great Lynx, Water Lynx, Night Panther, Matchi-Manitou, Underground Panther, Underneath Panther
Type: Monster, water spirit, panther

Related figures in other tribes: True Tiger (Miami-Illinois), Tie-Snake (Southeast tribes)

The Water Panther (or Water Lynx) is a powerful mythological creature something like a cross between a cougar and a dragon. Water Panther is a dangerous monster that lives in deep water and causes men and women to drown. The legends of some tribes describe Water Panther as the size of a real lynx or mountain lion, while in others, the beast is enormous. Water Panther has a very long prehensile tail which is often said to be made of copper. Details of the monster vary from community to community, but in many stories, Water Panthers are described as furry with either horns or deer antlers and a sharp saw-toothed back.

Water Panther Stories

- **The Underwater Panther:**
  Chippewa legend about two women's encounter with a Water Panther.
- **Mishebeshu:**
  Ojibwe storytellers describe the legendary underwater panther.
- **Underwater Panther Mishipeshu:**
  Wikipedia articles about the Water Panther.
- **Legend of the Giant Skunk:**
  Cree story about how Wolverine and Mishipizhiw defeated a giant skunk monster.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **Ojibway Tales:**
  Good collection of traditional folktales retold by an Ojibway author.

Algonquian Spirit:
Excellent anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Ojibwe and other Algonquian tribes.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

Enduring Nations
Ojibway legends
Chippewa language
Ojibwe words
Minnesota Indian tribes
Woodlands Native Americans
Algonquian Indian languages

Back to
American Indian Mythological Characters
Back to Native American Indian Legends for Children

Learn more about the Chippewa Indian tribe.

Native American Indian words Mohican lodge Arhuacos Indian dream catcher

Native American tattoos

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evemote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Things That Go Bump in the Night

Edited by

D. L. Ashliman
Copyright 1997

- Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts.

Contents

1. Scottish Prayer
2. When the Whole Earth Was Overrun with Ghosts

Scottish Prayer

Traditional

From ghoulies and ghosties
And long-leggedy beasties
And things that go bump in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

When the Whole Earth Was Overrun with Ghosts

England

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.
--Marcellus.

So have I heard and do in part believe it.
--Horatio.

So says the immortal Shakespeare [*Hamlet*, act 1, scene 1]; and the truth thereof few nowadays, I hope, will call in question. Grose observes, too, that those born on Christmas Day cannot see spirits; which is another incontrovertible fact.

What a happiness this must have been seventy or eighty years ago and upwards, to those chosen few who had the good luck to be born on the eve of this festival of all festivals; when

the whole earth was so overrun with ghosts, boggles, bloody-bones, spirits, demons, ignis fatui, brownies, bugbears, black dogs, specters, shellycoats, scarecrows, witches, wizards, barguests, Robin-Goodfellows, hags, night-bats, scrags, breaknecks, fantasms, hobgoblins, hobhoulards, boggy-boes, dobbies, hob-thrusts, fetches, kelpies, warlocks, mock-beggars, mum-pokers, Jemmy-burties, urchins, satyrs, pans, fauns, sirens, tritons, centaurs, calcars, nymphs, imps, incubuses, spoorns, men-in-the-oak, hell-wains, fire-drakes, kit-a-can-sticks, Tom-tumblers, melch-dicks, larrs, kitty-witches, hobby-lanthorns, Dick-a-Tuesdays, Elf-fires, Gyl-burnt-tales, knockers, elves, rawheads, Meg-with-the-wads, old-shocks, ouphs, pad-foots, pixies, pictrees, giants, dwarfs, Tom-pokers, tutgots, snapdragons, sprets, spunks, conjurers, thurses, spurns, tantarrabobs, swaithes, tints, tod-lowries, Jack-in-the-Wads, mormos, changelings, redcaps, yeth-hounds, colt-pixies, Tom-thumbs, black-bugs, boggarts, scar-bugs, shag-foals, hodge-pochers, hob-thrushes, bugs, bull-beggars, bygorns, bolls, caddies, bomen, brags, wraiths, waffs, flay-boggarts, fiends, gallytrots, imps, gytrashes, patches, hob-and-lanthorns, gringes, boguests, bonelesses, Peg-powlers, pucks, fays, kidnappers, gallybeggars, hudskins, nickers, madcaps, trolls, robinets, friars' lanthorns, silkies, cauld-lads, death-hearses, goblins, hob-headlesses, bugaboos, kows, or cowes, nickies, nacks [necks], waiths, miffies, buckies, ghouls, sylphs, guests, swarths, freiths, freits, gy-carlins [Gyre-carling], pigmies, chittifaces, nixies, Jinny-burnt-tails, dudmen, hell-hounds, dopple-gangers, boggleboes, bogies, redmen, portunes, grants, hobbits, hobgoblins, brown-men, cowies, dunnies, wirrikows, alholdes, mannikins, follets, korreds, lubberkins, cluricauns, kobolds, leprechauns, kors, mares, korreds, puckles korigans, sylvans, succubuses, blackmen, shadows, banshees, lian-hanshees, clabbernappers, Gabriel-hounds, mawkins, doubles, corpse lights or candles, scrats, mahounds, trows, gnomes, sprites, fates, fiends, sibyls, nicknevins, whitewomen, fairies, thrummy-caps, cutties, and nisses, and apparitions of every shape, make, form, fashion, kind and description, that there was not a village in England that had not its own peculiar ghost.

Nay, every lone tenement, castle, or mansion-house, which could boast of any antiquity had its bogle, its specter, or its knocker. The churches, churchyards, and crossroads were all haunted. Every green lane had its boulder-stone on which an apparition kept watch at night. Every common had its circle of fairies belonging to it. And there was scarcely a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit!

- Source: *The Denham Tracts*, edited by James Hardy, (London: Folklore Society, 1895), vol. 2, pp. 76-80.
- This two volume work brings together various folklore publications of Michael Aislabie Denham first published between 1846 and 1859.
- Denham's title for this piece is "Ghosts Never Appear on Christmas Eve!" His copious footnotes have been omitted.

- Table of Contents
- D. L. Ashliman's Index of Folklore and Mythology Electronic Texts

Revised November 11, 1997.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important;*

Tikki Tikki Tembo

a chain tale from China
recalled by

D. L. Ashliman

Once upon a time in faraway China there lived two brothers, one named Sam, and one named Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako.

Now one day the two brothers were playing near the well in their garden when Sam fell into the well, and Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako ran to his mother, shouting, "Quick, Sam has fallen into the well. What shall we do?"

"What?" cried the mother, "Sam has fallen into the well? Run and tell father!"

Together they ran to the father and cried, "Quick, Sam has fallen into the well. What shall we do?"

"Sam has fallen into the well?" cried the father. "Run and tell the gardner!"

Then they all ran to the gardner and shouted, "Quick, Sam has fallen into the well. What shall we do?"

"Sam has fallen into the well?" cried the gardner, and then he quickly fetched a ladder and pulled the poor boy from the well, who was wet and cold and frightened, and ever so happy to still be alive.

Some time afterward the two brothers were again playing near the well, and this time Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako fell into the well, and Sam ran to his mother, shouting, "Quick, Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako has fallen into the well. What shall we do?"

"What?" cried the mother, "Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako has fallen into the well? Run and tell father!"

Together they ran to the father and cried, "Quick, Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako has fallen into the well. What shall we do?"

"Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako has fallen into the well?" cried the father. "Run and tell the gardner!"

Then they all ran to the gardner and shouted, "Quick, Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako has fallen into the well. What shall we do?"

"Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako has fallen into the well?" cried the gardner, and then he quickly fetched a ladder and pulled Tikki Tikki Tembo No Sarimbo Hari Kari Bushkie Perry Pem Do Hai Kai Pom Pom Nikki No Meeno Dom Barako from the well, but the poor boy had been in the water so long that he had drowned.

And from that time forth, the Chinese have given their children short names.

- Source: I heard this story in the 1940's from my mother, Elgarda Zobell Ashliman, who learned it about 1927 in Rigby, Idaho, from Ruth Harper, a schoolteacher. I do not know whether Ruth Harper learned the story from a published book or from oral tradition.
- A more recent retelling of this Chinese folktale is *Tikki Tikki Tembo*, retold by Arlene Mosel, illustrated by Blair Lent (New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1968).
- This tale follows the pattern of the traditional chain story "The Death of the Little Hen," in which a chicken chokes on a nut, then dies while its partner is seeking help from first one source and then another (Aarne-Thompson type 2021A).
- Link to additional chain tales.

Return to

- Folktales from China, edited by D. L. Ashliman.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 18, 2002.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

TRANSLATION FROM CREE TO ENGLISH AS TOLD BY HARRY HARRIS OF PELICAN RESERVE

My name is Harry Harris from Pelican Reserve. I'm not that old. I'm 73 years of age so I can't remember everything that happened in the past so instead I think I'll tell a legend about Weesakaychak. I don't know where he was born or anything but I do know about parts of his life.

One day as he was strolling along he came upon a lake with a flock of ducks swimming about. And being very hungry, he thought, "How can I kill these ducks so I can eat?"

He filled his blanket with songs (?) and proceeded towards them. "What have you got there, big brother?" one of the ducks asked.

"These are dances where you dance with your eyes shut", he replied adding, "You won't want to dance to them any ways."

"Sure, we'll dance to them", the curious duck replied.

"Well, come ashore, I'll build a lodge close by here so you ducks can dance," answered Weesakaychak. So he hurriedly constructed a dance lodge with sticks and when he had finished he called out to the ducks to come and dance.

The ducks all ran ashore as soon as they were called for they loved to dance. Weesakaychak was the first to enter through a purposely-small opening in the lodge and afterwards the ducks all filed in. Soon the lodge was packed. When everybody was in order, he began to sing.

"You all dance with your eyes shut and I will dance with you," he sang. As he sang and danced he started to wring ducks' necks and fling them aside. He killed off a lot in a very short time. One duck who wasn't quite dead tried to yell out a warning but only made a little sound. Another duck peeked through one eye and saw what Weesakaychak was doing.

"Our brother is going to kill us off," he warned and they all scrambled for the doorway. Weesakaychak blocked the opening and grabbed them as they ran by. He kicked one duck on the backside as it ran by and knocked his legs out of joint. These are the helldivers.

He decided he had enough ducks so he left them alone at that and built himself a big fire after taking down the lodge he had constructed. He threw the ducks into the fire with only the feet sticking out. He then decided to work up an appetite by taking a stroll. He left and as he came over the hill he saw a fox limping towards him but the fox was only pretending to limp and was deliberately making his way towards Weesakaychak.

"Brother, why are you limping?" Weesakaychak inquired.

"My paw is very sore," replied the fox.

"Over the hill, I'm cooking some ducks, let's have a race and whoever gets there first can eat," said Weesakaychak

"But, brother, I can't even walk", said the fox. Even though Weesakaychak was good at taking advantage of others, the fox had the advantage when Weesakaychak told the fox he would tie rocks around his ankles.

He finally persuaded the fox to race him around the lake. Weesakaychak tied a big rock around his ankle and the race was on with both of them limping badly. Weesakaychak couldn't run fast due to the rock tied around his ankle.

When he got there he could see the feet of the ducks sticking out just as he had left them. But when he tried pulling out a duck all he got was the foot.

"I accidentally burnt my meal," he said. It finally dawned on him that the fox had been there already and had eaten everything because he saw some of the burnt remains all scattered around the fire. He got very angry and decided to track down the fox.

After having a big meal, the fox decided to take a nap in the prairie where there was tall grass. Sometime later Weesakaychak found him sleeping in the midst of the tall grass. He set fire to the grass all around the fox. When the fox woke up the fire was already close to him. He leapt over the raging fire and in doing so, singed his fur and his descendants are the foxes whose fur isn't too good. Weesakaychak made them that way.

After getting his revenge Weesakaychak departed, but the fox followed and kept out of sight. While strolling along the prairie Weesakaychak heard laughter in some bushes. Upon investigating he came upon some killdeers, throwing their eyeballs up onto the branches, then shaking the tree so that their eyeballs would fall right back into place again. The killdeer then would burst into hysterical laughter.

"What are you doing that for, my brothers?" Weesakaychak asked.

"We have headaches and after we do this, we feel better", they replied.

"Brothers, you should give me that gift, I always seem to have headaches," he said.

"I don't think we'd be able to do that, it's hard. You can only do it four times a year and no more," said the killdeers. Finally after a great amount of coaxing, Weesakaychak persuaded the killdeers to give him the gift.

"All right, we'll give you the gift but don't do it more than four times a year," the killdeers warned Weesakaychak.

So after they gave him the gift he departed. He was just on the other side of the bush when he pretended to have a headache.

"My, I sure have a headache, a real splitting headache", he said. So he went through the same procedures as the killdeers had gone through. As his eyeballs fell back into place he would laugh hysterically. He felt very good. He hadn't gone far when he pretended to have another headache. He did this four times, the number of times he was allowed to do this. He had not gone much farther when he again pretended to have a headache. Again he threw his eyeballs atop the branches and shook the tree but his eyeballs did not fall into place -- they fell to the ground separately. He groped around on the ground but was unsuccessful in finding them for he was blind.

Every so often he would bump into a tree and ask them what tree they were for he was looking for a pine tree. The fox, who had been watching all this time, got a branch and by luck Weesakaychak grabbed the fox's hind leg.

"Let me go, what are you searching for?" the fox asked.

"I'm searching for a pine tree", he replied.

"Let me go and I'll show you where there are some pine trees," the fox pleaded.

"I'll make your fur nice again if you lead me to where there are some pine trees", Weesakaychak bargained.

So the fox agreed and led him to a pine tree. Out of the sap, Weesakaychak made himself a new set of eyes. This is the way Weesakaychak regained his eyesight.

This information is intended for research purposes or for general interest only. Any other use may violate one or more copyrights which rest with the original authors

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Name: Tshakapesh
Tribal affiliation: Cree, Innu, Ojibwa, Atikamekw
Alternate spellings: Chakapesh, Chakapish, Chikapash, Chaakaapaas, Tcikapis, Shikabish, Tsukabec, Tshakabesh, Djakabish, Tsuabec, Tcakabec, Tchakabech, Tcakapas, Tsja'bec, Tcika'pis, Cha-ka-bes, Sheecabish, Tcikabis, Chikabis, Tcikapec, Tcakabesh, Tcakapas, Tchakabech, Djakabish, Djokabesh, Chahkabesh, Cahkapes, Cahkâpêsh, Jakabich, Chaakapesh, Tcakabish
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: usually similar to chuh-kah-pesh
Also known as: Man in the Moon
Type: Little person, hero, trickster

Related figures in other tribes: Mikmues (Wabanaki)

Tshakapesh is a folk hero of Cree and Innu folklore. He is often referred to as the Man in the Moon in English, since the myth cycle about Tshakapesh usually ends with the hero travelling to the moon and living there. Tshakapesh is usually depicted as a dwarf or a young boy who never reaches full size, yet he has immense strength and can shoot his bow farther than the largest of men. Tshakapesh also has magical powers which allow him to face and defeat many fearsome monsters. In some stories Tshakapesh acts in a rash or foolish way, often ignoring the advice of his wise and cautious older sister and ending up in a jam because of it. But Tshakapesh is always brave and good-hearted and never stays in trouble for long.

Tshakapesh Stories

- **Tale of Tshakapesh:**
  The epic of the boy hero Tshakapesh, narrated by an Innu storyteller.
- **Tshakapesh and the Elephant Monster:**
  Innu myth about the birth and first adventure of the hero Tshakapesh.
- **When Tcikabis Trapped The Sun:**
  An Atikamekw legend about the trickster Tcikabis getting into more trouble.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Stories

- **Cree Legends and Narratives from the West Coast of James Bay:**
  Comprehensive book of Swampy Cree and Moose Cree stories, including several stories of Chahkabesh.
- **Wolverine Creates The World:**

Collection of Innu legends and folktales from Labrador.

- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Anthology of stories, songs, and oral history from the Naskapi, Cree, and other Algonquian tribes.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

It's Like the Legend
Innu stories
Cree gods
Cree language
Naskapi language
Innu language
Cree words
Canadian First Nations
Eastern Woodland cultures of North America
Algonquian languages

Back to Native American Heroes
Back to Native American Myths

Learn more about the Cree Indians.

American Indian genealogy Lenape school Cherokee removal Making a dreamcatcher

American Indian jewelry

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian languages?

Native Languages of the Americas website © 1998-2015 Contacts and FAQ page

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

ungrateful children into caring for them

translated and/or edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 1999-2014

1. How the Wicked Sons Were Duped (Kashmir).
2. A Clever Stratagem (Sri Lanka).
3. How the Daughter-in-Law Got the Coins (Sri Lanka).
4. The Ungrateful Sons (England).
5. The Cudgel (Germany).
6. The Cudgel on the Gate at Jüterbog (Germany).
7. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Kashmir

A very wealthy old man, imagining that he was on the point of death, sent for his sons and divided his property among them. However, he did not die for several years afterwards; and miserable years many of them were. Besides the weariness of old age, the old fellow had to bear with much abuse and cruelty from his sons. Wretched, selfish ingrates! Previously they vied with one another in trying to please their father, hoping thus to receive more money, but now they had received their patrimony, they cared not how soon he left them -- nay, the sooner the better, because he was only a needless trouble and expense. This, as we may suppose, was a great grief to the old man.

One day he met a friend and related to him all his troubles. The friend sympathized very much with him, and promised to think over the matter, and call in a little while and tell him what to do. He did so; in a few days he visited the old man and put down four bags full of stones and gravel before him.

"Look here, friend," said he. "Your sons will get to know of my coming here today, and will inquire about it. You must pretend that I came to discharge a long-standing debt with you, and that you are several thousands of rupees richer than you thought you were. Keep these bags in your own hands, and on no account let your sons get to them as long as you are alive. You will soon find them change their conduct towards you. *Salám.* I will come again soon to see how you are getting on."

When the young men got to hear of this further increase of wealth they began to be more attentive and pleasing to their father than ever before. And thus they continued to the day of the old man's demise, when the bags were greedily opened, and found to contain only stones and gravel!

- Source: J. Hinton Knowles, *Folk-Tales of Kashmir*, 2nd edition (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Company, 1893), pp. 241-242.
- This story is also contained in: Joseph Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales* (London: David Nutt, 1892), pp. 221-22.
- Return to the table of contents.

A Clever Stratagem

Sri Lanka

Once upon a time there lived a widowed mother, who had a son and daughter to support her. In course of time the children married and were well settled in life. The old woman, thus left alone, being unable to maintain herself, resolved to live under her son's roof. Naturally enough, the son treated her with respect and kindness, but her daughter-in-law, who had a tongue which might goad a man to fury, seized every opportunity of ill-treating her. At every turn she would give her a sound scolding, and often ordered her out of doors.

Small wonder was it, then, that the mother, unable to bear the severity of her son's wife, made up her mind to quit his house for her daughter's. When the son heard this, though cut to the quick, he was at a loss as to what he should do to remedy matters, for he was a hen-pecked husband.

That night sleep fled from his eyes, and, as he lay awake pondering over this unfortunate state of affairs, a beautiful idea struck him, and he was anxiously waiting till it dawned to carry it out.

Early in the morning, while his wife was yet sleeping, he called his mother aside, and giving her a bag bade her fill it with stones and when parting to make much ado and carry it away with her, pretending the while there was something valuable in it. When the time came she, with sufficient tact, wished them all manner of good and together with her bag full of treasures, wended her way to her daughter's abode.

Scarce had she gone a few yards, when the son rated his wife soundly, and opened her eyes to her folly in allowing his mother to depart for, said he, "You saw ber carrying away that bag of gold, and now she would leave it all to my sister, and we would be such losers by it."

When the wife heard this, her sorrow and mortification know no bounds, and she resolved to bring the old woman home at any cost. So, on the morrow, she prepared some rice-cakes and other sweetmeats and, with all possible haste, she went to her whom she had so cruelly driven away and with artful language coaxed her back. For, had she not a bag full of glittering gold!

Ever afterwards she swallowed her wrath in silence and treated her with kind concern, attending to all her wants.

One evening, the old woman took seriously ill, and the daughter-in-law, finding she was breathing her last, and her husband had run in search of medicine -- so great was her avarice

and eagerness to get at the treasures ere his return -- rushed into an inner chamber and in the deep recesses of a wooden box found -- horror of horrors! -- the bag filled not with gold but with stones. Angry with herself, and angry with the man who had deceived her, she went out into the verandah of her house with her crying infant in her arms.

After a while the poor woman expired and the neighbors had come to make preparations for the funeral. Seeing her mother also hurrying up and not wishing to outrage the feelings of those assembled by an open recital of the stratagem her husband had practised on her, and yet being impatient to acquaint her mother of it -- for she, too, was in the secret about the bag of gold -- she hushed the little one to sleep by chanting a nursery rhyme and artfully introducing into it the following line:

> Mother, the wretch, who gave the villain birth,
> Had but a bag of stones as hers on earth!

- Source: S. Helen Goonetilleke, "Sinhalese Folklore," *The Orientalist: A Journal of Oriental Literature, Arts, and Sciences*, vol. 4 (1890), pp. 121-22.
- Return to the table of contents.

How the Daughter-in-Law Got the Coins

Sri Lanka

In a certain city there was a nobleman. He had been very wealthy, but his goods were destroyed, and he became indigent, and in this condition he died.

When his son came of full age, the mother said to him, "Son, I am now approaching old age, but you are unable to provide for me by yourself. Therefore you must take in marriage a woman from a suitable family."

He married, but his wife did not exert herself for his mother. To counter this, the husband collected fragments of broken plates from the whole village. These he put in a bag made of skin. Then he said, "When you come near that woman, my wife, take this bag from its box as though there were great wealth in it, shake it, then put it away again."

The mother took her son's words to heart. She shook the skin bag as he had told her to, so as to be noticed by his wife, and then carefully replaced it in the box. From that day on the son's wife began to exert herself for her mother-in-law. During this time leprosy attacked the mother-in-law.

The son said, "Mother, place the skin bag near the place where you sleep, then say to your relatives and to my wife, 'I have saved the articles in this bag from the time I was very little until now, and for the sole purpose of giving them, at the end of my life, to a person who has most exerted herself for me.'"

Then the mother gathered together her relatives and her daughter-in-law, and said to them what her son had proposed, that she would give the bag of coins to the person who most exerted herself for her. After this each one of them attended the leprous woman, and the

son's mind was put at ease. A little later the leprous woman died.

The son's wife stole the bag of coins and hid it. After the corpse was buried, the son's wife took out the bag of coins. Upon discovering that it contained only fragments of broken plates she was greatly saddened.

At this time that woman's mother also arrived, and she noisily asked, "Did my daughter receive the bag of coins?" Her daughter told her that she had been cheated. She showed her the bag of plate fragments, and they both wept. That woman, now angry with her husband, separated from him, and returned to her own house.

- Source: H. Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, vol. 3 (London: Luzac and Company, 1914), no. 234, pp. 240-42.
- This tale is from the western part of Sri Lanka.
- Retold by D. L. Ashliman. Parker's translation follows his Sinhalese sources so closely that English syntax is violated in almost every sentence. I have cautiously attempted to bring his narrative closer to idiomatic English.
- Parker entitles this story "How the Daughter-in-Law Got the Masuran." *Masuran* (a plural form of the singular *masurama*) were coins in use in Sri Lanka between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries. I have replaced the word *masuran* with *coins* throughout the tale.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Ungrateful Sons

England

They have a tradition at Winterton that there was formerly one Mr. Lacy, that lived there and was a very rich man, who, being grown very aged, gave all that he had away unto his three sons, upon condition that one should keep him one week, and another another.

But it happened within a little while that they were all weary of him, after that they had got what they had, and regarded him no more than a dog.

The old man perceiving how he was slighted, went to an attorney to see if his skill could not afford him any help in his troubles. The attorney told him that no law in the land could help him nor yield him any comfort, but there was one thing only which would certainly do, which, if he would perform, he would reveal to him. At this the poor old man was exceeding glad, and desired him for God's sake to reveal the same, for he was almost pined and starved to death, and he would willingly do it rather than live as he did.

"Well," says the lawyer, "you have been a great friend of mine in my need, and I will now be one to you in your need. I will lend you a strongbox with a strong lock on it, in which shall be contained 1000 pounds. You shall on such a day pretend to have fetched it out of a closet, where it shall be supposed that you had hidden it, and carry it into one of your son's houses, and make it your business every week, while you are sojourning with such or such a son, to be always counting of the money, and rattling it about, and you shall see that, for love of it,

they'll soon love you again, and make very much of you, and maintain you joyfully, willingly, and plentifully, unto your dying day."

The old man, having thanked the lawyer for this good advice and kind proffer, received within a few days the aforesaid box full of money, and having so managed it as above, his graceless sons soon fell in love with him again, and made mighty much of him, and perceiving that their love to him continued steadfast and firm, he one day took it out of the house and carried it to the lawyer, thanking him exceedingly for the loan thereof. But when he got to his sons he made them believe that he had hidden it again, and that he would give it to him of them whom he loved best when he died. This made them all so observant of him that he lived the rest of his days in great peace, plenty, and happiness amongst them, and died full of years.

But a while before he died, he upbraided them for their former ingratitude, told them the whole history of the box, and forgave them.

- Source: Eliza Gutch and Mabel Peacock, *County Folk-Lore*, vol. 5: *Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning Lincolnshire* (London: David Nutt, 1908), pp. 362-63.
- Gutch's and Peacock's source: Charles Jackson, ed., *The Diary of Abraham de la Pryme, the Yorkshire Antiquary* (Durham: Published for the Surtees Society by Andrews and Company, 1870), pp. 162-63.
- Abraham de la Pryme was born in 1671 and died in 1704.
- Language cautiously revised by D. L. Ashliman.
- Gutch and Peacock do not give a title to this local legend ("a tradition at Winterton").
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cudgel

Germany

A wealthy man had three daughters. He gave them marriage dowries and provided for their every need, but then he lived too long for them. They begged him to deed his property to them, promising that in return they would care for him the rest of his life. They would provide him with his own room and give him the best things to eat and drink.

So the father deeded his property to them, and during the first year all went well. But the next year, when he spent more time with the one daughter than with the others, she said to him, "Father, you are a burden to me. Go to the others; they received just as much from you as I did."

The good father could now see very well that he was no longer wanted, and asked a neighbor for advice. The neighbor gave him an old chest filled with sand and stones. The father had the chest carried to where he was staying, then asked his daughter to lend him a scoop and three candles, for he had something that he wanted to measure. He sat up half the night making a clinging sound as if it were gold coins. The next morning he gave the scoop back to the daughter, leaving one old Bohemian coin in it.

She said, "Father, you were clinging in the night as if you were measuring gold coins. I heard

it."

He said, "I set aside some money for myself in a chest, and I am going to leave it to the one of you who is the most friendly toward me."

Hearing this, all three wanted to have him, and each one tried to outdo the others in caring for him.

When his time finally came to die, they went to the chest and discovered that it was filled with sand and stones, together with a cudgel, upon which was written, in the English language: "Be it known to all the world that anyone should be beaten with this cudgel who gives so much to his children that he himself suffers want."

- Source: Johannes Pauli, *Schimpf und Ernst*, edited by Hermann Österley (Stuttgart: Gedruckt auf Kosten des litterarischen Vereins, 1866), no. 435, p. 260.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman. © 2014.
- Link to the text in modern German: Johannes Pauli, *Schimpf und Emst*, edited by Karl Simrock (Heilbronn: Verlag von Gebrüder Henninger, 1876), no. 334, pp. 255-56.
- *Schimpf und Ernst* was first published in Strasbourg in 1522.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Cudgel on the Gate at Jüterbog

Germany

In Jüterbog a wooden cudgel, several feet in length, hangs from town gate. Beneath it is fastened a tablet upon which is written the following:

Wer seinen Kindern gibt das Brot	He who gives his children bread
Und leidet nachher selber Not,	And afterwards himself suffers need,
Den schlag' man mit dieser Keule tot.	With this cudgel shall be struck dead.

About this it is told that there was once a rich man who had three sons. During his lifetime he gave them all his wealth, but afterward he himself suffered need, for not one of his children would support him.

After he died, his children quickly appeared at court to see if there was not something else for them to inherit, but they found nothing but a large, heavy chest. Opening it, they found that it was filled with stones, beneath which were the cudgel, the tablet, and instructions that both should be hung from the town gate. And so it was done.

- Source: A. Kuhn and W. Schwartz, "Die Keule am Thor zu Jüterbog," *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg [Mecklenburg], Pommern, der Mark, Sachsen, Thüringen, Braunschweig, Hannover, Oldenburg und Westfalen* (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus, 1848), no. 96, p. 88.
- Translated by D. L. Ashliman.

- Jüterbog is about 50 km (30 miles) south of Berlin.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites.

- Old Grandfathers and Their Grandsons.
- Killing of Old Men. Legends about geronticide.
- Aging and Death in Folklore. An essay by D. L. Ashliman, with supporting texts from proverbs, folktales, and myths from around the world.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised September 21, 2014.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

What Have You Got There?

Children's Games of Folktale Type 2043
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
© 2009-2011

Contents

1. What Have You Got There? (England).
2. Club Fist (USA).
3. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

What Have You Got There?

England

Two playfellows place their clenched fists one on the top of the other; the owner of the uppermost fist is asked, "What have you got there?"

He replies, "Apple pie," or any other victuals; is told, "Take it off or else I'll knock it off!" and obeys; and so on till the last, when the dialogue runs:

"What have you got there?" -- *Ans.* "Roast beef."

"Where's my part?" -- *Ans.* "The cat's got it."

"Where's the cat?" -- *Ans.* "In the wood."

"Where's the wood?" *Ans.* "The fire's burnt it."

"Where's the fire?" -- *Ans.* "The water's quenched it."

"Where's the water?" -- *Ans.* "The ox has drunk it."

"Where's the ox?" -- *Ans.* "The butcher's killed it."

"Where's the butcher?" -- *Ans.* "Behind the church door cracking nuts.'

Both (pretending to throw nutshells at each other): "You shall have the shells, and I shall have the kernels!"

- Source: Charlotte Sophia Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore: A Sheaf of Gleanings*, edited

by Charlotte Sophia Burne from the collections of Georgina F. Jackson (London: Trübner and Compnay, 1883), p. 529.

- Return to the table of contents.

Club Fist

USA

A child lays on a table his clenched fist, with the thumb elevated; another grasps the raised thumb with his own fist, and so on until a pile of fists is built up. A player, who remains apart from the group, then addresses the child whose hand is at the top:

"What's that?"

"A pear."

"Take it off, or I'll knock it off."

The same conversation is repeated with the next child, and so on; the fist being withdrawn as speedily as possible, to escape a rap from the questioner. When only one is left, the following dialogue ensues:

"What have you got there?"

"Bread and cheese."

"Where's my share ?"

"Cat's got it."

"Where's the cat?"

"In the woods."

"Where's the woods ?"

"Fire burned it."

"Where's the fire?"

"Water quenched it."

"Where's the water?"

"Ox drank it."

"Where's the ox?"

"Butcher killed it."

"Where's the butcher?"

"Rope hung him."

"Where's the rope?"

"Rat gnawed it."

"Where's the rat?"

"Cat caught it."

"Where's the cat?"

"Behind the church door. The first who laughs, or grins, or shows the teeth has three pinches and three knocks."

Then follows a general scattering; for some child is sure to laugh, and if he does not do so of his own accord, his neighbors will certainly tweak him, poke him, or otherwise excite his risibility. *Georgia.*

In Pennsylvania the conversation ends:

"Where's the butcher?"

"He's behind the door eracking nuts, and whoever speaks first I'll slap his fingers, Because I am the keeper of the keys,

And I do whatever I please."

This dialogue, based on a well-known nursery tale, has maintained itself with remarkable persistence, and even verbal identity, in several European languages. We meet it in Germany and Denmark, as well as England.

- Source: William Wells Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1884), no. 75, pp. 134-35.
- Return to the table of contents.

Links to related sites

- Additional texts of chain tales.
- Another children's game using a traditional narrative: London Bridge Has Fallen Down.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised June 12, 2011.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important;*

The Place Where There Were No Graves

folktales about eating dead people
edited by

D. L. Ashliman
©2001-2013

1. The Place Where There Were No Graves (Egypt).
2. The Country Where Death Is Not (Sudan).
3. Links to related sites.

Return to D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Egypt

There was a man who married a wife of whom he was very fond. But after a while the wife died. Then the man wandered away in order to find a country in which no one died. So he went from place to place, looking for a town where there were no graves. At last he came to a town in the Sudan where there were no graves. So he remained here, in the house of the sheik. The sheik made a feast for him, and first offered him a piece of a roasted leg.

"Where is your father?" asked the man.

"This is his leg," said the sheik, "the rest of him is up there," pointing to a shelf.

Then the man learned that when anyone fell ill, he was killed and eaten, and that this was the reason there were no graves. So in the night he ran away back to his own country.

- Source: A. H. Sayce, "Cairene and Upper Egyptian Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore: Transactions of the Folk-Lore Society*, vol. 31, no. 3 (September 1920), p. 178.
- Return to the table of contents.

The Country Where Death Is Not

Sudan

There was a man with his mother. The mother was much afraid of dying, therefore she wished to go into a country where there is no death. The son said, "Where is a country without death?"

She answered, "Well, there is such a country, bring me there!" The woman was very old.

So they traveled into a very, very distant country to reach the country where there is no death. They turned into a village and asked for water. When it was given them, the son

asked, "Is there death in this country?"

The people answered, "Dear me, where do you come from that you ask such a question concerning death?"

He answered, "My mother is afraid of dying, so she wants a country where death is not."

The people said, "Why, go away!"

They went and turned to another village. There they asked again and received the answer, "Why, what kind of man are you that you ask about dying? Go away! There is death here."

Then they went to a very distant country and asked, "How is your country? Is there death in it?"

The answer was, "No, people do not die here."

The mother was very glad, she said, "Well done, my son, you have brought me to a country where there is no death."

Her son had a friend in that town, and to his home he brought his mother. He said, "Here is my mother, let her live with you. I shall go to our country, and after three years I shall return to see you and my mother." His mother was satisfied.

So the boy returned to his native country and stayed there for some time.

But his mother became sick; she got a headache; she said, "Friend of my son, I have a headache."

On that the boy arose and called the people together. The people came and sat down. The boy said, "I have called you because of the mother of my friend, who is here. Now collect money, that we may give it to her son when he returns. For she says her head is aching; and because of her sickness her meat will spoil. For that reason," he said, "she must be killed at once."

When the woman heard this, she began crying, "I am not sick! I have no headache!"

But the people said, "Never mind, seize her, or her flesh will be spoiled." So she was caught, brought, thrown on the ground and killed; her flesh was divided among the people, and they ate it. The next day they collected money and brought it to the friend of her son.

And her son came back. He sat down, they gave him food, and he ate. He asked, "Where is my mother?"

His friend answered, "My friend, your mother was seized with sickness, so we collected money, -- here is the money! -- and killed her, lest her meat should be spoiled. For as for us, we do not die in our country; if a man is seized with sickness, we kill him."

The boy replied, "Why, should I sell my mother? Never!"

Then he said, "I will but go."

His friend said, "You are angry?"

He replied, "No, I am not angry."

In the meantime the people came and wanted to eat the boy too. His friend therefore went to him saying, "Go, or you also will be eaten like your mother." He accompanied him into a distant country.

When the boy came home, he said to his people, "My mother has been eaten by a lion."

That is all; and the people said, "Your mother was a sinful woman. Is not death in all the world, and should there be a place where there is no death?"

- Source: Diedrich Westermann, *The Shilluk People: Their Language and Folklore* (Philadelphia: Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, 1912), pp. 228-29.
- Return to the table of contents.

Related links

- Aging and Death in Folklore. An essay by D. L. Ashliman, with supporting texts from proverbs, folktales, and myths from around the world.
- Killing of Old Men. Folktales of type 981 and other legends about geronticide.
- D. L. Ashliman's **folktexts**, a library of folktales, folklore, fairy tales, and mythology.

Revised March 19, 2013.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*

Whiskey-Jack (Wisakedjak, Wesakechak, Weesageechak, Wisakejak, Wisakecahk, Wisagatcak)

Name: Wisakedjak
Tribal affiliation: Cree, Algonquin, Menominee
Alternate spellings: Wisakejak, Wisakecahk, Wisakechak, Wesakechak, Wesakaychak, Wesakejak, Wisagatcak, Weesageechak, Weesagechak, Wiisaakechaahk, Wiisagejaak, Wissaketchak, Wissakatchakwa, Wîsahkecâhk, Wisahkecahk, Wisakecahk, Weskechak, Wesakecak, Wesakechak, Wiskejak, Wiskedjak, Wisaketjak, Wisagatcak, Wizakejak, Wisakejak, Wizakeshak, Wissekedjak, Weesakeechuk, Weesageechak, Wesucechak, Wisatkatcak, Whiskey-Jack, Whiskeyjack, Wisahkecahkw, Wee-sa-hay-jac, Wissekedjawk, Wisaketcakw
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: usually wee-sah-keh-chock or wih-sah-kay-jock
Type: Culture hero, Transformer, trickster

Related figures in other tribes: Wenebojo (Ojibwa), Glooscap (Wabanaki), Nape (Blackfoot)

Wisakedjak is the benevolent culture hero of the Cree tribe (sometimes referred to as a "transformer" by folklorists.) His name is spelled so many different ways partially because Cree was originally an unwritten language (so English speakers just spelled it however it sounded to them at the time), and partially because the Cree language is spoken across a huge geographical range in both Canada and the US, so it has many different dialects. Wisakedjak is a trickster character whose adventures are often humorous. Unlike Plains Indian tricksters, however, Wisakedjak is usually portrayed as a staunch friend of humankind, and never as a dangerous or destructive being.

Details of Wisakedjak's life vary considerably from community to community. In some myths, Wisakedjak was specifically created by the Great Spirit to be a teacher for humankind. In others, he was the divine son of the Earth. And in other legends, he was the son of a Rolling Head monster, who was forced to kill his violent mother to survive. In many traditions Wisakedjak's younger brother was the Wolf, Mahihkan, who was killed by Water Lynxes or Horned Serpents, earning them the bitter enmity of Wisakedjak.

Wisakedjak Stories

- **Wiisagejaak:**
  Encylopedia articles on the Cree culture hero Wisakedjak.
- **Wisakecahk:**
  Two legends about the Cree trickster Wesakechak.
- **The Beginning of the Cree World: Wisagatcak and the Flood:**
  Myths about Wisakedjak rebuilding the flooded earth.
- **Wesukechak and the Weasel:**

Cree legend about a trick Weasel played on Wisakedjak.

- **Weesakaychak and the Ducks:**
  Cree legends about Wisakedjak playing tricks and being tricked in return.
- **Why The Mouse Is So Silky:**
  Swampy Cree legend about Wesakechak's reward to a mouse.
- **Weesakaychuk and the Ducks A story of Weesageechak:**
  Cree story about Wesakechak tricking some gullible ducks and geese.
- **Wesakechak and the Origin of the Moon:**
  Legend about how Wesakechak created the sun and moon, illustrated by a Cree artist.

Recommended Books of Wisakedjak Stories

- **Trickster and the Fainting Birds:**
  Excellent retelling of seven Cree and Ojibway "Whiskey Jack" stories.
- **American Indian Trickster Tales:**
  Compilation of more than a hundred Wisakedjak and other trickster stories from many different tribes.

Use discretion sharing these with kids as some of the stories contain adult humor.

Sponsored Links

Additional Resources

I Dream of Yesterday and Tomorrow
Cree mythology
Cree language
Cree words
Canadian Indian languages
Eastern Woodland peoples
Algonquian language family

Back to Native American Legendary Heroes
Back to Indian Legends for Children

Learn more about the Cree Indians.

Native American words Caddo Indian The Cherokee Indians Making dreamcatcher

Native American tattoos

Would you like to help support our organization's work with endangered American Indian

The weasel, Sihkooseu, once played a bad trick on the Bitter Spirit, Wesukechak. That is whey they are not friends.

The important chief Bright Nose, Wastasekoot, of the Swampy Cree tribe, had a lovely daughter who was admired by many chiefs who wished to marry her. Though she loved one of the chiefs, here father decided to hold a council and the first chief to guess her secret name could marry her. She agreed because the thought that the only one who knew her name was the one she loved.

Bitter Spirit decided to enter the contest with everyone else. Since he did not know her name, he made a plan to discover it. He went to the old net maker, the spider, and asked him to call on the girl and, by some trick, discover her name. Spider agreed. He climbed a tall tree, spun a long thread, and floated on it until he neared the camp of the chief with the beautiful daughter. Then he floated down onto the top of the chief's wigwam, peeped down, and saw the father and daughter talking about the contest, and heard the chief whisper to his daughter, 'Nobody will ever guess that your secret name is For-ever-and-ever.' In this way, the Spider discovered her name. He was very pleased with himself at learning this so soon, and set off to tell his friend.

Spider walked many days through the forest because there was no suitable flying wind. He gegan to worry that he would arrive backk too late. Then he saw the weasel and begged his help. He asked Weasel to hurry and tell Bitter Spirit the girl's secret name and Weasel agreed. But as Weasel started running, he began to think things over and decided to use the information for himself instead of telling it to Bitter Spirit as he had promised. The more he thought about this, the more he liked the idea.

Weasel went to the chief's camp when the guessing contest was being held. One by one, the guessers failed. Since the girl's suitor knew her secret name, he felt safe and did not go early, so Weasel was there before him. When Weasel's turn came, he told the chief that the girl's name was For-ever-and-ever. The chief was amazed and the daughter fainted. Being honourable, the chief accepted Weasel as his son-in-law-to-be and set the date for the marriage. Weasel was very happy, so happy that he forgot about his mean trick.

The spider finally reached home and asked Bitter Spirit when his wedding was to take place. Bitter Spirit replied that he did not go to the council, since he did not have the name in time, but he had heard that Weasel had won the girl.

Spider was very angry and told Bitter Spirit what really had happened. Bitter Spirit became very angry and told the girl's father about it. Then the chief became angry with Spider for listening and with Weasel for his trick. He decided that they were all at fault and his daughter could choose for herself. The happy girl did so.

Weasel heard that he was to be punished, so he ran away. He ran and ran. Even today, he stops and listens and trembles, as though Bitter Spirit is still chasing him.

Indige
Peopl
Litera

Return to Indigenous Peoples' Literature Compiled by: Glenn Welker

Copyright © 1996-115

This page last updated 06/08/2004 21:35:23

This site has been accessed 10,000,000 times since February 8, 1996.

/* Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */ .en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }

Contents [hide] wikipedia.org

Wisakedjak (*Wìsakedjàk* in Algonquin, *Wīhsakecāhkw* in Cree and *Wiisagejaak* in Oji-cree) is the Crane *Manitou* found in northern Algonquian and Dene storytelling, similar to the trickster god *Nanabozho* in Ojibwa *aadizookaanan* (sacred stories) and *Inktonme* in Assiniboine myth. He is generally portrayed as being responsible for a great flood which destroyed the world originally made by the Creator, as well as the one who created the current world with magic, either on his own or with powers given to him by the Creator for that specific purpose. His name is subject to many variant spellings, including **Weesack-kachack**, **Wisagatcak**, **Wis-kay-tchach**, **Wissaketchak**, **Woesack-ootchacht**, **Vasaagihdzak,** and undoubtedly others.

It was sometimes Anglicized as **Whiskey Jack**, which became an alternate name for the Gray Jay.

- 1 In fiction
- 2 See also
- 3 References
- 4 External links

In fiction[edit]

Wisakedjak is a character in the book *American Gods* by Neil Gaiman, where he is frequently referred to as "Whiskey Jack" as a corruption of the name.[1]

The character also appears in *Kiss of the Fur Queen* by Tomson Highway and *The Onion Girl* by Charles de Lint, and in "The Wolf at the End of the World" by "Douglas Smith" (where his name is spelled Wisakejack).

Elijah Weesageechak/*[Wiisagejaak]* is a character in the book *Three Day Road* by Joseph Boyden, where he has been nicknamed "Whiskeyjack" by his fellow company-mates as the Anglicized version of his name.

Whiskeyjack is a character in Canadian author Steven Erikson's epic fantasy series *The Malazan Book of the Fallen*. He is the putative leader (his rank goes up and down) of the *Bridgeburners*, an elite unit of soldiers in the Malazan Empire.

In the 1991 movie *Clearcut*, Wiisagejaak is referred to as the Deceiver by a First Nations elder named Wilf, portrayed by Floyd "Red Crow" Westerman.[2]

See also[edit]

- Taken from the book "INDIAN LEGENDS OF CANADA" by Ella Elizabeth Clark ISBN 0-7710-2121-6

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important;*

Name: Witiko
Tribal affiliation: Cree, Atikamekw
Alternate spellings: Wihtikiw, Wihtikow, Wihtiko, Wiihtiko, Wetiko, Uitiko, Wiitiko, Weetigo, Witiku, Witigo, Weetekow, Weeteego, Wee-tee-go, Outikou, Outiko, Weediko, Wi'tiko, Weeghteko, Wehtigo, Wetigo, Wihtigo, Weh-ta-ko, Whit-Te-Co. Witikowak is a plural form (also spelled wihtikowak or wihtikiwak.)
Pronunciation: Varies by dialect: usually wih-tih-kew or wih-tih-koh.
Type: Monster, ice cannibal

Related figures in other tribes: Windigo (Anishinabe), Kee-wakw (Abenaki), Chenoo (Mi'kmaq)

Witiko are evil man-eating giants of Cree mythology. Witikos play the roles of monsters and bogeymen in some legends; in others, Cree people who commit sins (especially selfishness, gluttony, or cannibalism) are turned into a Witiko as punishment. The appearance of a Witiko is huge, monstrous, and made of or coated in ice. In some Cree stories, looking directly at a Witiko will leave a person paralyzed and helpless against it. Witiko's heart is said to be made of ice, and the monster can only be permanently killed if its heart is completely melted.

Witiko Stories

- **Witiko and the Little Person:**
  Cree legend about a Memekwesiw slaying a Witiko.
- **Wihtiko's Heartbeat:**
  Humorous story about a Cree family feeling nervous about Wihtikos.
- **Frog and Rabbit:**
  Cree folktale about Frog escaping from a Witiko.
- **Cannibalism and the Wiihtiko:**
  Audio files of a Cree elder relating stories about the Witiko.

Recommended Books of Related Native American Legends

- **Orders of the Dreamed:**
  Interesting book on traditional Cree and Northern Ojibwa beliefs, including many narratives about the Wihtikow.
- **When the Chenoo Howls: Native American Tales of Terror:**
  Eerie collection of Native American ghost stories and monster tales.
- **Algonquian Spirit:**
  Excellent anthology of Native American stories, songs, and oral history from the Ojibwe and other Algonquian tribes.

Sponsored Links

‘Boy Who Came Back From Heaven’ actually didn’t; books recalled

By Ron Charles
January 16 at 2:50 PM

washingtonpost.com

Tyndale House, a major Christian publisher, has announced that it will stop selling “The Boy Who Came Back From Heaven,” by Alex Malarkey and his father, Kevin Malarkey.

The best-selling book, first published in 2010, purports to describe what Alex experienced while he lay in a coma after a car accident when he was 6 years old. The coma lasted two months, and his injuries left him paralyzed, but the subsequent spiritual memoir – with its assuring description of “miracles, angels, and life beyond This World” – became part of a popular genre of “heavenly tourism.”

Earlier this week, Alex recanted his testimony about the afterlife. In an open letter to Christian bookstores posted on the Pulpit and Pen Web site, Alex states flatly: “I did not die. I did not go to Heaven.”

Referring to the injuries that continue to make it difficult for him to express himself, Alex writes, “Please forgive the brevity, but because of my limitations I have to keep this short. … I said I went to heaven because I thought it would get me attention. When I made the claims that I did, I had never read the Bible. People have profited from lies, and continue to. They should read the Bible, which is enough. The Bible is the only source of truth. Anything written by man cannot be infallible.”

Thursday evening, Todd Starowitz, public relations director of Tyndale House, told The Washington Post: “Tyndale has decided to take the book and related ancillary products out of print.”

On Friday afternoon, Tyndale released this statement: “We are saddened to learn that Alex Malarkey, co-author of ‘The Boy Who Came Back from Heaven,’ is now saying that he made up the story of dying and going to heaven. Given this information, we are taking the book out of print.”

There is considerable disagreement about when Alex first recanted his testimony and objected to the book, which has reportedly sold more than 1 million copies.

Maggie Rowe, senior publicist of Tyndale, released an updated statement Friday evening, saying: “Earlier this week Tyndale learned that Alex Malarkey, co-author of ‘The Boy Who Came Back from Heaven,’ was retracting the story he had told his father and that he recounted in the book they co-authored for publication in 2010. It is because of this new information that we are taking the book out of print. For the past couple of years we have known that Beth Malarkey, Kevin’s wife and Alex’s mother, was unhappy with the book and believed it contained inaccuracies. On more than one occasion we asked for a meeting with Kevin, Beth, Alex and their agent to discuss and correct any inaccuracies, but Beth would not agree to such a meeting.”

Last April, Alex's mother posted a statement on her blog objecting to the memoir and its promotion: "It is both puzzling and painful to watch the book 'The Boy Who Came Back from Heaven' not only continue to sell, but to continue, for the most part, to not be questioned." She goes on to say that the book is not "Biblically sound" and that her son's objections to it have been ignored and repressed. She also notes that Alex "has not received monies from the book nor have a majority of his needs been funded by it."

Tyndale's book contract was only with Kevin, Alex's father – not with Alex or his mother. Repeated attempts to reach Kevin and Beth Malarkey have not been successful.

Beth ends her April blog post in obvious frustration, writing: "Alex's name and identity are being used against his wishes. … How can this be going on??? Great question. … How did it get this far? … another great question."

Some evangelicals have been posing those questions to LifeWay Christian Resources, the denominational publisher of the Southern Baptist Convention, which maintains a large chain of religious bookstores.

On Thursday, LifeWay announced that it was pulling "The Boy Who Came Back From Heaven" from its shelves. Martin King, director of corporate communications for LifeWay, said, "We only had a few dozen copies across our entire chain of 184 stories in 28 states."

Asked why LifeWay didn't stop selling the book earlier when Beth Malarkey first made her objections public, King said, "We receive letters and complaints about lots of products we carry. We don't pull a book just because we get a letter or a tweet. We became aware that the author said this story isn't true this week. That's when we pulled the book."

Phil Johnson is one of those people decrying the publisher's and the bookstores' slow response to complaints about Alex's spiritual memoir. Johnson is the executive director of Grace to You, the media ministry of John MacArthur, senior pastor of Grace Community Church in Sun Valley, Calif., a prolific author and an internationally syndicated Christian broadcaster. Several years ago, Johnson edited a manuscript by MacArthur that offered a scriptural critique of "The Boy Who Came Back From Heaven" and other books like it.

When Johnson posted critical comments about "The Boy Who Came Back From Heaven" on his blog, Beth Malarkey contacted him. In Johnson's words, she told him, "'My son and I have been trying to get the word out that this book is an exaggeration and an embellishment and is not true.'"

She asked him to help them. Johnson wrote to Tyndale House himself and says he has seen "reams of correspondence between Beth and Tyndale," but he never received a satisfying answer to his objections.

"The idea that Alex suddenly recanted is just not true," Johnson insists. "He's been trying to make his voice heard as well as a teenage paraplegic boy can. There was proof everywhere that he did not stand behind the content of this book. But it was a bestselling book. Nobody in the industry wanted to kill it."

‘Vampire’ Hits Liberia, Mysterious Deaths Taking Over Monrovia

Submitted by Cholo Brooks on Mon, 02/16/2015 - 16:40

Liberians are worrying about their fate on a daily basis with growing wave of reported mysterious deaths in Monrovia and its suburbs, as two individuals have lost their lives in less than a week.

Last Friday, Michael Allison a consultant at the National Oil Company of Liberia (NOCAL) who reportedly exposed two lawmakers including the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Alex Tyler of dubiously receiving US$25,000.00 from NOCAL was reportedly murdered in Sinkor, the suburb of Monrovia with no trace of his death.

In another development, a thirty two years man identified as Musa Kamara was reportedly murdered in Brewerville outside Monrovia on Sunday after being hit on the neck and shoulder by Ufindi Uma in the same vicinity.

According to eyewitnesses, the alleged murderer committed the act based a complaint by his Girl friend, name withheld that the deceased had insulted her, something she said did not go down too well with her.

Out of anger, Ufindi Uma, her boy friend, proceeded to the residence of the deceased, just few blocks away from his residence launching an attack on the deceased thereby killing him instantly after being hit on the neck several times.

After committing the act, Ufindi fled the scene and is now wanted by the police.

/ Copyright 2014 Evernote Corporation. All rights reserved. */.en-markup-crop-options { top: 18px !important; left: 50% !important; margin-left: -100px !important; width: 200px !important; border: 2px rgba(255,255,255,.38) solid !important; border-radius: 4px !important; } .en-markup-crop-options div div:first-of-type { margin-left: 0px !important; }*